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THE GALAXY.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

OF

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VOL. XII.

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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XII.—JULY, 1871.—No. 1.

LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HOW IS IT WITH ME WHEN EVERY NOISE APPALS ME?"

LADY JUDITH had returned to London, and again occupied the house where she had passed so many weary years. She scorned to yield so much even to her own weakness as to seek out a place less haunted by the ghosts of old memories. She went back to the sadly familiar rooms, and never shrank for one moment from crossing any threshold, whatever the shadows which hovered around it. She was glad to get back from Rome, which oppressed her with a sense of hopeless idleness and ignoble ruin. She was still more glad to escape from the society of her own family, who had urged on her marriage in the first instance, and who, having always disapproved of her adoption of Angelo, were now inclined to congratulate her and themselves on his disappearance. No society could be more uncongenial to her than that of her father and mother; no atmosphere so oppressive to her active, energetic mind as that of the Papal city. She could not breathe freely in a place where there were so many beggars, where idle men lay all day in the sun on the steps of a church, waiting for other men hardly less idle, but calling themselves artists, to employ them as models and paint them into pictures.

She threw herself at once into her old life of beneficent activity. There was no useful institution which had not her helping hand; and she strove to found new institutions and to diffuse new thoughts. There was no great foreign cause to which she did not give her full sympathies and her ready aid. She understood politics, home and foreign, as few women did. When nine out of every ten of her class were making dolts of themselves on the subject of the American war; when members of the House of Lords, in the confidence and plenitude of their grotesque ignorance, were incessantly wondering why the Mississippi could not be accepted as the boundary between North and South, Lady Judith could have talked over every branch of the subject with Charles Sumner or Wendell Phillips, and never shown herself lacking in knowledge. Gradually she had become a sort of celebrity, a person of authority and influence, and men of mark and power, men whose brains were big with schemes which promised to revolutionize material worlds and worlds of thought, came

to talk with her and to consult her. To her fresh and vigorous intellect nothing was too new to receive consideration. She had not one single taint of the "old foggy" disposition in her. Her mind was as clear as her complexion. More than forty years of age, Lady Judith was only in her prime of womanhood; and yet the charm, the one charm which with all her queenly beauty and superbly feminine outlines of form she specially wanted, was the simple charm of womanhood.

Her life was, for all its activity and its beneficence, a sad and weary existence. One terrible dread had lately haunted her, one fearful doubt, almost as appalling to a woman of her nature as a doubt of heaven and God. She began to doubt of her own capacity to see and act aright. Her whole life had hitherto been moulded and guided by a profound egotistic faith in her own judgment, her own moral principles, and even her own impulses. She had lived in that faith, and now it was breaking down. Only profound stupidity can always, despite every shock, keep up a belief in its own infallibility; and Lady Judith had no stupidity about her, and had received many severe shocks of late. Everything which she had taken in hand, and into the elements of which human love and human passion entered, had gone wrong with her and failed; and her mind was too active, her principles were too just, to allow her to be content always with throwing the blame on destiny or the perverse wickedness of others. She began to doubt seriously whether she had dealt wisely or even justly with Alexia's younger days. She even found herself going over mentally her own early married life, and wondering why it was that all people used to regard her husband as noble, high-minded, and pure, a man made to guide and to rule; and why she had never understood him in that sense, seen him in that light. Thus painfully studying herself, thus growing so far into doubt of her past that all the good she could do in the present began to seem an expiation rather than a spontaneous work of benevolence, she came gradually to a faint understanding of the utter feebleness and untrustworthiness of human codes of justice, and that love, after all, is the law and the light.

In the true sense, Lady Judith with all her religious devotion had never hitherto been a Christian. Love and mercy and pity, not the mere practical doing of good, distinguish the new dispensation from the old. Lady Judith would have been greatly amazed to hear that she was now for the first time, having passed her fortieth year, being converted to Christianity by events and the discipline of sorrow. Yet this and none other was the process going on within her.

But she could not yet bring herself to forgive Eric Walraven. He had deceived her; he had taught Alexia to deceive her; and she hated deceit. Then she despised him for his cowardice and meanness. He began to persecute her with letters which she contemptuously flung into the fire. Had he held a firm and manly front and stood aloof from her, perhaps in the change which was growing in her nature she might have relented toward him. But his craven supplications utterly disgusted her; and she did not even believe that he was as needy as he pretended to be. As he had told Alexia, he wrote to the Earl of Coryden, beseeching the Earl's intercession with his daughter, Lady Judith; and Coryden, a stingy and selfish old peer, who always hated Alexia because she never showed him the least respect, and who was horribly alarmed at the idea of any appeal for money being made to him, told Lady Judith in affright that she was really bound to do something for her child's husband; and this sort of interference only rendered Lady Judith less placable than before.

A little discovery that she made by chance somewhat altered Lady Judith's resolve, and urged her to endeavor at least to succor and rescue Alexia. Among her many charitable undertakings was one for the reclamation of the class of persons whom we upright individuals who never have sinned complacently term "fallen women." Lady Judith became interested in one poor girl of this class, who seemed to have some education and a good disposition. She became a special benefactress to this girl; and although she never made any prying inquiry, yet she won the girl's confidence and heard, unasking, her melancholy story. She learned that this girl owed her degradation to Eric Walraven, and had been abandoned by him. This was in fact a young woman already passingly alluded to, whom Eric always remembered with pleasure and satisfaction because of the picturesque attitude into which she had fallen in the wild agony and passion of her grief when she learned that he was leaving her forever. One discovery leads to others, and Lady Judith came gradually to know that her poet son-in-law was one of the meanest and most pitiful of sensualists and profligates—a man without the fierce passions and stupendous guilt of a Don Juan or a Lovelace; but a sensuous, heartless thing, who delighted to play with any and every woman who could be fooled without trouble or danger. Lady Judith rightly judged that for a paltry sinner of this class reclamation is far more difficult than for an offender of graver and grander mould. There is some stuff to work on in the one; there is nothing in the other. She thought the best thing that could be done was to get Alexia out of such a man's clutches altogether; and therefore she wrote the letter of which Walraven had spoken, and offered to take back her daughter, but refused to receive her daughter's husband. Lady Judith knew that such an offer made directly by her to Alexia would be rejected with disdain. But she rightly guessed that Walraven, seeing no prospect of personal advantage, would now be tired of Alexia and anxious to get rid of her; and she counted much upon the indignation Alexia would feel toward him when his willingness to send her home should be made apparent. She did not count upon or understand the strength of Alexia's unreasonable love for the husband who had beguiled and was willing to abandon her. Lady Judith had not yet come to understand fully what love should reckon for in human calculations.

One day, when she returned from some of her charitable expeditions, she found a visitor awaiting her whom she had hardly expected to see, but whom she welcomed with real cordiality. This was Charles Escombe, just come back from his long tour in America and round the world. The proud forlorn lady's heart warmed and softened toward Alexia's old lover and suitor. He looked healthy and hardy, deeply embrowned by sun and sea, and he wore a huge fair beard.

When they had interchanged friendly greetings, and talked for some time over Escombe's travels and his plans for a career in English politics, he suddenly plunged into another subject, and said, with the manner of one who is determined to have a thing out somehow:

"Oh, by the way, Lady Judith, you know I came home through France—landed at Marseilles, you know."

"Yes, Charles."

"Well, I just ran on to Paris, and coming home I stayed a day or two to see a fellow at the new place they have found out near Trouville, you know—nice little place, too."

"So I am told." Lady Judith now began to guess what was coming, and

why Escombe's brown complexion was growing red and he kept his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"Yes, very nice. Well, you know, I heard that Alexia—I mean Mrs. Walraven—was there."

"She is there, I believe. Did you see her?"

"No, I didn't see her. I thought perhaps she mightn't care to; and indeed, Lady Judith, I don't think I felt quite up to the mark; but I saw that fellow—I mean I saw her husband."

"You knew him before?"

"I knew him in a kind of way, as one knows all sorts of fellows. But I'm afraid, Lady Judith, he will prove a downright cad. He's up to his eyes in debt, and he only gambles and hangs around there with a very queer lot; and, by Jove, it's a pity if something can't be done."

"What could be done, Charles? I can't reform the man."

"No; but perhaps, for her sake, you know, if something could be done to set him up in some way, he is the sort of fellow that might get on well enough if he only had anything to live on. You see, Lady Judith, there are plenty of us who only get on decently because we haven't to work hard for our living. I dare say half of us would be no better than he only just for our good luck and having money enough. Now if some place could be found for him, or—or—something done of that kind, and some of his debts paid off, I dare say he would turn out a very good husband and make her happy. I know you'll excuse me, Lady Judith; I want to see Alexia happy, and I couldn't help just saying this."

Escombe had heard a great deal more than he cared to tell, and Lady Judith guessed as much. He had heard that Walraven was sinking into more and more doubtful companionship, and that poor Alexia's ways were growing more and more eccentric and alarming. He had been approached by Walraven, and had refrained, for her sake, from rebuffing him; and he had freely lent him money, and had come away with sad misgivings for Alexia's future.

"You have a good heart, Charles Escombe; and I have reason to grieve, and you have cause to be glad, that that unhappy and lost girl did not appreciate you as you deserved. But I, at least, don't feel inclined to pay tribute to a swindling adventurer—to reward him because he robbed me of my daughter."

"But, Lady Judith—pray excuse me—something will have to be done. It will indeed. Not for his sake, of course, but for hers. You don't know—you haven't been over there, and don't know what people say; but I do assure you he won't do anything for himself or for her, and you can't leave things to go on much longer as they are going."

Lady Judith thought her cup of shame and misery was pretty nearly full. Her daughter was the wife of an outcast English adventurer, whose poverty, shifts, and swindlings were the scandal even of the very unfastidious society of a French bathing-place!

"Nothing shall be done for him—at least nothing by me or with my consent, Charles," she said decisively; "but I must try to do something to save her, before it is too late!"

The very next day she had occasion to attend a meeting of some charitable society in Exeter Hall; and when the proceedings were over and the crowd was breaking up, Lady Judith, who was accompanied by Charles Escombe (when in town the young man delighted to be her faithful henchman), saw a

stout, gray person, who was very shabbily dressed, bustling over toward her. This person carried a thick stick, and wore cotton gloves.

"Beg pardon, Lady Judith," he began to say; "you don't remember me, I suppose. How d'ye do, Mr. Escombe? Glad to see you back again in England."

Charles Escombe, who made it a part of the business of his life to know everybody, hastened to anticipate Lady Judith's struggling memory, into which some painful association was beginning to force itself, by presenting Mr. Gostick. Lady Judith bowed coldly.

"No pleasant association with me, ma'am, I dare say," the Lancashire man went on; "don't wonder that you should wish to forget me and mine; but I'd take it as a favor if you would allow me to say six words to you just now."

Lady Judith was somewhat softened by Mr. Gostick's blunt honesty.

"I owe you thanks, Mr. Gostick. You once did your best to serve and help me; you, at least, have nothing with which to reproach yourself. Pray say anything you please; I am wholly at your service."

Charles Escombe fell back a little and talked with two or three of the orators of the evening. The great hall was now studded with little chatting groups of people, waiting for the crowd to get out of the doors.

"Well, Lady Judith," Mr. Gostick began, "it's about this poor little girl and that nephew of mine. I wish I hadn't to talk about such a subject, for of course I know how painful it is; but you see this fellow is always writing to me, and, I dare say, to you——"

"He has written to me several times, but I have not replied to most of his appeals, Mr. Gostick."

"Nor I, Lady Judith—nor I, ma'am. I don't care one straw what becomes of him, now that his poor father and mother are both dead; but then the poor girl, you see! Lady Judith, that fellow is capable of anything—I mean anything shabby and sneaking. I don't think he would have the spirit to commit a burglary or a murder. He left his mother to die—the mother who loved the scamp like the apple of her eye—he left her to die, and never went near her. He'll desert that young woman, ma'am, take my word for it, the moment he finds he can't squeeze anything out of us."

"Us!" Lady Judith was growing to respect the man, but still this conjunction was very trying. "Us!" Lady Judith Scarlett and the Lancashire weaver with the cotton gloves! Gostick said "us" quite fearlessly. Lady Judith and he were the only persons with money in the business, and he knew perfectly well that he had as much money as any aristocratic lady in the land.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Gostick, that your nephew is capable of any base-ness" (for the life of her she could not help dealing the little stab contained in the words "your nephew"), "and I would rescue my daughter if I could——"

"Rescue, ma'am, is rather late, I fear, where we are talking of man and wife" (that was Mr. Gostick's touch in return; the proud lady's daughter was, after all, the wife of Gostick's nephew); "but I was thinking that the first loss is the best, you know, and that it would be better even to support an idle, worthless fellow than to run the risk of bringing misery on an innocent girl. I think of my own daughters, Lady Judith, and I am very uneasy about that poor young woman, though I never set eyes upon her in all my life. Now you know I was thinking that your ladyship—excuse my blunt way of coming to the point—has plenty of money, and I am pretty well to do. Can't we combine to pay this fellow into good behavior? Can't we make him an allowance, conditional on-

tirely upon his living a decent life and taking care of his wife? I worked hard to make my own money, but still I am ready to go pound for pound with your ladyship in some arrangement like that. Fix the allowance at anything you like, I don't care what; I'll pay the half of it, and I'll make all the arrangements—you shan't have a bit of trouble."

The red blood mounted into Lady Judith's face. Good God! had it come to this, that her only daughter was to be supported by subscription from the pocket of a vulgar plebeian! True, that even at the moment her better nature saw how much there was of sterling benevolence and honest manhood about Gostick's proposal, none the less she felt it like an insult and an outrage. Her lips quivered, her limbs trembled, her eyebrows contracted.

"Mr. Gostick," she said coldly, "I don't need any combination or partnership in the support of my daughter. I am obliged to you for your concern on her behalf. It does you credit, and you are naturally grieved for the wrong done by your nephew; but you need not trouble yourself about my daughter. I can take care of her. Good evening."

And she made a stately bow, and, taking Charles Escombe's arm, she turned away and left poor Gostick "*planté là*."

"What an ass I am!" grumbled that senator. "Serves me quite right! What business was it of mine if the Earl of Coryden's granddaughter hadn't a rag to her back or went into the union workhouse? If ever I interfere again! Well, I've done my part, and my mind is clear, and I'm sorry for the poor young woman; but her mother has let me see plainly enough that it's no business of mine. 'Proffered service stinks,' says the proverb."

"Now, Gostick, what about that committee?" said a great railway contractor, a baronet and member of Parliament, to whom Gostick was of more importance than all the aristocratic dames who ever wore a petticoat; and he hooked his arm in Gostick's and bore him away, talking into his ear as they traversed the hall and descended the stairs. The Lancashire member soon forgot all about Lady Judith's *hauteur*, and even had no pressing recollection for the moment of poor Alexia's possible misery.

As Escombe was handing Lady Judith to her carriage she stopped for a moment and asked him abruptly:

"Do you know, have you heard anything of *her*, of Alexia, Charles, which you have not told me?"

"How do you mean, Lady Judith? I don't quite understand."

"Did you hear anything which made you believe that she herself is unhappy, that her mind seems disturbed?"

"Well, you know of course I didn't take everything I heard for granted. People talk so much in those little places—and then French people think we are all so odd—and Alexia always rather piqued herself on not being like everybody else——"

"But what did you hear? Do pray tell me. Remember I am the girl's mother."

Charles Escombe was too kind-hearted and had too profound a regard for Lady Judith to feel inclined to ask whether she had always remembered the fact herself. Still the question did for the moment embarrass him and make him hesitate, and Lady Judith saw this and hastened to say:

"No one can know how faithfully I tried to do my duty to my daughter, and how utterly ungovernable she proved to be. But she still is my daughter, and if the man to whom she has given herself up is unable to protect her, I

must of course try to do so. Tell me, then, what it was that people said of Alexia?"

"Well, they seemed to think that her health was giving way, and that perhaps—but one can't mind such rumors——"

"That perhaps what?"

"That her mind was becoming a little affected. He, that fellow Walraven," Escombe said this with a great burst, "he told me as much himself. He made a sort of whining appeal and declared he didn't know what to do; but indeed, Lady Judith, I have discovered the fellow to be such a confounded liar that one can hardly attach any importance to a word coming out of his mouth."

Not a syllable more said Lady Judith on the subject. But a chord had been struck to which all her secret fears, and suspicions, and conscience-prompted doubts gave ready and terrible echo. With her growing emancipation from the imprisonment of mere egotism had been rising the doubt whether in dealing with Alexia lately as a sane and sound and wilfully erring daughter she had not been making a sad mistake. Lady Judith had of late set down her daughter's eccentricity of manner and temper as sheer affectation, and had resented any other suggestion as impertinent and absurd. As a person blessed with powerful vision finds it hard to realize the fact that another person can be short-sighted, as a lover of money can hardly understand that there are other beings indifferent to gain, so Lady Judith's clear, firm, egotistic intellect was skeptical on the subject of lurking insanity in others. One of the many sources of torment to her in her bringing up of Alexia was the conviction that ill-judging lookers-on were constantly pitying the girl and making allowances for her on the score of personal eccentricities and extravagances which she, Lady Judith, secretly believed to be wilful and malignant affectations. But the doubt now began to intrude upon her, ghastly and appalling as a phantom, that perhaps she had utterly misunderstood her daughter and failed in her duty all the time; that while she rashly believed herself to be dealing justly and following Heaven's guidance and approval, she was playing false to nature and perverting the ordinance of Providence itself. Great Heavens! how otherwise could she explain the terrible reality of the fact that everything had gone wrong with her, that the elements themselves seemed to war against her?

Indeed, the poor lady was heavily punished for her pride. She went to her lonely home feeling that she could have welcomed better the more utter solitude of a cavern. Perhaps now for the first time did she begin to feel really deserted. Her pride and her sense of personal righteousness had fled from her at last, even as her husband, her daughter, and her adopted son had done.

Lady Judith had now a companion or reader, a superior sort of young woman from Scotland, who could write most of her letters for her, and who had not lived with her in the days of Alexia and Angelo. Lady Judith could not endure anybody in the house who had seen her in one of her former epochs. Therefore, as she had done when her husband disappeared, so she did after the flight of Alexia and the secession of Angelo—made a clean sweep of the household and introduced wholly new faces.

"Shall I read you something, Lady Judith?" said Miss Bruce, when the great lady, looking weary and haggard, entered her study or boudoir—more of study or even oratory than boudoir.

"Do, please, Miss Bruce. That review of Darwin, perhaps, from the 'Quarterly.'"

Lady Judith leaned forward in her chair, her elbow resting on her knee, her

hand supporting her chin. Her lips were compressed, her eyebrows contracted. She must have been deeply absorbed in Darwinian theories, for she never stirred or looked up, her dress never rustled, her brow never relaxed as Miss Bruce read on and on. Miss Bruce, however, was not without her own share of keenness and observation, and while immensely admiring Lady Judith's beauty and dignity, and greatly envying her wealth, she had begun to think that there was something heavy at the lady's heart, more difficult perhaps than even poverty to bear. Miss Bruce suspected that Lady Judith was not listening to a word of the article on Darwin. She ventured upon an audacious experiment. She read one sentence twice over, then thrice over; it was all the same to Lady Judith.

At last a deep sigh broke from the heart and the lips of the lady, and seemed to recall her to herself. She started, looked up, faintly smiled, and said:

"I think, Miss Bruce, I shall not trouble you to read any more to-night. Or stay, perhaps you will kindly read me a few verses from the Bible."

"The Old Testament, madam?"

"The Old Testament, yes. Anywhere will do. Just where you chance to open it."

Was Lady Judith trying for a word of supernatural guidance and oracle? Or did she hope to hear some lesson of stern strength from the voice of the Old Dispensation bidding her not to be ashamed and tremble even though she had hated those who sinned against her?

Miss Bruce opened and read:

"And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house: and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances, and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter."

"No, not that, Miss Bruce, not that. Some other passage if you please."

Miss Bruce turned some pages on, and quietly glancing under her eyes at her listener began again:

"And it was told Joab, Behold, the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom. And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people; for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle. But the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Lady Judith rose from her seat with a flush upon her ordinarily pale face. There was a little round table near her elbow, and her sudden movement caused it to fall with a crash.

"Shall I read on?" Miss Bruce asked timidly.

"Thank you; no more now. I will not detain you longer, Miss Bruce. Perhaps, as you are going toward your room, you may see my maid Elise."

"Yes, Lady Judith. Shall I send her to you?"

"Tell her, please, that I don't want her to-night. Let her be sure not to come. Good night, Miss Bruce."

Miss Bruce returned a gentle good night and left Lady Judith alone.

How long Lady Judith remained that night seated in her chair with her chin resting on her hand, she herself could never have told. Hours and hours after Miss Bruce, who had been writing letters in her own room, stole quietly down stairs and saw that the light was still streaming from under the door of Lady Judith's chamber. Miss Bruce went to bed, but Judith Scarlett still remained sitting and thinking. Doubtless it was owing to the excited condition

of her mind, the painful tension of her nerves, the lateness and loneliness of the hour, that she found her senses serve her less faithfully this once than was their wont. For as she sat alone she seemed to hear a wild shrill scream ring through the silent house, and it was as the voice of her daughter, and Lady Judith started from her chair and called aloud "Alexia, Alexia!" and sprang to the door. All was dark and silent without. Lady Judith stood and listened with beating heart. At last she quietly closed the door and returned to her place. She flung herself on her knees and pressed her forehead against her hands.

"It was only the voice of my own heart, of my grief, of my conscience!" murmured the unhappy woman. "I will go to my daughter and save her if I can."

And for the first time in this story Lady Judith burst into a passion of unrestrained tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

"HABET!"

ALEXIA, it has already been remarked, was a rather weary companion for Isolind. The unhappy daughter of Lady Judith had always in life had her horizon limited to just the extent of her own personal experiences and vexations. Now that her vexations had expanded into genuine sufferings, they absorbed her wholly, and Isolind heard nothing from her but the sad tale of her mother's coldness and her husband's lack of love. Every day seemed to make Alexia wilder and more morbid, and Isolind began to grow gravely alarmed for her mental condition. She spoke to Mrs. Atheling on the subject, but Mrs. Atheling had never much liked Alexia. The good old lady was always a little afraid of the petulant, sharp tongue of the little English aristocrat. She could never understand Alexia, and always while the latter was present lived in doubt and dread, not knowing what the girl might say next—what piece of impertinence or impiety might escape from her ungoverned lips. Besides, Mrs. Atheling shrank from young women who didn't honor and obey their mother. Therefore she gave no sympathetic response to Isolind's alarms, and only guessed that Mrs. Walraven could be sane enough if she wanted to, and that if she had any insane tendencies it was only the lunacy of pride and insolence.

Isolind was not satisfied, and only racked her brain to find out whether there was anything she could do. To write to Lady Judith or any of her family would have been for her simply impossible. Was there then no one to whom she could urge her growing conviction that Alexia's mind was giving way under the pressure of her loneliness and her disappointment, and that those who loved the poor girl—if there were yet any such—had better look to her in time lest worse befall?

Thus thinking, Isolind set out alone, on the evening when Walraven made his revelation to his wife, to visit Alexia. Our Anglo-American girl was in the habit of rambling alone, accoutred in high boots and with kilted skirts, through the French village, to the wonder and dismay of all respectable French matrons and maids, in whose minds such solitary promenading by an unmarried woman bespoke a worse than heathenish license. The sun was setting over the sea as Isolind drew near the hotel, and with her ever-present delight in sky and waves and sunset, she paused to enjoy the beauty of the scene and the hour, and to her, as to most of us, something of her own life and love and suf-

fering seemed shining sadly out of the waters and steeped in the fading sunlight. So she became for the moment almost unconscious of where she was, and a gentleman approached and nearly jostled against her, and made a lowly bow and an apology. It was Eric Walraven, who had just left his wife, and in a moment it flashed into Isolind's mind that at whatever risk of misconstruction or of seeming officiousness she must tell him her fears for Alexia.

"I am going to call on Mrs. Walraven," said Isolind.

"She will be delighted; she adores you, but that is not strange. Allow me to return with you."

"Pray no, thank you. I can go alone. I am not at all afraid of walking without escort. But—but—Mr. Walraven."

"My dear Miss Atheling?"

"May I say a word to you without seeming officious or bold?"

"How can you ask? As if any word from *you* could be anything but a favor. Pray honor me by taking my arm and let me walk with you."

"No, Mr. Walraven, there is no need. What I wish to say will be soon said, and perhaps I am wrong in saying it, but I feel as if I could not help it. Mr. Walraven, Alexia is very unhappy, and I sometimes think that if great care be not taken, and in time, her mind will give way. Do, pray, forgive me for obtruding my opinions—perhaps I am wrong altogether—but her manner alarms me sometimes."

"Alexia then has been complaining of me?" said Eric with darkling brow. "She has been pouring out to you some story of imaginary wrongs and sufferings?"

"Not imaginary sufferings at least, Mr. Walraven. Oh, no! The sufferings are all real! I only fear for the constant strain upon her mind. Perhaps those who are nearest to her—and who—who love her best," said Isolind with a great effort, "are naturally the last to observe the changes which the eye of a stranger sees. But, Mr. Walraven, oh do take care of her, and be kind to her! Remember that she has lost her mother, and that she has no one but you."

"Alexia is rather fond of exhibiting herself *en victime*," Walraven coolly replied. "She comes of an eccentric family; you have heard the strange mysterious story of her father? But she is shrewd and sensible when she pleases; and, my dear Miss Isolind, I should be sorry indeed for my own sake that you took all her capricious utterances as literal and sound. I beg you will do me justice. I am no monster of cruelty, but the very kind, indulgent husband of a pretty little freakish child-wife, who does not know her own mind for an hour together."

"You mistake my purpose," Isolind said coldly. "I was not implying anything against you, Mr. Walraven—I was not even thinking of you—I was thinking only of *her*."

"And I am deeply indebted to you for the kindness. But there is no danger. Strangers often, indeed always, are alarmed by dear Alexia's capricious ways and exaggerated words. I understand them; it is my duty to bear with them. I hope—I trust—I am not a bad husband. If there are moments when one looks into other faces and other intellects and thinks of what might have been, and remembers what *is* and sighs at the contrast, *you*, Miss Atheling, will surely not regard an involuntary and uncontrollable emotion as a crime?"

"I know nothing of all that; I have no opinion to give. Once more, Mr. Walraven, I am concerned solely for Alexia."

"You are cruel," the poet replied, and he gently touched her hand, which

she quickly drew away. "You are cruel, Isolind! You know that to me the combination of intellect and beauty in woman is the one exquisite divine ideal I have always sighed for; you have seen how I master and keep down my feelings; and yet you treat me like a criminal! Have I not always borne myself to you with the profoundest respect?"

"You would hardly venture to bear yourself otherwise, Mr. Walraven," Isolind quietly said. "I suppose an English gentleman of education would not knowingly hurt or insult an unprotected girl. I expect of course that much from you, and therefore pray let us not say any more about our own miserable little personalities. I knew I ran some risk of misconstruction when I ventured to obtrude my advice; but I couldn't help it. I felt as if I must speak, and perhaps I have no right to complain of a freedom of speech which I myself provoked. I was brought up, Mr. Walraven, in a country where even unmarried women claim the right to speak and act like free human creatures, and where men acknowledge the right and respect it. No American gentleman would have mistaken my purpose or taken unfair advantage of my impulsive interference."

"You are angry, Isolind," he said, and he gently interposed to prevent her from passing on; "you are angry, and you are consequently unjust. Am I to blame if I admire youth and beauty and genius—if I, a poet, cannot be blind to the gifts and the graces of a Corinna?"

"Pray, Mr. Walraven, forbear compliments that only offend me, and make you seem ridiculous: Life is very serious and sad to me just now" (there were tears which she could not restrain shining in her eyes), "and I have no heart or ear for folly. Mr. Walraven, I trust that you too may not find life serious and sad."

Then she went firmly on; and Walraven, after a moment's hesitation, pursued his way. The poet felt a little vexed with himself and a great deal vexed with Alexia, for he was convinced that the latter had been complaining of him to Isolind and telling tales out of school. So he quietly resolved that Alexia must be made to shed some tears by way of punishment. He was quite proud of being able to make Alexia cry, and he proposed that this very night perhaps he should enjoy his power. Isolind had humbled him; but he did not much mind that. It was rather interesting to hint love to the girl. He always enjoyed hinting at love to women when no better pastime could be had; and he reflected with a certain almost sensuous complacency that words had passed between Isolind and himself which are not commonly interchanged in the beaten way of friendship and society between man and woman. He was both piqued and interested by Isolind; but he felt toward her no emotion deep or strong enough to have prevented him from making love to half a dozen other women on the same evening had they come in his way.

He went on then, annoyed with Alexia, but on the whole in hopeful and brightening mood. He began to see once more that the crescent promise of his spirit had not set; that life and woman had yet charms for him; and he hoped soon to be free. He was incapable of any deep emotion, good or bad, and even the ruin of all his schemes and hopes failed to sink him down. He had just the levity and the buoyancy of a cork.

Meanwhile Isolind went on to the hotel and had her walk for nothing. To her utter surprise, Alexia, who had haunted her unceasingly for days, refused now to see her. Mrs. Walraven had a bad headache, Isolind was told, and

could not see any one. So Isolind returned home, not offended or even vexed, but very much surprised.

Alexia had no headache, but she would not see Isolind. She had made a resolve which she would not expose to the risk of a moment's contact with any healthy and vigorous mind and heart. She feared that if she spoke with Isolind the resolve might give way, and it was a resolve now dear beyond words to her sick sad soul.

The moment Eric revealed his whole real nature to her, Alexia felt that life's purpose and meaning were over for her, and she resolved to die. She sentenced herself to death. She could not think coherently over the past; she could only remember in her wild way that Eric had been her only hope and her only love, that she had given up all for him, staked all on him, and that now she was nothing more to him, that she had lost everything. In her fretful and freakish hours the thought of suicide had been familiar to her. For years she had only reconciled herself to the endurance of life by complacently remembering that she could finish it whenever she pleased. The circumstances of her birth and early training, as well as her physical and mental condition, had rendered her utterly impervious to any sense of religious obligation. Religion had always seemed to her only as a weapon of oppression and torment wielded by cold, hard mothers to punish and subdue children. Alexia's own will, her fears and her angers, had always been a law unto her. Love might have been a better law, if Heaven had but allowed it. Love, however, now seemed her bitterest foe and her worst betrayer.

She therefore doomed herself to death. She thought with a fierce delight that when she lay dead on her bed, killed by her own hand, even her mother's heart would feel a pang of agony. She smiled bitterly at the thought of the scandal and shock it would spread among the precise and stately Corydens; and she exulted in anticipation over the trick she was about to play them. Perhaps when *he*—when Eric—came and looked upon her cold, dead body, he might be sorry for her, and might wish he had loved her—might perhaps then love her once more.

She went to her dressing-case and found her little dagger, the treasured relic of the Paris Exposition, and she gloated over its glittering blade and felt its sharp point. She delighted to touch it to her flesh and feel how sharp it was, and she loosed her dress and found out where her heart was beating and put the dagger's point there, and revelled in the thought that one strong thrust would finish all. Ah, what a goodly vengeance upon her enemies! how thrilling a rebuke to Eric, whom she so loved! Yes, that would bring back his love! He would come and look upon her corpse, and he would take it in his arms, and he would be sorry and reproach himself and shed tears because he had not loved her always. Would not death be sweet to purchase that atonement? Love and revenge won by one thrust of an inch of steel—love and revenge and sleep! Her poor, passionate, disordered heart revelled in the prospect of speedy death, as a voluptuary revels in the anticipation of a festival.

There she sat with the dagger pressed against the side beneath which beat her heart—that wild, sad heart which had trobbled with so many fierce emotions, and into which love had only come at last, not to redeem, but to destroy. Ah, what sudden spites, and hates, and fitful fierce desires had kept that poor little heart in fever-throbs, and now was all going to be still at last? Hardly more than a child in years, and already more than an orphan and worse than a widow! Where is the father who should have guarded her, the mother who

should have loved her? Oh, if they two, whose ill-assorted union and whose selfish quarrels and rancors had left her thus desolate, left her thus a prey to fate and her own disordered passion—if they could but have seen and known, would they not have recognized that Heaven had punished their wrong-doing with unrelenting hand? Is not the time soon to come when they shall know it—too late?

The evening shadows deepened, and the murmur of the sea seemed to grow louder as the twilight grew more gray. Slowly over the water rose at last a mild moon. Hardly, it might be thought, could Passion or even Despair have looked upon the calm, pure beauty of that scene, and not felt something of its soothing spirit, and turned toward some memory of innocence and some hope of God. But the murmur of the sea, the unspeakable beauty of the scene and the hour, pleaded vainly, pleaded unheard to the ears, the eyes, the soul of Eric Walraven's wretched wife, Alexia said truly when she declared that the face of Nature had never had any charm for her. She never learned its lesson. It never won her for one moment from herself. Now, in her hour of supreme despair, there was no sea or sky or star for her. She was blinded and maddened; all around was but blood and fire.

Yet there was a certain fierce and practical composure about her. When the evening grew dark she lighted her lamp and began to write letters to Eric and to her mother, which she tore up as fast as they were written. At last she renounced the idea of writing to either of them, but determined to leave a letter for Isolind. Having less emotion in this piece of work, she succeeded easily enough. She wrote, sealed, and addressed a letter to "Miss Isolind Atheling," and placed it on her dressing-table, hidden away under various articles so that it could hardly be found unless when actual search was made. For some reason—she could hardly tell what—she would not have her death discovered before the morning. When night had come and partly gone, when all were hushed in sleep, then she would do the deed; and when Eric awoke in the morning he would see a dead wife lying by his side. She would undress soon now, and would be in bed and apparently asleep when Eric came in, and then when he fell asleep she would kiss him for the last time—and then! Ah God, it may be that in the mind of the wretched girl there yet lingered some faint sad ghost of a hope that when Eric came back he might be kind and loving to her, and unsay some of his hard, cruel words, and the sky might fall and the old love and life return. It may be that one word of love could yet have saved and redeemed that heart and brain, and left the world richer by the prevention of one deed of blood.

Night had come, and no sounds were heard but the occasional cry of a fisher in his boat, the rare tramp of a horse or tread of a human foot. The moon grew brighter and brighter. Alexia undressed; she now had no maid to help her. She folded and arranged her clothes with a very unusual care, thinking that the trouble was not much, and that she should never have to do it again, and that she should like to have things look neat in the morning. She started, hearing a voice in the room; and then she found it was her own voice, and that she had been talking aloud. She started once again, seeing the room, as she thought, filled with flame; but there was no flame. The fire had flashed from her own bewildered brain and throbbing eyeballs.

Being undressed, she crept into bed, and kept her dagger, her last treasure and anodyne, in her hand, pressed to her bare bosom, as Cleopatra might have held her asp. A sound on the stairs, on the threshold, and she started so that

the dagger grazed sharply against her skin, and Eric entered the room. She turned toward him with eager, sparkling eyes. He never looked at her or near her, and she turned away, closed her eyes, and feigned to sleep.

Eric took up a book and began to read. He was rather displeased that his wife was not awake and up to receive him; for although he always told her not to wait for him, but to go to bed, he wanted this particular night to have scolded her for her complaining of him to Isolind. Otherwise he was in a rather good humor with everything, except Alexia. He had won a few napoleons at play; and he was in good hope to be soon again a free man.

He read and read on into the night, and Alexia watched his shadow as it fell upon the wall near her bed. She watched with straining eyes that seemed to burn in their sockets, and she listened with ears wherein the crash of a thousand cataracts seemed to be thundering. Strange wild forms and faces appeared every now and then to crowd around her and gesticulate and gibber at her. She longed to scream aloud, and often was on the point of relieving her tortured heart by a wild cry; but the mastering pride of her fierce resolution restrained her and upheld her, and the minutes or hours, she little knew which they were, went inexorably on.

At last Eric put away his book and looked at his watch and wound it, and yawned. Then he undressed himself slowly and lazily, and extinguished the lamp and went into bed. He did not even glance at his wife, and he stretched himself as far away from her as he conveniently could. People who are not good never get any sound sleep in romances and dramas, but in common real life they habitually sleep rather more soundly than the virtuous, who are apt to torment themselves about their own supposed defects and their neighbors' trials and sufferings. Neither subject ever gave Eric Walraven any concern, and he soon sank into a sleep as peaceful and sweet as that of infancy.

Then Alexia raised herself on her elbow. Now her time had come. Farewell to the troubled dream, the fever, the delirium which had been life to her. Farewell to Eric, her one love. She could not but gaze at him as he lay sleeping and the silver moonlight fell upon his face. Ah, how handsome he looked! Like a sleeping god, Alexia thought. How beautiful his dark curls as they lay upon his pillow. How beautiful the mouth, which had something of the helpless appealing look of childhood about it, with its parted lips and the lower jaw slightly dropped. How noble and glorious he had always seemed to her, and how kind and loving and chivalrous he used to be. Into the gloomy, phantom-haunted atmosphere of her life he had flashed all beauty, brightness, and strength, like another Perseus, to deliver a poor little Andromeda from bondage and pain. She bent over him thinking of all this. What a picture it was—the pale, wild, dark-eyed girl, with her long black hair floating over her white garment, and the dagger glittering in her hand, and the man sleeping unconsciously under her eyes, and the pure moonlight flooding the silent room.

"Oh Eric, my Eric!" the girl at last exclaimed with a plaintive cry, "good-by, good-by!"

She bent over him and pressed on his lips one last passionate kiss, and she raised the dagger that she might die upon the kiss.

But the sleeper, half disturbed by the cry and the kiss, turned angrily away, and consciously or unconsciously thrust her from him with the arm which had been lying outside the clothes—thrust her from him with such vehemence and such suddenness that it seemed like a blow on the girl's unprotected breast. Then a shrill scream of passion, of something more than passion, burst from

Alexia's lips, and her cherished purpose was gone, had vanished, was swallowed up and drowned in a flood of new, resistless fury; and she remembered no more who she was or what arm had thrust her aside, and her dagger descended sharp and fierce into the white throat of the sleeper. Once he opened his eyes and gazed into hers, and gave a cry of terror and horror and tried to rise, and once more the dagger came down; and with a sob and a gurgle Walraven succumbed to his fate, and the poet who sang the "Mystery of the Universe" had solved its greatest mystery at last.

All of Alexia's purpose was gone. The stroke which had extinguished her husband's life seemed to have extinguished the last gleams of her flickering reason. Only a dead man and a mad woman were in that ghastly chamber.

Alexia appeared to have caught up some kind of notion of flight and escape from danger. She opened the window, which was quite a low one within a few inches of the ground, and, half clad as she was, sprang into the moonlight, and ran across the grass plot surrounding the hotel and out through the gate, and sped along the road that wound by the verge of the cliffs. Not a cry or sound of any kind escaped her.

That night Isolind Atheling lay long awake. There was a kind of fighting in her heart, as in Hamlet's, which would not let her sleep. She thought of her own sad life, of the shame which had fallen so heavily on her, of the love she had renounced, of Angelo, and in all her own sorrows she thought too of Alexia's unhappy fate and the danger that seemed to threaten her. The brightness of the moon, the murmur of the waves, were tempting to the heart of the young poetess, and she arose and wrapped a shawl around her and stood at the window and fed her soul for a while on the old, the immemorial thought of all lovers, that the eyes of the loved one are now perhaps fixed like mine on that moon. With that thought arose the proud, consoling reflection that at least she was loved; that were she never to see Angelo more, yet she held his love in her heart and had the privilege of always loving him. Thinking of this, she thought of poor Alexia, whose fate was so much harder, and her heart was pierced with a pang of pity.

Was it her thought which had so filled her as to call up a mind-created phantom before her? Surely that was the figure of a girl all in white and with streaming black hair—a figure like the ghost of Alexia, which appeared on the road in front of the cottage! For a moment a shudder ran through Isolind's frame; the imaginative nature never can purge itself wholly of the sudden recognition of the supernatural. But the form had disappeared. No, behold it comes again, emerges from behind the shrubs that grow in front of the cottage. It comes wandering or flickering vaguely, like a very ghost, on the scrap of lawn or turf under the cottage windows. It is a girl in a night-dress; some somnambulist perhaps. And then it looks up, with such eyes! at the windows, and Isolind sees that it is indeed Alexia, and all her old misgivings and fears rush in upon her with terrible confirmation. Not a moment to be lost; the white wanderer is already turning away. Isolind waits to give no alarm, but hurries down stairs, gently opens the door, with swift steps pursues the fugitive, and throws her arms round Alexia.

"Alexia, dear Alexia, don't you know me? I am Isolind. Come with me."

For the first glance has told her that it is no case of somnambulism, that such sense as is left to the wretched girl is not locked in sleep.

Alexia looks at her with purposeless, affrighted, unanswering gaze, and struggles a little and tries to escape, but utters no word or sound.

Isolind was strong, notive, and resolute. She lifts Alexia in her arms as if she had been a child, and carries her into the cottage. Alexia struggles no more, but allows her head to rest on the shoulder of her bearer as a tired infant might do. Isolind carries her into her own room, and lays her in her own bed, and covers her carefully and closely; so closely that the covering forms a kind of bondage to check any sudden attempt at escape. But Alexia makes no attempt; she lies motionless and stares at Isolind and round the room with wide-open, vacant, wild eyes, and with a little quiver and tremble round her mouth as if cries or tears were coming, which, however, come not. Then Isolind, having made fast the window and pulled down the blinds, lights her lamp, and partly shading it with her hand draws near the girl in the bed; and it requires all her self-control to repress a shriek when she sees for the first time that Alexia's night-dress and her own are spattered and stained with blood.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALEXIA RECOGNIZES HER MOTHER.

Was there ever a night that seemed so long to human watcher as the night when she sheltered Alexia seemed to Isolind? It was late, very late, when Isolind brought in her arms her unhappy friend and laid her in her bed; the dawn came soon, and yet how terrible a time it seemed! Isolind did not see any use in giving a wild alarm, in awakening Mrs. Atheling or the woman who owned the cottage, or either of the two servants. It seemed to her that the best thing to do for Alexia would probably be to give her a few hours of perfect quiet, if possible to induce her to sleep. So she dressed herself and then sat like a nurse by Alexia's side, and endeavored gently to soothe and compose her, as one deals with a convulsive child. She had no suspicion whatever of all the terrible truth. She assumed that that had happened which she had been lately dreading, that Alexia's reason had suddenly broken down, and that in Eric Walraven's absence the girl had escaped from her home. On Alexia's arms and hands she found some scratches and wounds, evidently caused by her having fallen somewhere among the cliffs as she came along; and this fact seemed enough to account for the blood-stains on the night-dress. So she made no alarm, but quietly sat by her patient, bathed her temples, hands, and wrists in water, gave her some water to drink, which Alexia swallowed mechanically—oh, how Isolind longed for some of the plenteous, ever-abundant ice-water of New York!—and tried to induce her to sleep.

Alexia spoke no word. In her eyes gleamed no sign of recognition. The black orbs now dilated, now shrank, the form sometimes cowered and contracted, the lips sometimes quivered as if a scream were about to come, but no sound came forth. Sometimes a fit of violent shuddering and shivering came over the girl, and then her face and form were cold as marble, and when Isolind held her in her arms she seemed to cling to the warmth thus given. Again a sudden heat came over her, and perspiration stood upon her white forehead and neck; and Isolind drew the bed-clothes partly down, and fanned and cooled the poor creature; and Alexia seemed to feel the soothing and refreshing influence. But there was no sensation indicated other than one of the lower animals might have felt. No ray of responding intelligence shone in the gleaming, glaring eyes; and the tremulous lips trembled all in vain.

Meanwhile the dawn came, and Isolind extinguished her lamp. The first

beams of the sun—Isolind once used to call them “the sun-dogs,” a phrase familiar to American children—glittered over the sea, and the orange and purple splendor of the sunrise shone on the eastern waves. The household would soon begin to be astir. Already there were trappings and clatterings of wooden shoes heard on the road and among the stones of the beach; and the bathing-carts would soon begin to be in demand, and the horses to be harnessed which were to drag the modern Tritons and Nereids out to meet the welcome of the advancing waves. People rose very early in this little place, and the shrill voice of Madame the owner of the house was usually heard with first cock-crow, as the lady scolded and urged her two serving-women. Isolind did not venture to leave Alexia for a moment, and yet she was very reluctant to summon either of the servants and prematurely, perhaps needlessly, expose to common gossip a calamity which might yet possibly be healed, or at least kept from public observation. She took it for granted that before morning had far advanced Eric Walraven would come to seek his wife—Eric Walraven, who was now lying a hideous spectacle in the purple rays of the rising sun, with the blood clotted all over his neck and shoulders, and glueing to the pillows the beautiful black curls of which the child he married used to be so fond and so proud.

Sometimes Alexia made a sudden effort to rise from the bed as if to escape. Once when Isolind, hearing a step on the lobby outside, went to the door hoping to see Mrs. Atheling, poor Alexia sprang out of bed and crossed the floor, and Isolind only caught her when she had reached the window. But these attempts seemed only vague impulses springing feebly from some passing memory or association, and in no way belonging to the fixed and cunning purpose which is so common an accompaniment of madness. For when Isolind gently laid her in bed again she made no resistance, but rather seemed each time to welcome the recovered warmth and shelter. Yet even these feeble attempts at escape made Isolind less and less willing to leave her for a moment.

At last, after a delay which seemed to Isolind long and fearful enough to have turned her hair gray, she heard Mrs. Atheling's footstep outside and she gently called to her. Then she seated herself on the bed so as completely to hide poor Alexia, in order that she might gain time to prepare Mrs. Atheling and prevent any outburst of alarm. Mrs. Atheling bustled into the room, and came over with a dash of uneasiness in her face to kiss Isolind.

“Why, Isolind, my love, I'm afraid you're sick; kiss me good morning. What is the matter with you?”

“Dear mamma, will you please be very calm, and don't be alarmed in the least, and above all don't make any noise. Poor Alexia is here, in my bed, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid her senses are quite gone.”

Then she gently withdrew, and allowed Mrs. Atheling to see the poor girl in the bed. She was afraid of the effect upon Alexia of a new figure at her bedside. But it was a lost fear. There might have been two or twenty. No new expression came into Alexia's eyes; her lips quivered as idly and vainly as before.

Then Mrs. Atheling, thus prepared, and being really a capital nurse and charged with all manner of healing devices and expedients, proved herself a wonderfully humane, tender, and useful auxiliary to Isolind. The two women agreed that the thing must, if possible, be kept quiet until Mr. Walraven should come to look for his wife, which he was certain to do whenever he missed her.

Leaving Mrs. Atheling in charge of the patient, Isolind presently went

down stairs to get at and prepare some soothing medicines which the old lady regarded as of ineffable value. She heard the voices of madame, of the two servants, and of some man, all in a chorus of wonder, pity, and horror, over some news apparently brought by the man who stood at the open door.

"O mon Dieu!" "O Grand Dieu." "Quelle tragédie!" "Comment, le mari de cette petite dame Anglaise?" "Mais, c'est affreux!" "Comme il était grand et beau avec ses cheveux noirs!" "Assassiné—dans son lit—la nuit passée?" "Par des assassins, des voleurs, dit-on?" "Eh mon Dieu, je n'en sais rien." "Et sa femme, est-ce qu'elle aussi est tuée?"

And so on, through exclamations, inquiries, and replies which made Isolind's blood run cold, and her knees tremble beneath her. Good heavens, what new calamity was this? Was it indeed of Eric Walraven that she heard them talk? Could it be that he had really been murdered by some enemy in the night, and that the sight had driven Alexia mad?

Isolind constrained herself into composure of manner, and joining the group she asked what the terrible story might be. Her fears were only too soon confirmed. The tall and handsome English gentleman with the pretty little dark-haired English wife had been found murdered in his bed at the Hôtel Impérial—murdered with several wounds and with a dagger left in his heart! No one could conjecture how it had been done. No one knew what had become of the lady his wife. Perhaps she had been murdered and her body hidden somewhere, perhaps the assassins had carried her off; who knows?

"But assassins, brigands, ravishers in Villefleurs, and in the Hôtel Impérial, and this the nineteenth century!" said the hostess, shrugging her shoulders.

"Eh! but was there not the affair Dumollard the other day—more strange by far?" urged the man who had brought the news; "and then those English quarrel among themselves, and have such strange, droll ways of revenge."

"The little English lady was very beautiful; perhaps there was some discarded lover who cherished vengeance against the husband," suggested one of the two women.

"Perhaps a lover not discarded," the man began; but madame frowned him down, and said in an undertone, "*Taisez vous donc!* The lady is of the friends most intimate of mademoiselle."

"That which is certain then," the man replied with the air of one who consents to close an unwelcome discussion, "is that monsieur lies dead yonder, murdered in his bed with a poniard in his heart, and that the little madame has not been found anywhere."

Isolind had heard quite enough. Her limbs shivered, her head throbbed, she could scarcely stand or walk. Wild and frightful conjectures now at last began to force themselves upon her. Even without time to consider the terrible business coolly, it yet seemed impossible to believe that either mercenary assassins or personal enemies could have slain Walraven during the night in a crowded hotel, and no one have seen or known anything of their purpose or existence. Walraven had always seemed to her a creature too mean and miserable to have any relentless melodramatic enemies. But Alexia in utter madness, Alexia's night-dress stained with blood—did not all this point to a solution of the mystery far more awful to conceive than any that the curiosity or morbid conjecture of the gossiping talkers at the door had yet suggested?

Isolind made up her mind that, leaving Alexia to Mrs. Atheling's care, she would fly in the face of all French decorum by going over alone to the Hôtel Impérial, and finding out for herself all that could yet be known. She resolved

that she would not hint any of her dreadful suspicions to Mrs. Atheling unless something should come to make them more than suspicions. She hurried up stairs, and merely told the old lady that she thought she must go over to the hotel and ask for Mr. Walraven. Alexia lay still and open-eyed as before, and Isolind knew that Mrs. Atheling could take good care of her.

So she put on her hat and shawl and went on her dismal walk. As she was in the habit of going out before breakfast most mornings, no one in the house felt any surprise now.

But she had not gone a dozen paces from the door when she saw a little chambermaid from the Hôtel Impérial, whom she well knew as the usual attendant at Alexia's apartment, coming hurriedly and out of breath toward her. The girl hardly waited to answer Isolind's question as to the truth of the story about Walraven's death, but pulled hastily from her bosom a letter which she thrust into Isolind's hand. She was the first who entered the room, the girl said, and she found a letter there addressed to Isolind which—which she thought mademoiselle would like to have, would think it well to have, before justice should proceed to inform itself of why monsieur had slain himself. The girl eyed Isolind with intense curiosity and interest. Isolind took the letter—she knew Alexia's hand—with eager and trembling fingers. She thanked the girl cordially, gave her a few francs out of her slender purse, and hurried back toward the cottage. Isolind will never to her dying day have the faintest suspicion of the conjecture formed by that French girl as to the reason of monsieur's "suicide," and the purport of the letter found on his dressing-table and addressed to the belle Américaine, the friend of the little dark-haired dame Anglaise, his wife.

Isolind did not wait to get home before opening and reading the letter. She turned down a little rocky path, or rather cleft in the cliffs and rocks leading to the strand, and there, where no eye could see her emotion, she read poor Alexia's words of farewell.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

MY DEAR ISOLIND: I suppose I ought to begin this in the regular style of a heroine of romance, and say: Before these lines touch your hand the writer will be no more. Seriously—and indeed, my dear, things look very serious with me now—I have made up my mind to die. *You know why!* I am of no value to any one; I have no motive in living. I always hated life until lately, for a short happy time, and now I hate it more than ever. Please don't be too much shocked and horrified. I am going to kill myself to-night, late, when I have seen Eric for the last time. Of course he shall know nothing about it until he wakes in the morning and finds that his unhappy distracted wife is dead. Perhaps he can make a poem out of it; I shouldn't wonder! O God, how I loved him!

Tell Lady Judith, if ever you should see her again, that she needn't distress herself too much about my eternal salvation. I dare say I shall come out all right; I don't feel at all afraid. I don't believe God is half as bad as some people make him out.

Some time, Isolind, you will be happy and will marry Angelo Volney. Tell him I always loved him dearly, and that I think him a youth favored of the gods—first because he marries you, and next because he escaped me.

Is it not strange, I feel in quite a wild, excited, half-delighted condition at such a time, not at all like one sentenced to death? I feel as if I had been taking opium or hasheesh, or the greenish stuff they drink in Paris. Because I

have been so sick of life and I long for rest. Didn't some philosopher or poet or somebody say life was only a disease of the soul? Ah God, how some of us have felt the truth of that!

Perhaps I shall meet my father! Good-by, Isolind. Think sometimes of the friend you have lost!

Don't blame *him* too much. It is not his fault!

ALEXIA.

Isolind's tears fell thick and fast as she read and re-read these lines, seemingly the last farewell of the writer's extinguishing reason. She could sometimes scarcely read the pages for the tears that blotted them, could hardly hold the letter in her trembling fingers. The characteristic style, full to the last of petulance and audacity, covering still a heart that might have been full of love and rich in the power of giving happiness—the style, so reckless, bold, and cynical—added new and unspeakable pathos to the sadness of the whole tragedy. But the letter, with all its audacious frankness, threw hardly any light on the subsequent events. One passage only, that in which Alexia spoke of waiting to see Eric once more, served in any way to help Isolind to guess at the reality. Alexia had waited to see him once more, had perhaps wholly lost her reason in the mean time, or had been driven wild by some slight or harshness on his part. This seemed the only possible explanation, as we now know it was in substance the true one. But, however it had come to pass, Isolind now felt not the slightest doubt that from the hand of Alexia Walraven came the death-blow to her husband.

Even at that moment Isolind could hardly spare one gleam of pity for the dead man. That he, that any creature, had been so suddenly slain and by such a hand, was a thing appalling to contemplate; but Isolind's pity went wholly to Alexia. In this case the victim seemed indeed the evil-doer, the slayer the object of compassion and sympathy. From the first hour when she saw him, Isolind had felt an unaccountable dislike and contempt for Eric Walraven. She had read the man's shallow nature like a book. Pure and womanly as was her own noble heart, yet she had enough of dramatic perception to see into the feeble viciousness of his character, combining as it did the meanest cunning of a low woman with the most selfish passions of the basest man. Her thoughts were now therefore all for Alexia; how to save her, if it might be, from exposure; how, perhaps, even to save her from the knowledge of what she had done, should reason one day return to her distracted and tempest-tossed mind.

It seemed to Isolind that the two things now to be hoped for and aimed at were, that Eric Walraven should be supposed to have died by suicide, and that Alexia's madness should be regarded as the result of the shock produced upon her by the sight of his dead body. Oh, how she longed for Judge Atheling to be near! The counsel and the active assistance of a Tyrant Man like him, to whom everything could be trusted, would have been of inestimable value. Isolind came mournfully to the conclusion that she had better not make a *confidante* of good Mrs. Atheling, whose discretion and skill were to be implicitly trusted in ministering to an ordinary patient, in preparing a soothing draught, smoothing a pillow, or changing a garment; but whose courage and discretion might perhaps give way before the utterly unexpected difficulty of having to care for an insane woman who had killed her husband.

Meanwhile, it was certain that the fact of Alexia's being in Isolind's room could not much longer be concealed. Isolind therefore at once made a virtue of necessity, and returning home took the madame into her confidence and told

her that the young English lady, evidently driven mad by the sight of her husband's dead body, had wandered during the night to her threshold and was now lying in Isolind's bed. Madame was a little shocked at first; if we all kept lodging-houses, we should not like to hear of maniacs in our apartments; but she soon warmed into sympathy, and agreed with Isolind that the little lady must not be removed, at least, until her mother could be sent for. It must be owned that Isolind dwelt strongly on the immense wealth, splendid rank, and august pride of the little lady's mother, leaving madame to form vague and vast expectations of the possible advantages which might accrue to those who helped to render a service to so rich and powerful a personage. So madame promised to do all she could, and to exert herself to the utmost in order to keep the servants quiet and discreet.

Isolind requested madame to send for a physician, who came and saw poor Alexia, but of course could say nothing of her condition which was not already patent to every eye. He opined that he should have to make a report to the authorities, and that justice would presently inform herself; intimated that perhaps justice might feel called on to take charge of Alexia pending the development of instructions. Whereupon Isolind declared that she was herself ready to lend every aid and give every information in her power to further the mission of justice; and that if justice desired to come and see Alexia in her bed, justice was welcome to do so. But our heroine peremptorily announced that until Lady Judith Scarlett could be sent for and arrive, neither justice nor anybody else save herself, Isolind, and her mother should take charge of the unhappy girl. The physician began perhaps to have vague ideas of Isolind's spreading the flag of the Stars and Stripes across the threshold of the cottage, and defying the Emperor himself to tread where that emblem lay. He undertook at her suggestion to telegraph at once to Lady Judith Scarlett, whose address in London Isolind gave him, and summon her to the bedside of her child.

Presently justice did make her appearance, in the person of a magistrate and one or two other functionaries. They were admitted to see Alexia, who gazed on them with her open black eyes, but was utterly unconscious of their presence. Isolind told all that she knew of Eric Walraven's circumstances, his poverty, his debts, and his probable despair when he found that Lady Judith would do nothing for him. She described plainly and truthfully Alexia's wandering round the cottage, and how she had seen her and brought her in. She did not feel bound to produce or even allude to the letter written by Alexia to her. In truth Isolind was, like most other persons, women especially, totally indifferent to the maintenance of the formulas of legal procedure in a foreign country; and she felt neither inclined nor in duty bound to help French justice to a true understanding of all this sad and shocking story.

Meanwhile the whole population of Villefleurs began to learn what had happened and to grow excited about it. In the Etablissement, a new building where in wet weather you could look at the sea from a glass gallery, and where journals were read, billiards and croquet were played, and fashions were exhibited, it formed the grand theme of conversation. In the small cabarets at the port, where groups of bearded men in blouses played dominoes and drank an extraordinary liquid supposed to be beer, the story was told and commented on and criticised. The *bonnes* on the beach chattered of nothing else. The bare-legged fisher girls even had the tale distorted out of all reality by grotesque and hideous additions. The English residents held a meeting, presided over by the Vice-Consul, at which they adopted resolutions of sympathy with the

poet's bereaved widow, and laid the basis of a subscription for a monument to the poet himself. Those who the previous day sneered at Eric Walraven, or cut him dead on the pier, or denounced him as a humbug, cad, and swindler, were now among the loudest in their appreciation of his high poetic genius and their admiration of his noble character. Eric himself held lordly *levée* all the time in his room in the Hôtel Impérial. He lay in his bed, as supreme an object of interest, as completely master of the hour's attention, as though he had been the Grand Monarch himself. If the poor poet was really at that moment looking down upon his body as it lay there, and if Eric Walraven in the skies retained any flavor of the nature of Eric Walraven on the earth, how proud and delighted he must have been to find himself the object of so intense and general an interest. Why, it was almost like being canonized. Vanity itself could have asked for no richer satisfaction. All his life through the poor wretch now dead had placed himself in an attitude to extort human admiration. To be looked at, to be pointed out, to be admired by the eyes of women, to be envied by the hearts of men—this had been the object and motive of his life; and if he could only have seen himself now in death, he must have owned with pride that he had at last achieved a great part of his ambition. Surely it would be worth the while of such a man to die, if he could, a thousand deaths, were it but to enjoy the tears and the ejaculations of admiration which broke from the eyes and lips of the few privileged women who were permitted to enter the room and peep at him as he lay dead. His last public exhibition had been as carefully and picturesquely arranged as he himself could have planned it. The bedclothes were neatly disposed so as to show to the utmost advantage his face, his curls, his arms, and his wounds. He looked so young, so noble, and so beautiful, that no chambermaid saw him without shedding tears of sentiment. Justice came and inspected him; took solemn note of his wounds, and carried off, as a useful and valuable memento, the little poniard wherewith he was done to death. Surgery came and studied him and did him honor; minutely inspected his gashes as if they had been those which let out the life of Julius Cæsar, and prepared reports of his corporeal condition solemn and specific enough to have registered the fate of the first of murdered men. Every official personage, French, English, and American, in the place was allowed to enter and pass through the room where the dead body lay in state. Several photographers, native, English, and American, were permitted to reproduce the fine face and rich black curls of the dead man in cheap and ready portraiture. The poet who had discovered or invented the locality, and who has been already mentioned, was prompt to pay his respects to his dead brother; and although he had never read one line of the writings of Eric Walraven or of any English versemaker whatever, yet he was stricken by such an inspiration of fraternity and admiration that he threw off some powerful and thrilling lines that very evening, about the minstrel from the foreign soil, tossed on the shore of beautiful France, "*expirant*" there "*sur sa lyre*," and having chaplets of myrtle and laurel flung upon his immature *cercueil* by the hands of those who, rivals once, were only votaries and admirers now.

This little place had as yet no direct communication with any foreign country. The English and American visitors who began to pour in there came from Paris by railway to a station some seven miles away, and made the rest of the journey on wheels, or they came from England to one of the established and famous bathing places on the coast, and journeyed thence by diligence or carriage. This particular day, when the evening was beginning to descend, a car-

riage with postillions drove into the town, coming from one of the places lately mentioned, and drew up in front of the Hôtel Impérial. Monsieur the landlord came out, and a stately, beautiful English lady (he knew by her accent that she was English, although she spoke French admirably) alighted, followed by another lady and a maid, and inquired for Madame Walraven. The startled landlord told the lady the appalling story which such a question naturally invited, and Judith Scarlett heard that her daughter's husband lay dead within a few paces of where she stood. Her errand of mercy came all too late. She had tamed her proud heart and relented in vain.

Lady Judith had left London, as we know, on her own impulse. She had, of course, not received the telegraphic message of that morning. She had left town the previous night. She was on her way to save her daughter even while the daughter's hand was descending madly to seek that heart which in life Eric Walraven had never showed that he possessed. Too late by one day, by one night—too late by a thousand years, by all time!

"May God forgive him—and me!" was Lady Judith's murmured ejaculations. Then she asked more loudly:

"Where is my daughter?"

Monsieur the landlord hardly knew; he was not clear; he knew she was somewhere; he had heard that an American lady had taken her in charge.

Half a dozen loungers round the door were better informed. They could direct the coachman to the very place.

Lady Judith got into her carriage again. She spoke not one word to Miss Bruce, who was her companion. The carriage drove on for a little way along the cliffs, and then stopped at a pretty cottage, the wrong one; then at another, the right one. Madame of the house came out, and was surprised to find that she stood already in the presence of the grand English lady, the mother of the poor mad creature within. Madame began in her kindly way to prepare Lady Judith for what she was to see, telling her that the shock had been too much for the nerves of *la pauvre petite dame*, but that without doubt the good God would soon restore her, and that meantime the American ladies had been all kindness and devotion. But Lady Judith hardly heard a word of this, and did not heed what she heard. She only asked in weary tones to be allowed to see her daughter.

Then madame led her up stairs, tapped at a door, said a word or two to Isolind which caused her to start and grow red, and presently the good woman led in the visitor, and Lady Judith stood by the bedside of her daughter.

The Venetian blinds of the room were partly closed to shut out the slanting, pitiless rays of the evening sun. Lady Judith did not stay to observe who the other figure in the room might be. She hastened to the bed and bent over Alexia. At the other side of the bed, withdrawing herself as well as she might from observation, stood Isolind. Mrs. Atheling was not then in the room.

Judith Scarlett bent her proud and beautiful form over her pallid child, whose bright black eyes looked vacantly up.

"Alexia—O my child, my daughter—don't you know me?"

And it was then that Alexia gave her first sign of the possession of any ray of consciousness. The voice seemed to rouse her into a vague, dim sort of recognition; and the girl's form shrank together, and she drew herself away as far as she could, drew herself to the other side of the bed, and there, becoming in some way conscious of Isolind's presence, feebly made a movement as if she would extend her arms toward her. Isolind did not at first respond to this sign

of unexpected recognition, this pathetic appeal. In the presence of Alexia's mother it seemed like a cruelty, almost a profanity, for any other arms to enfold the child.

Lady Judith was stricken to the heart. She had seen her daughter's first impulse of recognition, and it was shown in an involuntary, a convulsive effort to escape from her. But the bitterness of the pang was still to come. For when Alexia turned toward the other figure in the room the English lady assumed that it was that of the person who, as she now vaguely remembered having heard the landlady say, had taken Alexia in charge—some kindly and generous woman utterly unknown to her, but whom she was now in her humbled and agonized condition prepared to acknowledge as a benefactress. Following then with a quick glance the movement of her daughter, Lady Judith looked for the first time closely at the figure which on the other side of the bed seemed retiring into the dim light, and she saw that Alexia, from the touch of her mother, was feebly trying to stretch her arms to embrace Isolind Atheling.

A cry broke from the afflicted mother—a wail which no agony of her previous life had ever wrung from her—the death-shriek of her haughty self-reliance and long-enduring pride. She pressed her hands to her forehead and covered her eyes for a moment—only a moment—during which her whole heart and nature were torn by one of those terrible struggles which now and then convulse strong souls, and which in a mere flash can destroy or reorganize a whole character. Then Lady Judith said in a low, calm tone, not speaking that any one might hear, but as if she were uttering an acknowledgment which she felt to be a solemn and righteous expiation:

“This is indeed the judgment of God! Thy will be done!”

Then she looked firmly and bravely to where Isolind still seemed shrinking back, and said in a voice that hardly trembled:

“She appeals to you, Miss Atheling. Don't refuse the appeal. Take my poor child in your arms; you have the right, for you have been kind and loving to her. I thank you from my heart for trying to spare my feelings—I did not try once to spare yours.”

“Oh, Lady Judith,” murmured Isolind with eyes full of tears, “I never blamed you, and I loved you so much.”

A light of sudden and genuine surprise came, even at that moment, into Lady Judith's eyes. There was then some one who had loved her, and that was the daughter of the woman she had hated most on earth.

Now she knelt by the bedside of her own daughter and prayed in silence. For more than an hour no word was spoken as the sinking sun still faintly lighted that melancholy room.

ABBAYE AUX DAMES.

SWEETEST place to live or die in,
Lovely, smiling, fresh to view;
Hillocks green the weary lie in,
Fallen asleep in *Hôtel-Dieu!*

Holy living, holy dying, where each path seems good and true,
Only that the fatal motto haunts us, "Elles ne sortënt plus."

Haunts us with a thought of pressing
All the ruby from the rose,
By an ashen hue confes.ing
Bloom with fragrance idly blows.
Not alone are flowers protesting; diamonds flash from out the dew;
From the zenith stars are gleaming; naught saith, "Elles ne sortënt plus."

Naught but man the God denieth,
Spurning boldly of His good;
Fearful of what He supplieth,
Hiding from His angry mood!
Better, to *our* Christian thinking, mingled rosemary and rue,
Than the heart's-ease singly blowing, whispering, "Elles ne sortënt plus."

Through each life some knell is ringing,
Closing fast a garden door,
Dumb to all our tenderest singing,
Wildest pleading, evermore!
But to choose this cloistered living, from the sunshine seek the yew!
No, ah no! till God has said it, say not, "Elles ne sortënt plus."

He to each a cross is sending,
Meted with divinest eye;
To it low and lower bending,
Not out-reaching while on high.
He retains it, not rejecting fairest gems that earth bestrew;
We, as trustful children happy, wait *His* "Elles ne sortënt plus."

Gentle sisters! softly gliding
Where your sternest duties call,
Can there be an angel guiding,
When in stone your hearts you wall?
Awe and love for your devotion to the poor our doubts subdue,
But "the poor are with you always"; why then "Elles ne sortënt plus"?

Thus I mused as sauntering slowly
Through the *Abbaye* and *Hôtel*,
Where *les dames* in office holy
Strive in goodness to excel.
Still I mused in thought conficting, till this truth its radiance threw,
That true souls bloom best in freedom, not when "elles ne sortënt plus."
MRS. MARY B. DODGE.

REPUBLICANISM IN ENGLAND.

ABOUT the middle of September last, on a beautiful and warm evening, there was a great public meeting or "demonstration" in Trafalgar Square, London. To describe Trafalgar Square to any one who has been in London would be almost as superfluous as to favor the readers of "The Galaxy" with a description of City Hall Park, or to entertain the veteran European tourist with an account of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. But there may be some of my readers who have not been in London, and to these I may say that Trafalgar Square (pronounced by the late Sir Robert Peel the finest site in Europe) is a huge open space in the very heart of London life. It is a square much lower in level at one side than at the other; it is bounded at one end by the National Gallery and Pall Mall, at another by Northumberland House and the Strand. It looks from one corner right down to the Houses of Parliament, and from another along to St. James's Palace. It has no gardens in the midst, but only a stony plateau, adorned with fountains which might remind a New Yorker of the public works of "Boss" Tweed, and statues which suggest perpetual contracts with Vinnie Ream paid in advance; but, in justice to London it should be added, adorned too by Sir Edwin Landseer's four gigantic majestic lions of bronze. Such is Trafalgar Square physically and materially; but of late it has come to possess a moral individuality, a political significance. Trafalgar Square is the unroofed Faneuil Hall or Cooper Institute of the London working man. On Trafalgar Square were held all the great popular meetings which helped so much toward the passing of the recent Reform Bill. The multitude fills the square, the chairman and orators gather round the base of the Nelson column, the *gamins* scramble and cluster on the backs of the bronze lions. No voice of mortal orator could be heard beyond a very limited section of the great enclosure; and indeed the speech-making seldom amounts to much. Perhaps it is needless to say that no speaker of any political mark ever makes his appearance at one of these demonstrations. They are "demonstrations" and nothing else; eloquence would be wholly thrown away there. Nobody listens to much of the speech-making, even among those who are near enough to hear it; but there is abundant cheering and groaning as the names of popular or unpopular men and measures are shouted out. Popular reform songs or revolutionary songs are sung in chorus, and banners are displayed, and torches are sometimes flourished, and bands play; and the whole thing is irregular, incoherent, noisy, tumultuous, but in its way very sincere and very effective. The great political leaders never make their voices heard at Trafalgar Square; but Trafalgar Square makes its voice heard by all parties. Some laugh, a good many sneer; but they all have come of late to acknowledge that Trafalgar Square demonstrations are things which have to be taken into account in the calculations of a statesman.

Now, the meeting held on this September evening was different in aspect, purpose, and character from the ordinary assemblages. Red caps of liberty were hoisted on poles everywhere, and the *Marseillaise* was chorused even while the orators were trying to speak. Collections were going on for the wounded of the French army (close by within the railings of the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields the ground was heaped and lumbered with bales and

boxes bearing the red cross, and intended for the relief of war's victims far away by Gravelotte and Forbach), and cheers for the French Republic everywhere rent the air. This was in fact a meeting of the industrial and political organizations of London, called for the purpose of giving a welcome to the new-born Republic of France, and at the same time denouncing Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet for not having done what France herself had not yet done—recognized the Republic. I made my way through the crowd and stood not far from the speakers. The Atlantic cable, as I afterward heard, did me the unmerited honor to announce that I addressed the meeting in a fervid and flaming speech. I neither spoke nor was asked to speak. I did not even know, and don't know now, who organized the meeting; my sympathies were and are strongly with the Germans, and I thought Mr. Gladstone was quite right in seeing whether there was a republic to recognize before he volunteered to recognize it. I could not hear much of the speaking, and it did not matter. I could hear that every expression of sympathy with republican France was applauded to the echo; that every allusion to the supposed coldness or selfishness of England's policy brought out a very tumult of clamor; that the family connection of Queen Victoria with the Germans was regarded with intense and vehement dislike. When the speaking was over the *Marseillaise* began anew, and then some band struck up the first notes of "God Save the Queen," but a positive shower of hisses drowned the loyal air, and the musicians judiciously dropped it forthwith and substituted "Rule Britannia!" I have seen a good many political meetings in England, but I never saw any one more earnest, more intense in its significance than this. The meaning of the thing was plain, let who would pretend to ignore or to deny or to despise it. The meaning was that the vast majority of the intelligent working men of London are thoroughly, earnestly, and even passionately republican.

I had been absent from England for about two years; and I was much impressed by the rapidity of the advance which republican sentiment had made in the mean while. When I left England very few indeed of the working men or their leaders openly avowed republicanism. It was rather the fashion to proclaim a sort of vague and formal loyalty to the principle of monarchy, even while demanding organic changes in the Constitution. But now, it would seem, the London working men were positively impatient of the least word which indicated any toleration of the principle of royalty. The fact that France now had proclaimed a republic was treated as if it ought to condone all past offences; as if a republic were the consecrated of the Lord, which profanity alone could dare to touch with unreverential hand. Nothing worse was said of the Germans than that they followed "a despot;" nothing worse seemed necessary or possible to say. A republic could do no wrong; a monarchy could do no right. Argument of the question between France and Germany there was none. No matter who began the quarrel; no matter who was in the right. Enough that here were people calling themselves (or rather supposed to intend soon to call themselves) republicans; yonder were people following a king. Every true-hearted London working man must throw up his hat for the former.

I attended another and much smaller meeting—a meeting held in a room, and made up of delegates from the various political organizations of London operatives and other representative men. It was a meeting strictly for deliberative purposes. Leaders of the working men like Potter and Applegarth were there; friends and backers of the working man like Baxter Langley were there; Dr. Congreve, the distinguished, eccentric, fanatical head of the English

Positivists, was there. But the sentiment of the meeting was just the same as that of Trafalgar Square. The working men would listen patiently while Baxter Langley put in a quiet word for Germany, so far as to plead that perhaps she was not wholly in the wrong when resisting invasion. They only seemed to have a kind of whimsical curiosity while Congreve was urging that all the civilized nations of the earth ought to fight for France, because the birthplace of Auguste Comte must be the Mecca of the new religion. They were delighted to hear any denunciation of the fallen Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Bonapartes generally. But the one feeling uppermost in their minds and hearts was evidently that of vehement, passionate, uncompromising affection and devotion for the French Republic. All they knew, all they cared to know, was that France now called herself republican; and as such they gave her their cordial, unquestioning, unlimited sympathy and allegiance. They seemed to attach to a republic the same idea of sanctity which the old Scottish lady in the story did to the person of the youthful King James. She flew into a passion with George Buchanan for having birched his royal pupil, and demanded of him why he had dared to touch the Lord's anointed. Perhaps the Germans might fairly have answered in the words attributed by the story to the tremendous schoolmaster: "I have whipped the person of the Lord's anointed; you may kiss him if you please." I believe old Geordie is said to have used plainer and homelier phraseology, but this was the purport of his answer; and one can easily imagine Bismarck adopting it as a reply to those who held it profanity to lay a rude chastising hand on the sacred form of a republic.

Now, I can remember well enough the excitement of 1848, and the fervor among English artisans and Irish republicans during the brief, splendid madness of that crisis. But I am much mistaken if the republicanism of the London artisan of to-day be not a far stronger, more intelligent, and more deeply-rooted conviction than the passionate sentiment of 1848. Then the thing had all the feverish vagueness of a disordered dream. Its general character was rather social than political. It was Chartism with a strong suffusion of French socialism in it. It was a clamorous and almost purposeless commotion of what Victor Hugo would call the *prolétaire*, who, feeling himself miserably misrepresented and uncomfortable, joined in the cry of any movement which raised its voice against existing institutions. But the republicanism of to-day is as different from that kind of thing, as the London working man this year is from the London working man of 1848. Perhaps some of my readers have read and remember "Alton Locke," the book which made Kingsley's celebrity—a book like its author full of inflation and blundering and nonsense, but having too, like him, a core of generous purpose and manly feeling. Alton Locke represented accurately enough the general character and object of a certain kind of London Chartist in the days when Fergus O'Connor was regarded as a powerful popular leader. But Alton Locke is about as much out of date in England now as Jack Cade or Robin Hood. The London artisan, always rather intelligent and always inclined to radicalism, is to-day a man well read in the politics of his time, highly practical in all his objects, well drilled into the discipline of organization and coöperation by his trade unions, and as little inclined to rave of social contracts or demand redistribution of property as Horace Greeley would be. He means what he says; he knows what he is talking about. When he throws up his hat for a republic, he has not the remotest expectation that a republic would make him rich or place the property of his wealthy neighbor at his disposal. But he has acquired a clear and strong conviction that a republican government is the fairest, the cheapest, and the best

political system, and he sees plainly the real, not the imaginary, defects and sins of the system which surrounds him. The London artisan of to-day has very different teachers from wild, gifted, crazy Fergus O'Connor. He has among his own class cool, sensible, practical men, like Odger and Applegarth and Potter—men who never indulge in any bombast about the *prolétaire* and the brotherhood of humanity. He has leaders and teachers outside his own class, in men like Professors Beesly and Frederic Harrison for example—men of culture and keen thought, fearless and often fantastic in their views, but always able to defend them by the closest logic and the most bewildering array of facts and figures. I hold that one of the most remarkable phenomena of English political life to-day is this extraordinary and apparently instinctive fraternization between the “thinkers” and the working men. On almost all public questions these seem to stand together. If, as I believe, the working man of London was making a somewhat foolish exhibition last autumn, when he allowed his devotion to the republican principle to drown all sober consideration of the right and wrong of a controversy, if in fact he was making a *fetish* of the mere name of republic, it must be remembered that Beesly, and Harrison, and Ludlow, and the great majority of the school to which they belong, were doing just the same thing. On most political subjects now, if you want to know what the London working man believes, you have only to inquire what Mill and Huxley and their less renowned companions and followers believe. I attended a great meeting held at an earlier part of last season, to consider the education scheme then before the House of Commons. Several members of Parliament were present. The audience was mainly composed of working men. Professor Fawcett, M. P., in the course of his speech uttered sentiments which would have been regarded as absolutely seditious a few years ago, but which found universal acceptance and drew forth unanimous applause from the meeting. Observe at what a rate English democracy has been lately travelling. It seems to me only the other day when I heard Lord Palmerston declare amid the cheers of the House of Commons, that “tenant right was landlord’s wrong;” and he said this in condemnation of an Irish land scheme which was positively conservative when compared with Mr. Gladstone’s measure of last year. Some five years ago Sir George Grey, then a colleague of Mr. Gladstone, declared amid great applause that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be revolution, and the Irish Church was disestablished the year before last. Household suffrage has been conferred on the people. Vote by ballot is coming; the army is about to be made a profession or business open to all classes alike. In all this work of progress Trafalgar Square has borne its part, and knows it. Trafalgar Square knows too how little it owes for education or emancipation to the earnest good-will of Belgrave Square or Park Lane, or even of Russell Square and Bedford Square. Such as the political organization of the London working classes now is, it has grown up as utterly without the support and patronage of prince or prelate as Schiller boasted justly that the literature of Germany had done. All that great trade organization which proved so powerful an instrument for political work, when it declared on the side of the late reform movement, is the creation of the artisans themselves. It has its own laws, its own principles, its own officers, its own system. If there were any thinking men among the opponents of progress in England, they must have been fairly startled when there suddenly appeared in the midst of society, in full and flexible organization, that great marching army of trades unions, whose very existence had been previously unsuspected by the classes that once were ruling. I beg my readers not to accept Charles Reade’s brilliant and

powerful novel, "Put Yourself in his Place," as a picture of the English trade union system. It is true enough as a portrayal of a place and an organization altogether peculiar, exceptional, and even monstrous. It is grotesquely untrue as a picture of the common condition of things. If a man were to write a novel founded on the present state of affairs in certain parts of Georgia or Tennessee where the Ku-Klux organization reigns, and were to paint his pictures with entire truthfulness and fidelity to local coloring, that would be about as accurate a representation of the general condition of the United States as the incidents of Charles Reade's novel present of the general system of trades-unionism in England. The general system is one based on clear, practical, perhaps somewhat selfish good sense and class interest; and it has been worked out with remarkable patience, fidelity, and ability. While the upper and middle classes were asleep and comfortable in the conviction that everything in England was settled forever, this gigantic organization was quietly preparing, moulding, and remoulding itself. One day at last it stood up and said, "I am here, and I am resolved to interfere in politics;" and the men who saw in it nothing more formidable than might have been found in one of the vague, impracticable, purposeless, tumultuous Chartist demonstrations, were just the kind of men who are always snugly fast asleep on the brink of the revolution's opening chasm. Nothing could show the inherent, patient, natural strength of the class to which this organization belongs more effectively than the way in which it grew to maturity. It had outside itself no supporters, no patrons, and no friends. The English press, when it spoke on the subject at all, spoke decidedly against the trades unions. Even journals avowedly radical were opposed to these organizations of labor. Even demagogic popular leaders were not inclined to favor them. Ten years ago it was the recognized faith of England's average mind, that combinations of workmen could do nothing but harm to the workmen themselves; that the eternal verities had somehow pronounced against them; that the law of supply and demand settled everything (especially when worked out by capital and employers); and that all the workman had to do was to open his mouth, shut his eyes, and see what Providence would send him. In the face of every kind of opposition which the weight of public opinion, the *vis inertiae* of Philistinism, and the more direct force of the strength and interest of the employer and the middle classes generally could extort, the English working men in the large cities persisted in their organization of labor. They made many sad mistakes and committed some grievous errors on their way; but they at last attained their end, and they established an association which will surely operate on the whole far more for good than for ill, and which in any case is a new element, a new power of as yet incalculable force in English social life. When once this organization had frankly taken its place among political bodies, it might as well have been admitted that a new estate had been added to the British constitutional system. The Sovereign, the Lords, the Commons, are theoretically the three estates. To these common parlance, half seriously, half in jest, has more lately added the press as a fourth estate, although Mr. Disraeli, himself a newspaper man, stigmatized such a phrase as "vulgar jargon." I think we may now recognize the creation of a fifth estate in the uprising of the organized working men.

Now, I am sure I am warranted in saying that as a whole this new estate is emphatically republican. Its own organization is strictly republican. It has been hitherto an association formed virtually outside the English Constitution and with no protection from the English law. It has looked royalty in the face, and seen that there was nothing divine there; it has counted how much

kings and queens cost, and found that they are not worth the money. Most of its members have relatives or friends across the Atlantic; some of its leaders have been in the United States and seen for themselves that nations can get along somehow without an aristocracy and without a king. Of late, too, the London working man has discovered that he counts for something. He has been called into council with the great political leader or the great aristocrat, and he sees that they are only men like himself. I read lately a report of a sharp debate at one of the London Boards of Education, those new institutions, the most splendidly revolutionary which England has created in my time, and which in their living illustration of the principle of social equality have no parallel that I know of even on the American side of the Atlantic. This is one of the school boards elected by ballot, and on the cumulative vote system, to administer the education of the country, and the debate I allude to was on a very essential and critical question—the question of religious or theological teaching. A late Governor-General of India, Lord Laurence, presided, and the principal debaters were a nobleman, a Church of England divine, a great scientific teacher (Professor Huxley), a woman (Miss Garrett), and a working man. The savant, the woman, and the working man held generally to the same side of the question, and the working man was as firm and cool in his objection to the introduction of dogmatic theology as though it were quite a traditional and familiar thing in England for an artisan to sit in council and on terms of equality with noblemen and divines. The right to sit in that council and on those terms the working man owes mainly to himself. By his own strength and his own brains he fought his way upward. It was not until his trade organizations had made their reality, their power, and their permanence as clear as the light, that these organizations began to find friends among influential legislators. Always there were peers and members of Parliament ready to patronize the working man, but there were few indeed of these, his gracious patrons, who were anxious to set him up for himself as an independent individuality and one of the ruling powers of the constitutional system. Nor even yet has there been much done which could have the effect of charming the working man into the belief that he can get anything without exacting it. As yet no working man has got into Parliament or received any cordial assistance from his old political masters in the seeking of a Parliamentary seat. The class formerly ruling could not have conferred a cheaper and more harmless favor on the working men than to have assisted them in returning some Odger or Leecraft to Parliament. It would not in the slightest degree have affected the rulership in Parliament of the dominant interests, and it might have done much in the way of conciliation. Therefore the working man still learns, by the teaching of events, that he can expect nothing except what he is strong enough to exact; that a middle-class Parliament would be hardly one whit more inclined toward him than an aristocratic Parliament; and his tendencies toward republican democracy are not likely to be diminished by the knowledge.

I have hitherto spoken almost exclusively of the London artisans. In most of the great towns, however, I presume that much the same thing might be said as regards this tendency toward republicanism. Probably in Manchester, for example, there is a yet more general absence of anything like a tinge of the French hue of social democracy than in London, and in Liverpool there is a pretty strong Orange or ultra-Tory mob. The Irish element has, of course, to be taken into account in all these places; and whether we regard the Irish as Fenians or as Ultramontane Roman Catholics, we shall find few points of adhesion between them and their English brothers. But the Irish are nothing as

an organization in England. Numerically strong as they are in London, in Manchester, in Liverpool, Leeds, and other great towns, they reckon in political struggles for hardly more than the Chinese do in San Francisco. Working men having been until lately practically excluded from the franchise, the Irishmen who came to live and work in English cities had no direct incentive to interest themselves in English politics, which they could not control or affect in any direct way. Therefore they always remained as strangers in the land, and never took any part in a political controversy unless when it assumed the tempting aspect of a "row." That this will be different in the future with our popularized suffrage may be taken for granted. Perhaps in some of the large cities the Irish vote may hereafter become as distinct an element of political calculation as it is now in Philadelphia or Chicago. But even when that does come about, I think I may venture to predict that the Irish vote will in no way retard the progress of English republicanism. That indeed should be an objectionable and odious form of government, the alternative of which would induce the Irishman in Great Britain to become a loyal champion of the house of Brunswick.

All this is of the cities. How of the rural populations? Of course the farmers of the English counties as a rule are stolidly and sluggishly conservative. They are naturally under the traditionary influence of the landed aristocracy, and they have little knowledge of or care for what passes in the world outside. Of the mental condition of the English peasant, the laborer in the fields, who ought at least to be the peer of the artisan in the towns, I hesitate to speak in language which would seem to be adequate, lest I should appear to be guilty of gross exaggeration. I doubt if any country in the civilized world has a class among its people so stupid, so ignorant, so debased in the passive sense, as the English agricultural laborers, more especially of the southern counties. The typical Giles Scroggins of this class may be fairly described as a man who knows nothing—nothing whatever—beyond the common drudgery of his daily labor and the mechanical routine of his daily life. He gets wages enough to keep soul and body together, and he has no prospect of ever getting any more. His boys and girls, when they pass the years of infancy, can earn a shilling or two in the week by shouting in the fields to frighten the crows away, or some such easy and elementary labor. When he gets too old and stiff in the joints to work any more, he goes into the union workhouse. He has never thought of seeking any other country; perhaps he hardly knew that there existed any country other than his own; probably he never thought of such a subject at all. Letters, art, science, commerce have been busy for all the rest of the world, but not for him. The animals who are his fellow-laborers know how to do their work and eat their food and find their place of rest, and he knows hardly any more. The blue sky, the shadows succeeding each other on the hillside, the murmur of the brook, the song of the spring birds in the branches, have no charm or beauty for him. Such vague joy as the ox may have in the comfort of sun or shade, he has, and no more. Nor is this stolidity, nor is this ignorance atoned for by pastoral simplicity, purity, and innocence. The evidence taken before Government commissions, the experience and observation of every qualified inquirer, have made it clear that there is as much vice in the stagnant puddle of the rural laborer's life as in the seething whirlpool of city dissipation. The boys and girls work together in gangs in the fields, and they are just as virtuous as dogs or cattle would be under the same conditions. There is in the Celt, I do not know why, a certain subtle, suffusing element of the poetic, which seems to save him always from this utter degradation to the

level of bovine stolidity. Partly owing to this fact, partly perhaps to the fact that the Irish priests have done their duty, according to their lights, far better than the English landlords have, there never was in Ireland any class of men and women so absolutely stupid and ignorant as whole masses of the English peasantry are. Ask an English rural laborer the name of the river that flows within sight of his own cottage, and if it be not near enough to have something to do with the business of his daily life somehow, the chances are that he will be unable to give an answer. Put such a question to an Irish peasant, and he will give you the Irish name, the English name, and half a dozen legends illustrating one or the other, or both. Of course I need hardly say that in intelligence and education the Scottish peasant is half a century ahead of his English compeer. Scotland ranks among the most educated, England among the least educated of civilized peoples. England has at last adopted a measure of national education. It is not indeed all that the most active intellects of the country could desire, but it is a decent compromise, and we seldom get anything better than a decent compromise at a time in England. Such as it is, it will undoubtedly come to affect in due course even the rural population of the country; and therefore I am reluctant to venture on any suggestion of prophecy as to what the English laborer of the future may be. But for the present the agricultural workers may be set down in politics simply as a torpid mass, as incapable either of individual or collective action, even in their own interests, as the pigs and the oxen who are their familiar companions. At present these men have no vote, and I hardly think the most ardent upholder of extended suffrage could find much cause to desire the immediate extension of the franchise to them. Of course they are destined to become voters, and let us hope to become educated voters, some time or other, but for the present they simply count for nothing in politics. They cannot promote organic change, and, with whatever impulse, direction, and injunctions from their landlords, they would, I feel convinced, prove equally incapable of resisting or even retarding it.

Nothing therefore can be more unlike than town and country among English laborers. In the United States people generally look to the rural population, the territorial democracy, to redress the balance, correct the errors, compensate for the vices of the towns. But in England we look to the towns for all manner of political enlightenment and advancement. The country has hitherto chiefly occupied itself in endeavoring to frustrate, or at least to impede the enlightened efforts of the town. London, Manchester, and Leeds are always busy in proposing measures of reform which the counties are busy in striving to prevent. The country always resists, and the country always is beaten in the long run. Town proposed to abolish the Corn Laws; country resisted. Town proposed the late Reform Bill; country resisted. The result is always the same. An English county member means almost as a rule a stolid conservative. The towns govern in the end. They, too, have their conservatism. The small boroughs often sink wholly under the influence of the county—that is to say, of the county peers and territorial magnates. In London a considerable portion of the shop-keeping class is opposed to radicalism, and devoted to the aristocracy, just as a footman is, because the court and the aristocracy are its patrons and give it its pay. But the influence of such a class is only negative at its best, and in times of tumult counts for nothing. All the clear purpose and organized strength of will which exist in England to-day may be regarded as on the side of radical advance. Even that strength of will which

comes from the naked selfishness of a privileged class, anxious to keep the advantages it has got, loses much of its resisting power when, having already yielded a good deal, it is uncertain whether its own interests do not require it to yield yet more, and if so, how much? *Principiis obsta* is the grand rule of a privileged class. Let the principle of social equality obtain ever so small a footing, and it is sure to win its way in. Now the whole tendency of things in England, so far as radicalism is concerned, is toward equality. Political liberty England has always had in our time, and it used to be commonly and truly said that the Englishman cared nothing about equality provided he had his individual liberty, while the Frenchman could endure any restraint on his personal liberty provided he saw that no other class enjoyed special privileges denied to his own. But of late years the former part of the proposition, at least, has ceased to be true, and the unprivileged Englishman has begun to ask very seriously why other classes should have advantages denied to him and his. I do not see how the aristocratic system can long endure against the encroachments of the popular demand for equalizing of classes. I even think it quite among possibilities that a time may come when the popular inclination would once more sanction a temporary strengthening of the influence of the Crown, in order to weaken the power and diminish the privileges of the aristocracy. Meanwhile these latter are undergoing invasion quickly enough as it is. The hereditary privilege of governing England is passing rapidly out of the hands of the great families. Indeed, in our day, we see middle-class men of quite moderate ability called to fill seats in the Cabinet, which the genius and profound knowledge of Burke could never have procured for him, merely because it is necessary that the growing sentiment of class equality should be conciliated and appeased. I am not aware of any instance in modern history where this natural, manly, and just principle, having once fairly come into operation, has ever suffered any serious reaction.

Thus, therefore, did the political condition of England present itself to my mind when, after an absence of two years, I endeavored to study it impartially and coolly. I take it that the artisans of the towns are about to become an active and direct political power. The Reform Bill of 1831-'32 brought in middle-class wealth to compete with aristocratic rank. The Reform Bill of 1868 has brought in artisan labor to share the competition. I have wholly mistaken the meaning of what I saw and heard, if the working men of the English cities have not quite made up their minds to the conviction that republican democracy is the best form of government. The English Church seems to have become almost wholly alienated from the sympathies of the working man. One branch of it concerns itself about candles and screens and genuflections; another about denouncing the Papists and the Lady of Babylon. Between the two the working man has been allowed plenty of time to learn that there are such persons as Mill and Huxley. On the side of the working man there is growing up that school I have already mentioned, of keen, clever, bold, and penetrating political writers, whose tendency is undoubtedly toward republicanism, even if they do not preach republicanism as a creed—men who subject every existing institution of the English political system to a criticism as sharp and searching as if “the wisdom of our ancestors” really had no manner of sanctity about it at all. Decidedly the age is a skeptical one in English politics; and the artisan of the cities is a very Thomas in his reluctance to believe in the reality of anything he has not had a chance of testing for himself. Loyalty of the old-fashioned kind he has wholly ceased to feel or to respect. He has just as much faith in the sanctity of the monarchical principle as he has in the power of

the sovereign's touch to heal the scrofulous. He is not in any hurry about revolutionary change. He seems to wait rather composedly, believing that events are working out gradually, but very surely, the conclusions he desires to see accomplished. We do not therefore hear of any vehement agitation or clamorous demand for a republic going on in England. I have read indeed of a meeting convened in London by Mr. Odger, one of the very ablest and best among the working-men leaders, at which a resolution was adopted declaring the republican form of government the best for England, and announcing that a republican programme or "platform" is to be formally presented to the nation. This in itself is a very remarkable and significant thing. We may be sure that there was none of the "rowdy" element, or the wild and anarchical turbulence of mere revolution, in any meeting organized by such a man as Odger; and indeed the resolution in favor of a republic was worded in the most cool and practical style, urging as the grand recommendation of the republican form of government, that it was the one "best calculated to develop the resources of the country." I attach very great importance to the fact that such a meeting was held and such a resolution calmly adopted. But I do not expect just yet to see anything like a definite and organized agitation or even propaganda in favor of a republic. I think the London working man is disposed to take matters coolly and patiently if no unforeseen event drives him on. He believes in a possible English republic; probably he is even convinced in his own mind that the thing must come some time, and he does not care to take the responsibility of trying to precipitate it. But he is resolved that when such a crisis arises as that of France in last September, there shall be no possible doubt of the earnestness and fervor of his republican sympathies. Be sure *he* was not among the crowd who in the royal town of Windsor offered such uproarious welcome to Louis Napoleon. So far as he is a republican, he is so by virtue of a downright practical conviction, not because of the fascination of some leader's dazzling eloquence. The influence of the working man has grown up, as his convictions have, without leadership outside his own class, and without any remarkable brilliancy of leadership within. Through the whole of these recent years of struggle for political rights and of successful endeavor after trade organization, no genuine popular orator has appeared among English working men, or has arisen in any other rank specially to address and to lead them. There is no Fergus O'Connor movement now, to collapse with the collapse of Fergus himself. There is no man, so far as I know, whose existence or whose efforts are essential to the political influence of the English artisan body, or whose disappearance from politics would produce any noticeable effect whatever upon English political life. It is an upward movement of the whole body, an advance along the whole line, that we are now witnessing. I have great faith in the English artisan—all the more because there is so little of the "Red" about him, and because he is so little given to rhetoric and extravagance. Above all, I have faith in him because he has proved so well that he can do without the leadership of persons who think themselves his social superiors. Now this English artisan is assuredly a new power in the State, and when he proclaims himself even a theoretical republican, I cannot but think that he means what he says, and that some time or other the meaning will find practical expression and resolve. As I turned to leave the scene of the great meeting, that fine September evening, and made my way slowly through crowds cheering for republican France; through little groves of poles crowned with caps of liberty; through marching bodies of industrial associations returning with bands and banners to their several localities; through small, compact, and

isolated masses gathered round some spot where a volunteer orator had suddenly started up to tell to all who would listen his tale of the strength and the glory of republican institutions; and through the fringes of wondering, or scornful, or vacantly-curious spectators, belonging chiefly to the middle, but not a few to the higher classes, I could not help thinking that if there were any peer or other noble personage among those lookers-on, who possessed in his cranium anything of the brains and foresight of a Chesterfield, he must have come to the conclusion already that that demonstration of sympathy with republican France was a "first warning" to the aristocratic system of England. Nothing would have been more easy than to turn the whole thing into ridicule. Its one-ideaed, almost blind partisanship for France was perhaps in itself ridiculous. But at the heart of the whole affair was the sober fact that the London working men are earnest republicans—republicans by conviction and by sympathy; and I hardly think a Chesterfield would have seen much to laugh at in that.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THROUGH A WINDOW.

I LIE here at rest in my chamber,
And look through the window again,
With eyes that are changed since the old time,
And the sting of an exquisite pain.

Tis not much that I see for a picture,
Through boughs which are green with the spring—
An old barn with its roof gray and mossy,
And above it a bird on the wing.

Or, lifting my head a thought higher,
Some hills and a village I know,
And over it all the blue heaven,
With a white cloud floating below.

In the old days the roof seemed a prison,
My mind and the sky were free,
My thoughts with the birds went flying,
And my hopes were a heaven to me.

Now I come from the limitless distance
Where I followed my youth's wild will,
Where they brew the wine of delusion
That you drink and are thirsty still.

Now I know why the bird, with the springtime,
To the gnarled old tree comes back;
He has tried the south and the summer,
He has felt what the sweet things lack.

So I come with a sad contentment,
With eyes that are changed I see:
The roof means peace, not a prison,
And Heaven smiles down on me.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

OVERLAND.

By J. W. DE FOREST, Author of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

WHEN Thurstane got into the cabin, he found it pretty nearly clear of water, the steward having opened doors and trap-doors and drawn off the deluge into the hold.

The first object that he saw, or could see, was Clara, curled up in a chair which was lashed to the mast, and secured in it by a lanyard. As he paused at the foot of the stairway to steady himself against a sickening lurch, she uttered a cry of joy and astonishment, and held out her hand. The cry was not speech; her gladness was far beyond words: it was simply the first utterance of nature; it was the primal inarticulate language.

He had expected to stand at a distance and ask her leave to save her life. Instead of that, he hurried toward her, caught her in his arms, kissed her hand over and over, called her pet names, uttered a pathetic moan of grief and affection, and shook with inward sobbing. He did not understand her; he still believed that she had rejected him—believed that she only reached out to him for help. But he never thought of charging her with being false or hard-hearted or selfish. At the mere sight of her asking rescue of him he devoted himself to her. He dared to kiss her and call her dearest, because it seemed to him that in this awful moment of perhaps mortal separation he might show his love. If they were to be torn apart by death, and sepulchred possibly in different caves of the ocean, surely his last farewell might be a kiss.

If she talked to him, he scarcely heard her words, and did not realize their meaning. If it was indeed true that she kissed his cheek, he thought it was because she wanted rescue and would thank any one for it. She was, as he understood her, like a pet animal, who licks the face of any friend in need, though a stranger. Never mind; he loved her just the same as if she were not selfish; he would serve her just the same as if she were still his. He unloosed her arms from his shoulders, wondering that they should be there, and crawling with difficulty to the cabin locker, groped in it for life-preservers. There was only one in the vessel; that one he buckled around Clara.

"Oh, my darling!" she exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"My darling!" he echoed, "bear it bravely. There is great danger; but don't be afraid—I will save you."

He had no doubts in making this promise; it seemed to him that he could overcome the billows for her sake—that he could make himself stronger than the powers of nature.

"Where did you come from—from another vessel?" she asked, stretching out her arms to him again.

"I was here," he said, taking and kissing her hands; "I was here, watching over you. But there is no time to lose. Let me carry you."

"They must be saved," returned Clara, pointing to the staterooms. "Garcia and Coronado are there."

Should he try to deliver those enemies from death? He did not hesitate a moment about it, but bursting open the doors of the two rooms he shouted, "On deck with you! Into the boats! We are sinking!"

Next he set Clara down, passed his left arm around her waist, clung to things with his right hand, dragged her up the companionway to the quarter-deck, and lashed her to the weather shrouds, with her feet on the wooden leader. Not a word was spoken during the five minutes occupied by this short journey. Even while Clara was crossing the deck a frothing comber deluged her to her waist, and Thurstane had all he could do to keep her from being flung into the lee scuppers. But once he had her fast and temporarily safe, he made a great effort to smile cheerfully, and said, "Never fear; I won't leave you."

"Oh! to meet to die!" she sobbed, for the strength of the water and the rage of the surrounding sea had frightened her. "Oh, it is cruel!"

Presently she smothered her crying, and implored, "Come up here and tie yourself by my side; I want to hold your hand."

He wondered whether she loved him again, now that she saw him; and in spite of the chilling seas and the death at hand, he thrilled warm at the thought. He was about to obey her when Coronado and Garcia appeared, pale as two ghosts, clinging to each other, tottering and helpless. Thurstane went to them, got the old man lashed to one of the backstays, and helped Coronado to secure himself to another. Garcia was jabbering prayers and crying aloud like a scared child, his jaws shaking as if in a palsy. Coronado, who seemed resolved to bear himself like an *hidalgo*, maintained a grim silence, although his face was wilted and seamed with anxiety, as if he had become an old man in the night. It was rather a fine sight to see him looking into the face of the storm with an air of defying death and all that it might bring; and perhaps he would have been helpful, and would have shown himself one of the bravest of the brave, had he not been prostrated by sickness. As it was, he took little interest in the fate of others, hardly noticing Thurstane as he resumed his post beside Clara, and only addressing the girl with one word: "Patience!"

Clara and Thurstane, side by side and hand in hand, were also for the most part silent, now looking around them upon their fate, and then at each other for strength to bear it.

Meantime part of the crew had tried the pumps, and been washed away from them twice by seas, floating helplessly about the main deck, and clutching at rigging to save themselves, but nevertheless discovering that the brig was filling but slowly, and would have full time to strike before she could founder.

"'Vast there!" called the captain; "'vast the pumps! All hands stand by to launch the boats!"

"Long boat's stove!" shouted the mate, putting his hands to his mouth so as to be heard through the gale.

"All hands aft!" was the next order. "Stand by to launch the quarter-boats!"

So the entire remaining crew—two mates and eight men, including the steward—splashed and clambered on to the quarter-deck and took station by the boat-falls, hanging on as they could.

"Can I do anything?" asked Thurstane.

"Not yet," answered the captain; "you are doing what's right; take care of the lady."

"What are the chances?" the lieutenant ventured now to inquire.

With fate upon him, and seemingly irresistible, the skipper had dropped his grim air of conflict and become gentle, almost resigned. His voice was friend-

ly, sympathetic, and quite calm, as he stepped up by Thurstane's side and said, "We shall have a tough time of it. The land is only about ten miles away. At this rate we shall strike it inside of three hours. I don't see how it can be helped."

"Where shall we strike?"

"Smack into the Bay of Monterey, between the town and Point Pinos."

"Can I do anything?"

"Do just what you've got in hand. Take care of the lady. See that she gets into the biggest boat—if we try the boats."

Clara overheard, gave the skipper a kind look, and said. "Thank you, captain."

"You're fit to be capm of a liner, miss," returned the sailor. "You're one of the best sort."

For some time longer, while waiting for the final catastrophe, nothing was done but to hold fast and gaze. The voyagers were like condemned men who are preceded, followed, accompanied, jostled, and hurried to the place of death by a vindictive people. The giants of the sea were coming in multitudes to this execution which they had ordained; all the windward ocean was full of rising and falling billows, which seemed to trample one another down in their savage haste. There was no mercy in the formless faces which grimaced around the doomed ones, nor in the tempestuous voices which deafened them with threatenings and insult. The breakers seemed to signal to each other; they were cruelly eloquent with menacing gestures. There was but one sentence among them, and that sentence was a thousand times repeated, and it was always DEATH.

To paint the shifting sublimity of the tempest is as difficult as it was to paint the steadfast sublimity of the Great Cañon. The waves were in furious movement, continual change, and almost incessant death. They destroyed themselves and each other by their violence. Scarcely did one become eminent before it was torn to pieces by its comrades, or perished of its own rage. They were like barbarous hordes, exterminating one another or falling into dissolution, while devastating everything in their course.

There was a frantic revelry, an indescribable pandemonium of transformations. Lofty plumes of foam fell into hoary, flattened sheets; curling and howling cataracts became suddenly deep hollows. The indigo slopes were marbled with white, but not one of these mottlings retained the same shape for an instant; it was broad, deep, and creamy when the eye first beheld it; in the next breath it was waving, shallow, and narrow; in the next it was gone. A thousand eddies, whirls, and ebullitions of all magnitudes appeared only to disappear. Great and little jets of froth struggled from the agitated centres toward the surface, and never reached it. Every one of the hundred waves which made up each billow rapidly tossed and wallowed itself to death.

Yet there was no diminution in the spectacle, no relaxation in the combat. In the place of what vanished there was immediately something else. Out of the quick grave of one surge rose the white plume of another. Marbling followed marbling, and cataract overstrode cataract. Even to their bases the oceanic ranges and peaks were full of power, activity, and, as it were, explosions. It seemed as if endless multitudes of transformations boiled up through them from their abodes in sea-deep caves. There was no exhausting this reproductiveness of form and power. At every glance a thousand worlds of waters had perished, and a thousand worlds of waters had been created. And

all these worlds, the new even more than the old, were full of malignity toward the wreck, and bent on its destruction.

The wind, though invisible, was not less wonderful. It surpassed the ocean in strength, for it chased, gashed, and deformed the ocean. It inflicted upon it countless wounds, slashed fresh ones as fast as others healed. It not only tore off the hoary scalps of the billows and flung them through the air, but it wrenched out and hurled large masses of water, scattering them in rain and mist, the blood of the sea. Now and then it made all the air dense with spray, causing the Pacific to resemble the Sahara in a simoom. At other times it levelled the tops of scores of waves at once, crushing and kneading them by the immense force that lay in its swiftness.

It would not be looked in the face; it blinded the eyes that strove to search it; it seemed to flap and beat them with harsh, churlish wings; it was as full of insult as the billows. Its cry was not multitudinous like that of the sea, but one and incessant and invariable, a long scream that almost hissed. On reaching the wreck, however, this shriek became hoarse with rage, and howled as it shook the rigging. It used the shrouds and stays of the still upright mainmast as an æolian harp from which to draw horrible music. It made the tense ropes tremble and thrill, and tortured the spars until they wailed a death-song. Its force as felt by the shipwrecked ones was astonishing; it beat them about as if it were a sea, and bruised them against the shrouds and bulwarks; it asserted its mastery over them with the long-drawn cruelty of a tiger.

Just around the wreck the tumult of both wind and sea was of course more horrible than anywhere else. These enemies were infuriated by the sluggishness of the disabled hulk; they treated it as Indians treat a captive who cannot keep up with their march; they belabored it with blows and insulted it with howls. The brig, constantly tossed and dropped and shoved, was never still for an instant. It rolled heavily and somewhat slowly, but with perpetual jerks and jars, shuddering at every concussion. Its only regularity of movement lay in this, that the force of the wind and direction of the waves kept it larboard side on, drifting steadily toward the land.

One moment it was on a lofty crest, seeming as if it would be hurled into air. The next it was rolling in the trough of the sea, between a wave which hoarsely threatened to engulf it, and another which rushed seething and hissing from beneath the keel. The deck stood mostly at a steep angle, the weather bulwarks being at a considerable elevation, and the lee ones dipping the surges. Against this helpless and partially water-logged mass the combers rushed incessantly, hiding it every few seconds with sheets of spray, and often sweeping it with deluges. Around the stern and bow the rush of bubbling, roaring whirls was uninterrupted.

The motion was sickly and dismaying, like the throes of one who is dying. It could not be trusted; it dropped away under the feet traitorously; then, by an insolent surprise, it violently stopped or lifted. It was made the more uncertain and distressing by the swaying of the water which had entered the hull. Sometimes, too, the under-boiling of a crushed billow caused a great lurch to windward; and after each of these struggles came a reel to leeward which threatened to turn the wreck bottom up; the breakers meantime leaping aboard with loud stampings as if resolved to beat through the deck.

During hours of this tossing and plunging, this tearing of the wind and battering of the sea, no one was lost. The sailors were clustered around the boats, some clinging to the davits and others lashed to belaying pins, exhausted by long labor, want of sleep, and constant soakings, but ready to fight for life

to the last. Coronado and Garcia were still fast to the backstays, the former a good deal wilted by his hardships, and the latter whimpering. Thurstane had literally seized up Clara to the outside of the weather shrouds, so that, although she was terribly jammed by the wind, she could not be carried away by it, while she was above the heaviest pounding of the seas. His own position was alongside of her, secured in like manner by ends of cordage.

Sometimes he held her hand, and sometimes her waist. She could lean her shoulder against his, and she did so nearly all the while. Her eyes were fixed as often on his face as on the breakers which threatened her life. The few words that she spoke were more likely to be confessions of love than of terror. Now and then, when a billow of unusual size had slipped harmlessly by, he gratefully and almost joyously drew her close to him, uttering a few syllables of cheer. She thanked him by sending all her affectionate heart through her eyes into his.

Although there had been no explanations as to the past, they understood each other's present feelings. It could not be, he was sure, that she clung to him thus and looked at him thus merely because she wanted him to save her life. She had been detached from him by others, he said; she had been drawn away from thinking of him during his absence; she had been brought to judge, perhaps wisely, that she ought not to marry a poor man; but now that she saw him again she loved him as of old, and, standing at death's door, she felt at liberty to confess it. Thus did he translate to himself a past that had no existence. He still believed that she had dismissed him, and that she had done it with cruel harshness. But he could not resent her conduct; he believed what he did, and forgave her; he believed it, and loved her.

There were moments when it was delightful for them to be as they were. As they held fast to each other, though drenched and exhausted and in mortal peril, they had a sensation as if they were warm. The hearts were beating hotly clean through the wet frames and the dripping clothing.

"Oh, my love!" was a phrase which Clara repeated many times with an air of deep content.

Once she said, "My love, I never thought to die so easily. How horrible it would have been without you!"

Again she murmured, "I have prayed many, many times to have you. I did not know how the answer would come. But this is it."

"My darling, I have had visions about you," was another of these confessions. "When I had been praying for you nearly all one night, there was a great light came into the room. It was some promise for you. I knew it was then; something told me so. Oh, how happy I was!"

Presently she added, "My dear love, we shall be just as happy as that. We shall live in great light together. God will be pleased to see plainly how we love each other."

Her only complaints were a patient "Isn't it hard?" when a new billow had covered her from head to foot, crushed her pitilessly against the shrouds, and nearly smothered her.

The next words would perhaps be, "I am so sorry for you, my darling. I wish for your sake that you had not come. But oh, how you help me!"

"I am glad to be here," firmly and honestly and passionately responded the young man, raising her wet hand and covering it with kisses. "But you shall not die."

He was bearing like a man and she like a woman. He was resolved to fight his battle to the last; she was weak, resigned, gentle, and ready for heaven.

The land, even to its minor features, was now distinctly visible, not more than a mile to leeward. As they rose on the billows they could distinguish the long beach, the grassy slopes, and wooded knolls beyond it, the green lawn on which stood the village of Monterey, the whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs of the houses, and the groups of people who were watching the oncoming tragedy.

"Are you not going to launch the boats?" shouted Thurstane after a glance at the awful line of frothing breakers which careered back and forth athwart the beach.

"They are both stove," returned the captain calmly. "We must go ashore as we are."

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN Thurstane heard, or rather guessed from the captain's gestures, that the boats were stove, he called, "Are we to do nothing?"

The captain shouted something in reply, but although he put his hands to his mouth for a speaking trumpet, his words were inaudible, and he would not have been understood had he not pointed aloft.

Thurstane looked upward, and saw for the first time that the maintopmast had broken off and been cut clear, probably hours ago when he was in the cabin searching for Clara. The top still remained, however, and twisted through its openings was one end of a hawser, the other end floating off to leeward two hundred yards in advance of the wreck. Fastened to the hawser by a large loop was a sling of cordage, from which a long halyard trailed shoreward, while another connected it with the top. All this had been done behind his back and without his knowledge, so deafening and absorbing was the tempest. He saw at once what was meant and what he would have to do. When the brig struck he must carry Clara into the top, secure her in the sling, and send her ashore. Doubtless the crowd on the beach would know enough to make the hawser fast and pull on the halyard.

The captain shouted again, and this time he could be understood: "When she strikes hold hard."

"Did you hear him?" Thurstane asked, turning to Clara.

"Yes," she nodded, and smiled in his face, though faintly like one dying. He passed one arm around the middle stay of the shrouds and around her waist, passed the other in front of her, covering her chest; and so, with every muscle set, he waited.

Surrounded, pursued, pushed, and hammered by the billows, the wreck drifted, rising and falling, starting and wallowing toward the awful line where the breakers plunged over the undertow and dashed themselves to death on the resounding shore. There was a wide debatable ground between land and water. One moment it belonged to earth, the next lofty curling surges foamed howling over it; then the undertow was flying back in savage torrents. Would the hawser reach across this flux and reflux of death? Would the mast hold against the grounding shock? Would the sling work?

They lurched nearer; the shock was close at hand; every one set teeth and tightened grip. Lifted on a monstrous billow, which was itself lifted by the undertow and the shelving of the beach, the hulk seemed as if it were held aloft by some demon in order that it might be dashed to pieces. But the wave lost its hold, swept under the keel, staggered wildly up the slope, broke in a huge white deafening roll, and rushed backward in torrents. The brig was

between two forces; it struck once, but not heavily; then, raised by the incoming surge, it struck again; there was an awful consciousness and uproar of beating and grinding; the next instant it was on its beam ends and covered with cataracts.

Every one aboard was submerged. Thurstane and Clara were overwhelmed by such a mass of water that they thought themselves at the bottom of the sea. Two men who had not mounted the rigging, but tried to cling to the boat davits, were hurled adrift and sent to agonize in the undertow. The brig trembled as if it were on the point of breaking up and dissolving in the horrible, furious yeast of breakers. Even to the people on shore the moment and the spectacle were sublime and tremendous beyond description. The vessel and the people on board disappeared for a time from their sight under jets and cascades of surf. The spray rose in a dense sheet as high as the maintopmast would have been had it stood upright.

When Thurstane came out of his state of temporary drowning, he was conscious of two sailors clambering by him toward the top, and heard a shout in his ears of "Cast loose."

It was the captain. He had sprung alongside of Clara, and was already unwinding her lashings. Thrice before the job was done they were buried in surf, and during the third trial they had to hold on with their hands, the two men clasping the girl desperately and pressing her against the rigging. It was a wonder that she and all of them were not disabled, for the jamming of the water was enough to break bones.

They got her up a few ratlines; then came another surge, during which they gripped hard; then there was a second ascent, and so on. The climbing was the easier and the holding on the more difficult, because the mast was depressed to a low angle, its summit being hardly ten feet higher than its base. Even in the top there was a desperate struggle with the sea, and even after Clara was in the sling she was half drowned by the surf.

Meantime the people on shore had made fast the hawser to a tree and manned the halyard. Not a word was uttered by Clara or Thurstane when they parted, for she was speechless with exhaustion and he with anxiety and terror. The moment he let go of her he had to grip a loop of tophammer and hold on with all his might to save himself from being pitched into the water by a fresh jerk of the mast and a fresh inundation of flying surge. When he could look at her again she was far out on the hawser, rising and falling in quick, violent, perilous swings, caught at by the toppling breakers and howled at by the undertow. Another deluge blinded him; as soon as he could he gazed shoreward again, and shrieked with joy; she was being carefully lifted from the sling; she was saved—if she was not dead.

When the apparatus was hauled back to the top the captain said to Thurstane, "Your turn now."

The young man hesitated, glanced around for Coronado and Garcia, and replied, "Those first."

It was not merely humanity, and not at all good-will toward these two men, which held him back from saving his life first; it was mainly that motto of nobility, that phrase which has such a mighty influence in the army, "*an officer and a gentleman*." He believed that he would disgrace his profession and himself if he should quit the wreck while any civilian remained upon it.

Coronado, leaving his uncle to the care of a sailor, had already climbed the shrouds, and was now crawling through the lubber hole into the top. For once his hardihood was beaten; he was pale, tremulous, and obviously in extreme

terror; he clutched at the sling the moment he was pointed to it. With the utmost care, and without even a look of reproach, Thurstane helped secure him in the loops and launch him on his journey. Next came the turn of Garcia. The old man seemed already dead. He was livid, his lips blue, his hands helpless, his voice gone, his eyes glazed and set. It was necessary to knot him into the sling as tightly as if he were a corpse; and when he reached shore it could be seen that he was borne off like a dead weight.

"Now then," said the captain to Thurstane. "We can't go till you do. Passengers first."

Exhausted by his drenchings, and by a kind of labor to which he was not accustomed, the lieutenant obeyed this order, took his place in the sling, nodded good-by to the brave sailors, and was hurled out of the top by a plunge of surf, as a criminal is pushed from the cart by the hangman.

No idea has been given, and no complete idea can be given, of the difficulties, sufferings, and perils of this transit shoreward. Owing to the rising and falling of the mast, the hawser now tautened with a jerk which flung the voyager up against it or even over it, and now drooped in a large bight which let him down into the seethe of water and foam that had just rushed over the vessel, forcing it down on its beam ends. Thurstane was four or five times tossed and as often submerged. The waves, the wind, and the wreck played with him successively of all together. It was an outrage and a torment which surpassed some of the tortures of the Inquisition. First came a quick and breathless plunge; then he was imbedded in the rushing, swirling waters, drumming in his ears and stifling his breath; then he was dragged swiftly upward, the sling turning and swinging frightfully; then down again into the shrieking surge. As the billow dashed in, he dropped; and as the undertow swept back, he rose.

Progress too was slow; for there was no running gear except a simple loop which dragged heavily along the hawser; and at the more violent crisis of his fate the people ashore ceased to haul for fear of tearing the sling loose or throwing him out of it. It seemed to him that the breath would be out of his body before the transit was over. When at last he landed and was detached from the cordage, he was so bruised, so nearly drowned, so every way exhausted, that he could not stand. He lay for quite a while motionless, his head swimming, his legs and arms twitching convulsively, every joint and muscle in his body sore, catching his breath with painful gasps, almost fainting, and feeling much as if he were dying.

He had meant to help save the captain and sailors. But there was no more work in him, and he just had strength to walk up to the village, a citizen holding him by either arm. As soon as he could speak so as to be understood, he asked, first in English and then in Spanish, "How is the lady?"

"She is insensible," was the reply—a reply of unmeant cruelty.

Remembering how he had suffered, Thurstane feared lest Clara had received her death-stroke in the sling, and he tottered forward eagerly, saying, "Take me to her."

Arrived at the house where she lay, he insisted upon seeing her, and had his way. He was led into a room; he did not see and could never remember what sort of a room it was; but there she was in bed, her face pale and her eyes closed; he thought she was dead, and he nearly fell. But a pitying womanly voice murmured to him, "She lives," with other words that he did not understand, or could not afterward recall. Trusting that this unconsciousness was a sleep, he suffered himself to be drawn away by helping hands, and presently was himself in a bed, not knowing how he got there.

Meantime the tragedy of the wreck was being acted out. The sling broke once, the sailor who was in it falling into the undertow, and perishing there in spite of a rush of the townspeople. One of the two men who were washed overboard at the first shock was also drowned. The rest escaped, including the heroic captain, who was the last to come ashore.

When Thurstane was again permitted to see Clara, it was, to his great astonishment, the morning of the following day. He had slept like the dead; if any one had sought to awaken him, it would have been almost impossible; there was no strength left in body or mind but for sleep. Clara's story had been much the same: insensibility, then swoons, then slumber; twelve hours of utter unconsciousness. On waking, the first words of each were to ask for the other. Thurstane put on his scarcely dried uniform and hurried to the girl's room. She received him at the door, for she had heard his step although it was on tip-toe and she knew his knock although as light as the beating of a bird's wing.

It was another of those interviews which cannot be described, and perhaps should not be. They were uninterrupted, for the ladies of the house had learned from Clara that this was her betrothed, and they had woman's sense of the sacredness of such meetings. Presents came, and were not sent in; Coronado called and was not admitted. The two were alone for two hours, and the two hours passed like two minutes. Of course all the ugly past was explained.

"A letter dismissing you!" exclaimed Clara with tears. "Oh! how could you think that I would write such a letter? Never—never! Oh, I never could. My hand should drop off first. I should die in trying to write such wickedness. What! don't you know me better? Don't you know that I am true to you? Oh, how could you believe it of me? My darling, how could you?"

"Forgive me," begged the humbled young fellow, trembling with joy in his humility. "It was weak and wicked in me. I deserved to be punished as I have been. And, oh, I did not deserve this happiness. But, my little girl, how could I help being deceived? There was your handwriting and your signature."

"Ah! I know who it was," broke out Clara. "It has been he all through. He shall pay for this, and for all," she added, her Spanish blood rising in her cheeks, and her soft eyes sparkling angrily for a minute.

"I have saved his life for the last time," returned Thurstane. "I have spared it for the last time. Hereafter——"

"My darling, my darling!" begged Clara, alarmed by his blackening brow. "Oh, my darling, I don't love to see you angry. Just now, when we have just been spared to each other, don't let us be angry. I spoke angrily first. Forgive me."

"Let him keep out of my way," muttered Thurstane, only in part pacified.

"Yes," answered Clara, thinking that she would herself send Coronado off, so that there might be no duel between him and this dear one.

Presently the lover added one thing which he had felt all the time ought to have been said at first.

"The letter—it was right. Although he wrote it, it was right. I have no claim to marry a rich woman, and you have no right to marry a poor man."

He uttered this in profound misery, and yet with a firm resolution. Clara turned pale and stared at him with anxious eyes, her lips parted as though to speak, but saying nothing. Knowing his fastidious sense of honor, she guessed

the full force with which this scruple weighed upon him, and she did not know how to drag it off his soul.

"You are worth a million," he went on, in a broken-hearted sort of voice which to us may seem laughable, but which brought the tears into Clara's eyes.

The next instant she brightened; she knew, or thought she knew, that she was not worth a million; so she smiled like a sunburst and caught him gayly by the wrists.

"A million!" she scoffed laughingly. "Do you believe all Coronado tells you?"

"What! isn't it true?" exclaimed Thurstane, reddening with joy. "Then you are not heir to your grandfather's fortune? It was one of *his* lies? Oh, my little girl, I am forever happy."

She had not meant all this; but how could she undeceive him? The tempting thought came into her mind that she would marry him while he was in this ignorance, and so relieve him of his noble scruples about taking an heiress. It was one of those white lies which, it seems to us, must fade out of themselves from the record book, without even needing to be blotted by the tear of an angel.

"Are you glad?" she smiled, though anxious at heart, for deception alarmed her. "Really glad to find me poor?"

His only response was to cover her hands, and hair, and forehead with kisses.

At last came the question, When? Clara hesitated; her face and neck bloomed with blushes as dewy as flowers; she looked at him once piteously, and then her gaze fell in beautiful shame.

"When would you like?" she at last found breath to whisper.

"Now—here," was the answer, holding both her hands and begging with his blue-black eyes, as soft then as a woman's.

"Yes, at once," he continued to implore. "It is best every way. It will save you from persecutions. My love, is it not best?"

Under the circumstances we cannot wonder that this should be just as she desired.

"Yes—it is—best," she murmured, hiding her face against his shoulder. "What you say is true. It will save me trouble."

After a short heaven of silence he added, "I will go and see what is needed. I must find a priest."

As he was departing she caught him; it seemed to her just then that she could not be a wife so soon; but the result was that after another silence and a faint sobbing, she let him go.

Meantime Coronado, that persevering and audacious but unlucky conspirator, was in treble trouble. He was afraid that he would lose Clara; afraid that his plottings had been brought to light, and that he would be punished; afraid that his uncle would die and thus deprive him of all chance of succeeding to any part of the estate of Muñoz. Garcia had been brought ashore apparently at his last gasp, and he had not yet come out of his insensibility. For a time Coronado hoped that he was in one of his fits; but after eighteen hours he gave up that feeble consolation; he became terribly anxious about the old man; he felt as though he loved him. The people of Monterey universally admitted that they had never before known such an affectionate nephew and tender-hearted Christian as Coronado.

He tried to see Clara, meaning to make the most with her of Garcia's condition, and hoping that thus he could divert her a little from Thurstane. But

somehow all his messages failed; the little house which held her repelled him as if it had been a nunnery; nor could he get a word or even a note from her. The truth is that Clara, fearing lest Coronado should tell more stories about her million to Thurstane, had taken the women of the family into her confidence and easily got them to lay a sly embargo on callers and correspondence.

On the second day Garcia came to himself for a few minutes, and struggled hard to say something to his nephew, but could give forth only a feeble jabber, after which he turned blank again. Coronado, in the extreme of anxiety, now made another effort to get at Clara. Reaching her house, he learned from a bystander that she had gone out to walk with the Americano, and then he thought he discovered them entering the distant church.

He set off at once in pursuit, asking himself, with an anxiety which almost made him faint, "Are they to be married?"

CHAPTER XLII.

In those days the hymeneal laws of California were as easy as old shoes, and people could espouse each other about as rapidly as they might want to.

The consequence was that, although Ralph Thurstane and Clara Van Die-men had been only two days in Monterey and had gone through no forms of publication, they were actually being married when Coronado reached the village church.

Leaning against the wall, with eyes as fixed and face as livid as if he were a corpse from the neighboring cemetery, he silently witnessed a ceremony which it would have been useless for him to interrupt, and then, stepping softly out of a side door, lurked away.

He walked a quarter of a mile very fast, ran nearly another quarter of a mile, turned into a road, sought its thickest underbrush, threw himself on the ground, and growled. For once he had a heavier burden upon him than he could bear in human presence, or bear quietly anywhere. He must be alone; also he must weep and curse. He was in a state to tear his hair and to beat his head against the earth. Refined as Coronado usually was, admirably as he could imitate the tranquil gentleman of modern civilization, he still had in him enough of the natural man to rave. For a while he was as simple and as violent in his grief as ever was any Celtiberian cave-dweller of the stone age.

Jealousy, disappointed love, disappointed greed, plans balked, labor lost, perils incurred in vain! All the calamities that he could most dread seemed to have fallen upon him together; he was like a man sucked by the arms of a polypus, dying in one moment many deaths. We must, however, do him the justice to believe that the wound which tore the sharpest was that which lacerated his heart. At this time, when he realized that he had altogether and forever lost Clara, he found that he loved her as he had never yet believed himself capable of loving. Considering the nobility of this passion, we must grant some sympathy to Coronado.

Unfortunate as he was, another misfortune awaited him. When he returned to the house where Garcia lay, he found that the old man, his sole relative and sole friend, had expired. To Coronado this dead body was the carcass of all remaining hope. The exciting drama of struggle and expectation which had so violently occupied him for the last six months, and which had seemed to promise such great success, was over. Even if he could have resolved to kill

Clara, there was no longer anything to be gained by it, for her money would not descend to Coronado. Even if he should kill Thurstane, that would be a harm rather than a benefit, for his widow would hate Coronado. If he did any evil deed now, it must be from jealousy or from vindictiveness. Was murder of any kind worth while? For the time, whether it were worth while or not, he was furious enough to do it.

If he did not act, he must go; for as everything had miscarried, so much had doubtless been discovered, and he might fairly expect chastisement. While he hesitated a glance into the street showed him something which decided him, and sent him far from Monterey before sundown. Half a dozen armed horse-men, three of them obviously Americans, rode by with a pinioned prisoner, in whom Coronado recognized Texas Smith. He did not stop to learn that his old bravo had committed a murder in the village, and that a vigilance committee had sent a deputation after him to wait upon him into the other world. The sight of that haggard, scarred, wicked face, and the thought of what confessions the brute might be led to if he should recognize his former employer, were enough to make Coronado buy a horse and ride to unknown regions.

Under the circumstances it would perhaps be unreasonable to blame him for leaving his uncle to be buried by Clara and Thurstane.

These two, we easily understand, were not much astonished and not at all grieved by his departure.

"He is gone," said Thurstane, when he learned the fact. "No wonder."

"I am so glad!" replied Clara.

"I suspect him now of being at the bottom of all our troubles."

"Don't let us talk of it, my love. It is too ugly. The present is so beautiful!"

"I must hurry back to San Francisco, and try to get a leave of absence," said the husband, turning to pleasanter subjects. "I want full leisure to be happy."

"And you won't let them send you to San Diego?" begged the wife. "No more voyages now. If you do go, I shall go with you."

"Oh no, my child. I can't trust the sea with you again. Not after this," and he waved his hand toward the wreck of the brig.

"Then I will beg myself for your leave of absence."

Thurstane laughed; that would never do; no such condescension in *his* wife!

They went by land to San Francisco, and Clara kept the secret of her million during the whole journey, letting her husband pay for everything out of his shallow pocket, precisely as if she had no money. Arrived in the city, he left her in a hotel and hurried to headquarters. Two hours later he returned smiling, with the news that a brother officer had volunteered to take his detail, and that he had obtained a honeymoon leave of absence for thirty days.

"Barclay is a trump," he said. "It is all the prettier in him to go that he has a wife of his own. The commandant made no objection to the exchange. In fact the old fellow behaved like a father to me, shook hands, patted me on the shoulder, congratulated me, and all that sort of thing. Old boy, married himself, and very fond of his family. Upon my word, it seems to better a man's heart to marry him."

"Of course it does," chimed in Clara. "He is so much happier that of course he is better."

"Well, my little princess. where shall we go?"

"Go first to see Aunt Maria. There! don't make a face. She is very good. in the long run. She will be sweet enough to you in three days."

"Of course I will go. Where is she?"

"Boarding at a hacienda a few miles from town. We can take horses, canter out there, and pass the night."

She was full of spirits; laughed and chattered all the way; laughed at everything that was said; chattered like a pleased child. Of course she was thinking of the surprise that she would give him, and how she had circumvented his sense of honor about marrying a rich girl, and how hard and fast she had him. Moreover, the contrast between her joyous present and her anxious past was alone enough to make her run over with gayety. All her troubles had vanished in a pack; she had gone at one bound from purgatory to paradise.

At the hacienda Thurstane was a little struck by the respect with which the servants received Clara; but as she signed to them to be silent, not a word was uttered which could give him a suspicion of the situation. Mrs. Stanley, moreover, was taking a siesta, and so there was another telltale mouth shut.

"Nobody seems to be at home," said Clara, bursting into a merry laugh over her trick as they entered the house. "Where can the master and mistress be?"

They were now in a large and handsomely furnished room, which was the parlor of the hacienda.

"Don't sit down," cried Clara, her eyes sparkling with joy. "Stand just there as you are. Let me look at you a moment. Wait till I tell you something."

She fronted him for a few seconds, watching his wondering face, hesitating, blushing, and laughing. Suddenly she bounded forward, threw her arms around his shoulders and cried excitedly, hysterically, "My love! my husband! all this is yours. Oh, how happy I am!"

The next moment she burst into tears on the shoulder to which she was clinging.

"What is the matter?" demanded Thurstane in some alarm; for he did not know that women can tremble and weep with gladness, and he thought that surely his wife was sick if not deranged.

"What! don't you guess it?" she asked, drawing back with a little more calmness, and looking tenderly into his puzzled eyes.

"You don't mean——?"

"Yes, darling."

"It can't be that——?"

"Yes, darling."

He began to comprehend the trick that had been played upon him, although as yet he could not fully credit it. What mainly bewildered him was that Clara, whom he had always supposed to be as artless as a child—Clara, whom he had cared for as an elder and a father—should have been able to keep a secret and devise a plot and carry out a mystification.

"Great—Scott!" he gasped in his stupefaction, using the name of the then commander-in-chief for an oath, as officers sometimes did in those days.

"Yes, yes, yes," laughed and chattered Clara. "Great Scott and great Thurstane! All yours. Three hundred thousand. Half a million. A million. I don't know how much. All I know is that it is all yours. Oh, my darling! oh, my darling! How I have fooled you! Are you angry with me? Say, are you angry? What will you do to me?"

We must excuse Thurstane for finding no other chastisement than to squeeze her in his arms and choke her with kisses. Next he held her from him, set her down upon a sofa, fell back a pace and stared at her much as if she were a totally new discovery, something in the way of an arrival from the moon. He was in a state of profound amazement at the dexterity with which she had taken his destiny out of his own hands into hers, without his knowledge. He had not supposed that she was a tenth part so clever. For the first time he perceived that she was his match, if indeed she were not the superior nature; and it is a remarkable fact, though not a dark one if one looks well into it, that he respected her the more for being too much for him.

"It beats Hannibal," he said at last. "Who would have expected such generalship in you? I am as much astonished as if you had turned into a knight in armor. Well, how much it has saved me! I should have hesitated and been miserable; and I should have married you all the same; and then been ashamed of marrying money, and had it rankle in me for years. And now—oh, you wise little thing!—all I can say is, I worship you."

"Yes, darling," replied Clara, walking gravely up to him, putting her hands on his shoulders, and looking him thoughtfully in the eyes. "It was the wisest thing I ever did. Don't be afraid of me. I never shall be so clever again. I never shall be so tempted to be clever."

We must pass over a few months. Thurstane soon found that he had the Muñoz estate in his hands, and that, for the while at least, it demanded all his time and industry. Moreover, there being no war and no chance of martial distinction, it seemed absurd to let himself be ordered about from one hot and cramped station to another, when he had money enough to build a palace, and a wife who could make it a paradise. Finally, he had a taste for the natural sciences, and his observations in the Great Cañon and among the other marvels of the desert had quickened this inclination to a passion, so that he craved leisure for the study of geology, mineralogy, and chemistry. He resigned his commission, established himself in San Francisco, bought all the scientific books he could hear of, made expeditions to the California mountains, collected garrets full of specimens, and was as happy as a physicist always is.

Perhaps his happiness was just a little increased when Mrs. Stanley announced her intention of returning to New York. The lady had been amiable on the whole, as she meant always to be; but she could not help daily taking up her parable concerning the tyranny and stupidity of man and the superior virtue of woman; and sometimes she felt it her duty to put it to Thurstane that he owed everything to his wife; all of which was more or less wearing, even to her niece. At the same time she was such a disinterested, well-intentioned creature, that it was impossible not to grant her a certain amount of admiration. For instance, when Clara proposed to make her comfortable for life by settling upon her fifty thousand dollars, she replied peremptorily that it was far too much for an old woman who had decided to turn her back on the frivolities of society, and she could with difficulty be brought to accept twenty thousand.

Furthermore, she was capable, that is, in certain favored moments, of confessing error. "My dear," she said to Clara, some weeks after the marriage, "I have made one great mistake since I came to these countries. I believed that Mr. Coronado was the right man and Mr. Thurstane the wrong one. Oh, that smooth-tongued, shiny-eyed, meeching, bowing, complimenting hypocrite! I see at last what a villain he was. I see it," she emphasized, as if nobody else had discovered it. "To think that a person who was so right on the main

question [female suffrage] could be so wrong on everything else! The contradiction adds to his guilt. Well, I have had my lesson. Every one must make her mistake. I shall never be so humbugged again."

Some little time after Thurstane had received the acceptance of his resignation and established himself in his handsome city house, Aunt Maria observed abruptly, "My dears, I must go back."

"Go back where? To the desert and turn hermit?" asked Clara, who was accustomed to joke her relative about "spheres and missions."

"To New York," replied Mrs. Stanley. "I can accomplish nothing here. This miserable Legislature will take no notice of my petitions for female suffrage."

"Oh, that is because you sign them alone," laughed the younger lady.

"I can't get anybody else to sign them," said Aunt Maria with some asperity. "And what if I do sign them alone? A house full of men ought to have gallantry enough to grant one lady's request. California is not ripe for any great and noble measure. I can't remain where I find so little sympathy and collaboration. I must go where I can be of use. It is my duty."

And go she did. But before she shook off her dust against the Pacific coast there was an interview with an old acquaintance.

It must be understood that the fatigues and sufferings of that terrible pilgrimage through the desert had bothered the constitution of little Sweeny, and that, after lying in garrison hospital at San Francisco for several months, he had been discharged from the service on "certificate of physical disability." Thurstane, who had kept track of him, immediately took him to his house, first as an invalid hanger-on, and then as a jack of all work.

As the family were sitting at breakfast Sweeny's voice was heard in the veranda outside, "colloguing" with another voice which seemed familiar.

"Listen," whispered Clara. "That is Captain Glover. Let us hear what they say. They are both so queer!"

"An' what" ("fwat" he pronounced it) "the devil have ye been up to?" demanded Sweeny. "Ye're a purty sailor, buttoned up in a long-tail coat, wid a white hankerehy round yer neck. Have ye been foolin' pable wid makin' 'em think ye're a Protestant praste?"

"I've been blowin' glass, Sweeny," replied the sniffing voice of Phineas Glover.

"Blowin' glass! Och, yees was always powerful at blowin'. But I niver heerd ye blow glass. It was big lies mostly whin I was a listing."

"Yes, blowin' glass," returned the Fair Havener in a tone of agreeable reminiscence, as if it had been a not unprofitable occupation. "Found there wasn't a glass-blower in all Californy. Bought 'n old machine, put up to the mines with it, blew all sorts 'f jigmarigs 'n' thingumbobs, 'n' sold 'em to the miners 'n' Injuns. Them critters is jest like sailors ashore; they'll buy anything they set eyes on. Besides, I sounded my horn; advertised big, so to speak; got up a sensation. Used to mount a stump 'n' make a speech; told 'em I'd blow Yankee Doodle in glass, any color they wanted; give 'em that sort 'f gospel, ye know."

"An' could ye do it?" inquired the Paddy, confounded by the idea of blowing a glass tune.

"Lord, Sweeny! ye're greener 'n the miners. When ye swaller things that way, don't laugh 'r ye'll choke yerself to death, like the elephant did when he read the comic almanac at breakfast."

"I don't belave that nuther," asseverated Sweeny, anxious to clear himself from the charge of credulity.

"Don't believe that!" exclaimed Glover. "He did it twice."

"Och, go way wid ye. He couldn't choke hisself afther he was dead. I wouldn't belave it, not if I see him turn black in the face. It's yerself 'll get choked some day if yees don't quit blatherin'. But what did ye get for yer blowin'? Any more 'n the clothes ye've got to yer back?"

For answer Glover dipped into his pockets, took out two handfuls of gold pieces, and chinked them under the Irishman's nose.

"Blazes! ye're lousy wid money," commented Sweeny. "Ye want somebody to scratch yees."

"Twenty thousan' dollars in bank," added Glover. "All by blowin' 'n' tradin'. Go in hum in the next steamer. Anythin' I can do for ye, old mess-mate? Say how much."

"It's the liftnant is takin' care av me. He's made a betther livin' nor yees, a thousand times over, by jist marryin' the right leddy. An' he's going to put me in charrge av a farrum that they call the hayshindy, where I'll sell the cattle for myself, wid half to him, an' make slathers o' money."

"Thunder, Sweeny! You'll end by ridin' in a coach. What'll ye take for yer chances? Wal, I'm glad to hear ye're doin' so well. I am so, for old times' sake."

"Come in, Captain Glover," at this moment called Clara through the blinds. "Come in, Sweeny. Let us all have a talk together about the old times and the new ones."

So there was a long talk, miscellaneous and delightful, full of reminiscences and congratulations and good wishes.

"Wal, we're a lucky lot," said Glover at last. "Sh'd like to hear 'f some good news for the sergeant and Mr. Kelly. Sh'd go back hum easier for it."

"Kelly is first sergeant," stated Thurstane, "and Meyer is quartermaster-sergeant, with a good chance of being quartermaster. He is capable of it and deserves it. He ought to have been promoted years ago for his gallantry and services during the war. I hope every day to hear that he has got his commission as lieutenant."

"Wal, God bless 'em, 'n' God bless the hull army!" said Glover, so gratified that he felt pious. "An' now, good-by. Got to be movin'."

"Stay over night with us," urged Thurstane. "Stay a week. Stay as long as you will."

"Do," begged Clara. "You can go geologizing with my husband. You can start Sweeny on his farm."

"Och, he's a thousin' times welkim," put in Sweeny, "though I'm afeard av him. He'd tache the cattle to trade their skins wid ache other, an' slather me wid lies till I wouldn't know which was the baste an' which was Sweeny."

Glover grinned with an air of being flattered, but replied, "Like to stay first rate, but can't work it. Passage engaged for to-morrow mornin'."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, agreeably surprised by an idea.

And the result was that she went to New York under the care of Captain Glover.

As for Clara and Thurstane, they are surely in a state which ought to satisfy their friends, and we will therefore say no more of them.

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK.

VI.—FARO-GAMBLING.

WHO'S payin'? I'm dead broke?"

"What! Cleaned out?"

"You bet. But if that dealer hadn't railroaded, I'd a got square copperin' the ace."

The words being spoken at two o'clock in the morning in a basement coffee saloon which had the one merit of cheapness, and the speakers being men of generally mildewed appearance, with moustaches surprisingly huge and hats suspiciously glossy, I was aware that I had been made acquainted with one of the vexations of grovelling gambling life, at no greater cost than some execrable refreshments and the temporary companionship at a ghostly hour of three accomplished pickpockets, one burglar of excellent reputation in his profession, a dilapidated skinner, six abandoned women, and four victims of the uncertainties of faro.

The last were types of a class to be met in certain localities and at certain hours, with such frequency as to prove that it is respectable in numbers if nothing else. At any of the later hours of the night, in any one of the cheap eating shops in or near Broadway, from Spring street north to Tenth street, can be found one or more of the shabby-genteel men who bear unmistakable evidence in their speech, manner, and appearance of long and generally disastrous fighting with the tiger. These are the *canaille* of gamblers, who hang precariously on the edge of a terrible fascination, and manage to supply the necessities of life in a cheap way, from chance success in small bets and by a few dollars picked up by guiding more profitable customers to the houses where they are known. Strictly speaking, more "cappers" than gamblers, they are not only at the bottom of the profession, but their right to the proud title of "sporting men" is stoutly denied by their more prosperous and reputable brethren of the green cloth. Improvident, unclean in habits and language, unscrupulous, they are the natural products of sporting life, but which the faro banks nevertheless strive, although in vain, to shake off. Every house has several of these forlorn attachés, who play when they have money, and introduce a desirable stranger when they can, but are constant in their attendance upon the banquets daily spread in these houses, and are thus obliged to take the chances as to lodgings and raiment only, save when their hospitality has been worn threadbare, and they are then found in the places where I heard one of them declare the emptiness of his pockets in such emphatic manner.

Very different in most respects is another class of gamblers who can be seen any fine afternoon decorating Broadway with the splendor of their apparel, for as a rule the sporting fraternity is unexcelled in elegance of raiment. If you meet in Broadway a man who lounges listlessly onward as though he had no well-defined object in life, and whose garments are cut in the latest style and of the finest material, you may wager he is a gambler in good luck, provided his silk hat is in the highest possible state of polish and his watch chain unusually heavy. Very elegant in appearance, very quiet and gentlemanly in their demeanor, are these professional sports of the better class at all times and in all places. I have met men eminent in science, literature, art, politics, and the

last in great numbers, in faro resorts, no one of whom could exceed in good breeding the polished proprietors, nor even some of the professional gamblers who were present. Generally they are men of fair intelligence and education, who can converse agreeably upon current topics; and I have met some few who were possessed of the highest intellectual powers, which had been most liberally cultivated. One whom I knew, but who is now dead, was the son of a Portuguese nobleman, exiled for political reasons, who, with the finish of a courtier, had a mind of great origination power, which had been trained and stored in the best universities of Europe. This man, who was capable of outstripping his fellows in almost any field of human effort, was the keeper of an ordinary faro bank; and although an exception perhaps, men but little less than he was in gifts, acquirements, and opportunities, can be found in almost every first-class gambling resort, trusting to the turn of a card for the means of life. They are men who are so convinced of the emptiness of life that they are incapable of making an effort for any of its prizes, and are content to take such pot-luck with the world as their perfect mastery of the science of chances in card-playing may give. Scorning equally to take a dollar by false play or to introduce a novice to their method of living, there are many worse men to be met, and in much more reputable places, than these professional gamblers, who wrong only themselves. A public danger as they are in the example they set, it is impossible not to deal more in sorrow than in anger with men who do evil so suavely, and who tacitly admit, by every act of their lives, that they are fully aware of the wrong they are doing themselves and the community.

Another class of men who live by the cards are not entitled to any such consideration. Coarse-featured, moustache bristly, hair close-shaven like a convict's, apparel obtrusively gaudy and loaded with massive ornaments pretending to be of gold and precious stones, these are men to be shunned as the sharks which their appearance and their every act proclaim them to be. They are the proprietors or enticers on commission of the third-rate dens, where a "square" game is never played even by accident. Faro failing to return a profit, these fellows are ready to try anything else, from a game of poker to downright robbery, as a means of obtaining money without honest labor, which they abhor as the lowest estate of man. Any one can make a living by work, they say, but it requires a smart man to get it without; and they are so bloated with a sense of their exceeding shrewdness, that they sometimes try their hand at some one of the confidence operations in which the skimmers are adepts, and almost invariably do it so clumsily that failure is the result. Their chief occupation and main reliance for a livelihood, when they are not the owners of a small den, is as "ropers in"; and it is surprising, considering how uncouth they are in appearance and address, that they are so successful in enticing strangers into the holes where they can be fleeced. These strangers thus inveigled come under the name of occasional players, whether guided by the better class of ropers into the first-class saloons, or by these viler ones into the low cribs; and whether in the one or the other, they are the vivification of all gambling. So long as one sport wins or loses from or to another, no harm is done the community at large, but no good is done the gamblers. The occasional players furnish the means to replenish the faro banks, or they would soon be empty; and the strangers who play not more than two or three times in their lives are the meat upon which this vice has grown so great.

It is not singular that the novice is so apt to try his luck when he has once

been induced to enter the gambling room. The universal American game is "faro," and it looks so simple, so safe, so entirely fair, that the chances appear in favor of rather than against the outside player. There is, first, the large massive table covered with green cloth, and on it, occupying less than half its surface, is the "lay-out," which is a full suit of cards, from the ace to the king, painted in a parallelogram. Then there is the dealing box, into which the cards are put face upward, and the whole game consists in guessing what card will be reached as they are drawn from the box. All being ready, the players make their bets by placing upon a card in the lay-out the amount they desire to risk upon it, and the game can be best described by supposing that one of these is sanguine the queen will win. He therefore puts on the card the small round pieces of ivory called "checks," which he has purchased of the dealer, and each of which represents a certain sum, ranging all the way from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars. The first card, having been exposed before the game opens, is "dead," and does not count. If the second should be a queen, the supposed player loses; but if the third, he wins. The same rule holds good through the seventeen turns in each deal, the dealer winning on each alternate card beginning with the second. But when only four cards remain in the box, the game assumes a new phase as the last turn is called. The first and fourth card being "dead," only the second and third are open to speculation, and the chances are considered so greatly against the player that the dealer pays four for one on this turn. All this appears very simple to the tyro, and he cannot be made to understand that the bank has any advantage over him in guessing the order in which the cards in the box will be reached. He is fully prepared to believe that the only chance against him is the "aplots," as the bank takes half of whatever may be bet upon the card when two of the same suit appear on the "turn," and gives him nothing. Convinced, as the great majority of people are that there is only this risk against them, it is not strange that faro has become the most popular and universal of games of chance.

It is made more alluring by its surroundings. Nowhere has sumptuous elegance been attained in such perfection as in the first-class gambling saloons of New York. Generally each has a suite of rooms, the largest of which is devoted to faro, with perhaps a roulette wheel in one corner, while others are sacred to short card games, and one is always exclusively used as a banqueting hall. All are furnished without regard to cost, but there is never anything in any of them to offend the most fastidious taste, although there may be sometimes a grim humor in some of the decorations, as is the case in one house where a magnificent oil painting of a tiger is suspended to the wall immediately over the table, so that none of the players can look up without meeting the glaring eye of the beast which is held to be the presiding deity of the game. But such suggestions as this are rare, as in general there is nothing anywhere but the faro table to declare the uses of the place; take that away, and the visitor would imagine himself in the private parlors of a gentleman whose great wealth was fortunately equalled by his refined taste. This delusion would be strengthened by a seat at the banquet, where the viands of all possible varieties are of the best quality, and are served with a finished elegance in the plate and all table appointments, including the waiters, which is not exceeded even in the most select houses. At the table and on the sideboard in the saloon are liquors of such excellent quality that they would have angered old blear-eyed, besotted Silenus, as wanting in the fire he demanded in his drams, but although freely offered they are never pressed upon the visitor,

and it is possible for a man to frequent these saloons for years without acquiring a taste for liquor. There is, in fact, very little drinking in them, and none at all of that fast and furious potation which hurries so many thousands of Americans to physical and mental ruin. No sight is rarer in a gaming-house than to see a man mandlin drunk, and still more rare is it to find one under the influence of liquor engaged in heavy betting. An intoxicated man is never allowed to profane the place, and if he appears in the person of a valuable patron is quietly led away, to be put to bed in some remote room; but if he comes as an unknown casual, he is put into the street with little ceremony, but no violence.

What has been said of the appointments of faro houses applies of course only to the first-class and most prosperous establishments. The places next in order are them in everything, but are far below them in all. A second-class house has sometimes even more of glitter than its rival, but it is easy to see that it is pinchbeck grandeur. There is an entire absence too of the refined taste which presided over the decoration and furnishing of the better houses. The rooms are glaringly painted, filled with odds and ends of furniture of all ages and patterns, so that they look not unlike the wards of a hospital for superannuated and diseased household goods turned over in their old age to the auctioneer's hammer. The suppers and liquors, however, most plainly proclaim the lower caste of the place. While the variety in both is abundant, the first are execrably cooked and served, and the quality of the latter would not be strange to the most experienced patron of the ordinary Broadway saloons, which are proverbial for furnishing every kind of beverage except good. But if the second grade houses are bad in these respects, there are some below them which are much worse. If a man can digest the so-called game suppers and survive any considerable drinking of the liquids which are offered as pure whiskey and brandy in the lowest class of faro-houses, he ought to be able to insure his life upon the most favorable terms. And the appointments of these houses are in keeping with their entertainment. The chairs, sofas, and carpets were of the most tawdry description when new, but are ragged with long and ill usage; the gambling-checks, which range in price from twenty-five cents to one dollar, are grimed and dented with much handling; the faro-table, which elsewhere is enticing in its newness and cleanliness, here is old and smeared with grease; the dealing-box, which in first-class houses is of pure and polished silver, in the second-class of German silver, but equally polished, here is of pewter and dingy. So in all the minutiae of the place it is repulsively suggestive of squalid and unprosperous vice, and if by any chance a gentleman enters, he leaves at once to lose his money under more elegant or at least cleaner auspices.

Provided a "square" game is dealt, the actual playing of faro is precisely the same whether thousands are wagered in the elegance of Twenty-fourth street, or as many pennies in the squalor of the Bowery. The players being seated around three sides of the table, where there is room for six or eight, the dealer takes up the other side, with the marker of the game generally at his elbow. This marker has the cue-box, a glance at which at any time will show the players which cards of each suit are out and which yet remain in the box; and it is a knowledge eagerly sought by the bettors, who are to a great extent guided by it. There is rarely a word spoken during the progress of a deal, for faro is the most quiet, and in that respect the most gentlemanly of all games. A glance at the cue-box tells the player the condition of the dealing-box, and he silently places his wager in the shape of checks upon his chosen card or cards, with a

copper upon them if he desires to bet upon the side of the bank, as he is at liberty to do. After each turn the dealer glances over the board, and without a word picks up the checks he has won, or adds the same number to those already upon the cards in the cases where he has lost. Any player is free to cease playing at any moment, and at the close of a deal can obtain the money for whatever number of checks he may possess by handing them in to the dealer. From this operation, suggestive of a closed career, has come one of the most common of modern slang phrases, "handing in his checks," as a synonyme for death; and there is something of a grotesque humor in the metaphor, when the circumstances which gave it birth are fully considered. There is something funereal in the gravity and decorum of the faro room, and there is a deal of the utter *abandon* of death in the staid recklessness with which an infatuated player stakes his last dollar on the turn of a card.

Even where the game is not "square," it is usually marked by the same solemn propriety during its progress, for it is not often the victim discovers that he has been cheated until long after the close of the operation. The frauds of faro, once known, are so transparent that it is amazing that they were not discovered at the moment their perpetration was attempted. The most common is that of the sanded cards, by which is meant cards with the surface roughened, so that the two being handled in a certain way will adhere and appear as one. The dealer, intending to make assurance doubly sure, and to be certain that the players shall lay down and take up their money only at his pleasure, arranges the cards before beginning the deal so that he knows precisely the order in which they will come out. During the progress of the deal he is therefore able to baffle chance by pulling out one card or two, as the bets upon the table may demand. If the patron to be fleeced has wagered on the ace, the dealer easily makes that card win or lose, to serve his purpose; and in these "skin games," where everybody but the goose who is being plucked is in the confederacy of roguery, nobody keeps tally of the turns, and the victim at the close of the deal is ignorant whether there have been seventeen turns or half that number. Yet the most superficial knowledge of the game and the slightest practice ought to save any one from a swindle that is daily practised, and is but little less clumsy and transparent than the next most ordinary fraud of dealing from a pack with more than the fifty-two cards, where the presence of the dishonest supernumeraries immensely increases the chances against the player. Of course a little observation would reveal the superfluous knave, but the cheat is usually practised upon men who hardly know one card from another, and has therefore been successful far beyond its merits. Even if the dupe should discover his true position, he has wit enough as a rule to do nothing more than cease playing upon the first plausible pretext, and go quietly out of the house. There is hardly any position in which a man can be placed which is more trying to the nerves than to find himself alone in a "skin" house, as the dens where cheating games are played are called, with a terse truthfulness that is in itself quite appalling. Surrounded by the ruffians of the gambling fraternity, who watch his every movement with suspicious greed, he is not conscious of his peril until he finds that he is being cheated, and betrays the consciousness by some word or look. Then he feels himself walled up from sympathy and safety by the merciless gamblers around him, and nothing is further from his thoughts than to demand the return of his money. All that he asks is a chance to breathe the free air of the streets again, and that is all his despoilers will allow. A patrolman pacing his beat in the small hours

of a sleety morning was accosted by a palld stranger, who, pointing to the lighted second-floor windows of a well-known "skin" house, asked, "Stranger, what's that?" "Faro," was the answer; but the stranger said, "No, sir; it's hell! I've been there! The devils will be out presently; please don't let 'em follow me." And having, as he thought, established a strong rear-guard in the policeman, the victim retreated hastily but in good order. Such horrors as this man had evidently met face to face are nightly encountered in the great city, where the skin game is played in scores of dens that wear a charm against the penalties of the law in the terror they create in those who have been cheated in them.

Faro houses in New York have rarely exceeded one hundred in number, except during the latter part of the war, when speculation going mad in Wall street stalked over the land, demoralizing and ruining thousands. In those feverish times faro-playing naturally increased with stock-gambling, and the faro houses multiplied until they vibrated between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty in number. Of late years, however, they have steadily decreased, and during the present year, when the public excitement upon the subject has caused the sensational statement that the city contains six hundred of them, ninety-two has been the largest number open at any time. The number seems small in comparison with the size of the city, which, besides the large resident reckless population, contains tens of thousands of strangers anxious not to miss any of the sensations of the metropolis. Yet these faro banks not only are enough to do all the business presented and enticed to them, but some have a very precarious life owing to the lack of custom. The first and second class houses are under very heavy expenses, a principal item of which takes the shape of rent. They must be and are located in the principal thoroughfares, near the leading hotels, with the exception of those anomalous institutions known as "day games," which are found in Ann, Fulton, and Chambers streets, for the accommodation of business men, many of whom have acquired the bad habit of seeking solace for the vexations of legitimate transactions in the delights of faro. A seizure was made of these places lately, upon the ground that they are of all the gambling establishments in the city the most dangerous to the public. It is not necessary to endorse this statement in order to justify the attempt to suppress day gambling; but if activity in this direction is intended to excuse the toleration of all other houses, it will result in more of evil than good. The night houses into which strangers are inveigled and robbed, which are the resorts of young men of fortune, who here take the first steps in a downward road which leads them and their families to shame and ruin, are worthy of at least equal attention. Besides being more frequented, these night houses have a much greater number of hours for play. The day houses are only in full operation four or five hours per day; but in the night houses a game can be had during the afternoon and at any hour of the night, while the average of play, take them altogether, is fully twelve hours in each twenty-four. The night houses, therefore, which can be found in upper Broadway and the cross-streets near the large hotels, do the most faro-playing, and are necessarily greater evils than places which are only accessible during a few hours, and then only to a single class. In the absorption and waste of capital, the half score of day houses cannot be compared to those where most of the play is at night.

I have endeavored, but without the success I hoped and desired, to get accurate statistics upon this point, and am therefore forced to use approxi-

mate figures, which are, however, very near the exact truth. The faro banks of New York have as capital a little less than one million of dollars, which is very unequally divided, as the ninety-two houses vary from \$2,000 to \$50,000 each, although only three or four have the latter amount, and the average banking capital is about \$10,000. It is impossible to say what amount of money changes hands upon this basis, but I have learned that the average yearly winnings of all the banks taken together is about fifty per cent, exclusive of the capital required to keep up the establishments, so that every year these gamblers absorb about \$500,000, and the actual profits are more than 100 per cent.

These figures are conclusive that the way of the transgressor is hard. Yet it is the uncertainty of faro that constitutes its fascination, and makes it possible for the houses to have so large an average of profit. As against a single player the bank is estimated to have an advantage of but fifteen per cent. in the chances, but as against all of its patrons its odds are almost incalculable. I have seen a game where one man would win steadily through several deals, while the several other players as steadily lost, and was told by experienced professionals that I was witnessing an event of constant and expected occurrence. But I was also warned not to judge of ultimate results by the one lucky man, as my kindly mentor assured me that at some time that individual would lose back to that bank, or some other, every dollar of his winnings. In the long run the bank must always win. It has been said that no Frenchman can avoid death, or the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and gamblers have a saying as caustic and more true, that a "Stormer is sure to be a piker." The first term interpreted into English, means one who has an extraordinary run of good luck by which he has pocketed thousands, while a "piker" is a tolerated collapse who makes a stray bet when he can beg or borrow a "check."

These ups and downs are the safeguards of the banks and the ruin of the players. No man would play long or heavily if constantly a loser from the start, but buoyed by occasional gains, the fangs of the game are fastened into his very nature. There are exceptions, of course, of which I have seen some, and heard of others; but the rule is that a beginner becomes a confirmed player and ends in bankruptcy. No vice has blighted so many lives, has illustrated so many epics of anguish, or has cost the productive industry of the nation so many millions of money, as faro gambling. There is scarcely a business man who cannot point out some hulk floating in the streets covered with the mire of poverty, who once had fate behind him, but, forsaking trade for faro, became what he is; and the liberal professions—but especially the law—can furnish in proportion even a greater number of these warning examples. There is scarcely a lady in good society who cannot tell of some refined and elegant woman, once the pride of her circle, now living in penury and neglect, whose fortune has been wrecked by her husband on that fatal table. There are hundreds of orphans walling for bread, whose guardians have sunk their portions in the maelstrom of faro. Trust funds, public and private, have been piled upon the green cloth, to disappear in the insatiable drawer of the dealer. And all this misery, shame, and loss has been inflicted upon the country because faro honestly played is a game of pure chance, and sometimes favors the unfortunate who meddles with it.

It is scarcely necessary to prove these general truths by the recital of special cases, for every reader of the daily newspapers can recall the heart-rending history of some victim of this deadly fascination. It is not often that the splen-

dors of the gambling saloons are dabbled with blood, but the stains are scarcely yet removed from a day house where an infatuated youth balanced accounts with the despicable ace by blowing out his brains beside the gambling table. If such tragedies were more common, there would be fewer victims of the game; for that revelation of the innermost secrets of faro life did more to startle the devotees of the game into abstinence than anything which could be said or done concerning the vice. The experience of all the years during which faro has flourished in New York is convincing that moral force is powerless against the game, and that the law which has been made for its suppression cannot, or at least will not be enforced. The penalties of the statute which was enacted in 1851, are sufficiently severe if they could be inflicted upon even a moiety of the houses, to entirely suppress the game. But it is a suggestive fact that there has never been but one conviction for the offence of gambling in the city of New York. The statute specifically enacts that "if any person for gambling purposes shall keep or exhibit any gambling table, device or apparatus, or if any person or persons shall be guilty of dealing 'faro,' or banking for others to deal 'faro,' or acting as 'look-out,' or gamekeeper for the game of 'faro,' shall be taken and held as a common gambler, and upon conviction thereof shall be sentenced to not less than ten days hard labor in the Penitentiary, or not more than two years hard labor in the State Prison, and be fined in any sum not more than one thousand dollars." It is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine, for any person to persuade another to enter a gambling room, or for the owner or lessee of any premises to permit gambling therein, and it is "the duty of all sheriffs, police-officers, constables, and prosecuting or district attorneys to inform against and prosecute all persons whom they shall have credible reason to believe are offenders;" and it is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars for any of these officials to neglect this duty.

Armed with these great powers, it would seem to be no very difficult task for the people to successfully battle with "faro"; yet this stringent law, which the casual reader would suppose a most effective piece of correctional mechanism, has been inoperative from its enactment. Many attempts have been made to enforce it, some of which had an honest intent to accomplish its purpose, while others had no better design than to blackmail the gamblers; but both ended in ignominious failure. The seizures of the houses and implements of the game permitted by the law, have been successfully made many times, and the supposed principals have as often been held for trial in the Court of General Sessions by the police magistrates, but with the single exception of the complaint against Pat Hearn, no case has ever gone to a conviction. The abnormal result in Hearn's case ought to have encouraged the authorities to use all possible means to secure a like conclusion in others, as it for the time entirely suppressed faro gambling in New York. But it has never had a companion, and faro as a consequence has had a long career of uninterrupted prosperity. Various district attorneys have attempted to explain why an effective remedy for a gigantic evil has been so seldom used, by the excuse that in all the cases the proof is so defective that a conviction could not be had, and no good could be effected by bringing them to trial. To the general mind it would appear a not impossible task to obtain the necessary evidence at least once a year against some one of the ninety faro houses, and by the condign punishment of the conductors of that one, cause all their fellows to flee from the wrath to come.

For thirty years there has been a strong conviction in the public mind that the community can be saved from the dangers and losses of faro by punitive law alone, and admirable appliances to this end having long ago been provided, a day must soon come when the people will demand of their servants that the law shall be enforced against those glittering, fascinating hells, where

Some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idlers in her eyes.

EDWARD CRAPSEY.

CONSCIENCE.

MY wife sits with her hand in mine,
My child is on my knee:
My little village sweetheart, here,
You must not follow me!

I loved you once—I dread you now.
You are no welcome comer;
For I am married, you are dead—
I saw your grave last summer!

Above it grew the brier-rose,
The flower you loved the best:
It is a quiet sleeping-place—
Go, rest, and let me rest!

Why should you haunt me thus? 'Tis true,
A careless-hearted student,
Witched by your face, I should have been
Less tender and more prudent.

But, can I help it? Have I power
To heal the wound I gave,
With love and death between us now,
My marriage, and your grave?

Then leave me; let me dwell in peace,
Since vain is all regretting;
And sleep beneath the brier-rose,
Poor child! life's grief forgetting.

In vain I pray; where'er I go
I find you by my side!
The heart that once I wronged what grave
Is deep enough to hide?

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE DUTCH AT HOME.

HOLLAND is as level and green as a billiard table, and, were it firmer, would meet the requirements of a Titanic game with the balls and cue. Voltaire, with more alliteration than truth, described the country in three words: *Canaux, canards, canaille*—a sacrifice of fact to smartness from which the French wit could not refrain. The first and second words are happy, but the last is unmerited. It is easy to understand his antipathy to the country and its people, since both are in antithesis to what they are in France. There the land rolls in gentle swells of real hard earth and rock; in Holland it is spongy and flat, intersected with canals and surrounded with dikes. There the inhabitants are vivacious; here, phlegmatic.

As to names, the country has two. Official hands write and official lips call the kingdom The Netherlands. The people know it only as Holland. In spoken language of most circles, at home and abroad, the latter name is generally employed among Dutch, English, and Americans. The French use their old translation of the Low Countries—*Pays Bas*.

The Netherlands consists chiefly of made ground, which in the driest season of the year is not dry, and the greater part of the time is saturated. One feels almost as if it were a sham country, and that one might go through the soft crust of earth and sink into the sea. The ground is so loose that high winds occasionally tear up large trees by the roots. The spongy soil, steeped in that element in which the country swims—water—nourishes vegetation greatly. Doubtless owing to this, the country is in advance of her southern neighbor, Belgium, ten days or two weeks in spring vegetation. The product, like the soil from which it comes, is porous and lacking in firmness; its fibre is gross and soft, and it imparts its character to all that feeds upon it. The flesh of man and animals has the same softness, abundance, and coarseness of texture which characterize the vegetable kingdom. The brain fibre, like that of the flesh, lacks *fineness* and delicacy. The mind, like the body, is heavy and slow in its operations. The intelligence of the animal possesses the same bluntness and tardiness as that of the man. Thus constituted, Dutchman's thought finds expression in heavy, practical platitudes. The movement of everything is slow—of the ships on the water, cows in the field, horses on the street, the commonplaces between men of the counter, and the dallying words of the wooing and the wooed. Alertness of intellect scarcely exists except so far as found in driving a shrewd bargain. In a word, the mind is as pudgy as the flesh.

Fatness is normal. It grows at the same pace as the great, gross-veined, plump cabbages, which bulge out over all the land. The generating power is remarkable in all nature—in animals, vegetation, and men. Life, such as it is, chubby and slow, is abundant. Grasses of the richest blade and trees of the fullest leaf, or fat cows and calves and ewes and lambs, fill the land to surplus. Procreation is constantly going on in every department of nature. Sterility is not known, either in the soil, the animal, or woman. The physical conformation of woman here seems better adapted to the work of generation than in other countries. Her breasts are high and full, pressing outward not unlike the bow of one of her native, old-fashioned ships, and from her waist down a pelvic width is indicated which admirably fits her to be a mother.

The mother instinct is strong in the woman of the Netherlands. Following the general order of everything in nature in her country, she is prolific and remarkably gifted in her capacity for nourishment. As regards sustenance, the child may be said to be born in the lap of plenty, for it has a mother rich in the juices of life, who always rears her own offspring. The preservation of a healthful appearance in the rearing of a large family is more remarkable here than elsewhere. The fructifying power of nature quickly repairs losses, and the humid climate moistens the complexion and brings the rosy tints to the surface. The dry, camel-like flesh which covers the frame of an Arab, it would be safe to affirm, does not exist in a single individual of the Dutch race in the Netherlands.

Rubens has often been accused of exaggerating the forms of his women; but those who are familiar with the huge-limbed, rose-tinted, moist-skinned women of Holland willingly concede his truthfulness to nature. He faithfully portrayed what he saw around him. The delicate, spiritual creations limned by skilful masters in other lands he seemed to be unacquainted with, or if he was, eschewed them as not being the most natural form of beauty. His ideas of perfection were developed among his own people, and he saw it as they saw it. To him and to them the Dutch or Flemish type must have seemed nearly faultless.

The woman's position is not a conspicuous one. An exemplary wife is expected literally to obey her husband, to remain at home and look after the linen, kitchen, and scrubbing. As for reading current literature, travelling, and having reception days, all this to her is a sealed book. Hence her ideas of life are limited to the little local events of every day which transpire in her immediate vicinity or within the circle of her relations. Reared and dwelling in such narrow limits, she has no curiosity for anything beyond what her neighbors eat and wear and the little occurrences of her provincial neighborhood. The fall of an empire, as a piece of news, does not possess to her anything like the same interest as the kitting of her cat or the discovery that one of her neighbors is out in a new bonnet. She is enabled to gratify her lively curiosity for things local by means of the small looking-glasses which are attached outside of the windows in such fashion as to permit her to see what is going on outside without herself being seen. Thus quietly seated with her knitting at the window, she takes in the perspective of the street from end to end in opposite directions, and her eye of Eve rakes it like a piece of ordnance from one extremity to the other. Much of her time is spent at this out-look, and it is her principal pleasure—always, however, with sewing or knitting in her hands, for she is no idler. When the door-bell rings she can see the ringer from her seat—a gratification she especially enjoys. From this point her searching eye notes with unerring exactitude what goes in and out of her neighbors' doors, whether it be butter, beef, eggs, or dry goods. The exterior looking-glass is the Eye Terrible of Holland, feared of man, woman, and child. People have a certain air of self-consciousness in the street, possibly because they know that the eyes of the feminine world are on them.

Everything goes in at the front door, for ten to one the rear gives on a canal. When the butcher, baker, or what not makes his appearance, the sentinel of the window leaves her post to hold personal parley with the vender, and holds him strictly to the mark in price, weight, and quality. All provisions are submitted to her feeling and smelling inspection, and she acquits herself of the duty with a conscientiousness that would surprise the American woman.

When the Dutch woman finds herself in the society of a stranger—a rare occurrence—she is silent and embarrassed. She will not be drawn out and speak of what she knows, and the conversation, such as one hears in the society of most countries, is to her pure Sanscrit. She is not the mistress of the house, as it is generally understood, but rather an upper servant or housekeeper. In the family group it is the man who is the central figure; the woman is kept in the background. The retirement in which she lives resembles much that of the woman of the East. For her there is but one man in the world, and he is her husband. She lives in such constant and secluded intimacy with him that any other acquaintance is impossible.

The basement of the building is generally used as the counting-house of the husband, for the Dutchman is born a merchant. Overhead is the family dwelling, so that husband and wife are within call of each other. The chief advantage of this arrangement for the head of the family is its convenience for taking his numerous repasts. The family eats four times a day. At eight in the morning, bread and butter, a slice of almost tasteless cheese, and coffee with milk, or tea—the usage of the latter being more general. At noon, exactly the same nourishment. Four o'clock brings with it a solid dinner of meats, fair Bordeaux wine, and numerous vegetables, among which figures conspicuously the potato sprinkled with ground nutmeg. Indeed, most vegetables are garnished in the same way. The extraordinary use of nutmeg is the most striking feature of the Dutch kitchen. The potatoes are perhaps the best in the world, and if properly cooked would be delicious. In the evening at eight, the tea, bread and butter, and cheese come into play again. If the husband be a clubman and he should find himself out at the unusual hour of eleven or twelve o'clock, he will be found again nourishing himself at that hour with a slice of cold beef, or something nearly as solid, at his club. As a rule, the married man is not given to clubs. He passes his evenings in the bosom of his family, in the best room of their dwelling—the drawing or sitting room. The tea is made here by the mistress of the house. An open portable kind of furnace, looking something like a coal-scuttle, containing live coals, on which reposes a seething teakettle, is brought in by a maid-servant and placed alongside the mistress. A large tray is also brought in and placed before her, which bears the teapot and cups and saucers. Thus, cosily surrounded by the members of her family, the mistress makes and passes tea of such strength as would keep any other than Dutch people awake all night. It is doubtful if tea is consumed even in Russia in as great quantities as in the Netherlands. It is served to the clerks in all the counting-houses, in cafés, and at all places of amusement, at a moderate price, usually four cents (American) a cup.

The ambition of every Dutchman, if he has a garden, is to have a tea-house in which to take his tea in the summer. It is lattice-worked and vine-clad, and answers to the description of our summer-house. Here he sips his tea and smokes his cigar in conjugal felicity, regardless of the world's revolutions, changes of governments and dynasties. The wealthier buy country seats in the vicinity of the town, when they straightway cut a canal around the house and construct a drawbridge. Printed in plain letters on the arch of the bridge, or over the door of the villa, is the name of the place. There is not much variety of nomenclature, for the Dutchman has but little imagination; the most common is "Sommerlust." There is a tendency toward Biblical names, such as "Jerusalem," "Jericho," etc. The little drawbridge thrown across two or three yards of water to admit, and carefully drawn up after departure, is suggestive of

feudal times. This is the more singular, as the Dutch are the most law-abiding of any people. The country-house is constructed as if it were under an Italian sky, with veranda and many large doors and windows.

The rich have places in the country, the well-to-do have a little patch of garden in the town, and the poor content themselves with a pot of flowers in the window.

A prominent trait in the character of the woman is her love of scrubbing and cleaning. A house already damp from a moist climate is made more so from the quantities of water with which it is continually drrenched. To slop is her mission, and she fulfils it with a fervor frightful to a person subject to rheumatism. To slopping within there is no limit, but without there is restriction. The beating of carpets and mats in the streets, and the dashing of water against the windows and outside of houses, grew to such an extent that the city fathers were compelled to make a law forbidding it after ten in the morning, which law is at present in force. Up to this hour, the buxom maid-servants with bared arms hold possession of the streets, when they are impassable to those who wish to avoid dust and water. Cleanliness is traditional. There is a village not far from Amsterdam where horses and vehicles are forbidden to enter, lest they dirty the streets. In most places poverty and dirt are found together. In Holland the houses of the poor are almost always clean and tidy; the bare floor and table are as white as soap and water can make them; all pots and pans of tin shine like polished steel; and window-cleaning is carried to perfection. They are not, however, even the rich, as clean in their persons as they are in their houses. Bath-rooms are seldom found in their dwellings. There is not the same hygienic necessity for the bath on account of the humidity of the climate. Public bathing establishments are not known, except in the three principal towns, the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam.

Rotterdam is noted for the good looks of its maid-servants. The type is soft-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, dark-haired, and of course stout, with plump mottled arms and large hands and feet. I have seen a porter wooing a maid throw his great hand like a grappling-iron upon her shoulder with sufficient force to have overturned a delicate creature, and she received the demonstration with a gratified giggle in which he joined with a laugh like a donkey's braying. A delicate caress would doubtless have been lost upon her, but the amatory grip touched her. With taste it is the same as with feeling. French wine merchants say there is but little delicacy of appreciation in the Dutch palate; that Bordeaux wines, to be marketable among them, must be *coupé* with alcohol and strong Spanish wines. This is alleged of the ordinary population only, for the cultivated Dutchman who has travelled is epicurean in his tastes; but when delicate wine flows into the throat of the bourgeoisie, it finds its way into a receptacle of cumbrous vitality. The wine *coupé*, from rudeness and raspiness, produces a gentle irritation of the stomach, and the alcoholic spirit goes to the head, the whole arousing the lethargic nature into something like liveliness. Dinners begin with diffidence and *mauvaise honte*, and end with coarse familiarity. At the dinners which precede all weddings, chorus songs containing indelicate allusions to the bride and groom are sung, little slips containing the verses being passed around to the guests for this purpose. On these occasions excesses obtain toward the end of the entertainment, such as amatory demonstrations and allusions and something like intoxication, which is not altogether confined to the men.

At social gatherings the young women call the young men by their abbrevi-

viated Christian names, such as Jan and Pete, and the latter reciprocate the familiar curtallment. If a young person were to adopt the usage prevalent in most polite countries, it would be regarded as affectation.

In contracting marriages, the young people are simple, honest, and primitive. The courtship, engagement, and marriage with one woman, is the full heart-story of almost every Dutchman. He courts the object of his affections sentimentally, and is soon engaged. The engagement often lasts years, during which he addresses his betrothed with a tender assiduity which is never relaxed. He glories in it, and walks about with her always on his arm, makes visits with her to friends and kindred, and when they are invited to any entertainment, they are by common consent always placed together, where they coo together like doves regardless of the public gaze.

The engagement is a solemn obligation, and public opinion anathematizes him who breaks it. The Lotharios and Alnavivas would have no occupation here, for husbands and wives righteously cleave together. There is a simple purity in the relation between man and woman which is touching; they love, and marry, and are happy. If Jan's pecuniary position will not enable them to marry, they can wait for years with the patience and fidelity of Jacob and Rachel, until the happy period arrives. The parents, however, if it be in their power, generally come to the rescue and open up the way to conjugal joy, in a much more kindly and parental manner than is usually practised in America.

Flirtation is incomprehensible, and the gay dangler with pretty nothings on his tongue is regarded with general disfavor. There is no strategy, intrigue, or détour in the affairs of the heart, but directness and publicity. The indelicacy of the proceeding is more than compensated for by its candor and good faith. Swains from all time have been romantic and given to verse-making in honor of their mistresses. Not so the Dutchman. He is incapable of anything in the way of moonlight and guitar, or the perpetration of Byronic rhyme. Nor is he eloquent in presence of his beloved; flat, meagre, and provincial is his conversation, and wearisome to a degree for a third pair of ears, but eminently satisfactory to those immediately concerned. Half of the time of their long *l'le-à-l'les* is passed in silence, squeezing each other's hands, and looking sentimentally foolish but happy.

The Dutch bourgeoisie are not a hospitable people. They rarely if ever invite a stranger or foreigner to their bed or board. On Sundays they frequently have their immediate connections at dinner, when they in their turn invite, to balance the account, which is kept with a bookkeeper's punctuality and correctness. Lest one side should be left in debt in this respect, the custom everywhere prevails among the better classes of bestowing a florin on the servant when passing out of the house, which is to a certain extent paying for the dinner. When a servant is engaged these florins form part of the wages, for the master knows how many dinners he will give during the year and how many people at each, neither more nor less, and makes a statement to this effect to the servant wishing to enter into his employment, and this is the basis of the negotiation. The Dutch amphitryon, for a year in advance, almost knows the particular persons he will have in his house, and the kind of meat which will be set before them, together with the cost of the same. The dinners are generally good and with many courses. The Dutch are heavy feeders, particularly of meats and vegetables, but eat little or no bread. They are silent or speak but little until toward the latter part of the repast, when the copious li-

bations they have drunk loosen their tongues to the uttering of heavy jokes and broad humor. The Dutchman has slow, heavy animal propensities, but no impulses whether for good or evil. In many other respects, as in the matter of impulse, he is the antitype of the American. There is the same difference between them that there is between a light, dancing New York clipper, which is sensible to every puff of wind, and a heavy, soggy Dutch lugger, which feels nothing but a stiff breeze.

The chief ends of life for the Dutchman are the accumulation of money and domestic peace. The Jew and Armenian concentrate their faculties on money-getting as much as he, but it is doubtful if either holds on to it with his tenacity. Balzac's type of the shrewd, avaricious money-lender is Gobseck—half Dutch and half Jew. Public-spirited men, as they are called in America, are unknown in the Netherlands. As a rule, men do not embark in disinterested enterprises, make donations, or leave charitable legacies. The Peabodys and Coutses rarely exist on Dutch soil.

On the other hand, there is less crime in the Netherlands than elsewhere. The Dutchman is honest and truthful. He does not lie himself, nor does he tolerate lying in others. There are no shams about him. He does not know how to dissemble, and would not if he could. The nearest thing to it is the shrewdness which veins the strata of blunt honesty. Like truthful people generally, he is slow in giving his word, but once given he is pledged. Like all money-getters, he is prudent, and possessed of the qualities which are always grouped around it.

History tells us that by long and continued hammering and blowing, where their interest or religion was at stake, they have been brought up to a white heat, as in the tulip excitement and the Spanish invasion. Since then they have grown old as a nation and as individuals. They have lost most of their ancient virtue. The traits of heroism which belonged to them of old are eaten out by the love of gain. The days when Van Tromp swept the seas with a broom at his masthead will never return, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Dutch would now fight on land and sea for religion or nationality, as they did in former times.

There is no boldness in their action. They do not take the initiative in trade or politics. They wait for others to open up the way, and then they follow. When the nation assumes a position in politics, it is in a spirit of deprecation. More advanced peoples plant themselves squarely in their declarations; the Dutch creep to theirs apparently with fear and trembling. We are constrained to accept the melancholy fact that the heroic Dutchman so graphically described by the gifted Motley is dead.

The Dutchman is gregarious, of the race sheep. Peaceable as a merino, he rarely if ever comes to blows. Gregarious in his opinions and feelings, he travels in his ideas on a dead level, for monotony and absence of originality are his. The land is barren of invention, progress, and ideas; it has given birth in these latter days to no new thing, nor done anything for the advancement of science or the amelioration of the human race.

There is little or no curiosity to see or honor the world's celebrities. It only exists for things local, such for instance as are of a domestic character. If Gladstone, Thiers, or President Grant were to arrive in Rotterdam, there would scarcely be any manifestation of interest. When their King comes, it is an ovation—a gala day; soldiers parade with music, cannons are fired, and genuflections are made in his honor; and for all this their sovereign snubs them, for he is of

those who believe that peoples were created for their rulers. So meekly they eat their humble-pie—a dainty dish to set before the King. Whatever may be his royal shortcomings, the Dutch cannot see them, for the sentiment of loyalty, which a United States republican can never understand, blinds them.

National characteristics only are here spoken of. There are a few cosmopolitan Dutchmen who are travelled and cultivated, who entertain each other and foreigners hospitably, and whom it is a privilege and pleasure to become acquainted with; but they are not typical Dutchmen.

ALBERT RHODES.

HALF AN HOUR.

I MET her last year, in the studio
Of Weymer, in the Rue de Charente;
She came in with cheeks all aglow
From the wild autumn winds, and bent
To my greetings with a frown

Of light murmured words, silver sweet,
Delicate flattering phrases,
Which my own words sprang forth to meet,
As if I believed in her praises,
Dropped with a smile at my feet.

Courtesy, high-handed, and bred
In the translucent blood of her veins:
Such a lady! who can flatter, instead
Of your flattering her for your pains,
Without a change of her cool white and red.

Saying, "I've heard of you much"—
Smiling—"and glad thus to meet;"
While her hand's tender touch
Brushed my own, to complete
The chaste charm: call it such,

For I knew that it meant nothing more
Than the gracious refinement of art;
The exquisite odorous core
Of a flower, not its heart.
What wanted I more?

The flower itself for my share?
Well, I have it here in my palm—
A rose that fell from her hair
Into my hand, like a charm,
Just as we parted there.

And half smiling I took it away—
Half smiling, but was I in jest?
Well, what next? shall I say
I have worn it here on my breast
Since that red autumn day?

Only the swift short half
Of a long-drawn hour,
An arch phrase or two, and a laugh:
What is the power—
Did she give me wine to quaff?

For, ever I'm seeing a face,
Like a face in a delicate dream.
Larkspur eyes and rose lips thro' the lace
Of a veil glide and gleam,
Till I half lose the trace.

Then a turn of the head shows such hair!
Black hair like wet silk,
Breaking loose from a silken snare,
And a hand white as milk,
Thrusting it back without care.

More than a year, you know,
And much has happened since then—
The world's ebb tide and flow,
And a man's life with men;
But I'd let it all go.

For the swift short half
Of a long-drawn hour,
An arch phrase or two, and a laugh,
And the possible power
To sit there and quaff

That fine fairy wine,
Which has kept its sweet spell,
Kept its sparkle and shine,
Down a year's surge and swell,
From that half hour of mine.

Of mine! yes, of mine, sweet!
You've met millions of men
And dropped a smile at their feet,
But that half hour was mine then,
And in it I claim you, sweet.

And in it I have you and hold you,
Larkspur eyes and blush roses!
And in it I clasp you and fold you,
Where this rose reposes.
There, my passion I've told you!

NORA PERRY.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

FRIENDS.

READER, do you know what it is after some opera or ball to be haunted, against will of yours, by the importunate burden of a single tune?

Rawdon Crosbie is so haunted now.

He gets up in the morning, breakfasts, prosecutes his courtship, dines, sleeps, dreams, all to the tune of "Jane." Her face, her laugh, her trick of voice and manner are never absent from him. A dozen times a day he gives stealthy looks at the stolen silver locket. (Poor Emmy remarks that Rawdon has always the scent of those new vesuvians about him now.) He treasures jealously a morsel of flowers, "a withered weed" that she has worn in her waist-belt, or that Bloesy's little hand has picked for him. The prose of his life, in short, so intensely prosaic hitherto, has become a poem. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines for a brief space across the dead level of his path and makes it lovely.

How will it end? How do all such hallucinations end when the tune has worn itself silent, the light died out, the poem lapsed back into dullest, tritest prose? What fate can there be in store for Rawdon Crosbie but this, that Jane when she finds out his folly will laugh at him, and that Emma, excellent little forgiving Emma, will become his wife? Well, and in the mean time he would change places with no crowned head in Europe! The ratified blessings, the heavy responsibilities of life will rest, securely enough no doubt, on his shoulders some day. But the some day has not come. And, meantime, he holds the present, the golden, stolen midsummer hours, between his hands; and Jane receives him always with a smile of welcome; and he is to go with her to the theatre three evenings, at least, next week! The prospect of escorting his mother and Emma to exhibitions—of family luncheons with the Herveys—even the prospective patronage of his cousin Adonis, the man Rawdon Crosbie dislikes most on the face of the earth, is not sufficient to damp him.

Sunday drags its accustomed slow length along at The Hawthorns, and Rawdon behaves himself beautifully; goes to church twice at Emma's side, eats his cold two o'clock dinner at Emma's side, listens to plans for the ensuing week's pleasure with those dear Herveys, all with exemplary patience. At last comes evening; Emma must assist the maid in laying things ready—no sin in merely laying things ready for to-morrow's packing—and Rawdon is free. He is free, goes out of doors, lights his pipe, falls into a reverie, and a quarter of an hour later finds himself looking over the fence which divides his father's last field from the kitchen garden of Theobalds.

He bade Jane good-by last night, foreseeing that Sunday would be a day of serious duty at home. And still his feet have led him, "who knows how?" along the accustomed path. Now what excuse must he make for his coming? Will Jane laugh at him? Will she be bored by him? Not expecting his advent, is she verifying the Lidlington gossip-dealers by having her house full of officers at this moment?

He hesitates—half turns away—gives one lingering look at the gray old walls of Theobalds; then sees Jane emerging from amidst the apple trees quite close at hand, her little daughter beside her.

"Dordy, Dordy!" sings out Miss Theobald, the nearest approach her tongue can make to Rawdon's name, and runs forward with hands of welcome outstretched. Jane follows and unbolts the garden gate for him. He has no choice left in the matter; does he want to have a choice but to stay now?

"I was not quite sure about your number in Maddox street, Mrs. Theobald"—something in Jane's face seems to ask him the reason of his coming—"and, as I was smoking my pipe in the plantations, I thought—"

"Pray, don't apologize," interrupts Jane, a little coolly. "As for our number in Maddox street, you will find it in your pocket-book. I wrote it down for you myself, last night."

"Of course you did;" and Rawdon tries hard not to look as foolish as he feels

"Really I must beg your pardon for troubling you so much. I—"

"Let me shut the gate, please; come in or out, or we shall be having the pigs in again. Did I tell you that we found your father's pigs quietly grubbing up our lettuces yesterday morning? The blessing of having near neighbors."

"We shan't be near neighbors after to-day," Rawdon remarks. "Or at least I shan't. I mean it for a kind of P. P. C. visit to Theobalds."

"How sad! You did mean it for a visit then, after all? If your feelings will permit you to eat, Mr. Crosbie, will you have some of Cousin James's raspberries? Blossy and I have just found out that they are getting ripe."

Jane turns as she speaks into a narrow side-path, Blossy following with her tiny hand in Rawdon's. The kitchen garden of Theobalds is an exceedingly old-fashioned one, and something of the quaint home flavor that once belonged to the word "garden" clings to it still. There are tall ill-bearing apple trees, amidst whose branches Francis Theobald perched when he was an urchin; cucumber frames of a style of architecture of thirty years ago; beehives; narrow cinder paths leading from the main walks among the raspberry and gooseberry bushes; and even some unpretending flowers, such as marigolds, columbines, and bachelor's buttons, ranged along the outer edges of the vegetable beds.

"People may talk as they like about fine lawns and parterres," cries Jane, her mouth full of raspberries. "A good kitchen garden is much more to my taste. To see all the lettuces and cabbages, yes, and the smell of the raspberries, even, reminds one of Covent Garden."

"And is that an advantage?" asks Rawdon, forever on the point (yet never reaching the point) of being disenchanted by Jane's want of refinement.

"Certainly it is, to a cockney like me. My jolliest hours were all spent within half a mile of the Covent Garden cabbage baskets. Blossy, you have eaten enough; yes, but you have. I don't want you ill to-morrow. Rawdon, be good enough to take Blossy in your arms and carry her bodily away from the raspberries. We may as well go and have another look at our magnificent garden that was to have been," she adds. "Likelier than not it

will never be a garden, or a croquet ground either, in my day. I begin, but I've no heart to finish things."

Evidently there is something amiss with Jane's spirit to-night. Rawdon, who knows nothing about the hour at which Mr. Theobald came home this morning, nor of the confession wrung from him respecting an impromptu adjournment from the barracks to Lady Rose's—Rawdon, knowing nothing, I say, of Jane's domestic troubles, and self-occupied as befits the fatuity of his age, connects the change in some mysterious manner with himself. And his foolish heart beats quicker; and he forgets Emmy and all he owes to Emmy more and more; and every word he utters brings him nearer to the betrayal of his own ridiculous secret.

When they reach the garden "that was to have been," they sit down beneath the turf bank where the happiest hours of Rawdon Crosbie's life have already flown, and bit by bit their talk comes round to a subject not generally unpopular with boys and girls of their age, but of which, thanks to Rawdon's shyness, or to Jane's matter-of-fact good sense, this boy and girl have never spoken yet.

The hour, the solitude, a certain wistful half-sad expression on his companion's fair face lend Rawdon inspiration. Words flow warmly, readily from his lips; as words will now and then flow from the lips of the least eloquent men, when they chance to talk about something which they themselves feel strongly, and so for the time believe in.

"You should put all that in a book," remarks Mrs. Theobald. He has been making her some effusive speech about the impossibility of love, genuine love, losing its fire under the chilly hand of time or circumstance. "You express yourself very well, and I dare say it wouldn't look silly—in print!"

"Although in real life you would call it most supremely so?" he asks her.

"I don't believe in the sort of thing at all—as far as men are concerned. I never knew, I never heard of any man being in love for longer than six weeks at a time."

"In love! But what do you understand by being in love? We must come to a definition of terms."

He approaches a few inches nearer; he watches her transparently clear face narrowly. It has grown grave almost to

sternness; lines that can make you imagine what Jane will be when she is an old woman are round her lips.

"I don't know what you mean by definitions. I know I don't believe in men's love and in men's constancy, except in books. Why should I? I'm almost twenty years old. I've lived every day since I could run alone. What I say I say out of my own experience of the world, not out of mawkish, bread-and-butter novels."

"One may have reached twenty, and in a certain sense have lived every day of one's life, and yet still have some things to learn," remarks Rawdon Crosbie.

"Of a man that may be true. A woman of twenty knows as much of life as she will ever know, unless she is a fool, and I don't take fools into account."

Now all this conversation, interesting no doubt from different causes to the two persons who are holding it, is profoundly dull to Blossy's intelligence. Blossy, newly torn away from raspberry beds, has for the first three minutes no feeling, thought, emotion, but raspberries, and sits longing for those lost delights, a fruit-stained finger between her fruit-stained lips. Then a small white moth flutters forth from a holly edge close at hand, and Blossy's eyes and soul follow it. The moth's flight is upward. At the awful height of six or eight feet, Blossy can trace it no further against the dome of primrose sky. All she can see is a star that has newly come out overhead, and at this she gazes steadfastly for another second or two. But stars are stupid things, not eatable like raspberries, not chasable like moths. Blossy's thoughts and eyes soon fall to earth again, and before three more minutes have fled the well-known sentiment of Dr. Watts respecting Satan and idle hands is verified.

I have said that Blossy Theobald, when bent on mischief, blows the movements of a mouse, the fingers of a pickpocket. Like all healthy children of her age, she is a thorough bandit at heart. To conquer, destroy, possess, are the primitive instincts of Blossy's nature. And with that peach-blossom face, those heaven-blue eyes of hers, she commits her sins so innocently! Nestling close at Rawdon's side, her soft little fingers creep over his waistcoat, find their way into his waistcoat pocket, abstract its contents, before either he or

Jane has noticed what she is about. Her laugh, her little trilling laugh of exultation, first arrests Jane's attention.

"Bloss, you have been at mischief. Oh, I see you, Miss, with your fist doubled up. You've been picking Rawdon's pocket. Now open your fingers directly."

Mechanically, Rawdon Crosbie's hand goes to his waistcoat pocket. The little scented locket, his treasure, his amulet, is gone.

"Blossy, you small thief! give me back my property. I'll never love you again, Blossy, if you don't. Now give it back at once."

His eagerness tells Blossy that she has stolen something of importance; and her fingers close tighter over her prize. "Me teep him for mine self," she remarks, in her language, nodding triumphantly at Rawdon and showing her small teeth.

"Give it to Mamsey, Bloss," says Jane, whose system of education is not based on rigidly exact principles. "Mamsey shall keep it," holding out her hand, "and Bloss shall have twelve raspberries."

Bloss hesitates for a moment; then, peeping through her fingers and finding nothing particularly seductive in the appearance of her booty, strikes the bargain. Rawdon Crosbie's secret, her own little silver locket, is in Jane's hands.

"Mrs. Theobald, give it me! please give it me!" cries Rawdon, his face flaming with blushes like a guilty school-boy's. "It is nothing—it is something I value particularly—it's of no value to any one but me!"

This piques Jane's curiosity, of which she possesses her full woman's share. "Nothing! something! of no value! of great value! I suppose I may look at it at least?"

"No, please don't!" In his eagerness Rawdon has seized her hand and covered it with his own. "I'll never forgive you—I mean you'll never forgive me, if you see it."

The situation becomes critical. Blossy has flown back to the raspberry beds, liberally to carry out her part of the contract, and they are alone; Rawdon holding Mrs. Theobald's hand and pleading to her as if his life depended on the prayer. "I'll never forgive you, sir, if you don't let go my hand." He obeys her instantly. "As to seeing, what can there be to see?"

Now, trust to my honor. I'll never tell Miss Marsland. I promise faithfully."

And she looks.

CHAPTER XXI.

"HAS THE DOLL GOT A HEART?"

THERE is dead silence for a minute; a minute—an hour it seems to Rawdon Crosbie, uncertain that instant disgrace and dismissal may not await him on this discovery of his crime.

"And what put it into your head to take property that did not belong to you?" inquires Jane, coldly, at last.

"I—I don't understand you," he begins.

"Oh, come; no pretence! This locket is mine, and you took it, you know you did, the morning you left your card on us at Spa. I missed it from my box directly we got back, and accused Blossy, the nurse girl, half the waiters in the hotel of the theft. De Lانسac and I hunted for it everywhere."

At the name of De Lانسac, Rawdon begins to recover his presence of mind. "I have no wish to pretend anything, Mrs. Theobald, but I would suggest that there may—it is just possible that there may be two silver lockets in the world; each fashioned in the shape of a heart."

"But not each with a J. T. cut on the face," says Jane, holding up the locket and examining it closely. "I have had this poor little old heart for ages; I should know it among a thousand. De Lانسac had the initials cut for me in Paris years ago."

She puts it with ostentatious care into her pocket, and again there is silence. "Come, don't let us quarrel. Don't be foolish enough to deny that you were less honest than you might have been," Jane remarks, at last.

"No, Mrs. Theobald, I deny nothing. If I had known the peculiar, the tender interest that attaches to that 'poor little old heart,' you may be very sure I should have left it alone!"

"You would have done wisely," Jane answers him. "Honesty is generally the best policy. I don't know at the same time what I have said to you about tender or peculiar interest. The locket is mine, not yours: consequently its rightful place is—not your pocket! Simply that."

Rawdon picks up small tufts of grass and flings them from him disdainfully. "I agree with Dandearry," he burst out after a minute; "there are things no fellow can understand, and one of them is—I haven't a prejudice, I hope I haven't a prejudice belonging to me, but how Englishwomen can look—yes, can look at foreigners with the favorable eyes they do, is a marvel that passes my comprehension."

"It might easily do that, I should say, without being much of a marvel," observes Mrs. Theobald with coolness.

"But women—there's no doubt of it—judge by some standard of their own; some standard we know nothing about. That glib fluency that passes for wit, that accurate knowledge of tuckers and flounces, those graces learned from a posture-master—"

"Don't talk so quick, pray, you'll hurt yourself. And before you go any further, would you kindly say who" (alas for Jane's cases!)"—"who all this fine sarcasm is directed against?"

"Against all foreigners who worm their way into Englishwomen's hearts," says Rawdon, losing his head completely.

"Do you, by any chance, mean De Lانسac, Mr. Crosbie?"

"You know best, Mrs. Theobald. I spoke of foreigners who have wormed their way into Englishwomen's hearts. If Monsieur—if the person you mention comes, as I suppose he does, under that category, certainly I mean him."

Forth flares Jane's hot temper; she starts the angry blood upon her cheek. "And what possible interest can you have in the subject?" she cries. "What right have you to speak alightingly of any one, English or foreign, who happens to be dear to me?"

"What right?"—her flushing face, her indignant voice goading him on into more absolute loss of self-command—

"What right? An easy question for you to ask now! It would be more to the point to ask me what thought, what object, what interest I have left that is not wrapt up in you!"

"Mr. Crosbie!"

"Oh, it is just as well said," cries Rawdon, waxing desperate. "From the first hour I saw you, my life and everything belonging to it have been set adrift. And if I could choose—if I could choose"

—and his anger cools, his tone softens, in spite of himself—"I would not have it different. The gain has been greater than any loss you can inflict upon me now."

Jane, on this, turns round and looks at him full. "Well, whatever else I thought, I did not think you would be such a fool as this!" she cries, with blunt, unaffected astonishment.

"I suppose not," he answers. "I suppose that's always the proper thing for women to say. Lead a man on until he makes the besotted idiot of himself I have done, and then be surprised at his idiocy!"

"I don't understand what you mean by the proper thing! Your opinions are framed, you see, on women of your own class of life, *of whom I know nothing!* If you mean that I, Jane Theobald, would lead you or any other man on knowingly into talking rubbish, you make a ridiculous mistake. Nothing bores me more than scenes! If you had known a very little more of the world, you would never have so misunderstood me."

"And you have thought I could be alone with you as I have been—for hours, for days, alone here with you—and not grow to care for you more than I ought?"

"Ought? Oh, dear me, don't let us get up on moral stilts in addition to everything else!" says Jane, with a laugh that cuts him horribly. "It isn't the right or the wrong of your talking so, it's the absurdity of it that takes away my breath!"

Not a very exalted standpoint, it must be allowed. And yet if Jane had planted herself upon the highest of all ground, had addressed him from the topmost pinnacle of a very Mont Blanc of virtue, Rawdon Crosbie could not have been made to feel the wrongness of his position with more galling completeness.

"The absurdity of a man of my age losing his senses under the constant influence of a face like yours!" he remarks.

"A face—a face! Yes, that's all men think of!" cries Jane. "A pink and white complexion, a pair of blue doll's eyes, a stray dimple or two, are excuse enough for anything. Has the doll got a heart? Ah, not worth the loss of time to guess at that! And as women go—as women go," she adds, a little bitterly, "men are right, I dare say, in their way of judging of them."

Something in the tone of her voice softens Rawdon's anger more and more. "And you?" he asks her—"you, Mrs. Theobald? Is it loss of time to speculate if you have a heart, I wonder?"

She turns pale—he can see the change of hue even in that indistinct light—she flushes rosy red. After a minute: "From most men," she exclaims—"from most men I should just call a question like that bald-dash—the kind of stuff that passes current with weak lemonade between the dances at a ball! With you, I'm sure I don't know why, I can talk differently to how I ever talked before. I like you. There's the truth. I liked you from the first for your pluck in standing up for me and coming to see me in spite of your sweetheart and your mamma. I like you because you are good to Blossy. I like you for everything!"

Rawdon Crosbie heaves a miserable sigh. He knows, too well he knows, what these candid admissions must herald.

"And so I'll say to you what I'm sure I never thought to have said to any one while I lived. I *love* a heart—and it's full." As she says this each word seems to be wrung from her lips with an effort. "Faller than it can hold—the worse for me perhaps—already."

She has made him the confession for his good, honestly, frankly, to cure him of his folly. And the result is the direst failure that ever honest truth-telling brought about. Till now Rawdon's feelings have been—he himself could not have told you what!—a compound of admiration for Jane's beauty, of boyish vanity, of generous revolt against the treatment she has met with at the hands of Emma and his mother. In his new-born, passionate jealousy, a flood no longer of vague sentiment, but of love—the word must be written—love, strong in very proportion to its hopelessness, goes forth from his heart toward this woman who has faltered out her hapless secret to him alone here, under the starlight, in the fragrant night. Ah, he sees everything with fatal clearness now! He knows what premonition, sower than reason, made him hate De Lencoe from the first!

"So I hope you will believe me when I repeat that I never led you or any one else on knowingly," says Jane, a kind of shyness, very unusual with her, in her manner.

"Believe you, Mrs. Theobald? I believe you only too easily," he answers. "If I had chosen to keep my eyes open, I might have seen from the first what was in store for me."

"But it's all over now, Rawdon. You have forgotten to be wise for a moment, as we all do sometimes; but I am your friend and comrade the same as ever. I only hope," she goes on—"I only hope that in the future you will be made as happy by Miss Marland as I wish you to be."

"The future—don't talk to me of the future!" Rawdon interrupts. "How, in God's name, can I be happy away—"

"Away from a woman who does not care for you," says Jane, with kindly, cruel firmness, "and with one who does? Ah, you will learn how in time, my dear boy!"

"I may learn many things," says Rawdon slowly, and with emphasis. "I shall never learn to forget you and all the hours I have spent with you."

And he rises, and walks away along the path by which they came, Jane following him in silence.

"I suppose it will be better for me not to come and see you any more," he remarks when they have reached the garden gate.

"I suppose so," says Jane, not without a falter in her voice.

"Not this week that you will be in London, of course? Well, then, I may as well say good-by to you now."

"Good-by, Rawdon."

He takes her hand, holds it for a moment with a grip of iron in his own; then goes, without another word.

"Daddy, Daddy!" cries Blossy from among the raspberry bushes—Blossy, amazed at seeing her playmate leave without his accustomed kiss.

But Rawdon never turns his head. Straight onward toward home, toward Emma, toward duty, he marches, nor looks behind him more.

He must never—in this moment's exceeding bitterness he tells himself—he must never look back more. The light has gone suddenly out, the tune stopped; the one chapter worth reading in his life's dull book is shut, clasped with a clasp; and there is an end of it! He must never look back more.

And he looks back before he has gone a dozen steps, and with jealous eyes watches the figures of Jane and her child, until

the fast-falling shadows hide them away out of his sight.

CHAPTER XXII.

AMONG "THE PROFESSION."

It is curious how many old friends we are sure to run across when we have come lately into money; curious how well everybody remembers our face, how eager everybody seems to be to renew the pleasure of our acquaintance.

Before Mr. Theobald has been twenty-four hours in town he has made half a dozen engagements. After congratulating a man upon a crusty cousin's demise, what can come more naturally to the lips than to ask him to dinner? He must spare a day to mess with his old regiment at Aldershot, must dine at the club with an Eton chum of twenty years ago, must join a jovial "literary" party given by his old friend Jack Thornton at Richmond. Quite easily and without an effort, Francis Theobald, actually possessed of six hundred, and ready to spend at the rate of six thousand a year, finds himself drawn toward the world, the associates that knew and ruined him in his palmy days. And equally without an effort does his wife gravitate back toward hers—the world, the associates of that painfully ungenteel period when Jane wore shabby boots and a darned merino frock—the world that was so all-sufficient for her before her marriage brought her within the possible reach of people who visit and are visited.

Not a creature but who is in or connected with the profession does Jane know in London: Uncle Dick, "the person who plays the trombone in an orchestra"; Uncle Dick's wife, once an actress whom the town ran after, wardrobe-keeper now at one of the minor theatres; Miss Minnie Arundel (née Mary Johnson), and their friends. And oh, how happy, how thoroughly, vulgarly happy Jane is among them all. She goes with Miss Arundel to rehearsal, she sups on the humble fare, the cold roast pork and pickles of old days, at Mr. Richard Johnson's, and, while Uncle Dick sips his gin-and-water, listens to his wife's stories of how Juliet Montmorenci will not wear such a dress in the forthcoming piece, and how Charlotte de Vere insists upon wearing such another, and how that artful Aurora Stanley, a fa-

vorite of the author's, has got her part written up expressly to admit of a pink satin train since last rehearsal. And then the pleasure of exhibiting Blossy before all these people! the pleasure of seeing Blossy hugged, of hearing herself called "my dear" by every kindly, albeit out-at-elbow soul she meets within theatrical precincts.

We can none of us—let the Mrs. Coventry Browns of the earth look to the fact—be much more exalted, much more refined, than our earliest associations. Jane feels a glow of pride in keeping so completely on a level still with hers. Mrs. Crosbie, the Miss Theobalds, every thing and person connected with Chalkshire Philistinism, cease as utterly to trouble her conscience during these few happy days as though she had never known the blessings of Chalkshire or of Philistinism at all. She almost forgets her new-born distrust of Theobald and Lady Rose. She entirely forgets poor young Rawdon's confession of Sunday evening and his present banishment.

Is not that the way with most of us, reader? A and B like each other, quarrel, part, and to-morrow A is philandering unconcerned among other scenes and people, and B debating frenzied between a revolver and prussic acid. Admirable provision of nature that the balance of suffering should be so nicely adjusted!

Rawdon Crosbie does not quite hover 'twixt bowl and dagger yet, but he really does hesitate between emigrating to a sheep farm in South America and insisting that Emma Marsland shall marry him in three days. Some kind of action, desperate and immediate, it seems, he must have to fill the blank that Jane has left in his existence. Oh the dreary sight-seeing with his affianced! Oh the pictures at that Royal Academy, the family luncheon with those dear Herveys! Oh the intolerable pain and burthen and weariness of everything!

He struggles on for three whole days, submitting, rebelling, growing worse in every way hourly. On the afternoon of the fourth, Thursday, he can bear up no longer, and finds himself knocking at the door of the Theobalds' lodgings in Mad-dox street.

"Yes, Mrs. Theobald is at home, and will see him." So the servant who has taken in his card brings him word. He

enters, walks up the stairs with the sensation, stout young fellow though he is, of his legs trembling under him, and finds Jane in her walking dress just ready to go out; finds her blooming, in excellent spirits, cordial.

"I was afraid—I didn't know whether you would admit me—I *couldn't* keep away any longer," he explains lucidly, as he holds her hand in his.

Jane is simply taken aback by the change in the lad's face. Rawdon Crosbie looks elder by a dozen years than when she saw him last in the garden at Theobalds. He has lost flesh in the quick way some people do under any wear and tear of the spirit; his eyes have grown hollow; in the excitement of seeing her again his sunburnt cheeks turn to a kind of sickly greenish yellow. Not, I must say, in beauty has Rawdon gained under the influence of the tender passion, and still so pitifully inclined are women's hearts, he has acquired interest no good looks could have lent him in Jane's sight. She likes the poor boy as she never did before, at this moment; is sorry for him; feels a pang or two of remorse even, as she reflects upon her own amusements and the heartless way in which she has forgotten not only his possible sufferings, but his very existence, during the past four days.

"Of course you couldn't keep away. Why should you? You banished yourself, remember. I only ventured a mild 'yes' when you swore you would never come and see me again. You find me all alone, Rawdon," and now she takes her hand from his and widens the space between them. "Theobald is out and Blossy has been seized upon bodily and carried off to my Uncle Dick's till to-morrow."

Rawdon makes no reply. He stands upright as a ramrod, and looking—poor young fool that he is—into her fair, untroubled face with the kind of hungry look we give to anything we love overmuch, after long separation. Long separation—alas, it is only since Sunday that he has been parted from her! Only four days. And his life, thirty or forty years, is to be so parted, and he will have to live through it all. The myriad-tongued roar of Regent street ebbs and swells. The sun is shining cheerfully through the open window, as it is shining, we may be sure, on many a pair of happy lovers, on many

a dead face throughout the length and breadth of London. Down in the street an organ-grinder, ignorantly ironical, is playing the same *Grande Duchesse* waltzes to which they first danced together in Spa. All the world, in short, going on as it usually goes toward four o'clock of a summer's afternoon, and one perfectly insignificant gunner-boy acting his little part in the great drama, and believing that no one ever felt, suffered, despaired as he does at this moment.

"If you had been five minutes later you would have missed me," says Jane in her bright voice.—"I am just going round to the Royal for Min. Did I tell you Uncle Dick has got her an engagement there for the new extravaganza? Such a start for her—poor old Min! Thirty shillings a week and the prospect of a leading part after Christmas. Are you free for an hour? If you are, you may walk to the Royal with me. I should like you and Min to see what you can make of each other."

Rawdon is tacitly engaged—is under orders, that is to say—to dine with his mother and Emma at six o'clock, and go with them and the Harveys afterward to the theatre. So he answers unhesitatingly that he is free, and ready—ready! heavens, how weak on some occasions is human language!—to accompany Mrs. Theobald wherever she chooses.

"I suppose you are not disengaged for the evening as well?" Jane goes on. "No use to ask, though. Nobody is ever disengaged at the eleventh hour in London."

"But I don't belong to London," says Rawdon. "I came up from Woolwich an hour ago, intending, I'm sure I don't know why, to stay till to-morrow morning, and I have no engagements of any kind—that can't be broken."

"And none that you mind breaking? Then I'll tell you what you may do. Min doesn't act to-night—it's a benefit, and she doesn't appear; and so at her own request I'm going with her to the Prince of Wales's to see 'School.' That's the way with all us actresses." It pleases Jane to enroll herself among the profession to which in fact she never belonged. "We get a holiday from our own hot theatre for one night, and the greatest pleasure we can have is to go to another hot theatre to see another actress act. Now would you like to go with us?"

"Would I like it!" cries Rawdon, flushing up with sudden animation.

"I can give you a place. We have an order for the stalls, and of course at the last moment Theobald has played us false. So Min is going to stay with me till to-morrow. You and she will fraternise finely, Rawdon; or if you don't, it will be your fault. Min's sure to take to you because you are in the army. She takes to all men who are in the army. Min wouldn't give a thank-you to go anywhere with a London clerk or anything of that kind, the people she calls cads; and as to an actor—But we mustn't stay chattering here," Jane interrupts herself, looking at her watch. "Half-past three already! Then we have no time to lose. Rehearsal is over at four, and I promised Min faithfully to be at the theatre to meet her."

She rises, walks up to the glass above the chimneypiece, and pins on a lilliputian strip of spotted net across her face. "Theobald always tells me to wear a veil when I go out alone in London. As if I wanted anything or any person to protect me—I, who knew every turning and corner from Piccadilly to St. Paul's by the time I was eight years old. Good gracious, my dear boy!"—Rawdon has followed her and again set up thelachrymose gaze at her face—"what are you looking at so? What do you want? You make me quite nervous."

"Mrs. Theobald," says the poor wretch, "I want to know if you have forgiven me! I give you my honor I've thought of nothing night or day since but your anger. Can you forgive me? Can you ever feel the same to me as you felt before my rudeness, my stupidity on Sunday night?"

Now there can be no doubt that a discreet woman of the world—a Loo Childers, a Lady Rose Golightly—would know how to act in such a position as this with exact propriety; would manage, while teaching a too pertinacious lover to keep within due bounds, so to temper the lesson as to leave a glimmering blue line of hope before his mind's horizon. Unversed in the discriminating tactics of fine breeding, outspoken, whether for good or evil, Jane Theobald does nothing of the kind. "If I hadn't forgiven you, as you call it, I don't suppose I should have told the girl to let you in. Why in the world should I not feel the same to you as ever?"

know I never thought a great deal of your wisdom at the best of times!"

"And never cared a great deal about my society. Pray say it out!"

"After the fashion you mean, never, my dear child, and never should if I saw you every day for twenty years. I thought I explained all that to you plain enough on Sunday night. Now hold my parasol, please; I can put on my gloves as we go out. And take my advice," adds Jane, looking with her frank eyes into his face: "don't go to trying anything in the 'Romeo and Juliet' line before Min. You won't forget it in a hurry if you do, I can tell you."

They walk leisurely down the shady side of Regent street, Jane's hand on Rawdon Crosbie's arm. It is the most stirring hour of the afternoon, and London, during these last days of one of the shortest, gayest seasons on record, is crammed. What strings of carriages; what high-stepping horses; what towering bonnets; what golden chignons; what an affluence of that poor man's bread which well-intentioned people rail out against as wicked luxury! Among the motley crowd will fate confront them with Mrs. Hervey and his mother, in their jointly-hired, sham private brougham? Young Rawdon speculates, not without some cowardly trepidation, at the possibility, remote though it be.

No such untoward accident befalls them just at present; but in walking along from Maddox street to Drury Lane Rawdon comes across more than one of his brothers-in-arms from Woolwich; and the admiring glances bestowed by each young warrior upon the pretty woman at his side go a long way toward repaying him for his unhappiness of the last four days. He is no more in reality to Mrs. Theobald than the handle of her parasol: this he knows; but Jones of the engineers and Brown of the artillery do not know it. And blighted though Rawdon's state may be, it is not so bad as to be quite beyond the alleviations gratified vanity can offer.

They reach the stage-entrance of the Royal, and are admitted unquestioned by the doorkeeper. Jane stops for a minute's affectionate chat with a little old threadbare gentleman, who happens to be leaving the theatre just as they enter—the very old Adolphe Dido who taught her to dance when she was a child. Then, quit-

ting Rawdon's arm, she pushes open a double red baize door, and leads the way along a passage and down some steps, to lighten whose obscurity even at this blazing hour of the summer day a half-turned jet of gas is necessary. Another moment, and they are in the midst of that atmosphere of carpentry, paint, and stale gas, those regions of canvas, trap-doors, and weird-looking stage machinery, which to Jane are the most familiar and cheerful surroundings the world can afford.

The rehearsal of the extravaganza is still going on, and to Rawdon's unprofessional eyes a pale and funereal piece of business it seems, with the yawning background of empty house; the orchestra playing just and only just sufficiently loud to mark the time, the middle-aged heroine, the pathetically shabby crowd of girls who are to shine forth as princesses in gold and silver bravery by night. "I'm glad we are in time for the finish," Jane whispers to him as they pause in an unoccupied corner of the stage. "You'll see Min directly; yes, there she is on the prompt side, in a lilac dress and pink bonnet. Now mind, I expect you to lose your heart to her on the spot."

Rawdon's eyes have to grow accustomed to the dim light around before he can discern any of the people on the stage with clearness, and then—then he certainly does not lose his heart to Miss Minnie Arundel. She is like her sister but without a tithe of Jane's grace and originality: she is Jane vulgarized. A good-tempered-looking, faded little woman of five-and-twenty, with brown hair cut in a line across her forehead, fine stage eyes, marred somewhat for daylight use by the ineffaceable traces of bismuth beneath the lower lids, and expressive large mouth and shapely white teeth, of which, whether before or behind the footlights, she makes the most—such is Miss Minnie Arundel.

Rawdon does not lose his heart, perhaps because he has not above an ounce of that organ left to lose; but he feels himself drawn toward the smiling face of the poor little humble actress as if by magic. Her bonnet is too bright a pink, and her dress too bright a lilac; and her mouth is too large, and her cheeks have been too long familiar with red paint and pearl powder to have any more natural bloom left than those of a ball-going young lady after four or five London seasons. But taken alto-

gether poor Min's is a good face, fresher, in one sense, than Lady Rose's or Loo Childers's. She speaks, having come forward in the very unimportant part assigned to her in the piece: her voice is sympathetic, the same kind of clear tuneful organ as Jane's, and Rawdon's predilection for her is complete.

"And that is my Uncle Dick," says Mrs. Theobald, when Rawdon has sounded as many notes of praise as he can compass on the score of Miss Arundel's charms. "Isn't he a dear old fellow? You are looking in the wrong direction; musician number three in the orchestra, just behind the author. There, he is wiping his trombone at this moment."

Musician number three is wiping his trombone, then his forehead, with a blue pocket handkerchief large enough for a moderate-sized mainsail, and relieved by orange spots. Honest, kindly Uncle Dick—with that shining, warm face of his (that has something of Jane in its expression), and that greasy coat collar, and that blue and orange pocket handkerchief! If there were no Francis Theobald, no Emma Marsland in the world, Rawdon Crosbie would give every terrestrial possession for the hope of calling Jane "wife." But it does occur to him, strongly, that he would rather Francis Theobald than himself should have the privilege of calling musician number three "Uncle."

"He took Min and me when we were little," says Jane, as though she divined his thoughts, "took us when he had work enough to do to get bread for himself, and brought us both up for the stage. Our father was killed by the fall of a lift; he was a scene-painter—did I ever tell you the family history?—and mother was dying of consumption; and then Uncle Dick came forward and paid—God knows how—for everything she wanted, and took us home when she was buried. I know he doesn't come within a hundred miles of what you or Theobald would call a gentleman, poor old fellow, and I know if he was a soberer man it would be all the better for himself. But if ever I get to heaven," says Jane warmly, "it will be a very poor place for me—I've told Theobald so often—unless Uncle Dick gets there too—yes, and is thought good and refined enough, every way, for general society."

The sentiment is not expressed in a very orthodox fashion, but the moisture in Jane's blue eyes shows how much she is in earnest. Rawdon asks, penitentially, to be introduced to Mr. Richard Johnson.

"Not to-day," says Jane, nodding to Uncle Dick, as, the rehearsal over, the musicians scuttle like mice through the orchestra door. "Nothing puts the dear old soul out more than to bother him when he is sleepy after rehearsal. Some evening, when we are in town next, I'll take you to his house to supper perhaps—unless you get married meantime. Now come and I'll introduce you to Min, and we can settle about to-night."

Miss Minnie Arundel and Rawdon fraternize, as Jane predicted, at once. A young fellow of two and twenty, who should not fraternize with Minnie Arundel, must be a very great philosopher or a very desperate fool indeed; perhaps both. She is sure she remembers his face down at Aldershot. Crosbie—in the Blues is he not? Oh, artillery. Well, at all events, she acted once with some Crosbie, or Croften, was it? in some regiment or other, and he was about Rawdon's height. She is certain, raising her dark eyes to his face, Rawdon would act beautifully in tender sentimental parts. Would he like some lessons from her? Very much indeed. What a pity she has no time to give him any, just at present!

"If you chaff the poor child like that, you'll frighten him away at once, Min," says Jane gravely. "He is not used to it. Mr. Crosbie belongs to a very serious family indeed."

"Then how comes Mr. Crosbie to be running about with you, Jenny dear?" asks the actress. They issue forth from the theatre together, and proceed all three in the direction of Jane's lodgings. Miss Arundel, as I mentioned, is dressed in most of the colors of the rainbow; the nameless untidiness of her dress, the freedom of her demeanor, her short-cut hair, her bismuthed eyes, all speak in plainest language to what profession and to what lowly rank of the profession she belongs. Now would be the time for the jointly-hired Hervey-Crosbie brougham, with its grand mock-private coachman, to pass along! The awful vision of such an encounter darts unbidden across Rawdon's brain, and with it a recollection that at this very moment he should be at No. 106

Bolton Row, appaelled in black suit and white cravat, for a family entertainment.

"You will dine with us at six," wrote Emma, in her little love-despatch of orders, "and we will go to whatever theatre Major Hervey takes a box for afterwards. But come as much sooner as you like. I shall dress early."

And here he is, sauntering cheerfully along at the side of Miss Arundel and Jane through Leicester Square, just as though time and liberty were his own possessions still! He takes out his watch with a sudden twinge of conscience, as the wording of Emma's note recurs to his mind, and discovers that it is already half-past five.

"If you want to run away, run," says Minnie Arundel, as if she were speaking to a child of six. "Little boys need never take out their watches twice in my society."

Rawdon explains, addressing Mrs. Theobald, for he is afraid of the lurking mockery in Min's black eyes, that he has an engagement, an unimportant one, but from which he must needs free himself before he goes away to his hotel to dress.

"I thought you told me an hour ago that you had no engagement at all?" Jane remarks.

"No engagement that could not be broken," answers Rawdon Crosbie.

"All engagements can be broken, if one has moral courage—moral courage and sufficient means to pay the forfeit-money," says the actress, whose turn of mind sharp contact with the world has rendered commercial.

"Moral courage and sufficient means to pay the forfeit-money." Rawdon hails a hansom, promising to call by half-past seven at Jane's lodgings; and as he rattles quickly along toward Bolton Row, he ponders long and deeply over the practical wisdom contained in Miss Minnie Arundel's remark.

mad, passionate devotion as his nature is capable of, he, Emma Marsland's affianced husband, is feeling for a woman, the tips of whose fingers he will never be allowed to kiss while he lives. Now, what does honor at a pass like this bid him do?

"All engagements may be broken if one has moral courage—moral courage and means sufficient to pay the forfeit money."

Has he such moral courage and such means? Courage to break the heart of the good and amiable girl who, until she became his betrothed wife, was his sister and best friend; means to pay the forfeit (not the loss of Emma's fortune—let me do Rawdon justice—this is the lightest of his considerations)—the forfeit of self-respect, of credit before his own family and before the world, which breach of faith so flagrant must entail?

Well, then, shall he tell the truth, the absolute, honorable, ridiculous truth, and let Emma deal with the future of both as she chooses? "I thought I loved you, my dear Emma," such a confession must run; "I was sure, at all events, that it was my mamma's wish we should marry; and as you have thirty thousand pounds, and as I knew that you had long ago bestowed your affections upon me, I proposed. And on the day you accepted me, my dear, I fell in love with some one else—needless, I believe, to mention her name—and have been stealthily seeing her and falling deeper and deeper in love ever since. She laughs in my face, was good enough a few days ago to tell me that her heart was not in her own keeping, and I think that this has had the effect of rendering my passion for her a little the stronger. The possession of a torn glove, of a faded flower that she has worn, renders me happier than would the gift, my dear Emma, of your hand and all the substantial blessings your hand would bring with it. However, as I am trying to act like a man of honor, you see, I tell you the truth. Do with me, decide for me, as you think best."

If he said this to Emma Marsland, nay, if he embodied the spirit of this in terms of the nicest circumlocution and delicacy, he would be a brute. And if he continues in the path wherein he walks at present, he will be a scoundrel. And—the cab turns with a jerk round the corner by Devonshire House into Bolton Row just at this point of his meditation—and what

CHAPTER XXIII.

THOSE DEAR HERVEYS.

For he can no longer hide from himself in what position he stands. If he did not realise the truth before, this sweetness of reconciliation, this hour and a half spent at Jane's side, have brought him to see it in its very nakedness at last. As much

the dickens, thinks Rawdon, descending suddenly from theory to practice, what the dickens can he say, short of absolute falsehood, that shall account to poor Emmy for his desertion of the family dinner party and the family theatre-going to-night?

He stops at No. 105, and bidding the cabman wait for him, runs up the steps and gives a knock whose loudness and decision is in a direct inverse ratio to his internal frame of mind. No. 105 Bolton Row is a lodging-house of the most private and elegant kind, the master of which, Mr. Maurice, after two o'clock in the day, transforms himself into a stately and imposing-looking family butler. Mr. Maurice has been in the confidence of the Hervey family for about half a century; needless to say that he knows all about the impending marriage between Rawdon Crosbie and Miss Marsland. "I am to discharge the cab, Mr. Rawdon?" This with a glance at Rawdon's morning coat, as Mr. Maurice, dignified and in full dress, stands on the summit of his own doorsteps.

"No," answers Rawdon shortly; "the cab will wait. My mother is at home, Maurice?"

"The ladies are in the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, sir."

And up the stairs walks Maurice, a model of all the respectabilities, in his patent shoes and black suit; Mr. Rawdon in his Oxford mixture, and with conscience to match, following.

He is ushered into the drawing-room, and for a moment sees neither Emma nor Mrs. Crosbie; sees only towering pyramids of silver-gray *moiré*, held aloft by a much grander dressed young gentleman than himself, whose insignia of office, a yard measure, lies, with laces, ribbons, and other adjuncts of female loveliness, on an adjacent table.

"Rawdon, at last," says Mrs. Crosbie, advancing and giving her son three fingers, but too engrossed in the thrilling perplexities of millinery to notice whether he is in orthodox sables or not. "Take care where you step, Rawdon; you find us in the middle of a most important matter. Yes," addressing herself to the shopman, "I am *almost* sure the *moiré* is not the right shade. I am thankful I saw it at home before having it cut. At a little distance it might be taken for a dirty

white. Emma, my dear, you are nearest to Mrs. Hervey; ask if she does not think the dress—especially for the occasion—will have too much the appearance of a dirty white?"

Emma, who is looking rather less attractive than usual in ribbons of the wrong color, stoops on this to a very handsome, very deaf old lady in an arm-chair, and shouts out the desired question: "Does Mrs. Hervey not think, when the *moiré* is made up, and considering the occasion it is wanted for"—here a meaning smile is furtively addressed by poor Emmy to Rawdon—"that it will have rather too much the look of a dirty white?"

"Considering what occasion?" says the old lady, raising her eyelids about the eighth of an inch. "Lower your voice, my dear Miss Marsland, and I shall understand. I never can hear when people speak so loud."

Old Mrs. Hervey is one of the most marvellous specimens of antique beauty ever seen. She is a Harvey by blood—it is an hereditary custom among these people to intermarry—and has the typical family face: a delicate, longish nose, that, if it only stood out sufficiently, would be a noble one; a mouth whose thin lips, even in extreme old age, keep their high-bred, scornful curves; a complexion of finest marble, discolored merely, not seamed by age; eyebrows elevated as though in pity of the rest of the world for not being Herveys; long-cut eyes, cold and black as jet, and the "Hervey eyelids." Her dress is of pearl-colored satin; Elizabethan ruffles of softest lace are round her throat and unwrinkled jewelled old hands; above her forehead ascends such a structure of snow-white hair—the most expensive color in the world, by the way—and yellowish Mechlin as Vandyk would have loved to paint. A marvellous specimen of antique beauty, preserved as only the antiseptic virtues of a cold heart could preserve any human creature for more than seventy years, and likely to last another decade or so with ease.

What shall kill a woman who has been strong enough to outlive youth and love, joy and sorrow, all hopes and all regrets? The friends and lovers of Mrs. Hervey's youth, her husband, her blooming sons and daughters (of whom only one wreck remains)—all these were gone from her, hushed in the mould long years ago. And

Mrs. Hervey not only lives on, but enjoys life—think of that, reader of twenty-five—enjoys life still! Divides her time between Bath, Cheltenham, and London; plays short whist with just as wholesome a gusto as erewhile she played long; goes to the theatres of the day to see French actresses and English breakdowns, as once she went to see Siddons and Kemble in their prime; lives in the world, and keeps the world's pace still. A wise old philosopher who conquers time by accommodating herself to time's changes—just that. This gift of long living would probably, if we understood it better, turn out to be only the gift of superior pliability. Mrs. Hervey has seen all fashions in manners, art, dress, morals, and has conformed herself to each in its turn. When she was born, George the Third and good Queen Charlotte had long been holding their model court of dull decorum and strictest domestic fidelity. Her early youth was spent under the influence of the Regency. Then, by the time she was middle-aged, had come a turn in the kaleidoscope, and the bits of glass were back in the old George the Third or courtly domestic pattern. And now, here is everybody wearing high heels to their shoes again, and rouge, and abjuring domesticity, and going to see Mademoiselle Boulotte.

Mrs. Hervey has known virtue to be in vogue and vice at a discount, and again vice regnant and virtue nowhere, not once, but a good many times during her life; the change recurring, indeed, almost with as regular persistency as large bonnets and small ones. And she has been a citizeness of the world, loyally following the world's current always.

At her request a box has been taken for the French play to-night.

"Boulotte is really an amusing creature," says Mrs. Hervey, "and as the play is in another language, we need understand no more about her than we think fit. We are sure of a better audience there than at any theatre in town; all the best people go to have a look at Boulotte, and a good audience is what a little country mouse like Miss Marsland should be taken to see."

It is some minutes before Rawdon, nervously watching the clock upon the mantelpiece, can get a chance of speaking. The silver-gray moiré—so a whisper from

Emma informs him—is to be "mamma's wedding dress, I mean the dress worn by mamma at our wedding." And having firmly resolved to become the possessor of this moiré, Mrs. Crosbie rings every disparaging change that she can think of with respect to it into the ears of the long-suffering, silken-tongued shopman. It will certainly look too much like dirty white for a bridal occasion. The water is not large enough. Every here and there—yes, but Mrs. Crosbie is certain of it—every here and there you can see a *decided unevenness* in the cord. Emma joins in chorus. The silken-tongued shopman explains; the ladies return to the charge; retire, make a feint of withdrawing wholly from the bargain; at last get the dress, "as it is the close of the season, not from any flaw in the article," for two guineas less than its original price. And then come the ribbons and the laces and the trimmings, all of which must be had at close-of-the-season prices too.

Sick at heart, fuming with impatience he dare not show, young Rawdon listens. Oh the paltriness, he thinks, the vulgarity, the sordid smallness of all this huckstering! Unless women wish to make the men to whom they belong despise them utterly, never should they suffer them to be present at these sorts of commercial transactions. Why, Helen herself would have lost half her lovers could her lovers have heard her haggling, an hour at a time, with a smirking man-milliner, over silk dresses and ribbons. But then men-milliners belong to such a much more advanced stage of civilization than Helen's.

At last it is over. The grandly-dressed young gentleman gathers up his remaining wares and bows himself backward from the room. And Rawdon, lashed by this time into a very fever of impatience, may speak.

"I'm sorry to say, Emmy, your note did not come soon enough. I am engaged for to-night."

"Engaged!" cries Emmy dismally. "Oh, Rawdon, how horrid of you! Oh, mamma, what shall we do?"

"Thirteen guineas for fifteen and a half yards," says Mrs. Crosbie, holding the dress between her shapely fingers and looking up dreamily at the ceiling. "That comes to less than eighteen shillings a yard. There can be no doubt of it, Emmy, silks are to be got cheaper in Tot-

tenham Court Road than at the West End shops. And if one has the *credit* of always dealing at Howell & James's," adds Mrs. Crosbie, "who can say where any particular thing comes from? Rawdon, I hope you admire the dress in which I mean to do honor to a certain great occasion?"

"I don't know which to admire most, mother," answers Rawdon, "the dress or the admirable principles of economy you displayed in buying it. I hope the bride-cake and favors are to be bargained for in the same fashion?"

The bride-cake and favors! Yes, his projects of truth-telling, of paying forfeit should honor bid him do so, have come to this already. Chafed in temper, wearied in spirit though Rawdon Crosbie may be, the sight, the very rustle of these wedding garments seem (boy that he is still at heart) to have irrevocably sealed his doom. Half an hour ago reprieve might have been possible. He can hear the "Never, never" sounding from every fold of the gray *moiré*, held, like the web of fate, between his mother's hands. The more reason, thinks Rawdon, with another glance at the clock, to make the most of this dwindling span of liberty that is still his; of this evening, this whole intoxicating, unlawful, most delightful evening, from half-past seven till twelve, that he is to pass at Jane's side.

There is silence after his little question about the bride-cake and favors—silence relieved after a few moments by a deprecating "ahem" from behind Mrs. Hervey's easy-chair.

"After the breaking off of Miss Copplestone's marriage," says a Hervey voice, "after the breaking off of Adelina Copplestone's marriage with the Hon. Charles Gascoigne, I remember the cake was put up for sale in the window of the chief confectioner at Harrowgate. It was thought rather bad taste on the part of the Copplestone family; still, as dear old Lady Copplestone said, 'What is the use of a wedding cake except at a wedding?' And a doctor, or solicitor, or some such person, eventually bought it, at cost price, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage."

Old Mrs. Hervey opens her eyes, which have been closed ever since she gave her final opinion on the silver-gray *moiré*.

"What in the world are you talking about Maria? You speak more unintel-

ligibly every day. Repeat your observation, pray, and distinctly. It drives me distracted to hear people mumbling their words as if they were ashamed of them."

Upon this the narrative has to be repeated, vociferated, syllable by syllable, into the old lady's ear.

"Who are the Copplestones, and where is the point?" is her chilling commentary. "Don't get into the habit of telling pointless stories, my good Maria. Life is quite tedious enough already without that."

My good Maria is old Mrs. Hervey's unpaid white slave or companion, and another Hervey. She is a young lady of dim and shadowy age, who until a few years ago haunted the ball-room walls of one of our inland watering-towns with mournful tenacity, and from whose heart a solitary matrimonial hope has not yet fled. Tall and waspish of figure, acid of expression, sallow with the sallowness engendered by a life to which exercise and fresh air are alike unknown, my good Maria has certainly not her share of the family looks. She will tell you confidentially that she had eyelashes, complexion, animation once, but adds with pathetic truthfulness that she lost them all after measles. And old Mrs. Hervey will not allow her to patch up deficiencies by art. "In our position, my good Maria, the less we try to attract the attention of others the better taste we shall show." As a consequence Maria's face is, like her whole poor, disappointed, colorless existence, a blank.

She is the most useful Companion to Polite Society or addenda to the Peerage extant; old Mrs. Hervey knows that no money could ever refill her good Maria's place did she lose her; has the nobility by heart, and is a positive new edition, with notes, of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland. Who's who? is no mystery to Maria Hervey. She can tell you to a nicety where everybody was born, and where their grandfather was buried, and the exact date when plebeian blood from the veins of a "solicitor, or doctor, or some such person," first made its way into the family. Especially are the marriages and burials of defunct Herveys her glory and delight. With her own fair fingers she has drawn out a miraculously minute and ancient genealogical record, showing forth all the noble families who

from the time of Edward the Sixth downward, have contracted alliances with her ancestors. She etches little pen-and-ink bits of architecture on card (mostly constructed on the principle of the famous leaning tower of Bologna), and presents them to strangers as the tombs or birth-places of the Herveys. She knows English history well, in as far as it forms a framework or background to Hervey existence; can tell you accurately at what siege one of her forefathers devoured his own leathern doublet, and at what battle another, both arms shot away, managed to get his bridle round his neck, and thrice shouting "*Pour y parvenir*," the family motto, rushed on, followed by every Hervey on the field, for a glorious martyrdom.

"An invaluable dictionary of reference, though somewhat badly bound," Mrs. Hervey says of her in her pleasant, cruel way. To be ill-favored in person is, in the old lady's eyes, the worst crime a woman and a Hervey can commit. "If my good Maria married, it would positively take a library to replace her. Happily, there is little chance of that."

Between Maria and Rawdon Crosbie there has long existed bitter blood, on Maria's side at least. When Rawdon was a small boy he once sent Miss Hervey a valentine drawn by himself, in which occurred a richly illuminated device of a Hervey swimming toward the ark after the deluge, with the family pedigree between his teeth. And Maria never could get rid of the affront. She spits forth a little mild venom at him now.

"Rawdon spoke of bargaining for the bride-cake and favors, ma'am. I mentioned the Copplestones to show that there may be extraordinary instances of such things going cheap. Adelina Copplestone was an heiress," adds Maria with spiteful retrospection, "and changed her mind about the Hon. Charles Gascoigne quite at the last, Rawdon."

"And did the Hon. Charles drown himself, Maria?" Rawdon asks. "You know how interested I am in every detail connected with the aristocracy."

Before Maria can answer, Mrs. Crosbie, waking at length from the contemplation of her moiré, remarks that her son is not in evening dress. Is Rawdon aware that in another five minutes dinner will be on the table?

And now, his mother asking him questions, the eyes of Emma, of old Mrs. Hervey, of Maria, all fixed upon him, he must put his defalcation in the best light he can. If Emmy's note had come one post earlier—an engagement to dine with an old academy chum, starting for China next week—an engagement there is *no* getting out of. He meant to say a simple honest "No," and started by saying it. Before he knows where he is, he finds himself drawn on into half a dozen small white lies—very small, very white ones, but that are lies notwithstanding, and that, sooner than he wots of, may rise up in judgment against him.

"Whatever pleases you, pleases us," cries Emma, doing her best to be dignified and cool. "Fortunately, we are not left quite without an escort. Fortunately, Major Hervey has not thrown us over at the last."

A loud double knock comes at the house door at this very moment. "There is Alfred," says the old lady, raising her eyelids by about the sixth of an inch. "Punctual to the moment as usual. You young men of the new school, Rawdon—Miss Marsland, you allow me to lecture, I hope?—might take an example in punctuality from Alfred."

Rawdon, who wants neither examples nor lectures either just at present, takes his leave with all the haste he can; and closely following his departure Major Hervey, Alfred Hervey, the celebrated Adonis and flower of all the Herveys, is ushered with ceremony by Mr. Maurice into the drawing-room.

Adonis is a small, very well made man, who gets up for thirty-eight, and is, in reality, slightly over fifty; like his mother, but with every peculiarity of the Hervey face accentuated—the contemptuous eyebrows more upraised, the lids more drooping, the delicate greyhound nose flatter to the face. Not a handsome man, above all in profile; and yet one who, if only a fraction of his own modest hints are to be believed, has proved more destructive to women's hearts and to the domestic peace of households than any acknowledged Beauty man in London.

No one knows how or why Alfred Hervey was first christened Adonis. I believe that he originated and stood sponsor for the name himself in the first instance, and that the world adopted it as a covert weap-

on of ridicule afterwards. But the Hervey construction of intellect would never allow any member of the family to realize the possibility of his or her being ridiculed.

"These sobriquets are a sort of heirloom with us," says Adonis, pulling down his long purple-black whiskers, and looking at you from under his heavy eyelids. "Recollect the celebrated Handsome Hervey, time of George I.? Not our branch of the family—came over three hundred years before they were heard of—still, the Hervey name—aw"—all Major Hervey's speeches "um" and "aw" themselves into nonentity before he has done with them—"the Hervey family. This kind of sobriquet—er—quite an heirloom in the family."

He advances to his mother and goes through the form of imprinting a salute upon her white old cheek; then, having languidly bestowed his small gloved hand upon Mrs. Crosbie (and a forefinger upon Maria) on his way, comes to Emma's side—poor little Emma, who from behind the window-curtain has been watching the hansom that bore Rawdon away, and at the present moment is trying with all the fortitude she possesses to keep herself from tears.

Adonis expresses his happiness at finding the heiress alone. He whispers, so close that his whiskers tickle her ear, that she never before looked so charming. He makes her feel, without uttering Rawdon Crosbie's name, that her lover is a monster of cruelty and bad taste for having left her.

"I suppose you know, then, that Rawdon has deserted us for good?" cries Emma. "I suppose you know that we are thrown altogether upon your tender mercies, Major Hervey?"

"Rawdon rushed past me—an avalanche, upon my word an avalanche—on the stairs," says the beau. "His face and size"—Adonis has an irrepressible dislike for men a head and shoulders taller than himself—"his face and size—er made me retreat as far as possible; but I assumed, *en passant*, from Rawdon's appearance, that he could scarcely be thinking of spending the evening in the society of ladies."

"And we have no one to take care of us

but you. Think of that, Major Hervey," says Emma piteously; "four forlorn ladies all under your charge."

Old Mrs. Hervey, whose power of hearing is curiously capricious, turns her head round on this toward her son and Emma. "What is that you are saying, Miss Marsland?" she asks in her silvery, well-bred, insincere old treble. "Four ladies under Alfred's charge? In virtue of my preadamite age you reckon me as two, I conclude?"

Emma answers that Rawdon's place—with a little tremble of the voice, this—Rawdon's place being left vacant, she imagined Maria would like to occupy it.

"You are very obliging, my dear," says the old lady calmly, "very obliging; but I think not. Our good Maria has letters to write this evening."

Our good Maria, used though she is to being left at home on every occasion when her services are not absolutely wanted, bites her lip and colors. "I think I should like to go to the theatre this once," she says faintly, and gives a glance toward her one hope in existence, Major Hervey.

"Five people are a wrong number for any box," answers Adonis with cold-blooded promptness. "Even with four, impossible for every one to see the stage."

"But I don't care for seeing the stage. I prefer the back place. I prefer—"

"My good Maria," says the old lady suavely, "let us have no discussion. You have your letters to write, and we will tell you to-morrow what we think of Mademoiselle Boulotte."

So it is settled. They go down to dinner in old Mrs. Hervey's parlor, which she kindly lends to her relations during their stay in town as a dining-room. Mrs. Crosbie, that is to say, orders the daily dinner (and pays for it), and the old lady and Maria are saved the trouble of ordering theirs. The Herveys have a perfect genius for doing kindnesses of this unostentatious sort to their friends.

Emma is placed next to Adonis, and by the time dinner is over has almost ceased to regret young Rawdon's absence. She loves Rawdon Crosbie heart and soul; loves him as youth loves youth. But the flatteries, the tender whispers of the hard-

ened old heiress-hunter at her side do not fall altogether powerless on her ear. Long ago, before it was at all a settled thing that she was to be Rawdon's wife, Emma in her inmost heart knew that if she chose she might be Major Hervey's; I think had decided that such a fate would be endurable. Such love as she felt for Rawdon she could of course never feel for this elderly Adonis; but she admired him, took him at his own valuation, said to herself that even Rawdon would be improved could he only adopt the finished dress, the Grandisonian manner, the exquisite refinement of style of Major Hervey. "Wherever Adonis goes people look at him, and every one knows him, and he knows every one, and it makes one feel like somebody to be with him." To many a plain little country girl as well as Emma Marsland, these are powerful attractions for a man who lays himself at *her* feet to possess.

By the time dinner is over Emma has got over her disappointment at her lover's absence; by the time they are leaving their box at the theatre has almost forgotten the existence of any other man in the world but Major Hervey. The house, as old Mrs. Hervey foretold, is crowded with the best people in London, from royalty downward. Bows and smiles of recognition come to Adonis from every side. He points out to Emma's dazzled gaze lords, ladies, foreign ambassadors, two cabinet ministers, and a dean in disguise, all looking delighted with the vivacities of Made-moiselle Boulotte. Poor Rawdon! sacrificing himself at the dull altar of friendship with that academy ohum of his who is bound for China. Emma cannot but feel some twinges of remorse as she thinks of him, and reflects upon her own enjoyment, her own readiness to be consoled by other society in his absence.

When they are leaving the theatre old Mrs. Hervey declares herself ready for supper. (Think, reader, of the constitution such a declaration implies. After seventy years' eating and drinking, to be able to dine at six and cry out for supper at eleven!) "You young people have grown too delicate or dine too late to care about supper," she remarks. "In my day we would have given nothing for Sid-dons herself unless we had supper after-

ward. What do you say, Miss Marsland? Shall Alfred take us somewhere—I suppose such places exist—where we can have another hour of each other's society and a chicken salad as well?"

Emma, never averse to the prospect of sustenance, gives an animated yes to this proposal; and Adonis is called upon to think of some restaurant to which ladies, at this hour of the night, may *with propriety*—the parenthesis from Mrs. Crosbie—be taken for refreshments.

He answers, with withered playfulness, that he considers—upon his soul, he considers his mother the fastest *débutante* of the season. At this hour of the night where may ladies be taken without impropriety? Well, really, Adonis asks, where may ladies nowadays not be taken without impropriety? You know there's that corner place close to the Haymarket—Wilmot's, Wilcock's, what the deuce is the name of it? corner place—where you are not inordinately poisoned, for an English restaurant. Wilcock's, of course it is. Liable to mixed company—actresses and that sort of thing; still, every one goes to Wilcock's—every one. Major Hervey's particular friend, the Marchioness of Veriphast, and her cousin Lady Caroline, were there together only the other night; and the best of the joke was, poor Lady Caroline ran across her own husband—had it from the Marchioness herself.

"Well, wherever such excellent examples lead we surely may follow," says the old lady gayly. Mrs. Hervey is really the liveliest companion imaginable to go about London with; has always stupidly left her purse behind her (a family trick of forgetfulness in Adonis also); but, except as regards the payment of money, ready and full of spirit for everything. "Now, what do you say, Juliana; may we venture with safety?"

And Mrs. Crosbie, the still small voice drowned, I fear, in the music of that delicious word "Marchioness," has not strength of mind to say "No."

So to the corner place near the Haymarket, where you are not inordinately poisoned, but where actresses and that sort of thing may have to be encountered, the coachman of the mock-private Hervey and Crosbie brougham is ordered to proceed.

EDINBURGH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THERE are few more pleasant ways of spending a summer's day than to pass the morning hours in wandering about the ancient city of York, gazing your last upon its curious old walls, its placid river Ouse, and its glorious Minster, then to take the train for Edinburgh, and, travelling comfortably and speedily north, with glimpses of the scenery, which rapidly grows wilder and becomes more like American scenery as you approach Scotland, finish your day in Edinburgh.

And you have one great advantage at Edinburgh. You are met on the threshold of the city by a most hospitable nobleman, who proceeds to do the honors of the town with a rare and unequalled courtesy. You mutter against him none of those ejaculations which you have been uttering against the tiresome cicerones of other places. You cannot tire him, nor can he, unless you are entirely deficient in imagination, tire you. Whatever is beautiful becomes more so as he points it out to you, and over whatever is ugly he throws the royal mantle of his imagination, until the very streets are paved "with patines of bright gold."

The name of this hospitable nobleman is, as you have guessed, Sir Walter Scott. It requires one glance only at Edinburgh, the city he so dearly loved, to understand his rapturous greeting—

Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers!

But the best of memories will not serve to bring back to you *all* that he has said to immortalize its history, legends, and natural beauties.

Edinburgh is ready, however, with its wonderful picturesqueness to astonish you, and to affirm for itself all that its ardent admirers have claimed for it. So beautiful and unusual is it that you rub your eyes to assure yourself that you are not dreaming. Can that be a real rock which outlines one side of the railway, while a glorious city springs up on the other? Yes, that is one of the spires of the great Rock of the Castle, that stupendous giant Rock which sends its long fingers down into the

valley. And is this the old town, with its sixteen-story houses? and is that the new town, grand, respectable, palatial? Yes; here wildness and finish, palace and precipice, newness and oldness, are all mixed, like those fantastic dreams in which you marry an Indian chieftain in red paint and feathers to Mary Queen of Scots in her bravery of black velvet, white coif, and pearls.

Mary, Queen, reigns here still. What reader of history does not seek first for the window of the old Castle from which she so often looked down? How furtively you glance up the Canongate to see if she is not gayly riding down, on her

—palfrey proudly prancing,
For he knew he bore a queen?

How your eyes seek out Holyrood, and how soon your faithful footsteps make the pilgrimage thither to see the "real blood-stains" where Rizzio fell. It is astonishing we never tire of her, or of the smallest fragment of her story.

But to "begin at the beginning," as the children say. The Rock of the old Castle is the keynote to Edinburgh. Here first the village and then the city crept up under the shadow of this natural fortalice, which protected their infant kingdom from the days of Eadwin, one of the Northumbrian kings (and who gave the city its name), down through the stormy times of David, Alexander, Malcolm, William the Lion, and so on.

To write the history of this Rock and Castle would be to write the history of Scotland. Let it be enough for us to see how it looks now, and what it looks down upon. For a few days eyes and memory, past and present, have a battle of it. You want merely to look, and you know you ought to remember.

The Castle, which in itself is the most striking object to look at, is also the best place to look from. Therefrom you gain the best idea of Edinburgh, with its hills and hollows, its superb boundary of Salisbury Crags, the Frith of Forth, its glorious parks, statues, churches, Arthur's Seat, and Calton Hill.

There, leaning on "Mons Meg," the

curious old gun, you look at this scene of unrivalled beauty till your eyes are dim. "Coast cities alone are queens," says one of the eloquent lovers of Edinburgh: here is indeed one in her own right, a crowned queen of beauty.

One of these descriptions floated through my memory as I looked. I give it in its completeness:

During the day the Castle looks down upon the city as if out of another world; stern with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slopes of grass. The rock is dingy enough in color, but after a shower its lichens laugh out greenly in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow which the Castle throws at noon over the gardens at its feet where the children play! how grand when its giant bulk and towering crown blacken against sunset!

Standing here, and gazing on the glorious view beneath me, with the frowning battlements of the Castle behind me, with Romance and History contending for the mastery, what was needed but the charm of music? and at that moment it came, solemn, beautiful, appropriate, some minor strains rich and heavy with feeling. It was the regimental band of the Fourth Highlanders, who then garrisoned the Castle. They came winding up the palisaded path, flinging their music to the winds and to me, and adding, with their Gaelic dress, plumed bonnets, and bright plaids, a gleam of color to the gray fortress. For Edinburgh Castle, although no longer of importance for defence, does duty as a barrack, and serves, as the guide book sententiously remarks, "for some purposes of state pageantry."

Within the Castle, I remember but two rooms. In one the regalia of Scotland is preserved. Some faded crowns, some rusty-looking chains, some jewels bequeathed by the Cardinal of York, "the last of the Stuarts," some curious relics, a few brilliant gems, all full of suggestion and association, lie here under a glass case. Sir Walter Scott wrote a history of them, which you buy on the spot for sixpence, which is worth more than all the jewels. He describes their loss for seventy years; the fear that England had carried them off; the pleasure with which Edinburghers heard that the iron chest was intact; "the wise and beneficent consent" of the Regent that it might be opened; the grave and dignified company who assem-

bled to open it; and the deep, abiding joy which filled every heart, as they discovered that the ancient regalia of Scotland, so intertwined with her history, so dear to every Scottish heart, lay there intact. You can almost feel the swelling of his heart as he describes the salute fired by "Mons Meg," and the unfurling of the flag, and the shouts of triumph from the citizens, as they learned that their ancient emblems were still in their own custody.

How the antiquary and poet revels in the old description, in antique spelling, of the gems:

"The Croune had in the neder circle thair of nine granities, four fasilentis, three counterfate emeraudes, four amatyetis, and tweanty-twa pearlie," and so on.

I suppose the "counterfate emeraudes" got in in those troublous times when there was "scandalous dilapidation" made upon the crown jewels by the Regent Murray and the enemies of Queen Mary; perhaps the same sacrilegious hand which stole her black pearls and sold them, to use the money against her, may have also appropriated the real "emeraudes."

We can readily imagine how gladly the "Lord President, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh," and all the other grave Scotsmen who conducted this search for the regalia, saw in the modest barrister, Walter Scott, Esq., the man who was to write the story of the regalia. They gave to him the congenial task. Dipped anew in the crucible of his genius, the faded emblems of a departed sovereignty flash out with pristine splendor; the diamonds glow; the rubies reveal their hidden fire; and even the "counterfate emeraudes" show an unwonted brilliancy, and "keep his memory green."

The other room which I remember is the one in which James I. of England and VI. of Scotland was born. There are the pretty lines emblazoned on the wall, which his beautiful young mother—then only twenty years old—wrote to him. Who can read them unmoved? Who can look on this mean apartment, these stone walls, and not pity Scotland's anointed Queen? The meanest cottager in Scotland has more comfort to-day than she had in that hard, ferocious Scotland, her fatal inheritance. Here are the lines in old English:

Lord Jess Chryst, that erounit was with thornes,
 Preserve the birth quhals Badgie hair is borne,
 And send hir soune successioun to Reigne stille
 Lang in this Realme, if that it be thy wille.
 Als' grant, O Lord, quhat ever of hir proceed
 Be to thy Honor and Praise, seheid.

19. Junii 1568.

It seems hard, after reading this, to believe in the horrible story of the neighboring "Kirk of Field"; and it must always be remembered in poor Mary's defence, that everything she wrote remains to praise her. From her girlish letters down to her magnificent Latin prayer, everything speaks an accomplished, religious, and noble mind.

The author of the "Cloister Life of Charles V.," a most learned and agreeable Scotchman, Sir William Sterling Maxwell of Kier, said of Mary: "She has influenced every age since, more than she did her own."

They show you a window in this room where James was born which gives on an immense and fearful precipice. The legend runs that Mary let the baby down in a basket one dark night, that he might be baptized by a Catholic priest. It looks a perilous journey enough for the poor little fellow, but he made others quite as perilous before he came to his inheritance; and unfortunately for his fame as a sensible man, he survived them all.

We came from the Castle down the great street running to Holyrood, called variously the "Lawnmarket," the "High street," and the "Canongate." Here are those curious houses of which we have heard, which climb heavenward.

This romantic and picturesque "old town" now is given over to a seething population of pauperism, one of Nature's quarries of bone and muscle, which she leaves to the influence of cold and poverty, making a hardy race who can do the work of the world. The manufacture is not interesting to any of the senses. It is one of the sights which make the American traveller grateful for the broad acres and equal rights of his own land; and if he have a particle of philanthropy, he prays that the denizens of these overcrowded streets may be transported on some "enchanted carpet" to our own Western prairies.

A drive of a Sunday afternoon around the "Queen's Walk," which surrounds Arthur's Seat, brought us to see the better class of the poor people, who came out to

take their pleasure in their holiday. This was a pleasant sight; not unlike our own Central Park on a similar occasion. This drive and its views are of course delightful. You see "Muscat's Cave," St. Anthony's chapel, Jeannie Deans's cottage, and other scenes familiar to the readers of the "Heart of Midlothian."

I owe a great debt to that novel. It was the first. It opened to me the flood-gates of fiction, in whose delightful waters I have since bathed freely, to my great instruction and delectation; and I was sorry to see on the site of the old Tolbooth a real stone heart built into the pavement. It materialized too much the beautiful and suggestive title.

The visits to Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh Abbey, to the richly-decorated chapel of Roslyn, were of course the proper pilgrimages. Abbotsford has been too often described to need another word. Yet it is new, fresh, interesting to an American. Unfortunately it is too new. The care taken of the relics of Sir Walter is most commendable, and the family pictures, his old chair, his beautiful library, and the last suit of clothes he wore, are all interesting and affecting.

I found, however, more of him at Melrose. In the churchyard were some memorials he had reared to his faithful servants; there was the stone on which he used to sit looking at the carvings, many of which he caused to be copied for his house at Abbotsford. The drive to Dryburgh, where he lies buried, is indeed most interesting. The country is charming, and Dryburgh a picturesque ruin. Under one of the arches, which looks as if it too would fall before long, lies Sir Walter Scott. His noble relative, the Earl of Buchan, gave him right of sepulture here, which right he dearly prized. It seems strange to us that any nobleman had such place and power that Sir Walter Scott must ask and thank him for a grave. To us it seems as if all Scotland were his, and that he had but to choose. But it is a lovely and appropriate place. The ivy hangs in long banners from the ruined battlements, and the gray old stones, the richly-sculptured rose-window, still left intact amid the general decay, are so exactly what he has described a thousand times in his own immortal words, that you leave him to his rest with the feeling that he is fitly lodged.

His wife, Lockhart, and his son Colonel Sir Walter Scott, who died at the age of forty, coming home from India, share the tomb with him.

Leaving Dryburgh, and to regain the high-road, we were obliged to walk through a "pleached alley," like that down which "Beatrice like a lapwing runs," a delicious bower of shade and retirement. Where it opened on the dusty highway we met a lady, who, recognising in us pilgrims to the shrine of him whom all Scotland loves, asked us to take a little walk to the right and enjoy a view from her grounds. So she opened with a key a door in a wall, and we found ourselves in one of those jealously-guarded lovely spots, an old avenue and carefully-kept lawns, from which we saw the curious notched hills which Michael Scott is said to have taken on his back and to have deposited on the other side of the valley. These were the "Eildon Hills," and we crossed the Tweed in an open row-boat at the famous ford where "Father Philip" met the "white lady of Avenel."

What haunted ground! I have heard often that the next generation will not read Scott; that we have outgrown his books; and that they are to be put on the shelf. So much the worse for the next generation! The age that can do without Scott is a poorer age than that which could not do without him; and I do not envy those who shall hereafter visit this poetic region, whose romance is history, and whose history is romance, who have not with them the golden memories of a life-long intimacy with his unrivalled books.

Roslyn Chapel is the richest specimen of ecclesiastical work in Scotland. The sculptures are like lace-work, the roof especially rich. I have a photograph of the roof which looks like a pattern of Honiton lace. The chapel unites "the solidity of the Norman with the latest specimens of the Tudor age," and it is a happy union.

Here is one of those richly-sculptured pillars, unlike the rest, which you sometimes find in these old Norman chapels, as if some one genius, too original to copy, had worked out his dream of beauty his own way. The story runs that the apprentice, more clever than the master, did this in the master's absence; but that the master on his return, devoured by jealousy, killed him on the spot. They show

you his mother's face among the sculptures; a face divinely sad, almost like those women's faces at the foot of the cross—the apotheosis of maternal sorrow, bearing the mark of a wound that never heals. I believe, however, to spoil the story, that this legend of the "'Prontice's Pillar'" is told in more chapels than this.

Certainly the work done in stone, in an age we are disposed to consider and call "barbarous," is a severe commentary on the use of words. Such work *may* be done now; it *might* be done now; but it is *not* done now. Look at the exquisite traceries of Melrose; those leaves so tenderly detached from the main stone, that you can run a spear of grass in and out their involuted curves. Look at Roslyn, built in 1446. When will the rich cities of the present day present such stone work? Is it that in the religious retirement of those ages, when convent and church were the only safe refuge for men of artistic tastes, the patient idealist worked all through his life, and then handed to another his exquisite design? This chapel bears the quotation from the book of Ecdras: "Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas." Which I commend to the woman's rights movement.

The chapel is interesting to the general reader by its being the subject of Sir Walter's fine ballad of "Rosabelle."

Oh, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell.
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle!

All about in this delicious region lie
Auchindinny's hazel glade
And haunted Woodhouselee.
Who loves not Melville's beechy grove
And Roslyn's rocky glen;
Dalketh, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Near by is Sir Walter's cottage at Lasswade, where he is said to have spent some of the happiest hours of his life.

The landlady at the little inn where we lunched remembered him well, and bore the universal testimony to his kindly manners and noble character. Surely no literary man in the world has left so pure a record as Sir Walter Scott.

Dalkeith Palace is simply one of those superb residences of which one sees so many in these fortunate isles. It is inter-

esting historically as the residence of Monmouth, and as the temporary abode of Charles I. in 1633. The gardens and park are as perfectly cared for and present as much beauty as those of Blenheim or Eton Hall, or other show houses of Great Britain, and praise can go no further. I was much delighted with the heavy masses of the rhododendron, our American shrub, made much of in England and Scotland, and in that more genial clime becoming an ornamental plant of rarest beauty.

The present Duke of Buccleugh, the inhabitant and owner of Dalkeith, is one of the richest noblemen of Scotland, and owns, I believe, nearly a whole county. To these men, who are really princes, the traveller from the New World owes much—perhaps I should say to the system which makes them. With time and noble ancestry behind them, with boundless wealth, why should they not show the rest of the world how much can be done to adorn, enrich, and beautify this thing we call Life?

For the sake of the "Fortunes of Nigel," I am afraid, more than for its intrinsic merits, did we go to see Heriot's Hospital. "For the wealth God has sent me, it shall not want inheritors while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie," says George Heriot, in the pages of the novel. And we saw some of these orphan lads, two hundred years after their benefactor had ceased to breathe, enjoying his thoughtful bounty. I stopped one of them, a pretty, light-haired fellow, who was scampering across the court with his Latin book in his hand, and asked him what he studied. I found that he was going through the usual course of a boy at one of our public schools. He seemed happy and well fed, and answered my questions with the unconscious, pleasant, boyish simplicity which should belong to thirteen, which was his age; and so his careless, happy face disappeared under the gray archway (built by Inigo Jones), leaving with me a human memory to add to the many which the name of George Heriot awakens in the novel-reader, and affirming the value of the sentiment put into his mouth by the great enchanter: "I think mine own estate and memory, as I shall order it, has a fair chance of outliving those of greater men."

John Knox's house is exceedingly picturesque, much more so than *he* was. If the old iconoclast were living now, he would tear it down and build an ugly square red brick one. Over the door is the admonitory inscription, the latter part of which he certainly did not take to heart: "Love God above all, and your neighbor as yourself."

The Canongate! "down which once limped a little lame boy who was to write its Chronicles." How sad that this noble street should be given over to filth and irremediable poverty. It is "pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous," to walk through this famous street now. Scotland should have bought it and consecrated it to the memory of the past. But apart from its own picturesqueness, it leads to Holyrood. "Sic itur ad astra." This is the way to "Mary Queen of Scots." Noble old palace, fitly backgrounded by Arthur's Seat, it looks all the lonely celebrity that it has. A sort of "neighborly remoteness" connects it with the city; it is in and not of Edinburgh. Not a half mile from one of the busiest cities in the world, it is as alone as if in the centre of the great desert.

"I feel," says Mr. Howell in his "Venetian Sketches," "that when I attempt to describe the Lido, my pen catches in the tatters of a threadbare theme." With his pen the tatters would soon have become cloth of gold. I dare not hope for such good fortune. I must get away from Holyrood as soon as I can; with this solitary remark, that the supper room where Rizzio is said to have been killed, and where Mary and Darnley, four or five ladies, courtiers, and the iron-clad warriors who stabbed the poor, defenceless, deformed little musician, are supposed to have been, will not hold at the present moment more than four people standing; so that I constructed a new arrangement, an improvement on history, and placed the table in the large outer room, where the bed now stands, and from which as they dragged the bleeding victim his dying struggles may have well been finished at the top of the stairs where you see the blood-stains.

It is hard to tear oneself away from Holyrood, both in reality and in memory; but there is one castle near Edinburgh which has not, I think, been done to death by tour-

ists. It is the ivy-crowned, owl-haunted, stern old ruin of Craigmillar. We drove thither from Dalkeith one lovely summer evening, and saw the splendid view which it commands by the double charms of sunset and moonrise. It is said to have a secret underground passage which leads to Edinburgh Castle. A human skeleton was found built up in the walls in 1813. It is a strong tower flanked by turrets, a most interesting and curious ruin. For the time it must have been a noble residence, far surpassing the Scotch castles of its day. Here Queen Mary lived so often that the adjacent village, filled by her French guards and servants, acquired the name of "Little France."

It seemed a pity that such noble walls, large rooms, and beautiful prospects should not be utilized. "It would require a royal equipage to fill it and keep it up," said the poor old woman who shows the ruin to strangers. It was well said, for the word "royal" seems to pertain to Craigmillar. What a chance for the budding Radcliffes does this old ruin offer, with its skeleton and its underground passage!

One concession, and one only, did we make to the present century. That was a drive to New Haven to realize our "Christie Johnstone." That first, freshest, and still to me most delightful novel of Charles Reade, has given the little fishing village of New Haven a world-wide renown. We saw no Christie Johnstones, but the costumes of the women are curious, and the expedition was pronounced a success.

Yes, one more concession to the present—Sir Walter's monument in East Prince's street Garden. This is a handsome iron monument two hundred feet high, enriched by statues of Scott's principal characters. It is interesting, too, as memorializing the sad fate of the architect, Mr. Kemp, who died young, just before it was finished. He produced the design for this elegant Gothic tower, as he said himself, from studies of the beauties of Melrose.

But the best part of this monument is the part which cannot be seen. It is the inscription on the plate beneath the foundation stone. It is written by Lord Jeffrey, and, as the tribute of one man of genius to another, seems to me one of the finest things in literature:

This graven plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the 15th day of August, in the year of Christ 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten.

He was born at Edinburgh 15th August, 1771, and died at Abbotsford 21st September, 1832.

The other great names of Edinburgh suffer on a first visit a temporary eclipse before the radiance of Scott; but on another visit I am sure the reader would gladly follow up the remembrance of "Kit North," of Dugald Stewart, of Allan Ramsey, "the gentle shepherd," and of many others. The genial author of "Rab and his Friends" is still living, but was not, we were told, well, or able to see visitors. Let us hope that the hand which has given such pleasure to the world and has patted the head of so many good dogs, may not lose its cunning, nor the fine mind of the author of "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" suffer a decay.

Edinburgh is not "done in a day." I have not mentioned half its points of interest. I can only wish the visitor to its romantic borders fine weather, good health, and a devout knowledge of the works of Walter Scott. Armed with these weapons, he could be happy anywhere, but doubly happy in that city whose boundaries are the Frith of Forth, the water of Leith, Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat.

M. E. W. S

THE MAN I DID NOT MARRY.

I THINK that her ultimate destiny as somebody's wife is one of the earliest impressions received by the feminine soul. Is not our tender infancy one prolonged series of bridal processions, where dolls in white satin and veils marry dolls in dress-coats and boots to-day, and are not those same boots and coats mated afresh with other satins and veils to-morrow? And from these early antitypes of disinterested maternal diplomacy we pass easily to speculation upon our own possible future. I distinctly remember that at six years of age I had firmly resolved that nothing should induce me to marry Tommy, the son of our next-door neighbor; for Tommy was greedy, and refused to share with me a beautiful cocoanut cake with a red centre, for a taste of which my mouth watered; and when I said with tears in my voice, "Please, Tommy, just a little bite," Tommy made a derisive gesture (known to boys) with his nose and thumb, and holding the tempting morsel just out of my reach, asked in withering accents, "Will you have it now or wait till you get it?" No, I never would marry a Greedy.

I still meant to marry somebody, however; but my somebody was a long time in growing up to man's estate. He passed through many stages; migrated into as many forms as a Hindoo's soul; and in proportion to the amount of incense poured at each shrine, was the loathing which ensued when the smoke blew away and I saw of what cheap material my idol was made. At fourteen I went to dancing-school with George. George was a head taller and three years older than myself, so I looked up to him as a man; he knew Latin, so I revered him as a sage. George always danced with me, and I lent him my seal ring to wear. I declined dancing with the small boys, and pinched my feet almost numb that he might compliment me on my beautiful little bronze boots. But one day George gave me back my ring saying he was afraid he might lose it. "Oh, no matter if you do," I replied, feeling it would be happiness to have my ring even lost by

George. But no; he said, "I think I won't keep it any longer, Ellie." He did not ask me to dance again that day, and he danced four times with Daisy Jones, a new girl and a very pretty one. I turned my back hair to them, and hummed a second to the fiddles very loud when they passed me; but my heart sank down into my little bronze boots till they or it or both—it was all so dreadful I don't remember which—ached to bursting. I staid out the lesson; George should never suppose I cared whether he danced with Daisy Jones all night; but gradually George came down off the shrine, and I got a severe bit of celibacy, which lasted, with occasional intervals, for several years. I should never marry. Men were frivolous; easily beguiled by meretricious appearances. No one worthy of the priceless treasure of my affections would be likely to discover their existence. I was "the violet by the mossy stone." Some day all these men who thought me severe, sedate, slow, should be crushed into longing admiration, and completely overwhelmed by a revelation of my manifold unappreciated virtues.

But my fit of celibacy passed off like the others; it thawed, if I must confess it, under the sunshine of a young man's smile; and I went as girls so often go from one extreme to another, and from being cold, dignified, and reserved, became, through the mysterious alchemy of this sunshine, a little volatile, perhaps gay and light-hearted. No radical change of nature. I found my world liked me better when I evinced some interest in its affairs, and some appreciation of its attractions. So I turned over a new leaf, and life became a more interesting volume to me, albeit it lost somewhat in dignity and meaning. I was experimenting in life with that undefined consciousness young people have of the great outlying issues all about them; feeling their way with touch and sense, in a labyrinth for which as yet they have found no clue, and perhaps glad for a while to encourage the uncertainty; to accustom their eyes to the darkness, and venture something in paths unexplored.

The possible danger adds to the excitement, for they all know and feel that when the clue is found, the path made straight to their feet, then must their feet be trained and compelled to walk in it; and liberty is sweet, and youth is fond of wanderings. So standing at the entrance of my labyrinth without a clue, I saw much to beguile my lingering footsteps, and many rifts of sunshine through the trees. And much of the sunshine emanated from my cousin Philip.

For my cousin Philip now occupied the position of hero to my tale, and like too many of women's heroes he had but little of the heroic element about him. But Philip and I were engaged; we sauntered about together in the moonlight; we vowed such vows as young lovers mean to keep. He looked into my eyes and swore I was fair; as mine sank beneath his, I felt he was charming; and we were happy, till the serpent entered into Eden. My serpent was of course a woman, handsome, clever, and unscrupulous; and as thinking of her always suggests that gorgeous Egyptian serpent of old times, I shall call her here Cleopatra.

She sailed into my life one day in a shimmer of silks and a glitter of jewels; dark-eyed, dark-haired—a lustrous woman who pervaded the room the moment she entered it, diffusing a subtle odor of jessamine. When she raised her dark eyes to mine I felt my spirit was in arms against her, though we had exchanged no words but such as society listens to with complaisance at a morning call. When she sailed out of the room again, wafted by soft jessamine-scented zephyrs, a well-bred murmur ran about. I breathed freer without knowing I had felt oppressed, and joined the polite chorus—"Yes, a splendid woman." "By Jove, yes, a devilish handsome woman," I overheard a young man saying to his friend; and it echoed in my ears as I too went down stairs—a devilish handsome woman, a devilish handsome woman, though I was far too well brought up to echo it with my voice. Cleopatra thought me worth cultivating, and imperceptibly we glided into a show of friendship. I sometimes thought she liked me to be seen beside her as a foil to her own brilliant Oriental charms. My Saxon complexion and tawny hair made a background against which she shone more splendidly, and she liked the whisper of

"Night and Morning," as we appeared together. Yet there was no sympathy and no real intimacy between us; but by carelessly woven threads Cleopatra established its semblance to suit at first a whim of her vanity, and afterwards a purpose which took shape in her wayward brain and stubborn will.

My cousin Philip was a singularly handsome man, and quite as conscious of his advantages as singularly handsome men, who have dallied through many seasons in the *far niente* of drawing-room life, are apt to become. And yet one could not call him vain. A sense of his advantages, personal and intellectual, gave him a rather noble charity for what, in his lordly way, he no doubt classed as the ordinary herd of mortals. It was simply no case for comparison, so he always found something to like or commend in others. But he was indolent and quite content with the applause of what he chose—what in those days we both chose—to call "the world," limiting that term, after the fashion of our caste, to the elect who wore the purple and fine linen of fortune's providing. And I was used to Philip; his worldly wisdom was the sort of wisdom I had grown up to believe in. He was far cleverer than any man I knew. He had plenary indulgence to gather honey from any flowers that pleased him, and I in the freshness of happy girlhood and guaranteed liberty, with the bond between us understood and accepted, gave myself to the enjoyment of life as it was. On a rainy morning Philip would entertain me in his own irresistible way with his sayings and doings of the last week or fortnight; and sometimes moonlight made us sentimental, and he dropped into poetry and praised my eyebrows in well-chosen quotations. In short, we suited one another, and had so thoroughly accepted our position as future husband and wife, that our days glided by undisturbed even by lovers' quarrels.

Perhaps it was this that drifted into my mind one day, as we idled away the sunny morning beside a brook in the country.

"Philip," said I to the great handsome figure behind a cloud of smoke at my feet, "it seems odd that we never quarrel. We scarcely disagree enough to make our relations interesting."

"Name the subject, my dear girl," he lazily rejoined; "I'd even quarrel with

you for a quiet life. What shall it be? The whole sweep of nature and art, besides the fruitful field of our mutual acquaintance, is open for discussion. Shall it be your antipathy for Offenbach? I will defend him with all the obstinacy of ignorance and the persistence of a devotee; you shall declare him a degrader of your sublime art, a demoralizing agent, a trespasser in the temple of the Muses. Not Offenbach? Well, suppose we try that dark-eyed daughter of the gods, who you say gives you moral chills and fever."

"No," I interrupted, "we will not talk about her here; she is a being of the city and city life. Nature and Cleopatra are not of kin;" and I pitched pebbles into the brook and mused a little, my musings being no deeper than the water, and very commonplace. This brook just babbles along, careless and merry. When it gets to be a river its merry babble is lost, but the noise the river makes is a rush and a roar: it is swollen by storms, it is angry when the winds arise; it is so deep that it becomes a power. At this point I threw my last pebble a little wistfully, and rose.

"Tired so soon, my blossom?" asked Philip, lighting a fresh cigar. "I could lie here very comfortably all day, with your profile against the clear blue yonder to look at, and the tinkle of the water to drive dull care away."

"What does the water say to you, Philip?" I asked, with just a slight, unusual stir of uneasiness.

He murmured gayly:

"'Tis well to be merry and glad,
'Tis well to be honest and true."

The monotonous murmur of that brook had put me sadly out of tune, for I shook off the arm he had passed round my waist, with the first sting of womanly pain I had almost ever felt, and repeated the remaining couplet:

"'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

Philip looked at me a little curiously, and did not attempt to replace his arm. As we crossed the lawn a carriage drove rapidly up the street. Cleopatra's radiant face beamed upon us through the window. We reached the house just as she alighted.

"Bid me welcome, Châteline," she

said. "I have come to storm your castle."

Day succeeded day in a round of pleasurable engagements. A house full of guests created a succession of enjoyments, but for me a cloud lay over the sunshine. The shadow of approaching trouble filled me with a nameless apprehension. Since the morning of Cleopatra's sudden advent Philip and I had become slightly estranged, and yet no sign, or word, or act gave either of us a reason for explanation or complaint. It was the intangible influence of that woman. I watched daily the subtle ligaments by which she was binding him to herself, yet felt that I was powerless. A sort of numbness came over all my senses but that of perception. It seemed to me, however low they spoke together, I always heard what they said; whatever glances passed between them passed through my eyeballs; every touch of her hand on his arm thrilled me. And yet our outward relations were unchanged. He was, so far as other people saw, the same gentle, considerate lover, who sprang to fulfil my unexpressed wishes, and distinguished me by his graceful homage before the world as the woman of his choice. It was as yet only what a woman's quick intuitions can feel, not what her friends can pity her for; and with my newly sharpened perceptions, which I did not analyze to separate in them love and pride, I sharply resolved that before the second point could be reached I would save myself the blow. But I could only follow circumstances, not force them. Fortunately for me, my position as hostess required constant exertion and self-forgetfulness, and left me little time to brood over my troubles.

As I entered a drawing-room one afternoon, an opposite door closed upon some retreating figure, whose I did not see, but the lingering *souçon* of jessamine would have told me had I needed other evidence than that of my cousin's face as he stood by the window. A straggling sunbeam lit it up, and I thought it had never worn such depth of expression. He looked as if he had been moved to the bottom of his soul.

"Alone?" I asked as I passed him. I was curious to know what he would say.

"You leave me very much alone of late,

bellissima," he said, not turning his face from the window.

"I can scarcely think you suffer from neglect," I rejoined somewhat grimly; "I hope you contrive to amuse yourself," and would have passed on, but Philip turned suddenly, and seizing both my hands in his glared down into my eyes with a look of suppressed emotion which almost scorched me, while he asked with feverish intensity of tone:

"Tell me, cousin, do you love me truly? Do you love me with all your heart?"

His grasp tightened to a gripe on my wrists; with a little cry of pain I shook myself free. As I did so my eye fell on a yellow rose at my feet. I remembered that Cleopatra had worn it in her hair an hour before. I silently picked it up and presented it to my cousin; as silently and with a passive hand he received it, and I left the room.

I shut myself in my own room and determined to look the crisis in the face. No man should ask me twice in that tone whether I loved him; rather let him ask at once the question which lurked beneath, "Would it break your heart to give me up?" I looked into my own heart and discovered some things which surprised me, not being much given to introspection. The result was of course a foregone conclusion, but the examination of those past years of my life was a revelation of myself to myself. I found a very bitter, vengeful hatred toward the woman who had broken down my paradise. The intensity of my hate toward her frightened me. My pride, which had never been disciplined, was outraged to such a point, that for hours I paced the room unable to control myself, and it was long before I began to understand my position and to ask myself the question, Have I really loved Philip? I had never loved any one else, so I had nothing with which to compare this sentiment that had been accepted as love. But sitting thinking in the dark, I was little by little forced to the conclusion that "it was not a broken heart I had to mourn over, but a broken dream." I had infinite tenderness for my cousin, but many a vague apprehension of times past, which had been cast out as unworthy, came back and took shape and asserted itself; and bitterer and more poignant than the torments of jealous rage or the humiliation of wounded self-love,

was the conviction that I could not love, had not loved Philip with the best part of my nature. I did not sit in judgment on my cousin, but the truth forced itself upon me with irresistible power.

The house was quiet for the night when I stole through the deserted passages to the great piazza which surrounded three sides of the main building. My head throbbed, and the cool night air refreshed my excited frame. I paced up and down, growing calmer in mind and body, and at last, tired, threw myself into a chair and leaned my head against the stone coping of a window. I had sat for some moments unconscious of anything but the chaotic monotone of my own mind, when Philip's voice, speaking in low, agitated tones, made itself audible:

"I should be less than a man were I to take advantage of her momentary pique. I believe she loves me, and cost what it may—and you know the cost—I must fulfil my engagement."

"Yes, believe me, your suffering intensifies my own," rejoined Cleopatra's sibilant voice, "and the sympathy draws us nearer even than the accomplishment of our wishes. But," she added, after an instant's pause, "I think you deceive yourself somewhat. Your cousin has little depth of feeling, and what would be a life-long sorrow to many women would not sink deep into her heart. Do you know, my friend, those blonde women do not love as we do. Nay, I have piqued you! She loves you, no doubt, to the extent of her nature; but her blood is to mine what *eau sucrée* is to *eau-de-vie*. Should you care much for an unlimited privilege of *eau sucrée*? She would love no one better than she loved you. She would be an immaculate matron, a true and virtuous wife, a lovely figurehead for your dinner-table, and the mother of unexceptionable children. But I, Philip," and I could feel how she leaned toward him and dropped the liquid passion of her eyes into his, "I would give you the love your soul demands. I would love you with an intensity which should consume the very being which fed it. I should be a priestess making perpetual sacrifice before her shrine. Ah, Philip, we dark women hold the secrets of love!"

I had already heard too much. I sprang from my seat to leave them undisturbed, but my dress caught in a chair and over-

turned it, and with strange incaution they both stepped through the window on the piazza.

We three confronted one another in the moonlight. For a moment there was a silence so profound that the beating of my heart seemed to echo like a sledge-hammer.

Philip's face was ghastly in its rigid pallor. He did not even attempt to speak. Cleopatra was first to break the spell. With a laugh which stung me by its insolence through the sweetness of her perfectly modulated voice, she said: "Well met by moonlight, fair hostess! This enchanting night seems to have beguiled us all. It must be late; have you the time?" looking at Philip.

He took out his watch somewhat mechanically, and answered that it was hard on two o'clock.

She gave a little start of well-acted surprise. "Your cousin has tempted me to renounce my beauty-sleep," she said, and took my hand.

Her touch unloosed my tongue. "My cousin is evidently either tempter or tempted," I replied; "which, I do not presume to decide. But since the temptation has proved irresistible, pray consider all obstacles removed from the way of that perfect union of souls which you aspire after. Such imaginary right or title as I may have heretofore possessed in this gentleman's affections, I willingly transfer to you, who understand so well the requirements of his higher nature. This, too," I continued, gaining courage from the steadiness of my own voice, "may have some significance for you; for me it is only the unpleasant reminder of a delusion past;" and I held toward her the hoop of diamonds which two years before, on that same piazza and under just such a bright harvest moon, Philip had placed on my willing hand.

For the honor of my sex I am glad to be able to say that Cleopatra was disconcerted. Even her consummate tact and readiness were for once at fault; though whether she regretted my outraged hospitality, or its inopportune discovery, is not a matter for me to decide. However, she gracefully converted a yawn into a smile, and, with a parting thrust as to the embarrassment of interfering in family dissensions, bade us good night with the utmost sweetness, and retired. The movement knocked the bauble from my hand,

and it rolled glittering on the pavement to Philip's feet. With a scarcely suppressed oath, he raised his powerful foot and ground it with his heel against the stone, and then kicked off the flattened fragments on to the grass, and then our eyes met. "Even so, Philip, let the past be thrust out of sight. It has been a great mistake, and I am reasonable enough to acknowledge it; and I also acknowledge the greatness of your temptation. For the future I will try to forget our temporary delusion."

"I cannot even ask you to forgive me, Elinor," Philip at last said, with a visible effort; "neither will I ask you to try not to despise me. I understand too well your capacity for contempt, and my own deserts."

"Nay, Philip," and I am afraid the smart of my wound made my voice ring somewhat sharp and bitter, "man is but mortal; I do not expect chivalry from carpet knights." He winced, but made no reply; and I, with my wretched woman's weapon whetted on both sides, still probed the wound. "I am a proud woman, Philip, and the pride you have wounded will be its own safeguard."

"I am glad you have so secure a refuge," he rejoined dryly. The tone recalled me to my better consciousness.

"Forgive me; I did not mean to reproach you. Let us say an amicable good night and begin again as acquaintances—cousins—perhaps even as friends."

After a moment's hesitation he said: "I have no right, I know, to ask you any questions; but if I am to accept your forgiveness, I should like to have one point made quite clear. I am perhaps obtuse in not accepting your tacit acknowledgment of the state of the case; but I might feel a shade less culpable toward you were I to ask the question."

He looked at me inquiringly, and I motioned him to proceed.

"Has this wound—such you have called it"—he spoke slowly—"cut no deeper than your pride?"

I could not speak. Two scalding tears forced themselves from my eyes, and in shame I covered my face; for through the unspeakable tenderness without which I, even now, cannot think of my cousin, I felt that the true love a man has the right to demand from the woman who consents to be his wife had never been given to him.

"It is enough," said Philip, coming close to me and removing my hands that he might study my face for a moment; and had I been less humiliated, I might have drawn comfort from the intense mortification of his tone. "At least I have not to repent having broken a woman's heart—if women have hearts," he added bitterly, "and if they are made to break. But," he continued more gently, "I must ask you to believe that I never intended to deceive you."

"As for all that, I think we may cry quits, Philip," I interrupted. "We have deluded ourselves, and all that is left for us is to part in peace;" and as he held my hand a moment, and we stood looking sadly at one another in the truth-telling moonlight, the ghosts of our wasted youth rose up between us with all the undeveloped possibilities of our lost years: he, in his godlike strength and beauty, purposeless and effeminated; and I, with the rich dower of vigorous womanhood, selfish, frivolous, and aimless. So far we had both missed the use and meaning of our lives. Which should cast stones at the other? He raised my hand to his lips, and I turned sorrowfully into the house, leaving him to his own reflections.

It was late the next morning when I opened my eyes after a heavy and unrefreshing slumber. A maid stood at the bedside with a letter. As I tore it open a telegram fell out, directed to Philip; on the back of it he had written, "This will explain my hasty departure." The telegram contained these words: "Your mother is dangerously ill; come at once."

A few hours later Cleopatra too took her departure. We shook hands as courteously before the assembled household, and she made her adieux with as assured a grace, as if her visit had been one of unmixed satisfaction—as possibly it had been to her. For the next few days the accounts of my aunt's increased illness were so alarming that my guests, with a consideration I could not too highly appreciate, relieved me of their presence. Indeed, it was with the utmost effort that I could discharge my social duties respectably, and I could not but feel a little wholesome solitude as a relief after the prolonged and subdued excitement of the past weeks. I was too wearied in mind and body to apply myself to anything. I wandered about, allowing my

thoughts to drift as they would, hoping they might settle down into order and reason; and then becoming so tired of their monotony that I would spend hours at the piano striving to drown all thought in sound. A wearisome disgust of self took possession of me, a fruitless moan over my wretched past. How should I take up life again with the old illusions destroyed, the old props knocked away? To empty the heart of idols is all very well; but the heart cannot remain empty healthfully, neither must it feed upon itself; and between self-accusations, indefinite yearnings, miserable questionings of fate and Providence, and fruitless efforts after self-control, I got day by day deeper and deeper into the Slough of Despond. If the charitable world in which I lived had possessed any knowledge of our recent *éclaircissement*, how easily, naturally, nay, reasonably would it have smiled a commiserating smile and whispered, "Disappointed in love, poor thing!" Yes, I was disappointed, but not in any such way; but I began to hate everything bright, even the sunshine, and to cry very bitterly, "My little body is weary of this great world."

I received frequent accounts from my cousin Alice, Philip's sister, of my aunt's illness—from Philip himself never a word; and from the allusions in her letters I judged her to be still in ignorance of our interrupted relations. It was of course no time for the discussion of such affairs. The fever had run its long and wearisome course in my aunt's case, and at last there was hope of a favorable change. The same letter which brought these good tidings mentioned that Philip was worn out with watching, and not quite well. "I scarcely think he will be able to write to you to-day," concluded Alice, evidently imagining me to be in daily receipt of letters from him. In a few days she wrote again: "We are terribly alarmed about Philip; he has taken the fever."

Thus for a week daily came gloomy tidings. Once Alice said: "I asked Philip for a message to send you, and he would not answer. I know you would not be afraid of infection, and if it will comfort you to be near him, do come to us."

I left this unanswered. I could not make up my mind to add to their sadness by telling the truth. My marriage with Philip had been one of their dearest wishes.

Again Alice wrote: "Why do you neither write nor come? He raves all day and night, sometimes about you, and sometimes accusing himself of all sorts of horrors. What does it all mean? Has there been any trouble?" Again I could not answer. I walked the floor night after night, praying in my wretchedness for the cousin I loved and yearned over in his extremity like a mother with a sick child. I was bound hand and foot, and could only wait for the end. It came, alas, too soon! A telegram containing only the words, "Come immediately, or you may be too late," seemed so imperative that I felt the bond of consinsnip was strong enough to warrant me in putting aside every other consideration. The hours I was forced to wait before the arrival of the train seemed interminable, and the pace at which we travelled was exasperating.

It was dusk when I reached the house. My uncle met me at the door, kissed me silently, and led me into the library. There was such a hush over the house I dared ask no questions. He took off my wraps with the utmost gentleness and placed me in a great chair, and still hold-

ing my hand looked down wistfully into my face. I could not bear his tenderness and made a motion to rise. "Do not try to go up stairs till you are rested, my love," he said kindly. "The delay only makes it more painful," I rejoined wearily; "let us go at once." He did not attempt to detain me again, but went up stairs before me, paused an instant at the door as he opened it, and with a soft "God pity you, my poor child," closed it upon me.

I gave one quick glance around the room. It was bright with gas-light. The windows were open to admit the chill night air, and a heavy perfume of flowers smote my senses with a sickening dread. Philip was there; but Philip marble white and cold, without voice or language. Philip was dead. Under the white sheet which covered the bed was sharply defined a human figure. In a sort of dream I moved towards it, and in a sort of dream drew the sheet away from the head, and, without tears or much consciousness of what I was doing, looked long at the beautiful marble face.

Death had stepped into the breach. Our farewell had been a farewell forever.

THE KISS.

I.

UPON ae stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonny lassies,—
And sweetest, I maintsin,
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my pladdie,
To shield her from the rain.

II.

She said that the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en:
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain.
"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your pladdie,
If I gang hame in the rain!"

III.

But on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This self-same winsome lassie—
We chanced to meet in the lane—
Said: "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your pladdie!
Wha kens but it may rain!"

CHARLES SPLETT.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

I SAID in an earlier paper that I am neither a discontented nor yet a notably retrospective old woman. I am certain that I spoke quite truly. I am far, far from thinking that all mundane things, principles, virtues, customs, and graces of life were at their sublimest height or wore their most benignant aspect in the blithe days when I and my compeers were young. That *that was then*, and *this is now*, inclines me neither to favor nor to disfavor. If all excellence has had its time of blossom and fruitage, to return never again with the recurring years, why should we toil further over what is but exhaustion?—to what end are the earlier and latter rains? alternate dew and sunshine? careful shelter and considered exposure? restful nights and wooing days? the ward and watch of incessant love and care?

No, no, beloved young people! Believe that which is so solemnly true, that "the world is all before you where to choose," and that never since time was might you have been nobler, wiser, sweeter, more charming in every way than now. Be assured, too, that we elders are a little reticent as to the unlovely things of the past. Sometimes they are beneficently forgotten; always the harsh outlines are softened. Of the material past we recall that matchless, unconscious digestion of youth, and forget the coarse, ignorant viands that ruined it; we sigh over those early, perfect, unbroken, recreative slumbers, but we fail to perfectly restore the rude bedchambers where we balled ourselves up shudderingly in frosty beds, and ached finely before, by inch ventures and protracted agonies, we were at length and full-length uncured; never do we reproduce upon our faces now the noses that on our awaking then were as those of snow images, nor see the snow-wreaths that (if perhaps we are *very* old) had sifted through upon the coverlets; never do we remake those hurried, red, numbfingered toilettes, or recomb that hair bewitched as any puss's "indignant fur"; nor do we, I think, fondly relace upon our feet (with leathern lacets) the shoes made for us by the itinerant shoemaker in

his loitering annual progress—shoes which with one cobbling must, for all needs, last us two years, and which seemed as if for solidity, shapelessness, and total lack of pliability, they must outvie wooden sabots or any people's most primitive foot-gear. And precisely as we innocently omit these and a myriad more incommunities of the outer, physical life, so we do in spiritual, moral matters. A haze almost impenetrable has fallen upon blemishes, upon whatsoever was neither excellent nor easy to endure; and only what was fairest lingers in the memory, standing out against the blur of years like sun-lighted headlands against dense-wooded and blackly-shadowed shores.

And I think we ancients would scarce turn back the hands upon the dial if we might. Just as the great city, though filled with sin hidden and manifest, yet seems to bring us nearer to God, to make for us opportunities with Him far oftener than the sublimest, peace fullest solitudes can do, because peopled with His dearest creation, human souls, so the life of to-day has its sin, its frequent shallowness, dishonesty, and offence, so redeemed by its innumerable intelligences all keenly alert, its tireless activities for good, that I think we account it in our hearts far better than the placider existence we led of yester-time.

But every period has its characteristic defects. Are we wrong, we old people who are neither unfriendly nor bitter, if we sometimes regretfully conclude that this age is too hurried to be well-bred? too awkward and self-conscious to express its really good heart? But the age calls itself Christian. Can it be Christian and discourteous to the very verge of brutality? Are not the virtues that genuine courtesy would imply of a saintly type? Must not there be patience, humility, unselfishness, charity that judgeth not, unalterable sweetness, quick sympathy to transport one's self into the neighbor's place, the Golden Rule first and last, with all the self-abnegation it includes?

But of such alloyed courtesy as has been current up and down the world—are we in America to-day reputed rich even in this baser metal? Have not we associat-

ed charm and ease of manner with insincerity? Don't we call our bluntness Anglo-Saxon frankness, and pride ourselves thereupon like those intensely-disagreeable people who deliver themselves of opinions wholly uncalled-for and savage to personal affront, and then assuage all wounded feeling by acknowledging with a meek air of compelled superiority, that they are "very plain-spoken" and "must say just what they think."

Is it that republican air is too bracing for the softer virtues? that fine manners can flourish therein no more than gratitude is alleged to do?

In support of this theory, what does Anthony Trollope say of the Irishman in America, and the same Irishman on his native bog? That at home he is flexible, coaxing, flattering, witty, delightful, as he often is ragged; while here—perhaps we do not need to be told, what he is here, but Mr. Trollope, though he honorably confesses how overwhelming is the balance in favor of Pat's status in America, of his comfort, of his self-respect as a man, declares he is spoiled as a companion—a lament which is like a mother's for the child grown out of its clinging, caressing dependence, flourishing sturdily, but oh, spoiled for a baby!

But can it be all democracy? Look at the rougher German laborers—stolid, hard, avaricious, sometimes ferocious. Very seldom that Pat has not a heart or a quick sense of humor by which a little skill may gain leverage; but how to move one of these lowest-class Germans? And what is the English "navy," as drawn by his own countrymen, like? Could anything human be much more loutish, stupid, brutal?

But leaving foreigners and coming back to ourselves, to Americans descendants of those English who in a flowery Mayflower came grimly at a grim season to land upon a grim coast; and of that selecter band of Britons who in such goodly company grew tobacco upon the James, nobly devoting the fruit of their toil to the importation of the mothers of the colony; to Americans of pure blood, descendants of Hollanders and Swedes, French Huguenots, and French and Spanish Catholics; to Americans all of the first families, be it well understood, tracing their lineage proudly back, shall we say, to the days when all was sweet peace and largest

religious freedom in New England? to that early time of wife-importation upon the James? to the manor of the "Patroon" on the Hudson. If it be too fatiguing to carry this weight of years into our consideration, let us lighten matters by assuming that I mean Americans of the best class, educated with inherited instincts of culture and refinement. Does it mean a deterioration of manner in this class that we are wont to say of a certain gracious mingling of stateliness, deference, precision, and thoughtfulness of others: "There you have the old-time politeness," or, "a fine specimen of the old school manner"? What would a cavalier of this school say to the recognitions gentlemen nowadays accord their friends in the street? Precisely, I think, what wladies are often inclined to do: "Gentlemen, either lift your hats fairly from your heads, or let them quite alone; but for pity's sake spare yourself the labor of any more footman salutations." What would he think of the practice of smoking on promenades frequented by ladies? or, sometimes, directly in their society without the formula of asking leave? And what of the portly, rubicund, middle-aged gentlemen, who tuck their umbrellas horizontally beneath their arms and so commodiously bear them through crowded streets? Would he be likely to view properly the personal phase of modern "newspaper enterprise"? Had an "Our Society" or any similar weekly snobbery, impertinence, and flimsiness been possible in his time, would he have complacently read therein that his sister, Mistress God's-gift Arnold, let us say, was a "charming young beauty of the true Rosca type, possessing a sweetly tender and languishing countenance, love's divine melancholy in its every expression, and the cynosure of all eyes in a ravishingly *décolleté* robe of *bleu tendre satine*"? Or that the lady of his thoughts and hopes was "a tall and graceful brunette, a great favorite with the officers at the fort, noted widely for the magnificence and style of her dress—also a devoted worshipper at St. Nego's (O Lady O'Looney!)—St. Nego's of the eloquent rector, Bonifacius Bland"? And what would he think of the tricks that sell books and periodicals? the self-laudation, the convenient suppressions, and half or wholly lying statements? Would he find the "retort courteous"

anywhere in American ruffianly cut-and-thrust journalism? Would it be possible for him, this dull-witted gentleman of the past, ever rightly to apprehend the ghastly humor at present displayed in the reporting of calamities, sudden, violent deaths? Would loss of life in drunken affray or drunken exposure, from poison, the accidental burning to death of women and children, fatal explosions, collisions, sad haps of travel by land and on sea—would these ever be jocular incidents to him? In his day the simple instinct of humanity was strong; life was—just life, with all its folded-away *may be's*, the common round of joy and sorrow to every human being; and the meanest soul rudely disjoined therefrom, and gone to prove the awful mystery beyond, was thenceforth invested with a dignity that none cared urgently to invade.

Finding contempt of courtesy, decency, honor, finding a hideous callousness, irreverence, blazoned on almost every page of the periodic literature of which we proudly boast that it is "sown broadcast throughout the land"—columns upon columns given up to the shameful details of scandalous trials, long leaders in our gravest newspapers devoted to heroes of the prize-ring and pot-house brawls—could our olden cavalier justly rate our Eastern civilization greatly above the recklessness, the unscrupulousness, the lawless ferocity, the blasphemy of Western frontier life in its roughest aspects?

I scarce dare, even in imagination, place him in a horse-railway passenger car ('ware car-manners being a universal feeling); but if he were there, and if I ventured to dream how he would comport himself—indeed, I am not equal to the temerity of assuming that if he were not infirm he would stand so long as any woman beyond a school-girl age must do so, but I will assert that if he gave up his seat he would relinquish it as if it were his happiness to do so, and afford to the lady taking it an opportunity of thanking him for the courtesy; not gruffly turn his back and retreat to the end of the car, there to grumble audibly concerning ladies entering crowded cars, "Expect a man to give up his seat," and so on—a monologue as agreeable to the poor lady as was Captain Clarence Baker's to Elizabeth: "Sh'pose she did dansh at Prinsh Theatre to shport her family," etc.

This question of car-etiquette is, I know, one of those many-sided ones women are not held to settle brilliantly, but how have gentlemen succeeded with it? It is very well to say that corporations trade upon man's gallantry: has it been found that since man sat down and declined to get up, more liberal provision has been made for the standing woman? And I doubt if my gentleman of antique mould would not have hesitated to accept a solution so favorable to his own ease. It is folly to say women should never enter a crowded carriage—public conveyances ought to be for the convenience of the general public. City distances are hopeless to busy people, and business hours and engagements imperative; many suburban residents must "make" certain trains or boats; there is a sudden storm; and of mornings and evenings most cars are crowded: pray what are we to do, Messieurs?

Suppose—be tolerant! this is but an old woman's suggestion—you gentlemen were to take more active measures. Should not you remember that in this matter women are powerless to help themselves? Do you think corporations are sensitive enough to feel how stern must be your determination not longer to endure their frauds and oppressions, since you can so unanimously, so resolutely trample on your dearest instincts of manhood and chivalry, and obstinately remain seated though files upon files of women plunge about at your knees or dangle from straps before you? Do at least publish a card. Tell them that what looks like selfish comfort, cowardly passivity, a pitiful lack of gallantry, and strange misdirection of antagonism, means *force*, bodies corporate! a mighty, an invincible will to wrest from you our rights. Tell 'em, Mr. Speaker!—(I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I wander strangely, the masculine style and argument being but unfamiliar. But you will yourselves at once divine what should follow such an opening, and *do* publish a card!)

Can I say, on the other hand, that women's behavior in public carriages and in halls of assembly has been unjustly aspersed? I never beheld the traditional unhappy gentleman speared from off his seat by a parasol, but how many have I seen *glared* into a state that would resign life itself for relief. How often have I

vainly watched for some recognition of little services, proffered places; the "Thank you," the "jintlemanly smile," the gracious bearing that would go far to compensate gentlemen naturally disqualified for membership in the above-mentioned league against those robber-knights, the servants of the public. But the sins of women toward men have never yet failed of the scourge. If the delicacy of respectable women would suffer them to recount but a thousandth part of the annoyances, the insults, to which even brief solitary journeyings subject them, the retaliation would be overwhelming, and the record but a sorry one for chivalry and civilization.

But, to go back a little way, if it be not the air of freedom that braces backs, thrusts hands in pockets, rivets hats on heads, divests speech of pleasant roundaboutness, makes many species of labor defiant with the I'm-as-good-as-you protest, induces and maintains our absurd little social struggles and fermentations ("Was your mother able to engage to do so large a washing?" I asked lately of the half-grown daughter of a poor, ailing woman in whose hard life I was interested. "No'm," was the reply, "but she got the lady in the basement, Mrs. Finnegan, to do it, and right glad she was to get it." And we have the "Me 'n' another lady," to balance the stock; "I and another gent'" of the same class), to what influence shall we ascribe the uncomfortable manifestations?

If people could only be taught that suavity does not, in the laboring ranks, more than among idlers, imply servility! Can they not understand that a pleasant address wins its way, *pays* everywhere?

Illustrations of its commercial advantage are surely plentiful enough in every calling. Let me give a trifling one: In a large town wherein I lately dwelt are two brothers, the one a mason, the other a carpenter. They are both exceedingly illiterate, but in what is called "hard sense" the mason far exceeds his brother. The carpenter never served an apprenticeship to his trade; he began rather as general handy man, his only capital great ingenuity, the most obliging alacrity to do anything desired, and a manner that could hardly be improved. With these gifts, without influential friends, appallingly destitute of all book knowledge, he is, though still a young man, well on the

way toward modest fortune, and possesses a flattering local fame as a builder.

The instant he comes into the house his hat is in his hand, his feet are scrupulously cleaned upon the mat; he moves about gently; he always has time to ascertain just what is wanted, and whether it be some intricate household contrivance or fantastic ornament, his patience, facile comprehension, and valuable suggestions are unfailing, his executive skill sure to realize the ideal. He is besides a kind of encyclopædia of household science. Was there fault or friction of the domestic machinery, we said comfortably: "Oh, Mr. — will be sure to know what's amiss and devise a remedy." In short, he treats his lady patrons as if they were duchesses, and though he makes them pay like duchesses too, they cheerfully admit that such qualities as his can scarce be too highly rated; and they are, moreover, usually in such a state of laughter and perplexity over his bills, so triumphant in each fresh conquest of enigmatic items, that their amount is almost unheeded.

His mason-brother is the completest contrast. A ruffian ingrain, who can hardly, I should think, ever find a second entrance into any house save his own. He bursts in at the head of a gang of laborers, his head tight-covered, his feet laden with mud and plaster, himself saturated with pipe-reek. The difficulty that compelled his summons is stated. "Smokes, hey? won't draw? Now I know all about that chimney, ma'am, and it *can't* smoke. Somebody's just fooled with the furnace till it's all out of kilter. And draw? Why, look a here"—and before one has time or wits for remonstrance, so wildly are one's emotions somersaulting, he has caught up and lighted the morning's unread paper, thrust it against the register, thereby blackening the shining steel and the wall-paper around it, and lo! instead of an inward suction, an outward gust drives the flame violently back over his hand—scorching it well, hopes the aggrieved house-mistress with pardonable vindictiveness. He ejaculates something fit for no presence, tramples the burning paper out on the delicate carpet, mutters something about an ill-doing chimney-cage: and what an evil morning follows! There is whistling; there is trolling of tavern ditties; there are cavalry charges up and

down stairs; bellows in chimneys; scratching of matches on soft-tinted walls; expectoration as on a ferry-boat; and when the terrible horde has completed its ravages and withdrawn, so defiled is everything, so gritty with mortar-dust, and so spent the spirit of the household, that it is no wonder each successive suffering housewife vows a vow that condemns this rampant mason in perpetuity to the poverty he endures and has surely done his best to deserve.

But of the roughnesses, the incivilities constantly borne from tradespeople, laborers, servants, it seems idle to speak. To a venerable person who does not profoundly believe that popular education is the fount of all blessings, who finds the little ameliorations of imperfect knowledge both tardy and irritating in their manifestation, and who yet cannot wish that good manners, a readiness to serve, to oblige, should be in these classes matters of course for the same reason that they are in overcrowded Europe, the prospect is not cheering, and there appears to remain but the resource of arming one's self with a suavity that shall be proof against whatever rude attack, that shall perhaps end by conquering as the sunshine does.

Are we so arming ourselves? Is that what American children are doing in homes and schools from ocean to ocean? What do foreigners say who behold these children abroad, in hotels and at springs and seaside resorts, when they come among us here?

Are not these small people a sort of impossible monsters to them? Are they not a by-word among them for their preternatural sharpness, coolness, their insubordination, their shrill-voiced wilfulness, their exactions, their absolute despotism?

And what do we ancient people think as we encounter them in the streets, in railway travel—as in our reciprocal visitings we shrink terrified from before each other's grandchildren? Do we recognize many familiar traits in these descendants of our old playfellows? In these weirdly-wise, self-possessed, opinionated, patronizing, voluble young creatures, do we find any characteristics of the childhood of our own day? Does the weight of our sixty, seventy, eighty years entitle us to a shade of consideration from them? Have our whitening locks any sacred claim upon their deference?

Unless we are persons of strong self-assertion, what place do we hold in the family circle, in ordinary society?

Interrogated upon this subject, what do teachers reply? That their position of itself confers neither authority nor dignity. These are to be won only by personal force of character and by long and ceaseless struggle. That children of this time, in this country, are essentially and universally mutinous, disrespectful, ungente, rude, nay, cruel among themselves—the youthful “Reds” of America. That not the veriest shadow of discipline is to be maintained without endless and most harassing vigilance. That the license of home life renders trebly painful and exasperating the necessary restraints of the school-room, and makes the labor expended therein upon these youthful refractories dishearteningly like the pouring of water into a sieve.

Said one of these teachers, a lady most carefully educated in a foreign school, relating to me some of the early experiences of her working career: “At first I was like one dazed. I felt sure the familiarity, the *sans gêne* manner were not often malicious; but I did not know how to meet them, and was near ruining myself by making my pupils hate me for the ignorant tactics to which I had recourse.

“That was in my private classes, where I soon found I had almost nothing to endure if I was wise; but when I first took a class in a school! This first class was in the most exclusive and fashionable of the young ladies' schools in our quiet city. I called one morning, by request, upon its principal in the school building. I found her engaged with a class, and begged that I might wait her leisure in the room where the lesson was going on. What a novel scene it was to me—the class scattered all over the large room, some near her, some at their desks, some with their backs very nearly turned upon her, and two or three in the window-seat actively observing domestic transactions in the yard, two or three stories below. The lesson was one in geography.

“‘Becky Price,’ demanded Mademoiselle the principal, ‘for what is Magdeburg remarkable?’

“Nonchalant silence on the part of Miss Becky.

“‘Oh, but, Becky, I am sure thee knows! Think!’

"If Becky thinks, absolutely she can drag up nothing from the depths. Still, therefore, a wary silence.

"Becky, thee knows that in certain cities of Europe there are great annual sales; and instantly Becky breaks forth:

"Oh, I know, I know, Miss V. Magdeburg is remarkable for its yearly fair."

"Right, Becky. Susie Evans, thee will tell me where the Volga rises, in what direction it flows, and where it empties."

"I don't know, Miss V.," replies Susie with charming candor.

"Thee don't know! Does thee mean thee didn't learn thy lesson?"

"Yes, Miss V."

"And why?"

"Mamma took me out with her all yesterday afternoon, and last night I was too sleepy."

"Finally some one is found who disposes satisfactorily of the Volga.

"Laura Elliott, thee will bound Russia."

"Miss V., Kate Van Eyck told me we had not to bound Russia."

"Instantly there was a war of cries: 'Yes, we had, Miss V.' 'No, Miss V., we had not.' 'Fan Sloane's always trying to tack more on to our lessons than you give us, Miss V.' 'And Kate shirks all *she* can, Miss V.' 'I don't shirk, Miss V.' There is such movement, such animation, that even the window-seat party are diverted from their observation of the world without, and hasten to range themselves in one camp or the other. Alas that boundaries must always be such an unhappy question!

"Miss V. wavers, then weakly snubs both bands in the most impartial manner, and proceeds to award merits and demerits.

"Becky Price?"

"Well, Miss V., you know about—Magdeburg."

"Oh, thee knew that, Becky; it only slipped thy memory for a moment. Ten' (the highest mark).

"Susie Evans?"

"I told you mamma took me out, Miss V., so I didn't learn my lesson."

"Did thy mother send an excuse?"

"No, Miss V."

"Does thee think she forgot to send one?"

"No. She told me to learn my lesson

in the evening, but I was too sleepy. I guess she would have written an excuse though, if I had asked her."

"Well, I can't give thee higher than eight, Susie. Thee is too careless."

"And so on.

"In this school I taught three classes, taking them consecutively each for a half hour twice a week, and I assure you my three hours weekly there wore me more than all my other work.

"At first there was nothing like punctuality; they straggled in through the entire lesson, and nothing I could say availed. Then casuals were constantly coming and going for matters forgotten in their desks and needed elsewhere. So I adopted sharp measures. Within three minutes after the ringing of my bell I locked the door, and all stragglers were reported absent. To casuals I announced that their case was hopeless. Had one left her head even in my class-room, it was imperative that she must dispense with it while my lesson lasted.

"There was wonderful seething outside my door; entreaties, plausible excuses, messages from teachers, demands, once or twice a storm of kicks; but I held stanch, and was, luckily for discipline's sake, so much the fashion just then, that I could do almost what I would.

"But the manners of those girls! I had been educated where a double divinity hedged about the teachers—the respect that is the legitimate due of the teaching office, and the instinctive reverence that the religious life compels. Never had I dreamed that it was possible for a class to remain comfortably seated during a teacher's entrance into or departure from the class-room; to answer the question of an older person standing, without springing upon my feet; to meet a teacher without accost; to come into or go from a room where a teacher was present without polite recognition of her presence; and had it ever occurred to me to contradict a teacher, to jostle rudely against her, certainly I should have believed the last evil days were come upon me.

"And here at Miss V.'s scholars swept in masses up and down the halls and staircases, and any unfortunate teacher therein or thereon encountered or overtaken covered away against the wall, clutching her garments out of the rush as securely as it might chance. If she came to her class.

she found them lounging, hanging out of window, squabbling; to her salutation only the two or three nearest her deemed it necessary to respond, and no one thought for an instant of rising and remaining upon her feet until the teacher was seated.

"Sometimes the fashion of her garments was subjected to an almost insolent scrutiny; personal peculiarities were criticised; decisions loudly contested. One poor teacher I did so pity. She had been fagging away with her drawing classes for more than thirty years, and being but a meek little creature, with no more spirit than a skein of silk, the long struggle had worsted her completely, and nobody minded her more than they would have done one of her crayons. 'Is not that Miss Thomas's bell?' I said one day to a knot of chatters; 'why do you not go?'"

"'Oh yes, that's Tommy's bell,' answered a ten-years bit of audacity, 'but we don't mind Tommy. We never hurry ourselves for her.'

"On one occasion some permission was sought of me that it was not in my province to grant. 'You must ask Miss V.,' I said. 'No one else can decide that.'

"'But we can't ask Miss V.,' I was told; 'we are angry with her and do not speak to her.'

"'You impertinent chits! what do you mean by being angry with Miss V.?'"

"'Why, Miss V. scolded us very hard for throwing orange peel and chestnut shells on the floor at lunch-time day before yesterday, and we haven't spoken to her since. And she picked up some more shells to-day and didn't dare say a word.'

"I ought to confess that no other school

was so intolerable as this, but oh for some real children once more—frank, modest, simple, sweet, with some possibilities of reverence in them!"

Another teacher, the principal of a school for girls, a woman grown famous and aged in her work, while lamenting the deterioration of manners among her pupils, declared she believed much of the evil to come from the daily riding to and from school unattended, in public conveyances, during the formative years of a girl's life. She added that she also saw much change since women's dress took on more masculine fashion—the rough, huge-buttoned coats, the infinitesimal hats, resounding boot-heels, etc.—and ardently wished for a return to more feminine habiliments—fine, soft, flowing drapery, covering bonnets, sheltering veils.

Yes, I admit freely all the evils of the past; I cordially enjoy this present, and am even sometimes a little sad to think my time is so nearly ended I can scarce hope to see this or that fine thing completed, this or that grand ideal realized; but I cling to the antique courtesy: in that realm "better a single year" of the grandparents "than a cycle" of their grandchildren.

Dear grandchildren, is there no hope, Will you be long content to be pilloried, the civilized world over, as the exemplars of all that is rough, unlovely, ungracious, to be shunned, in the outward bearing? Like Jenny Wren, "I know your tricks and your manners," and I cannot, cannot like them; but must those who come after me, with reason, dislike them also?

E. DE M.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

IN fancy I cherished her dearly,
And longed for a place in her heart;
But my share in the property, clearly,
Is reduced to a minimum part.

Not to say that with soft agitation,
Her soul ne'er responsively burns,
But with wonderful skill in rotation
She *returns* all our passions by *turns*.

I knew she was rather flirtatious,
 But her appetite puzzles me quite;
 For I never knew flirt so voracious
 As to take in a dozen at sight!

In her tablets, to save her confusion,
 Not a doubt but she has us all pat,
 Marked and labelled by grades of delusion,
 Fortune, stature, complexion, *etat*.

But 'twould save her such care and reflection
 If she made us all drill at her nod,
 Let us languish and ogle by section,
 And sigh out our souls by the squad

'Tis a pleasure sometimes to be jealous,
 And to serve out *one* rival is "prime;"
 But how can you hate *twenty* fellows,
 Or punch twenty heads at a time?

It was all very well for Othello
 To decline to "count in" *number two*;
 But suppose he's but *twentieth* fellow,
 Pray what's a poor fellow to do?

For a spooney of my constitution,
 'Tisn't quite the ideal of bliss
 To get smiles at the hundredth dilution,
 Or the echoed reflex of a kiss.

Just to dwell in her heart were ecstatic,
 If one lodged *bel-étage au premier*;
 But a little sky-den in the attic—
 Cats and chimney-pots over the way!

For such living *en pension*—thank'ee!
 I prefer a whole floor, not a shelf,
 Very like I'm exacting and cranky,
 But I want all the room to myself.

Here she comes, in her beauty's effulgence,
 Looking sweet and benign as a saint,
 With her glance of sad, pitying indulgence,
 Till my soul-fibres quiver and faint.

With that smile, too, of infantile candor—
 How it makes my heart tremble and beat!
 I repent me my imbecile slander,
 And could weep out my sins at her feet!

Hallo! what? Who's that cad with her talking?
 Was there such a coquette ever seen?
 With Brown, Robinson, Jones, she's been walking,
 And now, by the gods! she's hooked Green!

Oh, this won't do! There's no use in trying!
 For a stern resolution I'm ripe.
 If she asks for me, Tom, say *I'm dying*;
 I'm off for the club and a pipe.

DRIFT-WOOD.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

PEOPLE on this side of the Atlantic were almost giving up Alabama diplomacy as a delusion, when fresh hands at the bellows blew our expiring faith in statecraft to a glow.

The Treaty of Washington is a great triumph for America, and much more than that. It is a victory for modern civilization, being one of good sense over bad blood, and of the pen over the sword. Englishmen and Americans can all alike rejoice in it, save those people across the water who are troubled with Americophobia, and these can be left to their own unenviable meditations. First, however, they shall do us the service of letting us know how much we have won, since we may be sure they will concede to us only what we have earned.

Well, then, "the treaty with America," according to the "Saturday Review," "proves to be an absolute surrender of every point for which successive English Governments have contended. It commences with the humble apology which was demanded in vain by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fish; and the English Commissioners, as if for the express purpose of humiliating their country, have committed the blunder of declaring that the law which they recognize for the purpose of compensation was not in force when the supposed liability was incurred. A penalty inflicted for the breach of a legal obligation would have been comparatively endurable." The same authority proceeds to declare that the English Commissioners "consented to surrender the main point in dispute;" that "General Grant and Mr. Hamilton Fish have the good sense to prefer a substantial victory to any political advantage they might secure by keeping the quarrel open;" and that "the more generous section of Mr. Sumner's countrymen will be satisfied with the ample revenge which they have secured for all real and imaginary offences." So much for the Alabama apology and payment. Then, touching "the additional quarrel with respect to the fisheries, which has recently been fastened on England and Canada,"

the "Saturday Review" declares that "in this case also the Government of the United States has succeeded in its main contention;" that a "dispute dating from 1812 is now to be settled in favor of the Americans;" and that "the American demands had been extended even beyond the limits which were defined by Mr. Sumner; but the Ministers probably only wished to find a decent excuse for giving way, and a commission might be supposed to give a kind of judicial color to a predetermined surrender." This, then, is what America can fairly claim to have won.

But in the next place, the way in which this triumph has been secured is doubly gratifying. We have in the treaty a preamble containing the official expression of regret for the Alabama's escape "under whatever circumstances," which has long been demanded in vain. In the next place, a new legal rule of national responsibility has been invented to cover this special case, solely, as the treaty declares, because under the rule which existed at the time of the Alabama's escape we never could have recovered damages; and this rule, being invented, is allowed to have all the force of an *ex post facto* law, so as to secure those damages. The "Pall Mall Gazette" happily defines this ingenious arrangement as consisting of "a new rule combined with a sort of fiction under which the rule is supposed to have always existed." The same paper, which supports the treaty on honorable grounds, declares that "the new obligation is extremely onerous, but no less burdensome rule would have contributed to the settlement of the Alabama question; under any other it is very doubtful whether the Americans could have recovered a dollar of compensation. Having committed themselves to an extreme complaint, they can only receive satisfaction through a decision under an extreme rule."

Of course all this is proportionally pleasant for us to reflect upon, and proportionally unpleasant for those who are not overstocked with good-will to the treaty. "The sting of the convention," says the "Saturday Review," "apart from

considerations of national honor and self-respect, lies in the retrospective effect which is given to the new provision of international law. . . . It would have been a simpler course to state that the conduct of the English Government in the Alabama case was a breach of international law; but the English Commissioners may be excused for preferring a form of expression which partially veils the real character of their decision. The machinery which they have provided for determining the claims is highly decorous, and even ornamental. It is perhaps pleasanter to be fined by a Court of Kings and Presidents of Republics than by a vulgar Board of Arbitrators."

The next question, therefore, which comes up is, "What motives have influenced England in yielding the Alabama claims?" Three motives are conceivable: First, that they are just; secondly, that England was determined to cultivate friendly relations with the United States; thirdly, that the English Commissioners believed it was folly to go to war for the sake of a few millions in money. America, of course, desires to put the decision on the first of these grounds; but the wording of the treaty, and the admirable public speeches of the English Commissioners before their departure from America, seem to show that they were chiefly swayed by the two last named considerations. The "Saturday Review" claims, however, that their professions of amity were shams, and that they were only influenced by a groundless fear. "The excuse," it says, "for their inconsistency is founded on the professed desire of the English Government to cultivate friendly relations with the United States. A thinner veil could not have been woven to disguise the true motive of unqualified submission. It is not easy to understand the imminence of the danger which seems to have frightened the Commissioners. At the worst the American Government could only have threatened a lawless invasion of Canada." But even this paper, which represents the conduct of its country in so unflattering a light, admits that it "could not be forgotten that a struggle in Canada would be conducted under the most unfavorable conditions. There was nothing to gain, and much to lose, in a conflict with the United States."

The best interpretation of the affair

seems to be that the Commissioners on both sides determined to discuss with plain good sense a matter which had been for six years befogged with technicalities, and delivered over to diplomatic trickery. On one side, the Americans abandoned Mr. Seward's absurd claim regarding the "premature recognition of Confederate belligerency," and Mr. Sumner's equally absurd demand for "consequential and exemplary damages." On the other side, the Englishmen abandoned Lord Russell's ground that their Government had exercised "due diligence" because the Attorney-General happened to be *non compos mentis* that week, and could not give an opinion. The one party conceded all that the other party had the right to demand, and the other demanded only what it felt that it had the right to exact.

SUMMER SPORTS.

THE base-ball season has come again; bats ply merrily from Maine to Mexico, in many a strife of alertness and dexterity. Every fine day a hundred thousand people are playing at this sport or watching it; ask for a book-keeper, a mechanic, a tradesman, a down-town friend, the odds are that he has gone to some match between the Hittites and Gittites; scarcely a village is without its club, and the cities have hundreds; fields are alive with athletes; open town lots are seized by squatter sovereignty for the game; youngsters not yet in their teens throw the ball and strike it with true aim and measure of distance, or catch the hot missile with palms and wrists of iron. The cant phrase is just—this is "the national game," and one for us to be quite as nationally proud of as the Romans were of their gymnastic ball-game. Young America, also turning gymnast, plays with skill and science. The youngster is no slouch; he is strong, adroit, swift of motion. How he pulls the oar and pitches the ball, making our performances in the days when we were Young America, seem clumsy scooping and random hurling by comparison! The Hay-makers (who play while the sun shines) and the Stockings of rival hues equal in base-ball the British elevens at cricket. If you and I, Horatio, dreaming of the "Iris Tacheia," so swift and slim, should now essay a spoon-oar on the thwart of an outriggered shell, could we do anything with it for a while but catch crabs and

capsize the fragile craft (to say the truth the old Tacheia was a tub), or ridiculously churn the water into spray? If we, inspired by memories of "Three-old-cat," and bygone "tick-a-licks," and "goals" built over with brick and mortar these twenty years, should undertake to wield the bat-stick with some of yonder toddlers, the little blackguards would cry out "butter-fingers!" and we should deserve the ignominy.

Is there more *fun* in these scientific games than in our old less rigid, more rollicking sports? Isn't this new kind of play something like work. Isn't it more exacting than amusing, like whist among martinets? The universal worship of baseball has narrowed the range of juvenile games, making some pastimes rare and others obsolete. Boys are prematurely brought to base-ball and rowing clubs, which in primitive times engaged a less exclusive devotion. Possibly it is only a change of perspective and standing-place, but it certainly seems as if streets and play-grounds were no longer as resonant as of old with leap-frog, prisoner's base, duck, I spy, snap the whip, egg in the hat, or that game, unregretted of house-keepers, in which house corners are chalked in turn by pursuers and pursued, till modern cities are marked like Bagdad in days of olden story. It was like meeting an old friend to see a diagram of Hop-Scotch inscribed upon the pavement yesterday, doubtless an additional pleasure to find the rude drawing executed on a neighbor's sidewalk, not on mine. I fancy nowadays there are fewer battles and campaigns of hawkey; fewer boys "basting the bear"—bear taking with Indian fortitude such a knoutting from knotted handkerchiefs as, if administered in school, would make him howl with anguish; fewer urchins engrossed in whistle-making or in cutting leathern suckers; fewer kites flying in the air; fewer hogshoof hoops, iron-bound, broomstick-driven, thundering along the thoroughfares as terrible to the younger fry as a wheel of Hector's car.

What hours one recalls of industrious juvenile mechanism, now developed in the fly-trap or figure o'4 trap; anon in the leaden whirligig with its saw-like edge, fatal to school-benches; or again in the potato-mill with busy, unproductive whirr; or else in the pop-gun made of elder in

the country, and in the city (for furtive artillery practice in the schoolhouse) with quill, and wooden ramrod, and ammunition stamped out of sliced raw potato; or yet again in the arrows, justly dreaded by housewives; or the solid elastic ball, made in those ante-Goodyear days from the nucleus of a cubic half-inch of school rubber (or haply cut surreptitiously from the stout overshoe of the period), faithfully punctured into hollowness by the needle, and stuffed again by turns, till the orb is done. What an affair kite-making was—monstrous kites with a string of bobs fit for the tail of a comet, and messengers to fly up along the string to the clouds. There went to it great whittling and notching, and dovetailing of cross pieces, bending of hoops and pasting of paper, councils of war over number of bobs, and length and strength of twine, and then what joy when the fabric took its flight, and we could cry "There she rises! Oh, crackey, how she pulls! Let her her out! Draw her in! Now she pitches! Hooray!"

There was the building and rigging of boats—we made them as the first boat builders did—they were dug-outs:

Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;

in fact only Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" could sing these feats in worthy numbers. Kin. Pearce was our chief of modellers. We supposed he would turn out a George Steers at the very least, but he only sells hats in the city of his origin—hats, too, not of his own devising. Then, in its appropriate season—for an occult and arbitrary but sacred rule or tradition assigned each sport to the metres and bounds of its own season—marbles, for example, coming with the birds of early spring, and football being adjourned till fall, with peg-tops appearing in their full time and balloons as duly in theirs—in its appropriate season, I repeat, as Rogers says,

Each eve we shot the marble through the ring
When the heart danced and life was in its spring;
only it was oftener in the morn than in the eve, partly because the morn was lighter, and sometimes perhaps because by eve we were already "busted," or bankrupt as to our stock in trade. I loitered by a group of boys at marbles the other day, and could not understand their deep little game, though the traditional

warning of centuries still cried out "knuckle down tight." Who knows but with the general advance of civilization, agates are now as common as alleys were in days of yore ?

If base-ball has somewhat eclipsed in popularity for younger lads a few of the old-time sports, it has yet brought much good to American youth. After all, why should not fashion carry the town and age by storm, in boys' pastimes as well as in ladies' dress or the trades of men ? We sometimes cry out against base-ball and boating, because they are infested with betting ; but a man bent on gambling can lay money upon the fall of a feather or the shock of an earthquake. This training of eye and hand, this firm control and unerring use of muscle and nerve, this habit of physical self-reliance, joined with mutual help and interplay, is good for the man and good for the State. Latimer's father taught him to "lay the body in the bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as other nations do, but with strength of body ;" and similar are the

lessons that Harvard rowing and Red Stocking batting teach. The Greeks cultivated the game of ball among their very first gymnastic exercises, because it gave their youth elasticity and grace ; they had special teachers of it, as we have teachers of the flute or of dancing, and a space in every gymnasium set apart to it ; they raised statues to skilful ball-players, and gave them civic honors ; when the Romans took it up they made it a game for all ranks, from emperor to slave, and for all ages, from childhood to old age, now using the soft air-filled ball, and now a solid one our champions might covet. They affected all our lordly modern indifference as to which hand should catch the swift ball, or the posture in which it should be seized, and they applauded as we do adroit captures "on the fly" or other feats of address and strength. In fine, the "national game" comes, though in modified form, of honorable origin, and we cannot do better than continue it in honorable fame.

PHILIP QUILBERT.

WHY IS IT SO ?

A CLOUDLESS stretch of heavenly blue,
The sun so brightly shining—
Ah, me, what mockery is the day
To spirits dumbly pining !

The brooks go singing softly on,
The flowers above them nodding,
What care the brooks and sweet-breathed flowers
For weary mortals plodding ?

The trees put on their soft new robes,
Glad birds flit through them singing,
Dear heart, 'twould all be just the same
Were ceaseless death-knells ringing !

The earth is sadly out of tune,
Our life-strains with it jarring,
Whatever in the sweet spring bloom
Can blot out Sin's deep scarring ?

What matters if the wrong be ours,
Or of another's doing,
When shapeless wrecks of fondest hopes
Are all Life's pathway strewing ?

And still the brooks go singing on,
And still the flowers keep nodding,
And all the trees hang out their plumes
While Grief and we are plodding !

The earth came glowing, pure and sweet,
From out the womb of morning,
God saw that it was very good
Fresh from His fair adorning.

No inharmonious, jarring notes
Through aisles of space went ringing,
When Earth, and Stars, and Sons of God
Were their grand anthems singing !

Eden, arrayed in starry blooms,
And rarest incense breathing,
Received His image pure from God,
His smile of love enwreathing.

Dear heart, how could our mother Eve,
With every bliss surrounded,
Reach up ambitious hands to take
That fruit so fairly rounded !

How small to her the action seemed—
How wide and deep its grapple !
The sweetest chords of being broke
With breaking of that apple !

Then Ignorance and Purity,
With tear-stained, awe-struck faces,
Hushed with a wail their harmony,
And left to Sin their places

Dear heart, that wail goes sounding on,
Sin's bold tones with it jarring !
Thank God that Earth is not in tune
With such ignoble warring !

But still the brooks go singing on,
Sweet flowers their banks adorning,
To lift our souls above Sin's night
To Christ's new, glorious morning !

F. A. BLAISDELL.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

MOVING THE SEWING-MACHINE BY ELECTRICITY.

Two things are established with reference to electricity as a motive power: first, it cannot compete with steam in point of economy; and second, it can be employed for various kinds of light work where cost is a secondary thing. The sewing-machine, therefore, comes within the range of its legitimate application. There can be little doubt that on physiological grounds it is desirable to apply a motor to the sewing-machine to relieve the attendant. That mischief has been done by it in many cases to the female constitution is unquestionable, although its amount may have been exaggerated. Besides, it will take more time than we have yet had with its use to determine the kind and degree of reaction upon those who devote themselves to it. But no change can be expected on purely hygienic grounds. Men, women, and children have been long offered up by manufacturers on the altar of Mammon; they are still by tens of thousands, and long will be where it is profitable to do it. Life has its market price just as truly now as in the slave dispensation. It is only where profit happens to coincide with hygienic conditions that there is hope of improvement. The application of electricity to the propulsion of the sewing-machine has been tried for years, but the mechanical impediments have been formidable. Mr. Henry Seligman has been long at work upon it, his first machine having been exhibited at the fair of the American Institute several years ago. He has been earnestly at work upon it since, and claims that it is now entirely practicable. We have seen it work, and it is certainly an apparent success. The girls assured us that they could do a third more work with it than when driving the machines themselves. It is claimed that the power costs less than twenty-five cents a day, a statement that is easily verifiable by those who care to know about it. Of course there remain the questions of complication, liability to get out of order, and the practicability of its movement. The inventor claims that

the thing is complete in these respects, and is so simple that any woman can use it; upon which the obvious comment is that if the mechanism be intrinsically satisfactory, the owner will be compelled to learn to take care of it. If it be a success, it will not be the least of its good effects that it will coerce a little practical scientific education for woman.

SCIENCE IN FRAGMENTS.

SUCH is our way of presenting it, and it is undoubtedly the best way. Professor Tyndall has given us a charming book entitled "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," which just describes our miscellany, and, as he says in his preface. "From America the impulse came which induced me to gather these 'fragments' together, and to my friends in the United States I dedicate them;" we conclude that he has been studying the scientific department of "The Galaxy," and takes this mode of making his acknowledgments. We cannot fail to be pleased, as imitation is always the most delicate flattery; but wherever he got his inspiration, Professor Tyndall has made a most fascinating book—indeed, a model book. To have gone down to the depths of the truths of nature, to dwell among its harmonies until they pervade the intellectual life, and then to be able to reveal them to others with a clearness and force that captivates the understanding and kindles the enthusiasm, is what is given to but few men to do; and this is done by Tyndall perhaps more successfully than by any other man of his age. To please as well as to instruct, to carry the feelings as well as the intellect, continually to keep facts and principles within the limits of logic, and yet to irradiate the subject with the glow of poetry—this is the enviable ideal of a public teacher; very rarely realized, but finely realized by the Lecturer on Physics of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Fragments are well; it is desirable sometimes to magnify them, but it is well also that they should be sometimes fused and harmonized—especially in character. The dry retailer of disjointed facts

is but a sorry fragment of a man, and so is the poet vacant of ideas—the rhymers of fanciful nothings. Each needs something of the other to make the rounded, synthetic expositor, who thrills as he teaches. Nor is this all: the full-orbed man will not be a craven; he must be intrepid, strong, master of the occasion. There must be faithfulness and conscience in all excellent work. Professor Tyndall's book shows these manly traits in a marked degree. He is not the man to move only when he is moved by the gales of popular favor; he has views of his own, and he states them, not offensively, but firmly. There are some things in his book that may startle the timid, but what in the world are the timid for except to be startled? Professor Tyndall has, however, no desire to wound people's prejudices, and while steadfast to his own convictions, he is not without due respect for the convictions of those whom he opposes. Science has got in bad odor with many on account of the pugnacity of some of its cultivators. Mr. Tyndall sets a good example of the chivalric bearing of the true controversial knight. His book will prove quickening and healthy in its influence.

ORIGIN OF THE AUSTRALIANS.

In his late work on the origin of civilization, Sir John Lubbock takes the ground that existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors, and that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism, from which several races have independently advanced. He does not claim that all are necessarily improving, but that while some are apparently stationary and others actually deteriorating—the latter condition being almost invariably associated with the dying out of a race—the history of the human race on the whole has been one of progress. In a late paper on the position of the Australian languages, read by W. H. J. Bleek before the Anthropological Society of London, of which Sir John Lubbock is President, evidence which seems opposed to the foregoing views was incidentally furnished. Dr. Bleek maintains that, looked at from the standpoint of language, the Australian native is to be regarded as the degenerate offspring of the South Indian race; and a comparison of the religious customs and observances of the past, with those of the present among them,

would also indicate that they had fallen from a higher state of civilization. The artificial nature of their weapons, their knowledge of the art of spinning, and the peculiar system of castes existing among them, were cited as still further evidence in favor of this belief.

INSOLATION OR SUNSTROKE.

As the time when attacks of sunstroke are most frequent is now approaching, it seems desirable to correct certain misapprehensions on the part of the public concerning the causes of this dangerous affection. It is commonly supposed that attacks occur only during exposure to the direct rays of the sun. But this is not so. The causes of sunstroke are classified by medical authorities as predisposing and exciting causes, and of the latter exposure to the heat of the sun is undoubtedly the most frequent; but the circumstance that attacks are common in sheltered situations, and sometimes actually come on in the night-time, shows that the direct action of sunshine is not alone responsible. Any vitiated condition of the system, arising either from living in a foul atmosphere or from dissipation, great fatigue, a lack of nourishing food, garments worn so tightly about the neck and chest that they restrain the free action of the parts, are all powerful predisposing causes, which combined with exposure to great heat are liable at any time to induce an attack. The influence of great fatigue in predisposing to an attack can hardly be overrated. The experience of the British army in India is conclusive on this point. In the case of a particular body of troops obliged to make a hurried march of upward of eleven hundred miles during the hottest season of the year, all stood it well until some three-quarters of the distance had been passed, when the men began to exhibit unmistakable signs of fatigue in the shape of languor, loss of flesh, and failing strength. It was at this time that cases of sunstroke first appeared, and they continued with alarming frequency, coming on in the night as well as in the daytime during the remainder of the march. Testimony from the same quarter concerning the bad effects of overcrowding and insufficient ventilation is equally explicit. It is remarked by Dr. Butler, that the men under his charge who, though

not overworked or fatigued, were housed in crowded and badly ventilated barracks, were the ones who furnished the greatest number of serious cases. Out of sixteen cases mentioned by Mr. Longmore as occurring in a company belonging to his regiment, thirteen were attacked in barrack or in hospital. Insolation has also been frequently observed on board ship, most often where overcrowding and impure air were added to the influence of excessive heat. It is not uncommon on board the mail steamers in the Red Sea during the months of August and September, and it has been observed that most of the cases occurred while the sufferers were in the horizontal position in their ill-ventilated cabins. The symptoms preceding an attack are in some cases scarcely observable, the person suddenly falling in fatal syncope, and dying before assistance can be of any avail. More frequently, however, they are well marked, and if early recognized much may be done even by the non-medical to avert the serious consequences that might otherwise ensue. The more obvious symptoms are extreme heat and dryness of skin, often accompanied by a peculiar stinging sensation over the whole surface of the body, giddiness, congestion of the eyes, a sense of oppression about the chest, and a frequent desire to micturate. Contrary to the general opinion, headache is not a common symptom, though occasionally present. After a longer or shorter continuance of these symptoms the patient becomes insensible, the heat and dryness of skin increase, the respirations become hurried and labored, and unless remedial measures are speedily applied death soon follows. At the earliest moment after the attack, let the patient be carried to some cool shade where there is free circulation of air, his body stripped, and his face, neck, and chest, freely doused with cold water. Continue this until the more serious symptoms, such as absence of consciousness, disturbed breathing, and great heat of skin, are relieved, or until the arrival of some competent physician, who on the discovery of the trouble should at once be called. Cold water may be freely given inside as well as out if the patient demand it. The causes of sunstroke previously enumerated will suggest the means to be adopted for its prevention.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF KINGFISHERS.

THE manner in which this family of birds is distributed over the earth offers some strange anomalies, which up to the present time remain quite unaccounted for. According to a recent monograph devoted to their treatment, and written by Mr. R. B. Sharp, there are something like one hundred and twenty-five distinct species known, which belong to nineteen genera; yet but eight species, all belonging to a single genus, are to be found in the whole continent of America—a continent with more rivers and more fish than any other. No part of the world equals America, and especially its southern half in peculiar forms of bird life, notwithstanding which it is the poorest of all parts in kingfishers. The single island of Celebes actually contains as many different kinds of kingfishers as all North and South America, and New Guinea contains more than twice as many. Neither have we any peculiar type of kingfisher. All our species belong to a single genus, and this is also found in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Africa has three peculiar genera and twenty-four peculiar species; continental India has five peculiar species, but no peculiar genus; the western Malay islands have one peculiar genus and eleven peculiar species; the Philippines seven peculiar species; the island of Celebes eight peculiar species and three peculiar genera; but the Australian region has no less than ten peculiar genera and fifty-nine peculiar species, or nearly half those of the whole world.

SUNSHINE AS FORCE.

A good illustration of man's inability for self-support independently of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculation. The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine received upon a square mile of the earth's surface, is computed to be 3,323,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice for only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not arise

more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would therefore not be possible for any number of men, by their mere mechanical force, to produce anything like sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food needful for their own support.

ABSORPTION OF HEAT BY ATMOSPHERIC MOISTURE.

CONTRARY to the generally received opinion, it has been shown that the excess of sun over shade temperature is quite independent of the season of the year, being about the same in midwinter that it is in midsummer; the fluctuations, however, being greater in the latter season. This appears all the more surprising when it is remembered that the atmospheric tract through which the rays have to pass is much longer in winter than in summer. The mystery is cleared up by some late experiments of Professor Tyndall, which prove that the watery vapor of the air exerts a strong absorptive power upon the heat of the solar radiations, and that the greater the amount of vapor the greater will be the quantity of heat absorbed. This amount is greatest in summer, least in winter; and the adjustment is so nice that the sun's rays traverse nearly the same mass of moisture at both seasons, the longer track in winter containing no more vapor than the shorter track in summer. In temperate climates where the amount of suspended moisture varies the least, the excess of sun over shade temperature near the middle of the day averages about 22 deg. Fahr. for both summer and winter. The more humid the atmosphere the greater the absorption and the less the excess; so that at sunset, when the humidity is generally greatest, the absorption becomes sufficient to reduce the excess to only 10 deg. or 12 deg. Fahrenheit at the sea-level. According to Dr. Hooker's observations, made at various heights from the level of the sea up to 18,000 feet, it appears that at elevations ranging from 7,000 to 8,000 feet, the excess of sun over shade temperature is increased to about 67 deg. Fahr., or 45 deg. Fahr. above the mean at the sea-level. This difference is due to the absorption exerted by the moisture contained in the intervening column of air.

ANALYSIS OF SOILS.

In a recent lecture on the subject of soils, Dr. Voelcker vigorously opposes the belief that soil analysis alone can determine the kind and quantity of fertilizer required for a given crop. To those knowing little of the teachings of modern agricultural science, it appears very simple to remedy a deficient soil by finding out through analysis the wanting constituents, and then to supply them. But this is not so. It is not only difficult to exactly analyze a soil, but many other things besides its chemical composition have to be observed. The state of combination in which the mineral constituents of a soil are found, its physical condition, the presence or absence of substances injurious to the growth of plants, are so many points of great importance upon which soil analysis casts a very dim and uncertain light. The fertility of the soil cannot be maintained, much less increased, if only as much of fertilizing constituents is applied to the land as was removed by the crop. Waste takes place in various directions, and one important source of this is through the process of drainage. Careful collection and examination of drainage waters has shown that a large proportion of nitrogen is carried off in this way, chiefly in the form of nitrates. Dr. Voelcker's analysis of drainage waters also shows that potash and phosphoric acid, both most important mineral constituents for the plant, are almost entirely retained in the soil; while others less important, such as lime, magnesia, or sulphuric acid, pass with greater readiness out of the land.

NON-EXPLOSIVE GUN-COTTON.

It is said that gun-cotton which has been immersed in a solution of bisulphide of carbon will not explode when flame is applied. The liquid takes fire and burns, but the gun-cotton remains intact. Dipped in a solution of either alcohol, ether, or benzol, and then lighted, it behaves in the same way. Phosphorus placed upon gun-cotton that has been thus treated melts, and even boils, but will not burn.

A NEW CINCHONA ALKALOID.

In addition to the several cinchona alkaloids already made known, another has

lately been discovered, which is strongly distinguished from its associates by the ready solubility of its salts. It has the appearance of a yellowish oil, and has hitherto resisted all attempts to solidify it. It is soluble in alcohol and ether, has a peculiar though mild bitter taste, and its salts are neutral to test paper. It was found by Mr. D. Howard while examining the mother waters left in the manufacture of sulphate of quinine. Quinidina is also a constituent of these waters, but differs from the substance in question in being readily crystallizable, while the latter is not

DECORATION OF METALLIC SURFACES.

ATTENTION is called by Dr. Puscher to a new and simple process for decorating the surfaces of metals. A solution is first prepared by dissolving hyposulphite of lead in hyposulphite of soda. This is then heated to about 212 deg. Fahr., and the metal to be colored dipped into it. A thin film of lead is deposited, producing a beautiful display of colors upon any metal that may be employed.

SCIENCE FOR COMMON SCHOOLS.

WE give below the substance of a plan for teaching science in the common schools, which was lately submitted by Mr. R. C. Morris to the consideration of the London School Board. The want of competent teachers and the cost of apparatus have hitherto stood in the way of all efforts in this direction; both these points are sought to be met in the proposed scheme. The subjects for study are chemistry, heat, light, sound, electricity, magnetism, telegraphy, mechanics, hydrostatics, steam-engine, geology, metallurgy, botany, zoology, animal physiology, health, etc. In the matter of books it is recommended that a committee be formed to select, revise, and compile a full set of suitable text-books, which are to be issued in a cheap form, bearing the sanction of the committee. Concerning apparatus it is advised that a depot be established where complete sets, sufficient for illustrating the sciences mentioned, may be provided at much below the usual rates. Each set is to be limited in cost to one hundred pounds, and is to be divided into ten cases at ten pounds each, a single case to be complete for the illustration of one or two subjects. The teacher is to

be a visiting one, going from school to school, and giving one or two hours instruction in each two or three days in the week. In this way a single teacher might attend to seven or eight schools, taking the pupils through three or four of the subjects annually, and thus in three or four years each school would have completed the course. Separate apartments for scientific instruction are advised, but if these are not to be had, the instruction is to be given when it will least interfere with the other business of the school. An institution where teachers may have an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of their profession, and where their qualifications for the work may be thoroughly tested, is also recommended. Periodical examination, and a regular system of rewards are likewise provided for in the plan. The books and apparatus are to be supplied by Government, and the teachers are to be paid by the schools, with governmental assistance when necessary.

PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

THE following method of storing potatoes, recommended by Dr. F. Moigno, is a simple and said to be a sure way of preserving them from rot. When mature, the potatoes are dug and allowed to dry, and are then put into pits that are lined with straw. As they are deposited in the pit, either charcoal powder, gypsum, or the ashes of coal or wood, should be freely scattered among them, in quantity sufficient to fill up all the interstices. They should then be protected from the action of direct sunlight, and after a few days covered with two, or what is better, four feet of soil; care being taken that the ground about the pits is effectually drained. Déclat of Paris suggests the use of solutions of carbolic acid as a means of preserving meats and vegetables. The course of proceeding is to immerse the articles to be preserved in weak aqueous solutions of carbolic acid, the strength varying from one-half to four or five per cent. of the acid, according to the climate and the length of time it is required to keep them. Another method for preserving meat has been suggested by Pelouze. The meat or other animal substance is first cut up into pieces of convenient size and placed in an atmosphere of carbonic oxide gas, where it is kept all the way from twenty-four to forty-

eight hours. It is then deprived of its moisture by exposure to a current of dry, cold air, and after this superficially treated with some antiseptic solution, such as strong brine, saltpetre, or carbolic acid, and then put into cans and hermetically sealed.

GEOLOGY AND THE DARWIN THEORY.

DR. MORITZ WAGNER, in a late contribution to the derivative theory of species, holds that the evidence furnished by geology in support of the theory is both clear and strong. He says that the sudden appearance in palæontology of organic forms strongly differentiated from any earlier ones, is always in direct proportion to the amount of disturbance characteristic of the strata in which they are imbedded; the more conformable to one another are two adjacent strata, the greater affinity is there in their organic remains. Further evidence in the same line is found in the affinity of the land animals now in existence in any part of the world with those which inhabited the same country at an earlier period, as shown by their fossil remains. In the diluvial and pliocene deposits of South America, for instance, are found the remains of marsupials and edentata, intermediate between those forms which still exist and those which are found in the lower tertiary strata of the same region. The ape remains of the bone caves of Brazil can be assigned to living New World genera, while those found fossil in Europe and Asia belong to existing genera of the Old World. The fossil remains of mammalia hitherto found in Australia belong exclusively, like the living forms, to marsupial orders. Genera of marine animals such as trilobites, brachiopods, etc., are found distributed in palæozoic strata over the whole world, while the extent to which land animals are distributed is generally very restricted. All these facts are what would be expected were the theory in question true, while they would be inexplicable by any doctrine of special creations.

THE CRYPTOGAMIC THEORY OF CHOLERA.

DURING the cholera epidemic which occurred in England in 1853-'54, the theory

was broached that this disease owed its diffusion to organic particles, which found their way into the system through the medium of air or water, or both combined. Bodies were discovered in the air of cholera rooms which resembled others found in cholera discharges and in the water of neighborhoods where the disease was prevalent. These bodies were afterwards shown to consist chiefly of starch granules with a small admixture of a species of uredo or blight, and thus for the time the notion fell into discredit. In subsequent epidemics, however, organic matter continued to be found in abundance both in the air and the water of affected districts; and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that water tainted with cholera discharges is known to convey the disease if taken into the system, has sustained the belief in the minds of many that some specific cause which was of organic origin, and capable of transmission from one person to another, either by means of air or water, or otherwise, did actually exist and would yet be found. The more recent researches of Hallier and Pettenkofer served to strengthen this belief, as they claimed to have discovered in the discharges of cholera patients certain organized structures which were peculiar to that disease, and which they regarded as its cause. Mr. T. R. Lewis, who is a military surgeon in the British service in India, and who therefore enjoys unusual facilities for studying the subject, has lately made a report on the supposed fungoid origin of cholera, wherein he maintains, in opposition to the conclusions of Hallier and Pettenkofer, first, that choleraic discharges contain no cysts which are not found under other conditions; second, that cysts or sporangia of fungi are very rarely found under any circumstances in alvine discharges; third, that no special fungus has been developed in choleraic discharges, the fungus described by Hallier being certainly not confined to such; fourth, that there are no animalcular developments, either as to nature or proportionate amount, peculiar to cholera, and that the same organisms may be developed in nitrogenous materials even outside the body; fifth, that the supposed debris of intestinal epithelium is not of this origin, but appears to result from effused blood plasma.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THOUGHTS about Art," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a collection of essays first published in English periodicals, now revised by the author and offered, with a preface written specially for the edition, to the American public. The author discusses almost all subjects that come to the surface in the intellectual fermentation of art; its practice, its theories, its writers, its private and public encouragements, its criticism, the status of the artist, its relations to nature and to society, and so on through a suggestive table of contents. He is neither profound nor superficial; we should call him an experienced eclectic. Being a painter himself, an ardent student of nature, camping out to study nature in various ways and everywhere with the ardor of a genuine Englishman in quest of game, familiar with other lands besides his own, and a refined and cultivated man, he is in art cosmopolitan, and admirably qualified to diffuse the spirit wherever his book can be read. No person who pretends to be cultivated, no one who is seeking for new outlets of intellectual pleasure, should fail to read Mr. Hamerton's thoughts on art. In the essay on "Picture-Buying," Mr. Hamerton analyzes the growth of art, healthy and morbid. First comes portraiture, "self and self's wife," which so long as confined to conjugal canvasses is mere egoism; that of friends, heroes, and benefactors is of a higher order. After this, naturally evolved from the same sentiment, little pictures of domesticities, "mammias and babies and cradles and that sort of thing, returns of school-boys, scenes of wooing and billing and cooing," constituting the most salable works in our exhibitions, and much of which is weeded out through the cheaper and more facsimile agency of photography. Next come engravings, "religious prints, and sporting prints, and licentious prints; prints theatrical, prints military, prints ecclesiastical." If, on entering a house, he sees an engraving of surpliced choristers with certain adjuncts, he knows that its mistress is a Puseyite; if there is one of John Knox, there is a leaning to Low Church; if in a bachelor's room prints of

female charms cover the walls, it shows like the others a love of something else besides art. After rustic and amatory incidents fondness for animals must not be omitted—the dogs, horses, and cattle that find so many painters and purchasers. The gratification of a personal taste in this way is a dubious sign of moral or æsthetic interest in the world around one. The idea is that the art which reflects selfishness or animality is not truly *fine art*. "The love of landscape," of which Mr. Hamerton is a special advocate, "is rarest and latest of all." It shows an interest in nature. In this respect our world of art is not behindhand. Our limitless territory, the nomadic habits of Americans, our facilities for travel, outdoor labor, and a clear atmosphere foster the growth of a sentiment for nature, the result of which is a predominance of landscape art. "In France," he says, "landscapes are scarcely to be got rid of at all unless enlivened by animals; in England, when they predominate in an exhibition, it is spoken of as uninteresting in the newspapers." The value of the *milieu* is suggested by a story he tells of a Parisian in Scotland, who was "quite seriously vexed at some cloud shadows he saw on a mountain because he could not make out what they were." On explaining the phenomenon to him, he asserted that "no artist could have any business to paint them; they are not fit subjects for art, which ought to deal with what is intelligible in nature." To the Frenchman nature consisted perhaps of Montmartre, or the usual flat plain of French pictures with its little pool and tall poplars, and consequently on a grand scale put him out. "The Painter in his Relation to Society" is an analysis of the social status of the artist. He has no "governmental position" among his fellows. The idea is that the potentiality of the artist socially is of no account relatively to that of other classes. Let the means or influence of, say a merchant, be correlated with the judgment of an artist in a matter in which he ought to be authority, should an issue arise the opinion of the former would prevail. Mr. Hamerton says we

might as well own up that the brain is the slave of the purse. "Men respect only power." Diverse terms stand for power in the course of ages—the sword, the pulpit, the bar, the pen, in these days money, but never the pencil of the artist. Mr. Hamerton hopes its time will come. He admits that the power of the artist is of too subtle a nature, and too dependent on isolation, to be made materially effective socially. It might be contended that the opulent or any other man respects the artist's power, on a kindred basis of social force, every time he purchases one of his pictures. The artist serves him by measuring for him his emotional capacity. The office of the artist is to furnish society with visible signs of its unselfish faith and affections. When artists are busy and well paid for their labor, society may be sure that human energy and faculty is in the highest and best state of activity. Both the Greek and the Renaissance epochs substantiate the assertion. The artist probably could not fulfil his function, and at the same time be a social power in the sense postulated by Mr. Hamerton. Nevertheless, money aids the artist socially. When one sees artistic reputations expand in proportion to their connection with capital, when one sees æsthetic merit estimated so generally by the number of dollars a picture brings, one can appreciate without envying a "governmental position" of this stamp.

Mr. Weeks's volume of "Episodes and Lyric Pieces," a few of which are reprinted from the pages of this magazine, will do much toward gaining its author a definite and by no means undesirable rank as a poet. His verses stand very well the difficult test to which collection subjects them, and give a pleasanter impression of their author than we at least have gained from his occasional poems. In those the most noticeable points had seemed to us a rather too marked tendency toward a sentimental melancholy, and an effort after simplicity in thought and expression which occasionally resulted in a rather unpleasant baldness. In this volume, however, the modesty of Mr. Weeks's pretensions, his freedom from small affectations, and the genuineness of his poetical gift are the qualities which strike us most favorably. The least agreeable poems in the are perhaps its most ambitious ones,

"The Return of Paris," "In Corinth," and "In Collatia," where the themes seem to demand a more vigorous treatment than Mr. Weeks's peculiarly modern sentiment and his deficient dramatic sense enable him to give them. But the shorter poems are, with hardly an exception, smoothly versified, pleasant in thought and in suggestion, and give good promise of still better things from their author in the future. Whether to wish that men and women and nature moved him to emotions not quite so gently pensive we hardly know. Such as he is, he has the great merit of not suggesting, not at least when he is doing his better work, any other poet, and of making his readers feel that his sentiment and his need of expression are both entirely genuine.

"My Study Window." By James Russell Lowell, A. M. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.—It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Lowell's prefatory note that in "ridding his mind" of these essays by publication, he is making ready for a new departure, and that this second volume may in due time be followed by a third. The encouragement of a kind reception will certainly not be wanting.

The books within, we are warned, have a smaller share in these studies than the world without. Only a few pages are given to technical criticism, and even the keenness and wit of its application serve to illustrate something broader than mere correction. Discipline may not be more welcome to the subject because it is so administered on principle, but the reader will enjoy the reasons as impartially as the punishment. The paper on the "Library of Old Authors" is an excellent example of censure justified by reference to standards, and enriched with research and citations. In the "Life and Letters of Percival" great pains are taken to explain why that poet, whose merit has rather been taken on trust, ever grew into any reputation, before proceeding to show that he deserved none. And the article on "Swinburne's Tragedies" disposes of its subject in a few sentences, serving merely to introduce general reflections on certain grounds of selection and methods of treatment in poetry.

There is an affectionate reverence, a mingling of recollection with judgment, throughout the sketch of Emerson, inclin-

ing the reader to caution in accepting its views. Not to distrust, for Lowell's critical insight is too true to be misled by friendship. Yet, conceding "his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds," we are in this latitude (no doubt to our misfortune) so free from the spell of his personality as to believe, even in a deeper sense than his disciple means to convey, that he "sometimes mistakes the queer for the original." But how true and timely are these words of recognition: "If ever there was a standing testimonial to the cumulative power and value of character (and we need it sadly in these days), we have it in this gracious and dignified presence." Among the minds so fecundated, Thoreau's attracts from our critic a notice marked by just and sharp discrimination. He is characterized as "a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself," and as one of those who "solace an uneasy suspicion of themselves by professing contempt for their kind." But admitting that his aim was a noble and useful one, and his style, like his life, one of simplicity and purity, Lowell takes him chiefly as a text for wise discourse on the folly of withdrawing from an active and sympathetic life.

In truth, a great charm of these essays is the ease, the instinctive spring, with which the author rises at once from the limits of personality into the region of principles. His topics serve as suggestions rather than subjects, every one of them becoming simply and naturally a centre of illustration for some wide circle of truth. Take the study of Pope, so finished in detail, or the graver and fuller paper on Chaucer. Not limited by the men or their themes and styles, not resting with their circumstances of time and manners, nor content only to trace the needs that formed them and the influences they formed, he rises at once to influences of national character, to broad theories of art, to philosophizing on man's nature. The poet's work in each case, with all that gave it shape and color, is clearly set forth, mainly as the source of large and generous inferences bearing on art and life, and full of instruction.

There is the same expansion in the rare

essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," with its few quiet opening sentences, sketching an evening landscape, filling it with kindly associations that widen by easy transition into sad memories, lifted with a touch into thoughts of honor and fame. How the phrase of fine humor, by a slight quick movement, flashes out a truth; how the deprecation turns a sudden face of grand assertion; and from the height of confident prophecy "that it is the collective, not the individual humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us," how smoothly we pass to the witty conviction of individual equality with the rest of the world after all! (But might not the mention of Leigh Hunt's notion of 'America well have been pointed by some phrase characterizing that ingrained cockney?) Again, in the review of Josiah Quincy's biography how natural the movement is from a local point to the circle of the whole country, and still on to the wide prosaic life of modern times; how neat and careful the picture of old Boston, which to us in this region, even more than to those who follow after it there, "seems a life of the past, near in date yet alien in manners."

So, in the thoughtful study of Carlyle, Lowell begins by doing full justice to his manliness and sincerity, his pictorial intensity, his vigorous conception, while impartially noting his pugnacious paradox and acrid cynicism. Then the gradual deprivation of his taste for the eccentric into grotesqueness is traced, and the course by which his castigating dominie spirit grew to idolatry of mere pluck, and ended at last in the cudgel as the latest theory of divine government. But the personal treatment throughout is made subordinate to the study of the distinction between popularity and fame, and drawn out to the yet wider range of an author's duty in dealing with truth modestly and sincerely. And, in fine, faithful to the highest view of democracy, for the whole book is instinct with philosophic patriotism, he reminds us that "a wiser temper than Carlyle's might have found in the continual failure of men . . . an inspiring hint that it is mankind and not special men, that are to be shaped at last into the image of God."

Questions of dissent from any of Mr. Lowell's theories either in art or politics would find no place or room for discus-

tion in these pages; but we may be allowed to point out one or two blemishes, as they seem to us, in his work. We grant the justice of his criticism on Mrs. Browning's expression as being "pushed to the last gasp of sensuous exhaustion;" but is it not coarsely harsh as well as incorrect to call her muse in "Aurora Leigh" "a fast young woman with the lavish ornament and somewhat overpowering perfume of the demi-monde"? As a matter of style, why use "somewhat" at all? A thing is never partly overpowering, and we should be glad to cite Mr. Lowell's authority against that genuine reporter's "somewhat." Again, our essayist has store of illustration enough at command to spare us a second or third repetition of the cherry-stone carving. And why, unwarned by the failure of his attempt to naturalize the famous "undisprivacied," should he persist in his fatal attachment to the particle *dis*, in the use of such neologisms as "disquantified," "dissaturated"? These are unwarranted trifles that mar the general finish of his style. Usually it is clear and nervous, and often picturesque, forming a fitting dress for his close keen observation, his earnest moralizing, and the purpose that runs visibly through all his work of reaching central truths and controlling principles upon the subjects of his essays. We may fairly apply to his aims the reverse of his judgment upon British criticism—that it is always more or less parochial, and has never quite freed itself from sectarian cant, and planted itself honestly on the æsthetic point of view; and may signalize as one of his highest merits, in his own words of another, "the sleuth-hound instinct with which he presses on to the matter of his theme."

For some reason not easy to explain, the labor of miners has always been dignified with a romance which mankind has entirely refused to throw about the work of the farmer. We say always, for in the literature of Germany and other countries where mining industry has written records extending back for centuries, we find the delver in the earth occupying a place in the oldest romantic fiction of the country. This fiction now forms the fairy tales which children read, but in old times it was the "folk lore" of the people handed down by word of mouth. What is more

singular is that this sentiment has not been confined to those who never saw a mine and who are vaguely impressed with the terrors and wonders of a subterranean life, but it was and still is common among the miners themselves, who know very well that mining is as practical as turnip-raising, and that the whole process of digging mines and smelting ore for its metal is simply an industry as unromantic as sheep-clipping and wool-weaving. For the ignorant miners of Europe of a century or two ago, and their belief that their daily labors were carried on in the midst of spirits watching to take advantage of some alip to entrap them into heathen fairyland, there was some excuse. If their mine yielded a new mineral which refused to succumb to their empirical methods of treatment, they were convinced that the Kobalts and Nickels had laid a spell upon it. These fancies have changed their character as time has advanced and experience discovered that nature has no storehouse of secrets which study cannot unlook. Fancies equally gross exist however to-day, even in practical America. Our ores are supposed by the miners to be much more refractory than any others, and there is a feeling astonishingly strong that science must undergo some regenerating miracle before the true process for American ores is discovered. Coupled with this impression is the belief that nowhere but in America are men of the necessary originality and acuteness to be found.

The result of these dogmas has been that many Americans have for years refused to use the long experience of Europe to their own benefit. Supposing that all must be new, they have preferred to start with absolute ignorance; and believing that science was at fault and that the new discovery—the process, as the cant term for it goes in the West—was as likely to be the result of chance as of direct search, like the finding of a great nugget, they have placed their faith in men unable to write their own names, and knowing as little of mining or metallurgy as a beggar knows of banking. Indeed, such men have been preferred, so intense has been the belief in a mysterious difference between their mines and others, and in the equality of ignorance and knowledge before the great chance of finding a new process. So hurtful were these prejudices

to the value of the mines and the wealth of the nation, that the Government five years ago appointed a Commissioner to inquire into the state of the mines and report measures for improving this part of the country's industry. The Commissioners have found the collection of statistics very difficult, as may be seen from the present year's report, which the Commissioner has issued as a book under the title of "Mines and Mining of the Rocky Mountains, the Inland Basin, and the Pacific Slope. By Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph.D. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1871." Mr. Raymond sent out blanks to be filled up. Of the two hundred and thirty-four which went to California, only thirty-one came back properly filed, and yet California made the best returns and was the *only* State in which the questions were properly answered. Hopeless as the task of collecting statistics from an unstatistical people is, the Commissioner can still perform an important work—more important in fact than making tables of figures—in criticising the methods used in extracting the metals, and in writing instructive papers upon professional questions. Far as this task may seem from the proper sphere of a Government Commissioner, it is the most necessary part of his work; for there is at present no one else to do it. The written mining science of the country lies for the time being almost entirely in his hands. Mr. Raymond's present report fulfils this duty in part by papers on "Mineral Deposits" and "Metallurgical Processes," by himself; "The Mechanical Appliances of Mining," by Professor W. P. Blake; an excellent discussion of the mining law by Mr. Dunne of Nevada; and finally a chapter on "Wind as a Motor," by Dr. Vander Weyde.

These papers contain a great deal of information which will benefit the miners of the West, and they are not one whit too profound for the miners. These men are by no means ignorant, and have a way of understanding anything however abstruse, if it is to their advantage to understand it and is presented clearly enough. In some respects they are not what we would like to see. Professor Blake's paper undertakes to cover the whole ground of mining machines, but in the important part of ore-dressing fails to make more than casual mention of the principles that underlie the industry. This failure is the more

serious as amid the thousands of ore-dressing works which have been built in the West, there are not more than a dozen or two which have been planned in accordance with these principles. With very few exceptions they lack just one-half of the apparatus which is necessary to make them efficient; and this for the simple reason that only one-half the principles are generally known there. Mr. Raymond gives us some of the criticism which the miners need, and we would like to have more of it and more vigor and decision in what there is. There is one thing that is not likely to hurt our miners or their mines, and that is intelligent criticism heartily delivered. Mr. Raymond passes by many of the vagaries current in the West, such as the "leaking" of batteries and the grinding effect of round stamps, without giving the criticism which would be more effective from him than from any other engineer. This report, by the way, aside from its value to the miner, deserves a place on every engineer's table, for the great number of fallacies, some past, some still extant, which its pages contain. The reports from the different sections reflect with amusing fidelity the old, wild, local theories which have prevailed; and as the Commissioner cannot go over this ground again, we have them now once for all. But it is not for these curiosities alone that the report is valuable. To the miner it offers a vast deal of information which he may study with profit, and to the engineer the reports on Western mines and the exhibition of the country's mineral wealth offer elements which will constantly come into use in his professional work.

"THE Dialogues of Plato translated into English." By Professor Jowett. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. Macmillan & Co.) The Clarendon Press, through the house of Messrs. Macmillan, is giving to the reading world a class of works as weighty and important in matter as they are attractive in typographical form. Among the best hitherto given, we must range the four stately volumes now before us of "Professor Jowett's Plato."

In reading Plato, it is well to remember that he was born some twenty-three hundred years ago, that he was a Greek by race, a skeptical pagan, and wrote under the social influences of Athens, the most

intellectual city of the world. He lived also at a time when old forms of thought were vanishing, and new were struggling into existence, of which he was destined to be one of the ever-living types. He not only gave mental life to the generation in which he lived, but has caused an ever-abiding fermentation in the minds of all succeeding generations. The sciences not yet called into existence, the phenomena of the physical world hung like a shadow over the senses of man, and thought had to turn all but exclusively on the inward consciousness. Words had to be tortured to explain what was then inexplicable, and which to this day baffles our best minds. If, therefore, Plato's thoughts are cloudy, if his philosophy is mystical, if his logic is tortuous, and his dialectics are darker than the questions he tries to explain, let it be attributed to the fatality of his birth and not to any defect of his genius. If subsequent Eastern and Western theologies and metaphysics, theosophies, theurgies, pantheistic reveries, and unfledged crudities of the Renaissance are in any way coupled with his name, let it be freed from such an injustice. As Mr. Jowett says, Plato's mode of revealing truth is by lights and shadows, and far-off and opposing points of view, and not by dogmatic statements or definite results. Such are the shifting points of view which he presents to us in his life-long effort to work out the great intellectual puzzle of his age—the nature of knowledge and of good, and their relation to one another and to human life.

Many have undertaken before Mr. Jowett to give Plato's dialogues in modern languages. That of all these attempts, the translations of M. Cousin and Mr. Jowett should be the most successful, is not to be wondered at. Taylor's and Whewell's translations are things for oblivion; Schleiermacher's labor is esteemed through courtesy; and Mr. Grote's great work is justly admired rather for its accurate annotations and erudite analysis, than for the translation of the æsthetical original into the English of Shelley. A competent judge seems to think that the French language has given to the version of M. Cousin a slight advantage over that of Professor Jowett. As we hold this opinion to be a matter purely of taste, we shall not discuss it. In temperament, in constitution of mind, in gen-

eral acquirements, and a mastery over the Greek language, we regard Mr. Jowett to be a first-class modern Hellenist, and an expert in translating the Greek of Plato into the English of Tennyson. The best translation of any work is that wherein to the integral substance of the original is added the freshest and most artistic verbal form of the tongue into which the translation is made. Looking at Mr. Jowett's version from this point of view, we hold it to be the best hitherto published. His beautiful labor on St. Paul, so shamefully neglected through religious prejudices, bore the marks of an original and gifted mind, and was worthy to be the precursor of his present great work on Plato.

Each dialogue of Plato is preceded by an introduction by our author, in which the light of modern knowledge is beautifully woven round the massive though discursive thoughts of Plato. It is shown how many of the questions started by Plato, and running down through long centuries, are still in agitation, and are perplexing the brains of some of our best modern speculators. Apart from the physical sciences, in which such remarkable progress has been made since Plato's time by long-continued labor, observation, experiment, and the well-applied use of scientific instruments, how many social problems have been definitely solved and universally accepted? Have we a true historical theory in use by which to work the scattered fragments of the Past into a scientific volume, and by which to dominate and settle the angry discussions of the Present? Apart from the shifting assumptions of conflicting theologies, have we a true moral theory in use and unanimously received, by which to take apart the corrupt elements of our social system, analyze them, discard them, and give to society a more healthy growth and better medium in which to regenerate itself in its onward course? Apart from the somewhat traditional crudities of a materialized political economy, have we any true theory of riches in use and general acceptance by which to judge what should be its social ministrations, its individual duties, and its moral distribution throughout the channels of society; and by which to appease the eternal war between labor and capital, between the honest needs of the poor and wicked extravagances of the rich?

As the writings of Plato may be considered the first historical nucleus of social philosophy, the foregoing considerations spring naturally from a meditation of them, and ought to remove the sneer of some modern sciolists who look upon them as the ravings of an ancient Greek quack.

Through ignorance of Greek, the want of a proper translation, the false reports of more recent writers, and the general misrepresentation of Plato's real opinions, his character as an author has been sadly and shamefully blackened. Our best homage is therefore due to Professor Jowett for having made him an English classic, and his immortal dialogues accessible to every intelligent English reader.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE English novel has always been popular in Germany. From the period of the immense vogue of Walter Scott and Cooper down to that of Dickens, the "nach dem Englischen," or "aus dem Englischen übersetzt," on the title-page of a novel "done into German," was the well-known signal of attack along the entire line upon the German circulating library. For it is a somewhat remarkable fact that your careful German, even when well-to-do, and how devoted soever he may be to literature in general and to books in particular, never *buys* novels. Works in history and serious literature he may purchase; novels very rarely. He borrows or hires them. Eight novels out of ten read in Germany are taken from the circulating library. Here is an illustration of the fast hold of that institution upon the German mind, when novels are in question. Some six months ago the well-known author Freytag told a friend of ours that a few weeks before, at a brilliant evening party in Berlin, he was overwhelmed with the compliments of a really distinguished lady, the wife of a wealthy banker. The lady in question expressed the greatest regret that she had not yet been able to read Freytag's last work, for the reason that she had found it impossible to procure it. The celebrated novelist naturally expressed some surprise. "Quite impossible, I assure you," she repeated. "I have sent for it several times to the library" (Leihbibliothek), "but

* Works noticed herein may be obtained of E. Steiger, No. 24 Frankfurt street.

always with the same result—the answer, 'Out.'"

For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

Now that Dickens is gone and Bulwer silent, the army of German translators—and an admirably appointed army it is, ready at a moment's notice to translate anything, from Sanscrit to Icelandic or the last discovered dialect of Polynesian—this army, we say, has thrown itself, horse, foot, and dragoons, on Miss Braddon, Mrs. Stephens, Harrison Ainsworth, and Mrs. Wood. "Oldtown Folks" is lately announced, as also "Blithedale," a novel by Hawthorne.

PROFESSOR HAUSRATH publishes at Heidelberg "Der Vier-Capitel Brief des Paulus an die Korinthen." By this four-chapter letter the author means that portion of Second Corinthians which is made up of chapters 10 to 13 inclusive. He contends, as did Semler, that they have no connection with the preceding nine chapters.

WE have occasionally made reference in these articles to the endless Varnhagen von Ense memoirs. During their years of progress through the press, generations of readers have disappeared from the face of the earth, and yet other generations surviving declare they will "see no more." The incidents of an eventful and distinguished life, extending from 1785 to 1858, form but a very small portion of the material of his multitudinous writings. The record of intercourse, correspondence, or friendship with scores of world-renowned notabilities—kings, princes, warriors, professors, authors, poets, and artists—furnishes a mass of anecdotic and bibliographic sketches of the highest interest. Not even the death of the author could stay the perennial flow of his volumes. The occasional announcement of a fresh Varnhagen von Ense publication appeared to have grown into a positive German bibliographical necessity, and for the past fifteen years we have a fresh and apparently exhaustless supply furnished from his papers by his heirs or literary executors.

And now the evil—that is, we mean the series—has reached such appalling dimensions that publishers, with some dim perception of the fact that human existence has limits, despair of finding readers, buy-

ing readers, for this immense mass of tomes. Life is clearly too short for the performance of such a feat as reading them. The first result of these conclusions is the announcement by Brockhaus of Leipsic of an edition of the "selected" works of Von Ense ("Ausgewählte Schriften von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense"). This edition is to be within the possible limits of three volumes: the first devoted to the leading incidents of the author's life, the second to biographical reminiscences, and the third to miscellaneous personal sketches of a wonderful number and variety of distinguished characters, among whom we remark Condorcet, Voltaire, Lafayette, Bollmann, and Huger, the Emperor Alexander, Achim von Arnim, Gentz, Scholz, Schleiermacher, Schlegel, Humboldt, Chamisso, Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, etc.

In an octavo volume of 268 pages, Dr. Hartwig makes historical examination of the facts connected with the "Uebertritt des Erbprinzen Friedrich von Hessen-Cassel zum Katholicismus." The "going over" (uebertritt) of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel was one of the most important events of the Seven Years' War.

The last number of Grundemann's "Mission Atlas," issued by Perthes in Gotha, presents geographically the missions of Asia. The map of Palestine indicates no less than ten separate and distinct Christian missions.

A FRESH, entertaining, and exhaustive book of travels in a country little known and less visited, is a newly-published work on the island of Sardinia—"Reise auf der Insel Sardinien. Von Heinrich Freiherrn von Maltzan. Leipzig."

Situated almost on the confines of Africa, off all the ordinarily travelled routes, Sardinia offers the adventurous tourist an almost untrodden field and great freshness of manners, customs, and costumes. The author claims that the island is unknown in Germany, although rich to overflowing in archaeological treasures of Phœnician, Greek, and Roman times. The work is provided with a full appendix on the subject of the well-known Phœnician inscriptions in Sardinia.

DIFFICULT as it is to improve upon the

manuals on the subject already in use in Germany, the new History of Roman Literature ("Geschichte der Römischen Literatur") by Teuffel is recognized as of merit superior to any of its predecessors.

BROCKHAUS of Leipsic has just published the fourth volume of Moritz Carrière's "Die Kunst im Zusammenhang der Culturentwicklung und die Ideale der Menschheit."

The subject treated in this last volume is "The Renaissance and the Reformation in Culture, Art, and Literature." The vast theme of art in its connection with the development of culture is handled by the author with learning, eloquence, and philosophical instinct. His work is what the French would call *un ouvrage de longue haleine*, the first volume having appeared in 1863, the second in 1866, the third in 1868. It is supposed that one or two more volumes will complete it.

THE subject of Greek moods and tenses, on which we have an excellent American work by Professor Goodwin, is learnedly treated in "Der Gebrauch des Conjunctivs und Optativs im Sanskrit und Griechischen," by B. Delbrück, and in "Syntaktische Forschungen," by B. Delbrück and E. Windisch. (Halle, 1871.)

GIOVANNI ANTONIO BAZZI, surnamed il Soddoma, was a painter of the period of Julius II. and Leo X. He is known to the present generation by his "St. Sebastian" in the Florence gallery, his frescos in the Chapel of St. Catharine at Sienna, and by his marriage of Roxana in the Farnese Palace. Bazzi is mentioned in a very unsatisfactory manner by Vasari, who either had very insufficient material to work upon, or else, through some prejudice against the artist, failed to use it.

A German scholar has now undertaken to write the life of this, one of the most interesting masters of the Cinquecento period, and has admirably executed his task. The author, Albert Jansen, was already favorably known to the artistic world by an essay on the celebrated group in the Villa Ludovici, pronounced by him to represent Theseus and Atrea. This essay was published with the approbation of the Archaeological Institute of Rome.

Mr. Jansen in his work—"Das Leben des Malers Giovannantonio Bazzi, genannt il Soddoma, zum ersten Male beschrieben von Albert Jansen" (Stuttgart, 1871)—not only presents a full and interesting biography of Bazzi, who from a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci became an admirer and imitator of Pinturicchio, but admirably portrays the artistic life of that day, and gives historical sketches of decided merit.

A GREAT name in German literature is that of Herder, although what he so nobly did for literature, history, and humanity is nowadays known to but few outside the circle of literary historians. His principal book, "The Philosophical History of Mankind," is a noble production. It penetrates the spirit and history of the most ancient people, and lights up the darkness of ages that hung upon them. To borrow the words of an elegant French writer: "We seem in reading this book to wander in the midst of the ancient world with a historian-poet, who touches the ruins with his wand, and reconstructs the crumbled edifices before our eyes." Herder is thought to have injured himself by aspiring to universality in letters. That dangerous facility of acquisition, which tempts its possessor into path after path of knowledge, without suffering him to remain long in any one, drew Herder into the study of every department of literature, metaphysics, and theology. It is probably owing to this fact that the Germans, severe to excess in their requisitions of scholarship, accuse him of want of profundity in his acquirements.

Herder was the first to give to German literature that cosmopolitan tendency which has since his day increased to such a degree as to have become at once its marked characteristic and peculiar boast. To his rare erudition Herder joined great elegance of style. Nearly all that he has written bears the impress of the ardor and purity of feeling which animates him. Vice he never spares, and his writings are a refreshing contrast with the sensuality of the age that preceded, and the rationalism of the period that followed him. He was inclined to melancholy, and his imagination has been compared to the night-blooming cereus, which spreads its perfume only to darkness and silence. Even his fondness for nature was tinged with this feeling. Jean Paul relates of

him, that hearing on one occasion the strains of choral music that streamed from a neighboring cathedral, as from the bosom of some distant century, he exclaimed, with a sorrowful allusion to the frosty spirit of his day, "Would that I had been born in the middle ages!"

Herder's chronological position in German literature may be conveyed most clearly to the mind of the reader by the fact that in the year 1770, while travelling in France, and during a sojourn at Strasbourg, he there made the acquaintance of a young German law-student, who profited much by his advice in matters social as well as literary. The young German law-student was—Goethe.

Herder's name is thus recalled to us by a late work which treats of him as the central figure in the humanitarian efforts of the last century—"Johann Gottfried von Herder und die Humanitätsbestrebungen der Menzeit. Eine literat-historische Studie von Adolph Kohut." (Berlin, 1871.)

The civil and social condition of the Jews at that period may be readily estimated in the light of a prophecy of Herder, which is cited by the author, and which when made was thought to be the dream of a visionary: "A time will come when the question whether a man be Christian or Jew will not be asked in Europe; for then the Jew will have adapted himself to European customs, and be found ready to do his duty as a citizen—a duty which he is only prevented from fulfilling by a barbarous custom which thrusts him forcibly into a position hurtful to both himself and the State."

In his labors for humanity, as manifested in his desire for the social emancipation of the Jews, Herder found a worthy successor in Alexander von Humboldt, whose efforts in this behalf are also recorded by the forementioned author, Adolph Kohut, in another late work: "Alexander von Humboldt und das Judenthum. Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." (Leipsic, 1871.)

The condition of semi-serfdom in which the Jews were held in all the countries of Germany until within comparatively very few years seems now almost incredible. We obtain a glimpse of one of its phases in what Wolfgang Menzel writes concern-

ing Börne. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the great Goethe was cockered up, a patrician child, a poor, diseased infant came into the world—Baruch the Jew. He was ridiculed by Christian children while yet a boy. He saw daily on the Sachsenhaus bridge the infamous statue which represents Jews grouped in the most offensive manner with a sow. The curse of his nation weighed heavily upon him. When he set out upon his travels, “Juif de Frankfort” was insultingly put upon his passport. “Am I not a man like others?” he exclaimed; “has not God furnished my mind with every power? And you venture to despise me! I will avenge myself by the noblest means. I will help you fight for your freedom.” He became a Christian, assumed the name of Börne; he joined the German patriots; he burned and wrote for German freedom. Even Joseph Görres furnished articles for his “Balance.”

But this noble ebullition was terribly disappointed. Nothing was seen in Börne afterward, as well as before, but the Jew; and this was the more studiously cast into his teeth the more he yearned to be a patriot. Finally patriotism itself came to such a lamentable issue that Börne looked vainly around him to find it, and laughed bitterly.

Long after many important concessions had been made to the spirit of freedom in other States of Germany, Alexander von Humboldt made his celebrated and successful struggle for the admission of Riess, a Jew, into the Berlin Academy. An interesting portion of the work is the account of Humboldt's intercourse and correspondence with numerous distinguished personages of the Jewish faith, and in particular Henriette Herz, Rahel and Fanny Lewald.

A POETICAL author named Joseph Jamish favors the world with an epic poem in four cantos on Washington, of which the title runs: “Washington, Historisch-epische Dichtung in vier Gesängen, von Joseph Jamish,” with historical notes and a portrait. (Quarto, Leipsic.)

As an epic poem the work—and we have not the slightest hesitation in making the assertion—is not a success.

As a chronicle in verse, a rhymed narration, it has its merits. Here is a stanza from his description of the attack on the English works at Yorktown, Lafayette and Viomenil commanding separate columns, and Hamilton leading in the path of victory:

Befehligt wand die eine Sturmcolonne
Von Lafayette, und von Viomenil
Die andere. Hamilton strahlt als Sonne
Den Siegespferd voran zum hehren Ziel.
Und Löwenkühn, durchglüht von Heldenwonne,
Hat jede Scharr gekämpft im Sturmgewühl.
So wurde dieses Bollwerk denn bezwungen,
Cornwallis' Händen siegreich es entrungen.

We have occasionally referred during the past year to the extraordinary attention given in Germany to the cultivation of Dante's works, and already mentioned the Dante Jubilee of 1865, the existence at Dresden of a large Dante Society composed of poets, historians, and *literati*, of a “Life of Dante” by Wegele, another more important one by Scartazzini (a German, notwithstanding his Italian name), and numerous translations, prose and poetical, of the “Divine Comedy” in whole or in part.

One might have thought that even German enthusiasm and industry might now have exhausted themselves. Not at all. In studies, essays, and translations, the Teutonic mind still finds the great Italian poet “ever ancient, ever new.” Among the latest Dante publications are “Dante Alighieri in die Göttliche Komödie”—a contribution to the history of philosophy and to the philosophy of history, by H. K. Hugo (Leipsic, 1871)—and a translation of the “Divina Commedia” by R. Baron.

This Dante fever appears to have also invaded the Slavonic countries, for we see announced among late Polish publications “Two Lectures on the Divina Commedia,” delivered at Cracow and Lemberg in 1867 by J. Kraszewski, the distinguished Polish novelist.

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THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

A GENTLEMAN formerly of Porkopolis, and an enthusiast on hog, sends the Club an account of the celebrated learned pig Ben, since deceased, so that this noble effort is a tribute to his memory :

THE LEARNED PIG.

I have a turn for swine. I might say that I have a taste for swine. I do not mean a taste for pork, but a liking for the living pig. To put it in plain English, I like the hog. The hog to me is like the fool in the forest, meat and drink. I study him. I understand him. I am amazed at his ways and am filled with admiration of his sagacity. I was brought up on hog. I had rare opportunities to study his character and appreciate his traits. With due deliberation I assert that for shrewdness of observation, knowledge of character, for thought and memory, your hog excels all the other beasts of the field and forest.

He is selfish. Well, looked at from a certain standpoint, hoggy is selfish. But deprive a man of his hands and tongue; put in him a stomach that will digest Bancroft's "History of the United States," a stomach of great capacity and inordinate demands in the way of appetite; then build up fences, shut the gates, and turn loose your dogs, and what will become of a man's generous impulses, etc.? They will go "where the woodbine twineth" over the Erie stock. As it is, with all his advantages, man comes nearer to the hog in this quality than any other animal. As the pig puts at least one foot in the trough while eating, so a man will degrade his possessions in proof of his ownership. This is especially the case with his wife, and would be with his children, but that as they grow older and stronger he grows older and weaker, so the pig mastery predominates in the offspring.

With these tastes and ideas I was walking slowly along Pennsylvania avenue, when I saw the sign of "Learned Pig" done in huge letters upon the side of a house. I read further along that the admission fee was "twenty-five cents—servants, children, ministers of the gospel,

and Sunday schools admitted half price." I brought up a promise to pay issued by our paternal Government to the amount of twenty-five cents, as I did not come under either of the exceptions, and presented it to the guardian of the entrance, who, glancing at me, gave the fractional bit of currency an insulting examination.

"All right," he said, motioning an invitation to enter, and adding apologetically, "No offence, Cap, but counterfeits do gravitate toward scientific swine most amazingly."

The choice language of the doorkeeper impressed me deeply. It was as surprising as the educated hog. Learning had seized upon the concern.

I entered a room that had once been devoted to the sale of intoxicating drinks. It yet retained its counter and its odor. One's nostrils recognized the spirit of departed cocktails and mint-juleps that pervaded the atmosphere, mingling with the vile smell of old cigars. The educated swine was not visible; but certain eminent statesmen, distinguished by their thirst for knowledge, were of the audience. A consumptive young man labored steadily at a hand organ that gave us the air of "Shoo Fly" as if the air of "Shoo Fly" was being jolted over a stumpy corduroy road. In the pauses of this orchestra that came kindly to our relief, we heard certain snores and grunts, indicating that the learned beast of tusks and bristles was reposing from his laborious studies unknown to the audience.

When the room was sufficiently filled, the consumptive orchestra abandoned his post, and going to the door relieved the gentleman who had expressed the sage opinion touching the tendency counterfeit currency had to gravitate to the learned swine. This taker-in of dimes and curious people proceeded in a business-like manner to the counter, and rapping on the side ordered the educated pork, under the name of "Ben," to come forth. A grunt of recognition was the only response. A louder rap and a more imperative order brought a series of grunts, that to those acquainted with hog language

meant a remonstrance; whereupon the lecturer reached under and administered certain blows that brought out a squeal and the learned abode. He was of the species known at the West as "saw-back," and described in the language of that region as "slab-sided, long-snouted, and spindled-legged"; of the sort to break a man's heart, if that heart was bent upon adding some adipose to the bone and muscle, so as to bring out the pork in merchantable quantities.

He had, however, an intellectual expression of face, and it was really comical to see the poor animal snapping his jaws together with that emphasis peculiar to an indignant porker, and all the while eyeing from under his lop-ears the holder of the rattan.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the exhibitor, "this animal is the most intelligent and the best educated hog in the world. There be some pigs on exhibit that pretend to be educated pigs, and I don't deny that such creatures have claims; but education, ladies and gentlemen, to be wonderful, must have a sound basis—an S. B. Now what do I mean by S. B.? I mean mind—I mean brain. Without the S. B. what's a man, let alone a hog? Why, he's an educated ass. This hog, ladies and gentlemen, has mind—he has educated mind. He can tell the time of day. He can play poker equal to any Congressman. He can tell the age of an individual, so as to please the ladies and astonish the gentlemen. And don't he know liquor? Well, may be he don't. But just try him, that's all; and if you don't find him drunk as a senator, why constipate my digestion, that's all. Now, Ben, wide awake, old fellow; eyes of Delaware and my stick are on you; astonish these intellectual encyclopædias of homogeneous locomotion."

This amazing use of heavy English evidently impressed Ben with the belief that his exhibitor was swearing violently, and he set about his tasks with a cheerful alacrity that was manifested by a continuous twisting and untwisting of his caudal appendage, accompanied by a series of grunts that told of his anxiety. He gave us the time with accuracy; and as for ages, Ben's education was perfect. He invariably flattered the ladies by reporting their years to be about half the number nature had allowed them, while the men were

made so old that the sting was removed in the absurdity. His games of poker and old sledge brought down the house, they were so dexterous and perfect.

After the audience had retired, I yet lingered upon the threshold. I was loath to leave a specimen of hog so entertaining as this Ben. To learn something more, I approached the odd specimen of humanity, and earnestly invited him to a little refreshment at Harvey's. Consenting, we were soon seated, and I led him over his lager and oysters to the subject we were both so interested in. I have had in my time all sorts of table-talk, from horses to wines; but for the first time had a full dish of hog talk.

"Now, my dear sir," I said, leaning over confidentially, with my face braced between my two hands and my elbows planted on the table, "how under heaven do you manage to instruct a hog?"

"Easy enough, Cap, when you once get the hang of it."

"And how?"

"The hang of it lies in the feed. The road to a hog's intellect lies through his stomach. A low diet with high culture is my motto."

"And how did you make this wonderful discovery?"

"Easy enough. I had a cousin in the show business, and he used to tell me how they educated the animals. The first thing, Cousin Jake said, was to get your animal that had a turn for things naturally smart, you know. Well, I turned that over in my mind, for I was bound to make a raise. The old farm had run under until it looked like a widow's well. While I was thinking about it, I observed that hog. He was the cunningest hog ever set on hoofs. He belonged to an old nigger, and had an eye to cultivating our farm. If there was a hole, he'd find it; and if there was no hole, he'd make it; and if he couldn't climb an ordinary fence or hie a gate, no hog could. His only enemy was Uncle Sammy's dog 'Camo-mile.' And here's where the surprising part comes in. Every Saturday Uncle Sammy went off to town and got drunk, and he was pretty sure not to turn up before Monday night; and that dog Camo-mile went along to take care of the old man. When the old man got into a fight on the ordinance of '87—he was infernal ugly on them ordinances when half tight—

Camomile, who didn't care a cuss for the ordinances, but did for Uncle Sammy, went for the seat of the enemy's breeches. But that's neither here nor there. I observed that that hog was very attentive to our farm on them days, and I took to watching him. I'll be hanged if that hog hadn't the run of the week good as a human, and that dog Camomile wouldn't be fairly out of sight afore Ben 'd turn up, and come in spite of Providence. One day I caught him a-waiting under the bush in the cross-roads, on a rise where he could see both ways, a-watching; and when Camomile and old Sammy were fairly out of sight, he gave a grunt and set out on a trot for our farm. And he talked to himself all the way.

"I went for that hog. That intellectual beast took me. I bought him of his proprietor, the colored citizen, for a jug of old rye, and then I set about his education. I fastened him up in a box, and gave him not a ration for twenty-four hours. You ought to have heard that hog remonstrate at the end of that probation. I began with the alphabet and figures. It was mighty slow at first. I really thought that swine would have died at college. But as soon as he got the hang of it, and knew what I was a-driving at, he did pick up amazingly, I tell you. I used to give him stick corn and the rithermatick six hours a day."

"And you have done well with him?"

"Haven't I? That hog Ben has lifted a mortgage, built a new barn, repaired the old house, and put our farm under fence, so as to be hog-proof, I tell you."

"You'll make your fortune out of him."

"No, Cap. The intellectual process is too much for hog natur. He is in a decline. The brain-work's too much for Ben. You see it ain't their natur. In another year he'll have passed away among the enlightened beasts of the past."

"Why don't you turn him out to recruit?"

"Can't do it; tried, but can't. All the natural old hog sense has been edicated out of that beast. He has such a hankering for intellectual pursuits that he can't thrive. No! that hog's a goner—more's the pity."

And a tear rolled down the nose of the professor. Whether this came from lager or love, or a loss of profit, I could not determine.

BOOK OF LIKES AND DISLIKES.

ONE of the meanest assaults on one's common sense and happiness comes under the above head. One of our Club was assailed by a lady lately with one of these, in which the following questions were to be answered. He worried out of it rather successfully, and when last heard from was as well as could be expected:

(1), Write your favorite virtue; (2), favorite character in history; (3), the character in history you despise most; (4), favorite prose author; (5), favorite poet; (6), favorite occupation; (7), favorite color; (8), favorite flower; (9), favorite food; (10), favorite name; (11), favorite motto; (12), what you dislike most; (13), what you consider the greatest happiness on earth; (14), your pet name; (15), full signature.

1. My favorite virtue, what is that? Ah me, I'll "make a virtue of Necessity!"
2. That ancient apple-eater I like, madame—The frontispiece of all history—the Old Adam.
3. Tyrants and traitors, bloody-handed men, I think of these with hesitating pen, And lo! from graves abhor'd and flowerless rise (But Nero's once had flowers) their ghosts and cries! They claim appeal with pale, imploring look; "The Supreme Court—the True Historian's Book!"
4. My pet of authors must I name in prose? I'm sure I know not. The dear Lord only knows!
5. The children of the Muse, nor great nor small, I can but see the Mother's face in all Reflected. Some have names, as—thus and thus. Before and after walks Anonymous.
6. With "good intentions," wavering to and fro, To pave those scorching sidewalks Down Below!
7. The ebony Black that makes the star more bright, The White wherein all colors end in light.
8. Rose, Lily, and Violet—the lovely Three That represent their race in poetry.
9. "Sour grapes."
10. I think that name of all the host I like the best is—hers I love the most.
11. "Sic transit gloria Mundi." (Let it pass!)
12. To see my death's-head's vanity in a glass.
13. The earliest Dream of Happiness, at most To dream—nor wake to see its latest ghost.
14. 'Tis closed on Memory's lips, now dear!
15. I've answered, I remain

Now, that

J. J. P.

A MINNESOTA WINTER.

THERE is so much anxiety now, as there has been for years, to get accurate knowledge of the climate in Minnesota, that I make no apology for introducing the following to the Club. Why any one outside of Minnesota should wish to know anything about its climate bothers the will and confounds the understanding. Those in Minnesota know too much.

Nearly every country to which civilized man has penetrated has a climate. Boston, for instance, has three or four, all in the same day. That of Alaska is mild and salubrious, if we may judge from the specimens on exhibition at Washington before Mr. Seward effected the purchase that extended the inestimable blessings of our internal revenue system over that vast territory. (Vast and rich no doubt beyond measure, only it happened to be on the "shilling side" of the continent, so to speak; that was all.)

Texas boasts a climate at once fascinating and healthy, except for horse thieves. The name of Florida awakens pleasing thoughts of orange blossoms and the sinewy mosquito. New Hampshire suggests blasts from her Granite and her Isaac Hills. But of Minnesota it may be said that her climate, though new and hardly yet organized, has already won for her a proud preëminence over her sister States. In her winters, at all events, she may fairly claim to out-weather-strip all her competitors. There is a clearness and purity, an exhilarating vigor in the air, that invites one all day to breathe it. It sends the blood tingling through the veins, somewhat as did our schoolmaster's ferule, only the blow is more agreeable and the ceremony a good deal less formal.

I know a manufacturer who runs the largest sash and blind factory in the State; in fact, he leads the blind men of the Northwest. He informs me that he has tried very hard to keep ready-made doors on hand; but whether the country is settling up at a rate faster than he can keep pace with, or whether it is the climate, he has found himself almost constantly out of doors.

People who know nothing about it entertain erroneous ideas of Minnesota; not so erroneous, it is true, as those who have read much of what has been published upon the subject. They imagine that the country is cold and dreary, swept over by

icy and piercing winds, and altogether uncomfortable for a man who hasn't the leisure to thaw out his nose, or an ear or two, every twenty-four hours. The snow would seem to be about five or six feet. These misguided individuals suppose that, strictly speaking, Minnesota has no winter: it is one continued fall—of the thermometer; that it makes very little difference whether man wants but little here below or not—he is sure to get a good deal, seldom less than twenty-five and often fifty degrees. They tell us of the sun-dogs; they call them curs of low degree, inasmuch as you see them in the sky only when the days are coldest. The "Father of Waters," it is believed, is sure to have a cold in his head the entire winter.

Now it is true that there are cold days in Minnesota, and a good many of them; in fact, so much cold that one gets familiar with it, has it at his fingers' ends; so much frost and ice that it is the constant theme of conversation, is on everybody's lips who speaks to you on the street. Yet the air is never raw or chilly. Third street, the chief business thoroughfare of St. Paul, seeing that it is narrow and lined with tall buildings that shut out the sun, is indeed bleak. But it must be remembered that there is a Bleeker street in New York.

The air is dry. In fact, I dare say it may not have escaped the attention of my readers that an air of dryness pervades what I have already written; such is the marvellous effect of leaving my writing materials near an open window. The winter knows no rain; the dry bones of the umbrella you borrowed last fall rattle in your closet; the sun shines brightly almost every day; the system rejoices in an unwonted elasticity.

"All the air a solemn stillness holds," to borrow from Mr. Bartlett's excellent work upon "Familiar Quotations." In short, I may confess it to be my favorite air, next to "Mary of Argyle." What wonder that invalids make it a place of permanent residence; that there are so many instances where those

Who came to cough remained to stay?

There is never a very great amount of snow—just enough usually for excellent sleighing. There are many Scandinavians in the State, but *Thor* is almost unknown.

Out-of-door work can be prosecuted all winter long. I have often noticed bald

ings going up in the outskirts of the capital, and I think it may safely be alleged that, at all seasons, "by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on."

There is a peculiar dryness in the air.

It is eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

I will not write any more now.

SARFIELD YOUNG.

WAITING FOR THE LAST TRUMP.

A CORRESPONDENT, who forwards his address, puts to record the last words of a noted gambler:

Being "a constant reader of your valuable paper," and also an old friend of Mark Twain's, he and I having worked many a day side by side "at ease"—I am sorely tempted to address you, and, like Adam of old, being tempted; fail.

We have, or had whilom, in these parts, a man named Westfall, a gambler by profession, who oscillated up and down the line of the M., K., and T. R. R., turning an honest penny whenever and however he could, and who, after a prolonged spree, turned up in Humboldt, sick, and became impressed with the idea that he was about to hand in his checks, and requested the presence of some minister; whereupon one Hartman, an ex-Methodist exhorter, whose sands of life had nearly run out, was called in to administer the desired spiritual consolation.

"What can be done for me?" anxiously inquired Westfall.

"Repent and you will be saved," was the answer.

"And will I go to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"And be an angel?"

"Yes."

"And will I have wings?"

"Yes."

"Will you go to heaven too?"

"I hope and believe so."

"Will you be an angel?"

"I hope to be."

"Will you have wings?"

"Yes."

"When I get to heaven and you get to heaven, and I am an angel and you are an angel, and I have wings and you have wings, I'll fly you for a ten-dollar note."

Was not that the ruling passion strong in—life?

A CHARMING little Frenchwoman writes her experiences in sweet simple English

that goes at once to the heart. The Club calls for more:

Mr. the Editor:

I hope, you shall pardon me, to write to you without invitation; but the Americans are so polite, the Editors peculiarly, that I address myself to you in all confidence.

Why write I to you? I go, sir, to tell you. I have remarked that your literature interest herself much in foreigners; in your journals and magazines I perceive many poesies and little histories wrote by Germans, Yankees, and even Heathen-Chinees; and I have imagined that perhaps it should be pleasant to you to read something upon some French foreigners who have transmigrated into your noble country. Veritably it is the land of great souls and of extended commerce; but, sir, if you can prevent yourself, never transmigrate. You know not which great difficulties, which sufferings, which disappointments you should have to surmount! After one year is passed it is better, but the arrival is truly terrible. You know not where to dwell; you ignore what they say to you; and it is impossible to speak to them. During six weeks I could converse only to my husband; but after that he had a malady to the ear—it was an effect of the climate—and I was forced to be silent. Then I tried to speak in English. Ah, sir, your language! But I must reserve the recital of my tribulations for another time, and commence at the commencement.

Not to abuse of your patience, I will tell nothing of my marriage, solely that my husband is an artist and a man most truly remarkable. We were not rich, but we were young and full of good-will, and thus we were happy, and dwelled in Paris.

One day a friend of my husband comes from America, and tells fine stories of it; that you can do all you will there; that everybody is rich and equal; that the American ladies are so beautiful and affectionate; it appears that they all loved him much, and he had a great album filled of curls of ladies, with the name and the age of each wrote under.

I believed him not at all, for I knew that the ladies economize their hairs, and never tell their age, even in a republic. But with the simplicity of a man, my husband believed all that he said. My poor Léon talked of America from morn-

ing until night; he said we must go there; that it was an indication of Providence. It was in vain that I discoursed wisely and reasonably; I was forced to submit myself, for it was my duty to obey.

I had lost my parents in my infancy, but I possessed an old cousin, and when I go sadly to tell her the bad news, she cries: "Ah, my poor child! that is what it is to espouse an artist, a republican." That puts me in anger, and I become instantly persuaded that it is a true happiness to go to America. I tell so to my cousin; then we dispute, then we cry, and then we make our peace. And before I leave Paris she gave me several beautiful presents.

My husband has only his father, who is married again to a rich widow. He says probably we shall succeed in America, because it is the country of liberty. These men are so droll with their eternal liberty! But he adds that he shall pay the expenses of our voyage, which aided us much; and he gifted me with a shawl of cachemere, and two silk dresses, and I felt myself more courageous.

What astonished me much was that some of our friends, who had never been to America, appeared to know perfectly what the Americans do. Some say that the Indians, pigs, and savage animals run in the streets of their capital. Some give us advice to take all we shall need for several years, because Americans know how to do nothing but mechanisms. But some others say: "Ah, if we could go also! After France, America is the most great country; there is liberty, equality, fraternity, and never mind what man can become President!"

I was very tired of the name of America, and wished never to have heard speak of it; but when a thing is decided we must take our courage with the two hands and not pity ourselves. Finally we are ready. We say adieu to our good friends; we leave our beloved Paris. We arrive at the Havre, to embark ourselves, and we decide to go upon what is called a sailing-ship, because it is less dear than a steam vessel, and we desire to economize our money more than our time.

Soon we mount upon the sheep, and for the last time behold the shore of our beautiful country. Shall we never see it again? After some while I have a singular sensation as if I was a drunken man,

and my head turns. Before to depart my husband had bought some remedy against the seasickness. "Take some of it, my friend," he said. I take some of it. It is with horror that I remember that time. During all a week behold me extended upon the hard bed of our little cabin, detesting America, Christopher Columbus, everybody. After that week I was well, excepting during the storms, of which we had three. Léon says we had only one, but I am perfectly sure it was three, because I counted them.

Our voyage lasted forty days, and I became extremely tired of it. The interior of the sheep contained sixty Germans, poor peoples, very dirty; in the Sunday afternoon they had the habit to drink, to dance, and to sing "*Fridolin*" continually. In the cabins were not many passengers. There was a lady widow with her two children; she had always fear of something. If the wind blew a little strong, she cried: "Oh, we are lost, we are lost!" When we had some storms she threw herself on her knees before the captain, with her children in her arms, in crying: "Ah, man brave and generous, save us—save my children!" and the poor captain knew not how to disembarass himself of her; she was truly a romanish woman, and liked to make an effect. It was so ridiculous. Also there was at the other side of us two gentlemen of ripe age, very amusing. They occupied the time in changing their flannel waistcoats, and wearing one, two, or three, according as the weather variedly changed; often in the middle of conversation one would go away in saying: "Ah, the wind is more cool, I must add another flannel." And when the one did it the other also immediately, for they were rivals; they wrote a journal of their sensations, and favored everybody by reading it to them in confidence. It appears that their health was not good, and each one wanted to be more sick than the other. One morning their intercourse became animated. "Permit me to look at your tongue, sir," said one. "With pleasure, sir," the other answered. "Your tongue is white, sir, but not so much white as mine." "I demand your pardon, sir, but it is much more white than yours." "Pardon me, sir, mine is the most white, it is visible." "Not at all, sir." I know not how ended the dispute, for I precipitated myself out

of the way in fear they asked me to decide the important question.

The other persons were not so characteristic, but we made conversation together and exchanged the books we had. Léon observed the effects of light, and I amused myself in knitting.

At last we found ourselves at the bay of New York. The Germans ascend and put themselves to running and shouting and to brandishing in the air bundles of their baggage. Some officers of health and taxes come to make a visit. All becomes a confusion of trunks and of peoples. Soon we attain to New York. Some soiled old women and some little negroes come to bring us some refreshments in baskets. I approach myself and I behold some fruits, some tarts, and some curious lumps, yellow and brown, surrounded by grease, and, reposing upon them, a quantity of flies, apparently dead. I understood not well what it was, and I imagined that perhaps this was specimens of natural history combined with pastry, and probably a new American invention for the instruction of native foreigners. I try to look English, and I ask to one of these aged persons: "What is the name of those things?" She replies quickly, "Faircentum," and she takes one in her quite dirty hand to give me. But I want it not, and I laugh and shake my head. At that instant my husband tells me that a carriage awaits me, and I go. We were drove across some streets truly liquid in mud; there was such great quantity of other carriages of all sorts, and so many houses tore down to the street, that we stop often, and our coachman, with the other coachmen, become furious, and swore so strongly that I trembled of fear of an insurrection; it was more dangerous than to be on the sheep. But no serious misfortune happened, and we were grateful to arrive in safeness to a hotel in Broadway street.

Biddy's lament has more poetry than wit and more truth than poetry in it. The Club unanimously pronounce Biddy's lament an excellent specimen of bad English and good Irish:

BIDDY'S LAMENT.

Och! Judy, the haythins are comin', our noses
are put out uv j'ins—

The guine lookin', nagurish craythers, with eyes
runnin' up to a p'int—

An' petticoats on too, the villains, an' hair in a
long queue behind,
Sure, jist fur the world as our wee little Maggy
wears hers, do ye mind?
Save that hers is light brown and their's black,
an' they've one an' she two;
An' they eat rats and mice an' young kittens—
Indade thin, it's three—
An' purty birds'-nests too, did iver ye's hear uv
the likes uv that?
Sich athing indade! all horse hair an' thrills, like
a dirty door-mat.
To think that sich villainous bastes should iver
sit down at the table
Wl' decent, respectable bodies like us, an' faith
it's not able
I'd be to eat divil a bit. Be me sowl, the O'Grades
uv Cork
Niver looked to sit down wl' sich like, usin'
sticks fur a fork,
An' pokin' thim this way an' that way fur all
the nice bits,
An' talkin' their furriner's gibberish, to scare us
all off into fits.

An' thin, it's their own dirty mouths, too, they
use fur sprinklin' fine linen.
Unchristian, ye say? an' bedad it's just that. The
misthress, I'm thinkin',
Will soon uv her bargain be sick, if the spal-
peens are given
To backy; an' if they're not now, they soon will
be, fur ne'er in
This land can they live without larnin' that in-
dacent fashion,
Like sleepy old cows kapin' up an unclane mas-
tication.

The good days are over, my darlint, we'll ne'er
mount the high horse again,
Fur sure it's already the misthress is drawin' a
mighty tight rein.
The sugar an' tay are locked up, niver dhrop can
I carry to cheer
My poor old blind fayther an' mither, who have
not bought tay fur a year,
Sinee faret I wint out into sarvice; indade thin,
my lady is mane,
An' our afternoons out now, I'm thinkin', will
soon be a long way betwane.
A elik goon, did ye say? Och, be jabers, ma-
vourneen, it's few
Uv sich like ye'll be afther gettin', whin wages
is comin' down too.
Ye'll not have yer Pat here sich Sunday, the
master's fine whiskey to taste,
Nor yer frinds droppin' in uv an evenin' to sit at
a snug little faste.
An' sure didn't misthress last night tell me Mi-
chael, the broth uv a lad,
Shouldn't come here but once in three weeks a
sparkin' so tinder an' glad.
Red-headed Mike—did ye say? Troth now that
same iligant red
Is considered most highly fintale by all stylish
folks, fur the head.
Och, Mike, shall I iver furgit the first time I set
eyes on yer face,
As ye stood all atrim fur a jig, a picture fur
beauty an' grace?

Sure my heart was too big fur my chest, an' the
breath flew right out uv my throat,
An' I kissed unbeknownst e'en the floor, made
dear by the touch uv yer fut.
But now will the day be all dreary, all dreary
and dismal the day,
My heart will be filled with the lone spells, and
like a poor flower die away.
An' sure it is all fur them spalpeens—Cilistials
I'm thinkin' they call them,
They'd best not invite e'er a taste of my Mi-
chael's shillalah, he'd maan 'em;
Fur a pair uv Cilistial black eyes, I' fath, they'd
soon be his debtors,
An' jist their deserts too, fur daring to stip in the
shoes uv their betthers.
But sure we must hang up our fiddles, the sun
uv ould Erin is set.
Gitt married, ye say? That's thrue fur yees, dar-
lint. Och, Judy, there's life in yees yet.

L. Y.

FROM the note book of one of our most
famous humorists, I have been permitted
to take the following for the Club :

IS WILLIE GONE?

BY THE REV. T. W. CONWAY, SUPERINTENDENT
OF EDUCATION OF LOUISIANA.

Is Willie gone—gone to the land above—
Gone where all is good—where all is love?
Yes, yes; on angel wings away
To the land of love, the land of day.

No night, no cloud, no "scarlet fever" there
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death itself is where
Our Willie's gone—a land so rich, so good,
That saints are fed on angels' food.

Is Willie gone—gone so far away,
That we no more shall hear him say:
"Papa, ten cents for cake, and I'll love you—
I'll love Mamma, Georgie, and Grandma too."

Yes, gone where others, sweet and dear,
Said, "Come, Willie, please come up here;
We'll wait for Papa, Mamma, and Georgie too,
And, while waiting, sing—we'll sing with you."

Is not that a sweet thing? The Rev.
Mr. Conway published it himself, in his
own educational journal, for he knew
very well that it was good. He knew that
the suggested absence of scarlet fever in
heaven was a fine thought; and if he had
had room to mention the absence likewise
of teething, summer complaint, and mea-
gas, this would have been one of the most
striking and instructive stanzas in the
whole range of English poetry. There is
rare creative power and originality of fan-
cy in the idea of a land "so rich, so
good," that no invidious distinctions are
made, and the commonest saints sit at the
first table with the angels. We envy not
the nature that can read the third stanza
without emotion. I would rather be the

author of that little verse than the con-
queror of an empire. Yet if the author
of it had published it in some places in
the earth, they would have destroyed him.
There are communities that cannot abide
pathos like that. But in Louisiana they
honor poesy—they exalt the Bard, they
make him Superintendent of Education.
Is it not grand. Is it not great and good
and noble of them to do it? I think it is.
I hope they will continue to be kind and
good to him—no doubt we all hope it.
And when he has got the poetry all writ-
ten and fixed for "Mamma and Papa, and
Grandma, and Georgie," I hope the com-
munity he will have done so much for
will elevate him still higher and suspend
him from his labors—or from a rafter.
Do not you?

WASHINGTON PASTRY.

A SOJOURNER in Washington sends the
following:

I am particularly fond of lemon pie and
ice cream for dessert. At — Hotel I
went along peaceably for a couple of
weeks, but always eating my lemon pie
under a silent protest, for I was a stranger,
and did not like to make objections. Fi-
nally I called a waiter and said:

"John, I have nothing to say about the
ice cream, but what kind of pie is this?"

"What kind of a pie did you order,
sah?"

"I ordered lemon pie, but this appears
to me to be dried-apple."

"Dat's lemon pie, sah. You know
dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in
de lemon pies here, sah, to dat extent dat
it requires a man of 'bility for to distin-
guish 'em apart, sah. Lemons is scarce,
you know, and dey has to 'economise 'em
so as to make one lemon do for sixteen
pies, sah."

THE LITERAL DOMINIE.

Rev. Mr. T., of Hartford, stated in my
hearing once that he had either heard or
read of a clergyman who was so rigidly
and frigidly literal, so densely and swinishly
unimaginative and matter-of-fact, that
he was wholly incapable of entertaining
or comprehending a metaphor of any kind
whatever; and instanced the fact that this
clergyman believed to his dying day that
Shakespeare's mind was overstrained and
confused by too intense application when
he wrote that there be

— sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,
And good in everything,

and contended that it was perfectly plain
that what he meant to say was that there
be

— sermons in books,
Stones in the running brooks,
And good in everything.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"AMATEUR AGRICULTURIST."—No, sir;
the sand in a chicken's craw is *not* put
there for the purpose your grandfather
told you. Why do not you read? By
reference to Mr. Greeley's invaluable
work on what he Knows About Farming,
you will see that the sand is put there for
ballast.

COMPLAINT has reached me that the
Club-Room has been entirely too trivial for
the gigantic intellects of learning scattered
over the land; and to correct this I give to
the Room a most learned poem from the
pen of the erudite Carl Benson:

VATIS TESTAMENTUM.

(*Anacreontis Hibernici Poema, Latine redditum.*)

Quum semel in placida constratus morte quies-
cam,

Cor meus, extremum munus, habebit amor.
Dicite, dum media terrarum in sede moratum
est,

Dulcia cum vino pabula risus erat.
Ne lacrymam fundat more ore oppressa Jubeto,
Ne tantum lacrymis inquinat illa decus;
Belliquas uvâ nostras expressa rubeate
Roscidâ saepe die nocteque gutta lavet.

Carmina quum fuerint flagrantia morte repressa,
Accipiat vetus hoc barbiton aulæ meum;
Pendeb ex alto limenque coronet amicam
Fœsus ubi errando stare viator amat;
Devius et siquis longis ambagibus, illic
Perveniens, mutos non sinat esse modos,
Tam mihi, cum risa, memores Heliconis alumni,
Vatem cum citharâ concelebrato suis.

Felicia domini pateram desumite; plena est,
Futuris dapibus valde superbus honor;
At precor, ille latex ne post contigat ad ora
Formosæ nunquam flucta beata labris;
Fervidus at siquis sînuque coronet amator
Pocula deliciis plena bibenda suis,
Ille latex spumans, quoties circumferat umbra,
In cyatho faustus sacer et omnis erit.

CARL BENSON.

Is the same spirit of accommodation I
give these bits from a college scrap-book.
Jones of our Club says they are not so ori-
ginal as they might be; but Jones of our
Club always says that when the good
thing comes from somebody else:

COLLEGE CONCEITS.

A few days since the bulletin startled
us with the following announcement from
Professor H.:

NOTICE!

The four o'clock recitation this afternoon will
be at two o'clock.
(Signed)

The President of Trinity College on go-
ing to prayers the other morning was sur-
prised to find a sign over the chapel door
inscribed: "TO PROVIDENCE AND WAY
STATIONS!" It had been borrowed by the
students from the railroad depot.

Why is a professor like a locomotive?
Because you have to "look out" for him
"when the bell rings."

A good housewife's motto: "What-
ever thou dost," dust with all thy might.

A "class-leader" recently asked a
scientific student what profession he in-
tended to follow. "Civil engineering,"
was the reply. "Well," remarked the
scholar, "I suppose when a man gets a
good engine he becomes very much at-
tached to it."

Brown (to Jones dressed in armor for a
masquerade)—What's the matter, old fel-
low? You look grieved.

Jones (riled as it were)—Nothing of
the sort; never felt gayer.

Brown—But I know you are grieved
about something.

Jones—What?

Brown—About the calves of your legs.

Freshman (reading aloud from Bartlett's
"Familiar Quotations")—That's a beau-
tiful idea.

Chum—Where from?

Freshman—Tennyson.

Chum—Yes, but I mean what piece?

Freshman—It says *Ibid*, but I didn't
know he wrote that.

Student (translating Aristophanes)—Go
to the devil!

Instructor—You may stop there.

Freshman (reciting Roman Antiqui-
ties)—"And at the conclusion of the ban-
quet epicures would frequently take an
epidemic, and—" the class collapsed

The following sign ornaments a prominent street of a Connecticut college town:

THOMAS BISHOP IMPORTED

and

OTHER

ALES.

"I SAY, Jack, how did they get the cow up stairs the other night? "Twisted her tail." "Well, how did they get her down?" "Untwisted it." "Oh!"

Student (reciting on cheek)—"Well, King John he—he—he got up a crowd and went down and rescued Magna Charta, and——" then he sat down.

A neighboring picture store invites us to purchase "The Monuments of Europe, photographed from Nature."

Chum dropped into a Romish church the other Sunday, and was informed by the preacher that "the generality of mankind is apt to do just as the rest of the world does."

Virago is said to be derived from *vir*, a man, and *ago*, to stir up.

Motto for Freshman: "Honor and fame from *no conditions* rise."

Scene in recitation on metaphysics:

Professor—"How does Hamilton illustrate this matter of association, by his revisiting Ben Lomond?"

Senior—He says he went to see Ben Lomond, and *he being a Prussian*, etc.

The latest gravestone discovery is as follows:

Our Little Jacob
Has Been Taken Away From This Earthly
Garden,
To Bloom
In A Superior Flowerpot
Above.

Two citizens of the Modern Athens discussing the decoration of that celebrated city:

First Citizen—Yes, there at the end of Columbus Avenue they ought to put up a *burst* of Columbus himself.

Second Citizen—Yes; and one of the hands of the *burst* ought to rest on the globe.

Chum recently overheard the following dispute between two negro minstrels, as to which of them had played in the most places:

First Minstrel—I'll bet I've played where you never have.

Second Minstrel—I don't believe it. Where?

First Minstrel—Egypt.

Second Minstrel—Egypt! Humbug!

First Minstrel—Yes, sir; I played in Egypt in the Great Pyramid.

Second Minstrel.—What did you play in Egypt, I'd like to know?

First Minstrel—I played *fero*, of course.

Two gentlemen discussing Cuban matters:

First Gentleman—The papers say that there is a battle on the tapis.

Second Gentleman—The Tapis; yes, that flows through the eastern part of Cuba, don't it?

Chum went to hear Maggie Mitchell not long since, and while waiting in the file at the ticket-office was thus entertained by the man behind:

Man Behind—What does Maggie Mitchell play to-night?

Chum—Fanchon.

Man Behind—Well, I thought she played Fanchon; but when I came in there to the door I saw Mat-tin-ny announced.

Qui punchum desiderat, declarat, is the motto of a college convivial club. They have appointed St. Julien's day as their anniversary.

The Editor of THE GALAXY thankfully acknowledges the receipt of many contributions intended for this department. Some of these necessarily lie over until another number. The Editor renews his request for contributions, and asks that they be forwarded addressed to the Editor of THE GALAXY (Box 3,201, New York), and marked "For GALAXY Club-Boom."

NEBULÆ.

—It is to be hoped that the warm weather this season will not have the effect which it sometimes has of promoting public and private quarrels. Fortunately there was a short session of Congress this year. Nevertheless that body had already inaugurated—as our dear Jenkins would say—a new style of provocation, which consists in *looking* at the other party. True, the proverb says that a cat may look at a king; but there are different modes of visual inspection, and puss must be supposed to examine his Majesty with respectful gaze, and not grin sarcastically like a feline of the Cheshire breed. Jealous husbands have sometimes attacked strangers for staring at their pretty wives in public places; but on the whole the aggravating a man by sheer dint of looks seems to be a new practice—new in Anglo-Saxondom at least; something of the kind has been current on the European continent. As a bad example is catching, some of the *jeunesse dorée* of New York have imitated the rulers of the people, and improved on them in a Hibernian fashion; for, strange to say, the gentlemen behaved worse than the M. C.'s; the latter stopped at bad language, the former came to hard blows. It happened that the person struck was seated at the time, and this fact caused a curious discussion among some swells who were speaking of the affair. One interlocutor declared that to strike a sitting man under any circumstances was taking an unfair advantage, and therefore cowardly; but another replied that a person who used grossly insulting language must know beforehand that it was likely to cause a breach of the peace, and should therefore be on his feet prepared to abide the consequences of his words. The rest of the party assented to this view, and it may therefore be considered an established rule in Our Best Society that when one gentleman calls another an, etc., etc., he must first “rise to explain.”

—Looks, however, are not the oddest ground of quarrel that has been recently suggested. An eccentric reformer, sufficiently well known to find many quoters,

seriously asserts that to send a letter in a mourning envelope is an insult; it may shock the tender sensibilities of the recipient—which is arrant bosh. It might as well be said that a visit paid in a mourning dress was an insult, or that the wearing of black in public was an indecorum. And certainly many good people have objected to the use of mourning apparel, both on religious and economical grounds. Their objections are well-meaning, but short-sighted and rustic. Whether mourning be ever a superfluity in the country or not, it is an *absolute necessity* in a city, for the sake of the public, that is, of *his* public, even more than of the wearer. What city-dweller keeps an accurate necrology of all the families of all his acquaintances? How is he to remember at any moment that within the last six months Jones has lost a grandmother, and Brown a maiden aunt, and Robinson a brother who lived in South America? But the crape hatband and the black gloves remind him that he must not ask Brown, or Jones, or Robinson to a supper or a picnic. Even with this help absent-minded men sometimes make queer mistakes. A great luminary of the Boston bar once meeting, in mid-August, the very respectable son of a much less respectable father, dumfounded him by inquiring *how the old gentleman stood the heat*. The old gentleman had been dead two months.

—AMUSEMENTS change with the seasons, but there is one winter diversion which can be and often is extended into the summer. We refer, not to the sempiternal round dances and German cotillion, but to private theatricals of the genuine private description, got up in private houses, with little costume and no scenery. (The more ambitious variety in which amateurs appear on a real stage and provoke a direct comparison with professionals is naturally confined to the winter season.) Our motive for introducing the subject here is an idea which has more than once occurred to us. Private theatricals may be made a serious literary vehicle as the means of trying, preparatory to public representation, original plays of real life. Once,

in the *ante bellum* days, when the Nebulous happened to say that a good saddle could be made in America, John Van Buren remarked: "Yes, if you have an English tree, English leather, and an English workman." In the same way it might be said that the only good *American* plays have been written by Englishmen, on English subjects, and represented (partly at least) by English actors. Our chief hope of a real *society* play lies among the members of the society to be represented. There was a specimen produced a few years ago in Boston which went some way toward realizing that hope.

— **TABLEAUX** are another all-the-year-round amusement; but they are tame and weak compared with theatricals, fit rather for children, or for adults with more beauty than brains. There is nearly as much mechanical worry and expenditure of time on them as on the former, without any head-work, except what is sometimes required for the composition of a tableau not copied from any well-known picture. In fact, they are properly child's play, and with pretty children may be made very pretty exhibitions. On the other hand, charades, the last species of this class of entertainment, involve too much brain-puzzling to be in place during the hot months.

— **WHILE** reflecting on the multifarious miseries of poor France, the impression has often forced itself upon us that the Red Republicans may all along have been the tool of him who has made tools of many abler and better men, the wily and unscrupulous Bismarck. We know (as far as anything can be known about so crafty a character) that he relied on their indirect coöperation for the reduction of Paris; indeed, that it led him to expect the fall of the French capital sooner than that event took place. This is, of course, a mere surmise about by-gones, but there is a speculation in reference to the future more practical and worthy of attention. The unanimous verdict of our journalists seems to be that the only possible salvation and rehabilitation of France must be looked for in (intellectual) education. The topographical and statistical knowledge of German soldiers, contrasted with the ignorance of even French officers, has furnished a most plausible excuse for this

ison of the French among themselves will bear it out. There can be no doubt that the French townsman is far more intelligent than the French peasant; there can be little doubt, though we have not the statistics at hand to show it in black and white, that he is better furnished with what we usually agree to call education, whether as regards mental training or knowledge of individual facts. Yet it is the people of the great towns, not those of the country, who have either threatened or actually opposed the chief obstacles to the restoration of settled government; and we must bear in mind that many of these townsmen are emigrants from the country, and have grown unruly as they grew intellectual. We do not mean to deny that education, in its popular sense, is a great need of the French nation; but we do most positively deny that by itself and of itself it is adequate to bring about the desired results. Moral ballast, rather than either cleverness or knowledge, is what the French want. The greatest defect in their character is *the inability to connect theory with facts*, so as to develop the former without doing violence to the latter. Either your Frenchman is a materialist and an animal, or he is a sheer theorist, always in Cuckoo-land, always "walking in the air and thinking all round," like the model sophist of the Attic comedian. Their carelessness about truth and their violent repugnance to unpleasant truths are natural developments of this incapacity, which is surely rather a moral than an intellectual failing, though it may partake somewhat of the latter quality. It was truly unfortunate for France that the tyranny and bigotry of Louis XIV. drove out the greatest portion of her strongest and steadiest moral element; and she is now stripped by Prussian conquest of the most solid section of her population. Perhaps some great man may arise who will inspire the French with a true moral perception, as Bismarck has inspired the Germans with activity; but the lookout at present is very unpromising.

— **HOWEVER** this may be, one thing is certain, that the mass of European thinkers are (*pace* President White of Cornell University) reverting to the original judgment of civilization upon the first French revolution. That judgment, as our readers well know, pronounced it a terrible

cataclysm, which might well be the inevitable result of the blundering and grinding oppression that preceded it, but was not by any means a good thing in itself. The barbarous autocratic reaction that followed the fall of Napoleon drove most liberal men into a different appreciation of it. It was regarded as a rude and exaggerated expression of potent and progressive truths. But now that the third and fourth generations can build with nothing better than slime, the conviction returns that the original Babel was a baseless and airy fabric. Liberty has proved an alternative of anarchy and autocracy; equality has not solved the problems of poverty and has abolished nobility rather than nobles; fraternity has made class hatreds chronic. "By their fruits ye shall know them." What fruit has 1789 brought to perfection?

— AFTER heroic struggles Commander Selfridge has failed to discover a practicable Darien route. But is it after all a failure, or if a failure, is it not better than some successes? "Better remorse than regret," said an unscrupulous Frenchwoman. The sentiment was questionable enough in her social application of it; but in a higher sense it is not to be absolutely rejected. Better spend money and risk life than lose any chance of a great and virtuous achievement, beneficial alike to science and to commerce.

— THOLLOPE's last and in some respects cleverest novel contains some semi-Thackerayish, more than semi-ironical observations on the beatitude of chance marriages, and the worldly wisdom of trusting to luck in matrimonial connections. It may be doubted, however, if there is not more real, earnest truth in all this than the shrewd author sees, or chooses to see. Love matches, even when founded on years of previous acquaintance, may nevertheless fail to be happy. Strange qualities sometimes develop themselves on one or both sides, perhaps with the new relation, perhaps not till after years of wedlock. In the wisest and most careful marriages there is a great deal of lottery, looking merely at the dispositions of the two contracting parties, and without taking into account the physical and moral properties of offspring, the chances of business, and other doubtful elements. All which confirms and emphasizes what we recently

said about marriage portions. Surely, surely, when so many leaps must be made in the dark, if we can do any of our jumping by daylight, we ought to do it. It is not mercenary or selfish for a young man to say, "I will never decline a wife, in other respects suitable, because she is portionless; but I demand that her pecuniary position be made plain to me, and her fortune, so far as it depends on her family, assured now, one way or the other." As it is, many parents are guilty of passing their daughters off under false pretences, bringing them up and marrying them under an organized system of deception.

— WHEN Leland wrote Hans Breitmann's "Barty" more than ten years ago, it was extensively circulated and read. When he afterwards developed his hero in a series of more recondite and elaborate ballads, these were better received by scholars than by the multitude. The lucky accident of choosing a fashionable toy as the subject of his verse restored Breitmann to popular favor, and made him a pecuniary success; and no sooner had this happened than a number of the critics turned against him. This difference of taste among different classes in regard to various productions of the same author seems likely to receive a fresh illustration in the case of Mr. Hay. His "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," though praised by some critics, were, on the whole, greater favorites with the mass than with the *literati*. But "Gilgal" took strong hold of the scholars. They saw in its quaint terms and pregnant suggestiveness a first-class specimen of the Bret Harte school. On the other hand, the general public, which had applauded the previous poems, hesitated somewhat at this. Such is the author's own statement, which our observation confirms.

— MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER is not always the best judge of proprieties and improprieties, but he has done a good work in protesting against the absurd fuss made about Ruloff. Of all morbid curiosity, the curiosity which expends itself on a murderer is the most morbid and the most unreasonable. The prestige of a seducer, false and corrupt as it is, rests nevertheless on the perversion of qualities lovely and attractive in themselves. The admiration which follows the successful

speculator or ring-thief, and which sometimes patronizes him after he has met with deserved shipwreck, is still lower and more vulgar; but at any rate the tangible fruit is pleasant, though it may have sprung from dirt and filth. But the deliberate and professional murderer is simply an enemy of the human race, and the results of his work are as ghastly and repulsive as its motives are diabolical. To dally with him is about as proper as to fondle a mad dog. Society is merely acting in self-defence when it exterminates such wild beasts, and it ought to exterminate them swiftly and silently, with no more delay or publicity than is necessary to secure strict justice.

— In these summer days it is refreshing to an imaginative person to read the report of what the scientific party saw and felt, who passed last winter on the top of Mount Washington. There must have been some fun in it; though on the days when the hurricanes blew at the rate of about ninety miles an hour, one would hardly enjoy that situation, and, as a general thing, indeed an unscientific mind might prefer the corner of the hearth, leaving his companions to make their observations on the temperature outside, while he would take his own from the inside, and then compare notes. In these June days at any rate, it will be no heresy if asked "of the seasons of the year which to you is the most dear?" to decline to reply "winter." There is a class of stoics, we know, to whom even frozen ears seem to give pleasurable sensations, as being the work of Jack Frost. We confess that we prefer his handiwork on the window-pane; and last winter he was not a very successful draughtsman—there seemed to be unusual monotony in his designs, great blotches of white, with few intricately delicate little patterns. We serve Queen June rather than King Frost.

— THE papers have lately been reporting that a Bostonian visiting England a short time since, was inquired of in London "if the Indians in Boston worshipped at the same churches as the white residents." We can vouch for the authenticity of a remark still more brilliantly ignorant, which was made on this subject in the same great city of London, to a New Yorker last year. A family of

Americans lived for a few months at one of the London hotels. The nurses used to squat upon the floor sometimes, to play with the babies. An English lady who saw them said, in perfect sincerity, that she "supposed the nurses had learned this fashion from the Indians," constant intercourse making them naturally adopt their customs.

— It is one of the most delightful of the women writers for "The Galaxy" who sends the Nebulous Person this little essay on a subject he has himself sometimes ventured to lightly discuss: On one or two occasions lately there have been in these pages words concerning types of men and women most popular or unpopular with their own or the complementary sex; and everywhere we constantly meet with assumptions that such and such qualities of mind, heart, and person must be class characteristics of those predestined to achieve social success, or surest to compel or win individual admiration and devotion. For this general belief there must be a foundation of truth, though it is quite certain that to many women that somewhat sapless creature known as a ladies' man is quite as flavorless and unheroic as he can be to the brother men to whom he is like in unlikeness; and the ideals of all men are as certainly not to be found in the ranks of fond incapacity, among the Amelia Osbornes, the Doras, the Hettys and Tesses, where women generally rather contemptuously assign them. But the cynic's assertion that propinquity makes most marriages has the greater truth. Who, in face of the daily encounters with the wildest insanities of love, would venture to assert that any man or woman born to the purple of great, unreckoning affection, to the sway of many hearts, must of necessity be of this or that defined type? Love befalls, overtakes, and motley is indeed his only wear. Who can say how it happens? There is a patent nobility, a divined sweetness and steadfastness, a trick of thought, speech, or look—any or all these; or there is nothing tangible; even there may be that which hurts principle, galls taste; and before one dreams of lingering one is bound hand, foot, will, past all praying for. With even the briefest looking at life one ought to accept love's marvels placidly; yet how we puzzle to account for an occasional exaggerated va-

gary. Here is a bachelor who we settle is to be a bachelor always: he has a passion for music, or art, or science in one form or another—a passion so strong that heart and soul seem wholly absorbed; or he is over-exacting and fastidious, and though he has fluttered here and paused there, though this time his choice would have been perfect actually and romantically, and another time it is, yes! quite certain, still he passes on, the benignant handkerchief is not dropped, and his solitary state becomes firmly assured. Suddenly this foreordained celibate, after a courtship brief and ardent as a Norwegian summer, marries a woman neither young nor beautiful, a woman who does not even simulate the smallest sympathy with his dominant taste; a vixen, an invalid, whom suffering has so well-nigh crazed that her own family remonstrate with the reckless lover, rake open to his gaze the buried offences of the past; yet his infatuation is not to be one whit allayed, his haste one moment stayed. Or it is a beautiful woman who, in a long and splendid career of bellefship, has rejected a procession of irreproachable adorers to bestow herself finally upon weakness pitiable or farcical; a man so spent with the struggle of life that no freshness of spirit remains to him; a boor or solemn prig unable to appreciate her charm; a man physically or mentally twisted all awry; in short, a case for the groans of protesting friends. It is, with endless shades and gradations, the story of Doña Padilla del Flor over and over again—the beautiful, delicate girl who turned her back upon the world and hid herself in a convent to the despair of a city full of lovers, yet who presently thereafter lost her soul for a savage bandit with “*la main plus rude qu’un gant.*” And incessant as the refrain of the sea upon the shore should sound that of the poem through a haughty world,

Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Caches vos rouges tabliers!

To every reader will occur many inexplicable instances of individual or general fascination within her or his experience or memory. Of for very certain the strangest that ever fell beneath my ken let me make record. My school days were but just over, and I was staying for a few summer weeks with some friends at their country house quite near a great city which was neither London, Pekin, nor yet Yeddo

—Canton perhaps, or shall we say Lassa? Now my hostess was a woman given, to the great discomfort of the family, to the fostering of all manner of lame ducks: disagreeable, even she admitted, in their quacking, waddling, indiscriminate-devouring state, but then this state was transitory; rather, it was a cruellest enchantment, they being not really ducks at all, and very soon would be seen what swans of super-excelling snowiness and stateliness! And the queer, queer birds of odd plumage, odder utterance, oddest antecedents, and cranks multiform and manifold, were constantly presented to the suffering household in such a humane, good-works aspect that the gruffest dissenter submitted, doubting lest a swan, if not verily an angel, might not be entertained unawares. And truth to tell, the burden fell heaviest on these meek surrenderers, for the dear, great-hearted woman herself liked and disliked vehemently, and could in no wise tolerate bores; if she could decry in her duck no fibre that made him of her special kinship, “her own” as she was wont to say, then the shelter of her home and every possible aid and comfort to soul and body were freely accorded; but the dead weight of entertainment and all minor cares fell upon whomsoever could find it in their Christian charity to shoulder these fardels. When I arrived at “the house beside the sea” (Lassa has a superb bay!), my hostess seized upon me: Work for you, my dear child! Such a hopeful, hopeful duck! Such excellent dispositions! A soul all wearied out with shams, doubts, struggles, and yearning for surety, faith, rest. A sorrowful—nay, a sinful past that had left its stain; great present darkness and worldliness, but better gleams through the cloud. And so on until my heart quite melted within me. At supper I encountered the object of this tender compassion—a woman of thirty or thereabouts. For a quarter hour I listened to her conversation, and the melted heart turned to adamant. I had never dreamed that any woman could soil her lips with talk so bitter, so reckless, so scandalous. Neither monosyllabic replies nor silence abashed her in the least. Presently she turned her attention toward me: “Mrs. — tells me you are a pupil at — convent?” “Yes,” I answered, hoping that now I might dare to lift my eyes from my plate. “Are

not the children of — and — there?" mentioning two actors of repute in Lassa. I named the scholars, and then from the terrible woman came another scandalous history, in the midst of which I plucked an attentive, round-eyed child of nine or ten from her seat at table, and with my prey retreated from the room with scant ceremony. During that same evening I heard the woman remark that she believed more love had fallen to her share than to that of any other woman in America; and upon my quoting this statement with somewhat incredulous scorn to a member of the household who had not been present, I was assured that the woman had been noted for her success socially, and had indeed had many lovers. After she was married, one literary man in Lassa of much ability had committed suicide for her sake, quite uselessly, as it seemed now; for the woman's present troubles, doubts, depressions, grew out of a divorce from her husband which she had been instigated to obtain, and which her husband had been hired to allow, by a lover whose wife she was now waiting to become. Waiting vainly, she almost feared, for the honorable lover, a professional man of high standing, belonged to a family justly proud of their irreproachable record, and they, well-nigh frantic at the prospect of this disgraceful marriage, were moving the heavens and the earth to prevent it. And on her side it was as bitterly opposed by her friends and ardent admirers. Now this woman was the mother of several

children, all of whom their father retained save a baby of eight or ten months. There was no alleged ill-treatment, no feeling of violent dislike; simply indifference, and a preference for a younger man of far higher position. And where, where lurked the woman's charm? for patent it was not to ordinary observers. An expressionless face of sandy whiteness, pale eyebrows and eyelashes, sparse dead-colored hair falling in one lank curl behind either ear, a long thin neck, narrow and excessively sloping shoulders, great hands and feet, and a figure utterly destitute of the least womanly roundness or allurements. Her toilettes were too tasteless to render her any service, her conversation intolerable to old-fashioned people. Perhaps the secret dwelt in the kind heart and lavish hand she was said to possess. It may not be amiss to add that the period of her spiritual anxiety coincided closely with the duration of her lover's hesitancy, and vanished with her reestablishment among the matrons of Lassa, and that at the mention of one lame duck a "good gray head" was wont to be shaken sadly. It is true, too, that a sympathetic heart need not include maternal tenderness, and I believe I encountered that baby's name lately in an account of some juvenile performance in a school very distant from Lassa; and the account went on to say that the school might well claim to be the little lad's Alma Mater, since he had been there from infancy, two years old or thereabouts.

The present (July) number of THE GALAXY opens the twelfth volume of the magazine. The volume just closed ended with a circulation larger by full ten thousand than it had at its opening; and appearances indicate that this twelfth volume will experience a like gain in its regular readers before it also is brought to its conclusion. The Editor feels sure that the friends of THE GALAXY will welcome the new type upon which this number is printed. While presenting a larger and fuller face it yet allows the giving of an amount of reading matter at least equal to that before contained in these pages. The attractions which THE GALAXY has heretofore offered will be kept up during the present volume. Articles from prominent leaders of opinion on political and social subjects may be expected regularly; the departments now established will be fully maintained; new writers will frequently appear; and every effort will be used to secure whatever most deserves the attention of magazine readers, whether written on this or the other side of the Atlantic. Whatever the most liberal expenditure can procure and the largest hospitality to fresh, free, individual, natural, and original literary production invite, the readers of THE GALAXY shall always have.



JOHN STUART MILL.

THE GALAXY.

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LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"JOHN."

A SMALL blue lake lies glowing under a sky of burning blue. The lake itself is but the ornament of a great grassy plain, through which a river now trickles and now flows. Sometimes the river becomes a broad stream, sometimes and suddenly it is seen only as a thin thread of water; sometimes its progress or even its existence can hardly be traced at all, except through the fact that the grass shows wet and marshy where the water still oozes along. The lake is very deep and marvellously clear and blue. The eye can see down, down to its lowest depths, so transparent is the water. The shoal of little fish you see below, and which you think you could touch with your hand, are twenty feet beneath the surface. This pool which we call a lake is not known by such a name or by any name, there on that broad plain which it adorns. In England or Ireland, in Switzerland or Northern Italy, it would be a lake with a name and a fame. Here, where the name of lake suggests a great sea furrowed by perpetual lines of steamers and having populous commercial cities rising everywhere on its shores, this pretty little pond is not worth classifying or naming. Even when this plain grows peopled that water will still be a nameless little pond.

The plain is completely girt around by mountains. They are bare and stony, but of exquisite and noble outline, like the mountains of Greece. They are of lofty height—higher far than any of the hills of Attica—but they are only the spurs, the stragglers of a grand and celebrated chain of mountains, and have themselves no fame and hardly any name. There are few trees anywhere over the plain—none indeed except a little clump which stands near the lake—and there is hardly any verdure on the mountains. The grass on the plain is still green; it keeps its color along the river-track even through the heats of summer, when the ground elsewhere changes its hue to a kind of arid, ashy white. The weather just now is beautiful, fit to lull the soul of a poet or a dreamer into a heaven of sensuous delight. But the changes of climate are sudden, fierce, and, to a stranger, seem sometimes almost supernatural. The traveller has perhaps toiled across the plain some burning September day,

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when the sky was dazzlingly bright and the torrid rays of the sun were almost insupportable. He has camped on the ground at night, and even in sleep has revelled in a growing and unexpected coolness, and he opens his eyes in the morning to find the ground covered everywhere with a thick white mantle of snow.

This plain and that cincture of hills form a scene common enough in the region where we see them. The traveller may journey for days, nay, for weeks, through a succession of such landscapes. This is in the western region of the United States; the reader may locate the precise place either in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevada, according to his pleasure. Some years ago this plain was bare of all inhabitants. It lay out of the track of the regular emigrant trains, which would have had to turn aside and cross ranges of mountain barriers to reach it; and it was not a good hunting ground, and therefore was avoided by the Indians. Long ago, it is believed, there was a small offshoot of an Indian tribe settled there, having gone there to escape some powerful enemies. But the enemies discovered their retreat, hunted them down, and slaughtered them all—every one to the last man, the last woman, the youngest baby. Then the victors took the scalps of the vanquished, left the corpses to bleach and rot, and returned to their own hunting-ground. It lay in the track of civilization represented by emigrant trains and military forts, and therefore they in their turn were gradually extirpated. Since the raid of the ~~conquerors~~, this valley with the blue lake had known little or nothing of the Indians.

More lately a few refugees from civilization had found out this place and settled there. They planted the trees which grow by the lake and pleasantly shade the spot, and they built a few log houses, and lived secluded, peaceful, sometimes very laborious lives there. They were men brought together by no other bond or affinity than a common desire and determination to live away from civilization, and perhaps, too, a common vague faith, or at least hope; that a better life, a stronger inspiring principle, a purer element of religious intuition, might grow up among them in the work and the ways of this lonely companionship, this hermitage fraternity. They were not the founders of any new sect; there was no name by which to define or classify them, even if they had been numerous enough to invite any attempt at classification; they sought no adherents, not to speak of converts, and asked of the world and civilization nothing but to be let alone. Which the world and civilization readily did, nobody caring or knowing anything of this small group of self-made exiles.

In the United States here and there are many such little groups, not nearly large enough to be called settlements, or to be heard of in books of travel or in newspapers. There is no form of human eccentricity so absurd or extravagant that it cannot find some one man of force and ability ready to become its glorifier and apostle, and some few other men willing to come out of the world and associate in a sort of exile for its sake. In one of the States which used to be called the Far West, but which are recently beginning to be regarded as Middle States, and will be classed as Eastern the day after to-morrow or thereabouts, there lately stood, and probably still stands, a solitary house on a hill-side, containing a whole sect or community thus associated as voluntary outcasts from society. This was a community of Free-Lovers. It had never numbered more than ten; the other day it had dwindled down to five. Yet the Free-Lovers insisted on regarding themselves as a community of exiles, and were proud of their withdrawal from civilization in the neighboring town, where their very existence had been long forgotten.

But such associations are by no means generally, or even often, made up of persons who hold any extraordinary views, or come together for the indulgence of any freaks of sensualism or fantastic humor. The facility for isolation in such a country as America naturally suggests and tempts to voluntary isolation. Many of the fraternities least known to society at large are perfectly harmless, inoffensive, honorable communities, made up of men who, out of a fellowship of disappointment or aspiration, rather than of creed, are drawn together into a settlement isolated from civilization and progress all around. These for the most part attract no attention—are wholly unknown, indeed, to the public outside. The curiosity and observation which follow such eccentric, positive, and comparatively influential associations as that of the Mormons or that of the Shakers never touch these small and purposeless unions. The *vates sacer* who made the Brook Farm enterprise immortal is wanting to them, as well perhaps as the high poetic purpose and the adornment of varied intellect and culture which would have rendered the Brook Farm scheme interesting, even though Hawthorne had never enshrined it in romance. You may find a dozen or twenty such little settlements in the United States as this of which we are now speaking, too small and insignificant even for Hepworth Dixon to think them worth study or description.

Such a little cluster of ten or a dozen men had settled some years ago in this valley by the lake. They had come there from some place further eastward, because there the land around them was becoming too thickly populated, and they fled before the coming of their kind. Wandering hither and thither, far and wide, they had come at length upon this lonely plain within its rampart of mountains, quite out of the way, off the line of the steady westward march of civilization. There they had set up their staff, and for some few years had had undisturbed quiet. But of late the mountain girdle had been discovered to be as rich in precious minerals as the zone of a sultana; and in all the passes and gullies of the mountains, and along the beds of the mountain rivers, rough, reckless explorers were soon swarming, and on the edges of the plain canvas towns were rising. A canvas town, it may be well to explain, to some European readers at least, is a cluster of tents to cover and shelter the miners and squatters who have been attracted by some new-found riches in the earth. One tent has a bar, with perhaps a couple of flashy-colored lithographs over it, and a few bottles and glasses, and this institution has a sign hung up outside proclaiming it to be a hotel or restaurant or sample-room, as the case may be. The owner of another tent goes in for financial dealings, and announces his canvas house as the Bank or the Exchange. Another sets up a "grocery" store, wherein he sells everything he can get together, from candies and canned oysters to bowie knives and huge thigh boots. In a canvas town of considerable standing, large population, and bold social pretensions, may be seen a tent which displays half a dozen crinolines swinging in the breeze, and has bright shawls and ribbons and women's boots inside. But the canvas settlement at the feet of the mountains we are now describing was very far as yet from this stage of civilization. Not one solitary crinoline could have found a purchaser there. The ungracious Saints Senanus and Kevin, of the Irish legends, might have been happy there. No voice of woman would ever have disturbed the sacred stillness of their prayerful thoughts.

Unwelcome indeed was the intrusion of this form of active civilization to the hermits by the lake. It became wearily apparent that they must endure a constantly increasing pressure of rough companionship, or pull up stakes and

seek elsewhere a new home. Some of the hermits were now getting old, and shrank from further wandering; were perhaps losing faith in the possibility of anywhere escaping from their busy brother man. Some perhaps were losing faith in the dream of isolation altogether. There was therefore much hesitancy and delay, and meanwhile they began inevitably to get known among the newcomers, the mining folk. They were not misanthropists, and they were able to render many good turns to the invading barbarians. They could always give medicine to any one who was sickly; they could act as surgeons to a wounded or injured man; they had plenty of gunpowder; they were not afraid of anything; they acted sometimes as advisers and arbiters in disputes; they had joined energetically in the expulsion or other punishment of robbers, murderers, and such like evil-doers. They came to be respected among the barbarians, and it was understood that they were to be treated with some consideration, and that their settlement was to be held sacred against all disturbance or molestation.

Now in this little community of hermits, apparently about to be driven on to seek a new home, were two or three natives of Great Britain, two or three native Americans, a German, two Swedes, and a Wallachian Jew. No one knew or cared to know the real name of the other, or any of his antecedents and history. It was understood that no allusion to the past or the outer world was to be made. If by chance any one of the fraternity should come to hear of anything going on in New York, or San Francisco, or Europe, he kept it to himself and said nothing of it. Sometimes it became necessary that one of the body should journey to the nearest large city to make purchases. When he did so, he avoided as far as he could hearing anything of what might be going on in the active world. If he did nevertheless hear anything, he bore with it and said nothing about it. They lived on game, on fish, on maize, and fruits which they had with infinite labor compelled the desert to grow abundantly. They lived in separate huts quite independently of each other, not even praying together. Sometimes one of the body never for days interchanged a word with any of his fellows; sometimes two or three would work or read together for a long succession of days. Each respected as far as possible the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the others. The bond of union was the understanding that each considered himself absolutely cut off from the living world, and was striving to purify himself from earthly passion and selfishness, and to prepare his soul for the better life.

The oldest man in this little brotherhood was a tall, lean, dry Scotchman, a man apparently of great scientific attainments, and who seemed to have travelled far over the earth's surface. He was growing gray and shrivelled; had a hard, thin face, lighted by gray eyes, which sometimes gleamed with a sparkle of humor. He was a mystic and a humorist at once; Swedenborg and Captain Lismahago in one. He believed that through a pure life of labor and unselfish devotion man would at last become perfect, absolutely impervious to temptation and to sin upon this earth; and when the mood was on him and he could find listeners he loved to expatiate upon this faith of his, and to explain and illumine it by all manner of illustrations drawn from history and science, from the Scriptures and the open book of Nature. There was something wonderful now and then in the rich roll of his eloquence when the talking fit was on him, and in accents like those of a Chalmers, with gesticulation like that of a Guthrie, he poured out his argument for the new creed which ordered man to seek not merely perfection, but even immortality, on this earth by the cul-

ture of the soil, by habitual seclusion, by absolute purity of body, by the conquest of the passions and bitternesses of the heart.

This man, though the eldest, was not the founder or pioneer of the little body of companions. The leader was younger in years and far less fixed in habits. Lately this founder of the society had taken to long wanderings away from the place. He would disappear for weeks or months, so that his companions sometimes thought he would reappear among them no more. He always, however, did come back; and a certain quick energy and forcefulness of character enabled him to retain tacitly the kind of virtual leadership which he had held from the beginning. He never expounded any faith, or cared to listen to an exposition from the lips of others. He frankly told his fellows that there were times when he could not endure any companionship, and when he could not rest tranquilly in any place. He therefore commonly made any expeditions which were requisite for the benefit of the whole company. Expiation, rather than aspiration, seemed to be the impulse of his self-banishment from the world.

One of the Swedes was a man of high culture, who had evidently at one time been in the military service. The death of his young wife in child-bed long ago had so deeply affected him that his friends believed his reason was touched. He wandered out to America, crossed the plains, fell in with the leader of this party on one of the latter's expeditions, and joined the settlement. The other Swede was a mere peasant who had been enticed out to the Mormon community, became disgusted with it, and came at last to the scene and the people with whom we find him. The German had been a professor in a college in Baden. He got mixed up with the Baden revolution, was severely wounded in the head, and escaped to the United States, where he was seized with a passion or craze for a new religion and new kind of life. The Wallachian was little better than a religious lunatic—at best, an extravagant and hyperbolical enthusiast. The Americans, two of whom had been ministers of churches, belonged to that class more common in America than in any other country—the class of able, well-educated, and restless devotees of new “isms” and crotchets, men who thirst always for a new theory to put into practice, with whom nothing is settled, and who, the moment they are stricken by any notion or conceit, however wild, clamor for a new school, a new religion, to give it expression. There is in America a constant collision or at least contrast of two forces, which in great measure explains the fact, so odd-looking to a stranger, that every little crotchet or craze gathers a little school or sect around it. Nowhere is there less reverence for authority, more audacity of freakish thought, than among certain classes in the United States; nowhere is there a more slow and solid conviction and conservatism than among others. There are small American towns, there are sects and churches in American towns, small or large, which are as rigorous as the infallible Pope himself could be in refusing to their members any personal independence, any conceivable laxity from set and orthodox opinion. If you will start a new theory in one of these communities, you must in self-defence endeavor to cincture yourself by a seceding sect; and probably in the end you will find it more convenient to betake yourself and your fellow rebels into the seclusion and freedom of a voluntary exile. Thus had the American members of this little community been led to adhere to it for the present. They had all the sense of dignity and complacent martyrdom which self-exile naturally gives; and although their fellow-exiles were not upholders of their special crotchet or of any other, yet they were free to nurse and indulge their craze to the full, pending the longed-for time when they

could induce a whole school to rally round it and force it on the world. None of the Americans had been very long residents of this little camp, and none was likely to cling to it even for its brief day.

Three of the brotherhood have been described as natives of Great Britain. These were the founder, an Englishman; the elderly Scotchman; and an Englishman who had joined the group when they were on their search for this very valley, and had remained with them ever since. It should be said that some changes had taken place since then. The number had always been about the same; but now a companion died, now one wandered away and did not return, making his way probably to the track of the regular emigrant trains, and so getting back to civilization somewhere. Chance brought accessions to the group to supply the vacant places. The oldest members now in the body were the two Englishmen, the Scotchman, and the mystic Swede. Of these, the second Englishman was the latest accession. Each man was called but by one name—Alexander, Paul, John, and so on.

The evening was beginning to set in on this beautiful scene, when the Scotchman, who was known among his fellows simply as Brother Alexander, came out of his little hut, around which he had with wondrous labor and patience managed to cultivate a rich and glowing garden of flowers. He wore a long gray coat of some rough material, buttoned up to his chin despite the heat of the season, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. He walked slowly along by the lake. On his way his eyes rested upon the second Englishman, who was lying on the ground under a tree reading a book. The two men interchanged a friendly greeting. Alexander stopped in his walk and the Englishman rose to his feet. These two men had perhaps more of social companionship between them than any other two in the eccentric family.

The Englishman was dressed in a plain blue shirt or blouse, and wore high boots drawn up over his trousers, and a broad-leaved hat. He was dressed indeed like three out of four of the figures to be seen in a western settlement. He was a tall man, finely made, with a certain quiet dignity about him. His face was handsome and noble, although worn and deeply lined. Exposure to sun and breeze had not affected in the least the remarkable whiteness of his broad forehead and small hands. He wore a full beard, and except on his temples, which were growing bald, his hair curled thickly. His eyes had that oddly-combined expression of dreaminess and restlessness in them which seems to be peculiar to the mystic or the hermit, and which to the ordinary or hasty observer is almost sure at first to suggest the idea of insanity. In all men who lead a life remarkably diverging from the commonplace, the eye soon comes to have something of this peculiar expression.

There was a singular and winning sweetness in the smile with which the Englishman, who was known in the community simply as John, welcomed the other.

"Always reading, John? Not got over your book-reading days yet, at your time of life!" Alexander spoke with a good-humored glance of affected anger. The Englishman's time of life was apparently under fifty. "What are ye poring over the day, man?"

"I've been reading Sophocles, Alexander. Isn't it good reading?"

"Well, it's not just that bad reading; it's very good in fact. But I think a man ought to have done all his reading of books at thirty years of age. You don't learn anything out of books after that time. I dare say you'll have read the 'Electra' and 'Antigone' and all the rest of it many times over already."

"Several times. I think I know some of the plays almost by heart."

"Then what do you read them any more for?"

"How often have you sat for hours looking at that water and that sunset? Why do you look at them now?"

"Ah, lad, I have you there, though. The sun and the sky and the water never look the same twice over, nor the same for two mortal minutes. They always tell you something new, but your bonny Greek Antigone is always just the same."

"Not at all. I get new ideas from her every time."

Alexander shook his head. "Books at best only bind one to the old world and the old flesh. They don't set us free and make us strong and self-reliant, as Nature and Thought do. But you are all the same, you young fellows."

"Why, you were talking of my advanced years just now."

"Advanced for book-studying like a schoolboy, lad—young and frivolous when compared with me or with Christian" (the Swede). "The last time Paul was here" (Paul was the founder of the community), "what d'ye think I found him reading? Rousseau, man, Rousseau! All the sentimentalities about Julie—was that her name? To think that mountains and lakes like you" (Alexander jerked his head to indicate more clearly the precise location of Switzerland) "should turn out a Rousseau for their prophet! When's Paul coming back?"

"I don't know," John replied, with something of the curt coldness of the British national manner now for the first time perceptible in him. The truth was that Paul and he had but little association or intercourse.

"But he is coming back?"

"I presume so, Alexander."

"The place doesn't seem quite itself without him, although there's no arguing him into anything or keeping him still for any time. Perhaps, with his clever head and his journeyings, he can find out where we are to go next, for I don't see how we can remain here much longer, and I'm sore grieved for it. I've gotten to love this place, and that itself is a weakness and a reason why I should leave it; for no place is more dumb than another, and all can help in teaching the grand lesson."

"I am sorry for the place," said the other. "I can't help regretting it. I have grown to love it. I have had calm and happy years here. I begin to despond and to doubt the use of trying new scenes any more."

"Hush, man; ye mustn't despond ever. The Lord is everywhere except only where the crowds are. Only the money-changers pollute the temple—and a pretty lot of money-changers we are having about us down yonder;" and he glanced toward the canvas town on the edge of the plain.

"Well, Alexander, I wish they wouldn't come and drive us out of this place; I don't feel the spirit for new wanderings, I seem to have grown to be a part of this place. There was until lately such a splendid sense of seclusion and safety about it. I spent years, Alexander, in a monastery on Mount Athos; I wandered through Asia in the dress of a Mussulman pilgrim; and I never felt the same sense of freedom from the intrusion of the world that I have felt here. I begin to be afraid and to doubt; it almost seems as if the world would never relax its hold upon us."

Alexander shaded his eyes and gazed steadily toward the west. Out of the radiance of the sinking sun, as it seemed, two figures came riding rapidly, dark against the lustrous and golden glow.

"Here's the lad Paul coming home," he said. It was one of the ways of

Alexander to treat John and Paul, and all others whose age did not much exceed fifty, as lads. He himself looked hardly more than fifty, but he had in reality passed his seventieth year.

John looked in the same direction.

"Yes, it is Paul," he said, and he turned as if to go to his hut.

"Who can this be that comes riding with him, I wonder?" the old man asked.

"I don't know, Alexander; but whoever it is, you will welcome him more agreeably than I could, and I shall go in."

This little community, fleeing from human society, yet never refused temporary shelter, welcome, and hospitality to any wayfarer, even though he came utterly without recommendation. Paul had been the means of introducing to the brotherhood some of its best members, John included; and anybody coming with him was therefore sure to be received with honor and affection.

But John turned away and presently disappeared within his log-cabin.

Alexander looked after him curiously and rather sadly. He never could understand why John and Paul seemed always anxious to avoid each other. He loved them both, and they seemed to respect each other; yet they did not willingly associate or even meet.

Presently Paul and his companion came galloping up, and Paul, seeing Alexander, checked his stout little Mexican horse and leaped to the ground. His companion, a dark-haired and handsome young man, also alighted, looking rather puzzled and anxious, as one who is not quite certain what he is to do next. If it were not rather a frivolous sort of comparison, one might say that a guest brought by a friend to the dinner-table of a host whom he has never seen before, and in a country whose language he only imperfectly understands, might have worn on his face such an expression as that which was now seen on the countenance of Paul's companion.

"Brother Alexander," said Paul (whom we have seen before in San Francisco), "I have brought a friend with me for whom I ask your welcome."

Alexander made a bow which had in it a dignified and grand association of the finest days of society in Edinburgh, Auld Reekie, "mine auld romantic town," and pressed the hand of the new-comer.

"Shall I introduce you," Paul asked, turning to the latter, "by your worldly, I mean your usual name? Here we only care for realities, not names. Every one calls himself what he will."

"My own name, by all means," the other replied with a bright smile. "It isn't worth concealing, and I can't readily invent any other. My name is Angelo Volney."

"Let us say Angelo for shortness," said Alexander cheerily. "Well, Angelo, I give you a welcome, and we here haven't much more to give. Paul has doubtless told you something about us. Stay as long as ye like; go when ye will. We will do all we can to make your stay tolerable, and to help and speed your going if ye must go."

"Is John anywhere near?" asked Paul.

"John was here two moments ago; he is now in his home."

"Then I'll leave Angelo in your charge for a short time. He has come to see John, and I had better go in first and ask John to receive him."

Paul walked toward John's hut, leaving Angelo with Alexander. The latter sounded a whistle, and one of the fraternity came and looked after the horses: each denizen of the place took his regular turn of such service. Then

Alexander pointed out to Angelo the beauties and wonders of the scene, described the changes that had taken place there and the sudden incursion of the mining population, and played in every respect the part of a courteous and genial host. But courtesy at that moment was almost thrown away upon Angelo Volney. The young man's heart and mind were wholly engrossed by the wonderful nature of the situation in which he found himself placed, and the possible results which might arise from it. The mystery of a life, nay, of many lives—at least involving directly the fate of many lives—had blind chance then thrown this into his power to solve? Since his childhood he had been haunted by the overhanging presence of one mystery, oppressing, torturing, and bewildering the lives of those then most near and dear to him. Lately this one same mystery had come to involve and enwrap another life—another fame dearer to him than any, than all. Could it be possible that Heaven, working apparently through the agency of a wild, sightless chance, had singled him out to bring back the lost, to restore to life the living dead, to explain the enigma which so deeply concerned the happiness of his benefactress, his heart-sister, and his love?

Meanwhile Paul knocked at the door of John's hut, and a deep, sweet voice called out, "Come in," and Paul entered.

The occupant of the cottage was seated in the sunlight by the window, still reading his Sophocles. The furniture of the hut consisted of a table, two chairs, a bed in a camp bedstead, and some neatly carved wooden shelves, on which books were lying.

John looked a little surprised at the appearance of his visitor, but at once arose, laid his book aside, and courteously offered him a chair.

"Thanks—I don't need to sit down," the other replied rather coldly. "I have come on an unpleasant errand; at least one that will hardly earn me any thanks. I have brought you a visitor."

The occupant of the hut looked surprised.

"A visitor to me—to me in particular?"

"To you, and you alone. One who knows you only by your worldly name, and desires to see you."

A flush came over John's face, and his eyes flashed with momentary anger. But he controlled himself and said calmly:

"You know that I will see no such visitor. You know, too, that no such person could have found me out unaided by you. Have you then betrayed me? If so, it was to no purpose. Tell the emissary, whoever he may be, that his journey is for nothing. I'll not see him; and I don't even ask who he is."

"I have not betrayed you. He doesn't even yet know where you are to be found; and he is not an emissary from any one. Only the strangest chance brought him and me together, and he told me strange news which I think you ought to hear."

"What news can affect me any more?" John asked with an impatient gesture. "Why do you torment me in this useless way? Do you think I can be dragged back to the world again? Do you—you, of all men—want to help in urging me back? Am I never, to the end of my life, to have the security of peace?"

He sprang to his feet and walked impatiently up and down.

"I knew that you would blame me for bringing this on you," Paul calmly said; "but I felt that I must do it. Do, pray, do me justice. I am not likely to interfere needlessly in what does not concern me. We have not been friends;

we can't be friends. There are memories which rise up between us and keep us apart. I look on you as the principal cause of the misery that fell on my sister's whole existence. But if we can't be friends, neither can we be enemies; and you must know that I am incapable of doing anything to give you needless pain. But I have thought this thing over, and I tell you again this man outside has some news for you which you ought to know,"

"Then tell it to me at once yourself, and be done with it. Perhaps I can guess it. If it be as I conjecture, God knows I am sorry for it. I lament for a life ruined like my own, but I envy the early stroke of fate."

"You can't guess it; you are wholly wrong."

"Tell me then, in heaven's name——"

"Not I. Let it come with its full effect from one who knows all that I don't know. You *must* see this man!"

"What is his name?"

"You don't know it. He is called Angelo Volney."

"Is he sent by——"

"He is sent by no one, except, as I firmly believe, by God!"

The other stopped in his walk and laid his hand on Paul's shoulder.

"If you are distracting and torturing me uselessly," he said, in a deep stern voice, "then may God forgive you for inflicting wanton pain on one whose only prayer in life is to be allowed to repent the past in peace. You know me well; you know how I have been tormented between my hatred of the world, my dread of it, and yet all the old impulses and temptations of ambition. Deal fairly with me, Paul. We are not friends, I suppose. I am indeed the destroyer—the murderer if you choose to have it so—of your sister; but you know that I would have given my life to save her, and that I flung away every worldly prospect and hope for her. Don't tempt and torture me for nothing. I have been expecting this or something like it. Some presentiment. I can't explain told me that this temptation was coming. Tell me, on your word, on your soul, is this meeting inevitable?"

"On my word, on my soul, I believe you must meet this man, and that when you have heard what he has to tell you, you would curse any obstacle which could have held you back from hearing it. You *must* see him."

"Strange that there can be anything to be told which could affect me and my ways in life!" John said, irresolutely. "In one word, is it news of death?"

"In one word, no."

John turned away and again walked impatiently to and fro across the narrow floor—the bare earth that formed the floor—of the hut, hardly a broader surface than the lion's cage gives to the restless, impatient lion. At last he stopped, looked fixedly at Paul, and said:

"You would not torment me idly. I can't believe such a thing possible of you. I have never known any levity in you which could allow me to think it. Bring in your new acquaintance—I *will* see him!"

While the man called John was speaking these words, the strange look in his eyes which has been already mentioned became so remarkable that any ordinary spectator might well have been excused for supposing that he saw before him a madman. When the words were finished, the speaker turned away and flung himself into his chair and leaned his chin upon his hand.

Paul left the hut without speaking. In a few moments its inmate heard footsteps at the door, and he rose to receive his scarcely welcome visitors. He

stood in a calm and dignified attitude, hardly evincing now any emotion, even of curiosity, as the stranger entered, introduced by Paul. The latter said to Angelo Volney:

"All that you want to say or to ask is to be said now and here! You remember the conditions and the pledge on which I have consented to bring you here. I leave you."

And he left the hut, closing the door behind him.

Angelo Volney saw before him a tall, dignified, and handsome man, whose rough garb and rugged surroundings could hardly keep any intelligent eye from recognizing in him a cultivated and high-bred gentleman. The occupant of the hut bowed, handed a chair to his visitor, and looked at the latter with a penetrating glance. But he did not open the conversation, and Angelo had to begin.

"I am afraid I must appear a very unwelcome and intrusive visitor," he said. "But I know I can justify my intrusion. I believe I have the honor of speaking to a gentleman who can at least help me to communicate with—*with Mr. Charles Grey Scarlett?*"

"Your business will have to be urgent and important indeed," the other said, coldly and firmly, "to justify a visit to one who desires, above all things on earth, to be left to the life of seclusion he has chosen for himself. Pray let us not waste time or words. My name is Charles Grey Scarlett."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I MIGHT HAVE SAVED HER; NOW SHE'S GONE FOREVER!"

"CALL it not vain," sings the Minstrel of the North; "they do not err who say that, when a poet dies, mute Nature mourns her worshipper and celebrates his obsequies." Accepting this declaration as a scientific fact, we take it for granted that mute Nature went into mourning when Eric Walraven died. Mute Nature had the mourning all to herself. No one else wept. The poet had no funeral cortège, no funeral oration, chaplet, or other gratifying mark of public sorrow. The general conviction that he had killed himself—which was all that Justice could make of the matter when she came to inquire into it—chilled and scared away any desire to do honor to the dead. So Walraven was laid in earth with funeral rites very much maimed. The absence of any positive proof that he had killed himself allowed him a corner in the little Protestant cemetery then recently opened, and where, since then, many consumptive English and many pale-cheeked daughters of American dyspepsia have been laid to rest. Mr. Gostick came to Villefleurs and had a cheap and decent monument erected over the grave, simply announcing that there lay the mortal remains of Eric G. Walraven, of London, son of the late Rev. Edward Walraven and Jane his wife. A few lines of obituary appeared in the leading daily and weekly papers of London, wherein Walraven was gently spoken of as a poet whose first efforts had had some promise in them, and who perhaps, if he had lived, might have achieved something worthy of preservation. That was his funeral dirge. That moan was soon made. Next day he was utterly forgotten. The only monument to his fame that seems likely to be abiding in London is a solitary dusty copy of "*The Mystery of the Universe*," sticking up in a bookstall in Southampton Row, Holborn, and vainly offered to the public for eightpence.

Meanwhile Walraven's young, unhappy wife was fading away. She remained for days and days in the same condition of almost utter unconsciousness that has already been described. Lady Judith took up her residence altogether in the cottage with the Athelings. They offered to give up the place wholly to her, but the poor stricken lady, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, seemed to cling to the companionship of Isolind, and to dread being left alone. Lady Judith's maid was left with Miss Bruce at the hotel, to be ready when needed; but Lady Judith had seldom need of them. She watched by her daughter night and day, except in the intervals when sheer physical exhaustion compelled her to lie down and sleep. A great London doctor and a great Paris doctor were sent for and kept in constant attendance. Madame who owned the house was literally bewildered by the prodigality of expense which seemed to be going on, and felt herself immensely elevated in personal dignity by the whole series of events. Mrs. Atheling kept habitually in the background. She never could quite warm to Lady Judith, even in the latter's hour of deep affliction.

After a while Alexia seemed to rally a little, both in physical and mental condition. She swallowed certain foods and drinks with apparent relish. She smiled on Isolind when Isolind entered the room, and looked wistfully after her when she left it. By degrees, under the influence of Lady Judith's devoted attention, the girl's heart appeared to thaw toward her mother, and she would smile sometimes upon her and take food from her hand. Lady Judith felt a thrill of joy and gratitude pass through her when first she saw this change. An infant of six months would have shown much clearer and more cordial sign of recognition than Alexia did; and yet Lady Judith welcomed the faint dawn of that first smile as if it were the proudest triumph a mother's heart could win. Ah, heaven! what miserable anomaly sometimes is human happiness! Lady Judith felt almost happy that first day of kindly recognition, and turned to Isolind with a proud, triumphant smile, as if to say, "You see my daughter pardons and loves her mother, after all!"

What strange days those were for the two watching women—those days when Alexia was still weak as a new-born infant, and almost as unconscious. What strange days and still more strange nights! How often Isolind and Lady Judith together saw the dawn flush over the sea, together heard the bells chime the midnight. Isolind's helpful, loving, pitying, womanly nature took all weariness from her task; and the whole vitality and energy of Lady Judith's frame was engrossed in it, and allowed her to feel no fatigue. Sometimes, when the two sat together by the bedside of the patient, the thought would arise in the mind of each, "How strange that she and I should be fellow-watchers!" Lady Judith now and then sent a sudden glance of her dark eyes to where Isolind sat, and wondered within herself that anything could have so wrought a charm upon her bitter vindictiveness as to make her cling to the companionship of Agnes Revington's daughter. But she did cling to it. She could hardly endure the girl's absence. "Am I the same—am I really Judith Scarlett?" she would ask of her own heart. "Is it the Spirit of God that has poured grace into my soul; or is it only that my misfortune has enfeebled my mind and broken my spirit?" More than once did Lady Judith start suddenly from her chair and walk up and down the room, and Isolind looked at her with kindly sympathizing eyes, believing that she was thinking only of her sinking daughter; but the mother was asking of her distracted soul whether the love growing up within her for the fair-haired watching girl was a heaven-

sent inspiration or a sinful and shameful weakness. More than once did Lady Judith suddenly pause in her walk and stoop over Isolind and kiss her forehead; and Isolind never knew what a victory of sweetness and love over rancor and bitterness was symbolized by that kiss of affection and peace.

A change began to take place in Alexia's condition. She grew physically stronger, and the state of torpid unconsciousness seemed to have almost wholly vanished. It was succeeded by fitful, frequent outbursts of genuine madness—wild, delirious raving—and then intervals which might be called comparatively lucid; intervals, that is, when the patient knew those around her and called them by their names, and talked an irregular and incoherent talk indeed, having seldom much meaning in it, but yet not frenzied or extravagant. In such times it did not appear that Alexia had any recollection of anything that had passed, nor did her manner now show any of the old bitterness toward her mother. She would ask Lady Judith questions and not wait for an answer; she would begin long and rambling accounts of imaginary walks and rides and adventures; she would ask Isolind to sing for her, and burst into talk again in the middle of the singing. Once or twice she asked when Angelo was coming home, and she went off into some talk in which Charles Escombe's name occurred; and the two watchers turned pale and exchanged glances of significant alarm, believing that she would next come to speak of Eric Walraven. But she did not now appear to have any recollection whatever of him.

The physicians had still some hope that when the merely physical prostration of the shock should have passed away, and the shattered nerve-system should have begun to reorganize itself, Alexia's reason might return. But they were therefore the more anxious that her memory should if possible be guarded against any intrusion from the terrible associations of the tragedy which had broken her down. They, like Lady Judith and everybody else save Isolind alone, assumed that Walraven had committed suicide, and that the sight of the deed had overthrown Alexia's reason. Isolind of course had never breathed a hint of her terrible suspicions; and she had kept Alexia's farewell letter a secret.

One night Lady Judith received a new and fearful shock. During Alexia's wilder moods it was often necessary to have the attendance of a hired nurse. But this particular night the patient seemed very tranquil, and Lady Judith not only insisted that Isolind must go to bed early, but sent away the nurse as well, and chose to spend the night alone with her daughter. It was a warm night, and Lady Judith was dressed in a light muslin wrapper wherein she looked wonderfully picturesque and stately. The whole scene was a picture ready to the hand of any artist could he have seen it. The simply-furnished French room with its little white bed; the pale, thin, beautiful face of the girl, whose arms wandered vaguely outside the coverlet, whose short-cropped black hair (how long and luxuriant it was the other day!) looked so black against the white pillow, and whose ever-open glittering eyes beamed restlessly everywhere; and then the statuesque and noble figure of the pale, sad, dark-haired woman, in the loose light-colored dress who sat by the bedside, her chin resting on her arm—a very embodiment of sleepless sorrow. The murmur of the waves could be faintly heard in the room; save for that sound and the occasional cry of a seabird across the waters, all was silent.

Lady Judith held a book in one hand, but she had not been reading. In the silence of the hour the sad past had once again been unrolling itself before her newly-opening eyes. She saw her own proud, egotistic, and loveless

youth; her ill-assorted marriage; her cold and stern refusal to practise any of the genial arts by which a woman seeks to conquer the love of a man; the lonely disdainful independence wherein she had wrapped herself as in a mantle of pride. She saw the husband of her youth, so noble, so gifted, so much admired by all the world else, but to whose heart she never could approach—alas! never tried to approach—from the fatal hour when she learned that he had once loved another woman in vain. She saw herself deserted by him—and then by all; she saw that all had gone wrong with her; and at last, at last she was learning to the full the lesson which pride and egotism find it so hard to learn—the lesson that the world goes wrong only with those who have not themselves gone right. Now at last she saw with clear sad eyes where her own fault had been. Calamity had beaten down the rampart of pride, and there came from out the very heart of the solitary woman the vain immemorial cry, “Oh, give me back the years I flung away; give me back the opportunities I wasted or scorned; let it not be too late, let it not be all too late!” Unknown to her, thousands of miles away the same hopeless appeal against Time and Destiny was going up from another heart, once erring like hers, now penitent like hers, and which in the hour of her present trial ought to have been pressed against her own.

Lady Judith had become thus buried so completely in her memories of self-reproach, that she had almost lost any consciousness of the present. Suddenly, however, she was recalled to quick keen life and attention by a shriek which rang out through the tortured air. Alexia was sitting upright in the bed, her thin arms flung over her head, the hands clasped together, and her white breast gleaming through her disarranged night-dress. Pouring out shriek after shriek, she tried to rise and to escape from the bed, Lady Judith put her strong white arms around the child and tenderly held her down—it was an easy task—and tried to soothe and quiet her. After a few struggles and shivers Alexia resisted no more, but she broke into a passion of tears and sobs, through which there came again and again in disjointed words one fearful accusation of herself, one revelation which made her mother start and tremble, and then put her hand over the girl's mouth and try to hush her wailing voice. Again Alexia's mood changed, and her face became rigid, and she spoke in a low, calm tone, more terrible than her most ear-piercing scream; but in the altered tone there still came with thrilling distinctness the same tale of horror. Sometimes with frantic gestures she reenacted the scene of tragedy; sometimes she moaned and crooned and murmured to herself; but while the fit lasted every gesticulation she used, every word she uttered bore distinct and ghastly evidence of the truth of the one story.

Lady Judith's blood was running cold while she listened to this awful revelation. In the first moment, so great was the shock and so profound the horror, that she actually drew away her arms from her daughter's support and let the girl fall back upon the bed. There was a terrible preciseness, a cruel coherency in the words she heard, which seemed to distinguish them from the meaningless outbursts of mere raving in which Alexia's disorder sometimes displayed itself. What the feelings of that mother were during the watches of that heavy night, no man could attempt to describe.

“Oh, my unhappy child!” murmured the wretched lady, “if this be true, I must pray no more for the restoration of that reason which would be only a torture to you! And yet not you—not you, poor child, are guilty of any crime! The guilt is mine—all mine! May Heaven visit it on me alone, and grant me life long enough to expiate and atone for it!”

More tenderly than before did she press her daughter to her bosom. Never when Alexia was an infant had she felt so much of the unfathomable love and pity which belongs to motherhood as now, when she held to her heart the frenzied girl whose innocently-guilty hands were stained with the blood of a husband.

With the early morning came a soft, low tapping at the door, and Lady Judith, well knowing who was there, called "Come in!" and Isolind entered. After a night of wild and sobbing delirium Alexia had relapsed into her old condition of almost utter unconsciousness.

"You look very pale and worn, dear Lady Judith," Isolind said. "You have not slept all the night? Where is the nurse? Did she not come?"

"She came, dear, but I sent her away. Come here, Isolind; I want to ask you something."

Lady Judith was seated by the bedside. Isolind approached her, and Lady Judith took the girl's hand in hers and looked earnestly into her gray sympathetic eyes.

"Isolind, answer me frankly; don't think of my feelings or of anything but the reality! Do you know or suspect anything about—about—the death—of that wretched man—that man Walraven, which others don't know or don't guess at?"

"Oh, Lady Judith," Isolind answered, turning pale, as though she were herself accused of the guilt of blood, "why ask me such a question? Why even think of it? Should we not try to shut out from our minds such terrible conjectures? Nothing about it can ever be known as a certainty except to God. What is the use of trying to know?"

"There is some use, dear; for we can at least endeavor to prevent others from hearing what I heard last night."

"Then she spoke—she told you?"

"She spoke in delirium; but there was a terrible clearness in her words! Isolind, I want you to tell me all you know—all you suspect or conjecture about this—all, every word! The only kindness is to tell me all; the worst of cruelty is to keep anything back from me!"

Thus pressed, Isolind told her in low whispering tones all that she had conjectured; and she could not withhold Alexia's last letter. Cruel as it was to allow the eyes of the mother to fall upon Alexia's bitter allusion to her, Isolind saw no choice for herself but to produce the letter.

Lady Judith read it with lips compressed. Once she started as if she had been smitten. It was when she came to the words which spoke of herself. But she bowed her head, as if she meant to signify her acceptance of one other cruel rebuke from Heaven, and she made no allusion to that passage in the letter. She sighed deeply.

"This, then," she said, "is all that is left to throw any light on the poor child's fate?"

"This is all, Lady Judith, thank God! We may be quite wrong in our wild ideas, and her delirious words are as nothing."

Lady Judith made no reply. To her, too, the whole truth now seemed clear. She knew that Eric Walraven had not killed himself. From that hour she never allowed any nurse to attend Alexia, and she ceased to supplicate Heaven that her daughter might live and be restored to reason.

The days passed languidly and heavily away for Isolind and Lady Judith. Perhaps it may seem strange at first to say that Isolind, with all her anxiety,

her nursing, and her watching, was looking better in health, and even brighter in face, than when her pale cheeks attracted the attention of poor, lost Alexia. In truth, Isolind's was a nature which can bear anything better than inactivity, which must work for somebody, help somebody, or perish. Eating her own heart, in her first loneliness of grief, she was pining and withering away. Now, the knowledge that she could be useful, that there was some one she could help, some load of sorrow she could at least try to lighten, consoled and even animated her. Her step grew firmer, and her eyes lost the expression of vacant and brooding sadness which was becoming habitual to them. Her time was very busily engaged; she had hardly a moment to spare for thoughts of herself. She had to take care of Mrs. Atheling; to walk with her, read to her, and be as much as possible a companion to her. For, although the dear old lady insisted that there must be no thought of her in the matter, and that the poor sick girl and her mother must have all the attention, yet "our Isolind" was not likely, from any consideration of sympathy or pity toward others, to neglect one who had ever been more than a mother to her, motherless. So, in that, the brave girl had no time to give to brooding and personal sorrow. She delighted to go into the little market-place of the town every morning, and bring fresh flowers and fruits, in the hope that they might please Alexia; and she brought the London papers to Lady Judith, who felt, of course, a close interest in all the stirrings of Parliament and politics. Isolind even contrived to pay several visits to poor Miss Bruce, who moped piteously at the Hôtel Impérial, and she took Miss Bruce out for a little walk now and then, and showed her most of the points of interest around the village. Once she nearly induced Miss Bruce to join her in a bath in the sea, one of Isolind's most cherished delights. But Miss Bruce was fresh from Scotland, and though she got so far as to put on the bathing tunic and the picturesque *caleçons*, she utterly refused to emerge from the cover of the bathing-hut and allow even the sea to behold her in such unmaidenly attire. So Isolind gave up for the rest of the time any attempt at lightening the load of Miss Bruce's monotony by persuading her to shake it off in the salt waves.

Ah, but one day, one memorable day, there came to Villefleurs something which caused Isolind's cheek to flush with a long unaccustomed glow, and her eyes to sparkle, and then to stream with tears, born of the blended passions of gladness and grief. It was Angelo's letter, written ever so many months—or was it not years and ages?—ago, pledging himself to unchangeable, eternal love, and vowing that he would never, never consent to renounce her, let her resolve be what it might. This was the letter which, enclosed in one addressed to Judge Atheling, Angelo had sent off before he left for America, and which, wandering about from place to place ever since, or lying sometimes for weeks amid heaps of dusty documents in some post-office, had at last reached its destination, having twice crossed the Atlantic, in the effort to get from London to Isolind on the north coast of France. How proud and glad it made the girl! What cruel grief, what bitter shame it brought to her! She could not be otherwise than proud and glad to know that she was so passionately and truly loved. She had always felt, despite of her resolve and of herself, a gnawing pang of pain and doubt, because Angelo seemed to have accepted her farewell without even a protest. But the letter brought her grief, because she still was as resolute as ever that she would not marry Angelo; and she wept, not for her own sorrow alone, but also for the cruel wound she must deal to that loving, gallant, tender heart. And it brought shame, for it renewed the memory of the stigma which rested on her, and which doomed her to a blank and lonely life.

Yet the sum of her emotions was gladness. "He loves me! He loves me!" Nothing, no shame, no agony, can countervail the pride and joy of that conviction, when it is brought home to the hearts of the loving and the absent. When Isolind went to Lady Judith's room, with the precious letter—the crumpled, faded, yellowing, travel-soiled letter—lying hidden in her bosom, there was a brightness in her eyes, tear-stained though they were, which even the sad watcher by the bedside could not fail to observe. Lady Judith looked up at the strong, shapely form of the girl, with her clustering fair hair falling upon her neck and shoulders, her cheeks once more colored with the roseate and purple lights and hues of youth and health; her eyes, like those of one of Chancer's lovely heroines, "gray as glass"; her elastic step, her graceful movements; and then she looked down at the pale, wasted, fading little face in the bed, and she could not suppress a sigh. Isolind saw the glance and knew the meaning of the sigh, and sighed herself and felt her heart bleed for the mother.

Yes, that day was remarkable. Isolind will never forget it. She did not leave Lady Judith's side for many hours. They two kept watch, seldom speaking, by Alexia's bedside. A change had set in; the fierce feverishness had gone, the girl's pulse was low and feeble, her eyes had lost much of their unmeaning restlessness. She seemed composed and tranquil, and more like a rational creature than at any time since the night when Isolind brought her into the cottage. The doctors had seen her and shaken their heads, and did not appear to think there was anything in particular which they could do. They did not speak of any immediate danger, but they had ceased to talk of hope. They agreed in declining to regard it as a favorable symptom that Alexia had once or twice that day put a question which was quite calm and rational, and had waited for an answer, and understood the answer when it was given.

What a lovely day it was! The sky was pure and cloudless, and yet with no intense heat; the sea was of brightest emerald; all objects, the hills, the houses, the trees, the boats, were outlined with a radiant clearness that reminded Isolind of the atmosphere of her own much-loved bay of New York. The shore in front of the little town made a great curve, thus embracing in its arms the expanse of water where the bathers enjoyed themselves; and beyond the chord of that arc stretched the sea, whose further waves lapped against the shingly beaches of the English coast. All over the shore and the sands of Villefleurs there was color, life, movement, animation. Children scrambled and shouted, dug holes in the sand, gathered shells, or tried in vain to catch the swift-darting, infinitesimal, bloodless, boneless things in the shape of fish, which shot like tiny shadows beneath the surface of the small salt pools left by the receding sea in the little rock-beds among the sands. Up a steep path that climbed the cliffs went a merry procession of fisher-girls, bearing baskets of shining, scaly fish on their heads, and singing as they went, their short red petticoats scarcely reaching to the knee, displaying bare, bronze-colored legs, firm and shapely enough to have excited the futile envy of a whole ballet chorus in the Opéra Comique. Along the sand lounged a little, idling group of soldiers from the neighboring *caserne*—soldiers in blue coats and scarlet trousers—adding with their bright-colored uniforms gleaming in the sunlight another element of life and brilliancy to the many-tinted scene. All along the edge of the shore the green waves were studded with laughing, joyous bathers—girls in costumes of pink and white and crimson and purple. A blind man

seated on the sand had before him a tray covered with glittering, variously-colored shells, which he was hoping to sell; and as the light fell upon the contents of his tray it made the spot where he sat to gleam and flash like a sun, so that the eyes of gazers from far-off windows were suddenly dazzled into darkness by the beams that seemed to shoot directly from his poor little unpurchased collection. A short distance further out than the line of bathers the boat belonging to the local society for the rescue of drowning persons was lazily rowing up and down—a good Samaritan keeping a keen eye out for any possible object of rescue. On the horizon were seen the white wings of a whole flotilla of fishing boats sailing in, twenty abreast, and the smoke of a passing steamer now and then revealed itself faint against the sky. Blue sky, green sea, white sails, golden sunlight, yellow strand, and on that strand all manner of colors, purple, crimson, gray, orange, black, fantastically contrasting, blending, and constantly changing—here was a display of Nature at her brightest, humanity in its mood the gayest, the most careless, gleesome, and happy.

The room became too hot where Alexia lay, watched by Lady Judith and Isolind, this glorious day. Isolind threw the windows open, and the pure soft air came in, too late to bear healing on its wings. The young poetesses looked out upon the scene which these pages have attempted so vainly to describe.

Lady Judith noticed the kind of silent rapture with which Isolind gazed out upon the scene, and said in a low tone:

"It seems a beautiful day, Isolind, and you ought not to be pent up here. Go out, my dear, and breathe the fresh air."

"Dear Lady Judith, I can breathe it here, and I don't care to go out. But the whole scene is so bright and delightful that I could not keep from admiring it. Do come here and look out; it will do you ever so much good. I will sit by Alexia, and you hardly ever now enjoy the pure air and see the sunlight on the water."

Isolind left the window and came quietly over and took Lady Judith's seat. Lady Judith went to the window, leaned upon the sill, and surveyed the scene. Perhaps she was endeavoring to find out whether she too could not open her eyes and soul to the sacred influence of that charm with which sea and sky and sunlight can touch the wounds of certain suffering natures and bid them to be healed. But the flashing colors, the joyous sounds fell sadly on the ears and eyes of the unhappy woman. She had never cared, in her days of pride, for the charm and the glory of Nature, and Nature now refused to accept the offer of a homage that came so late. In certain stern creeds it is held that when a sinner has been too long impenitent, Heaven itself hardens his heart so that if he afterward would fain repent, his utmost effort shall be unavailing, and he shall not know the sacred sweetness of expiating sorrow. Would it be too fanciful to suggest that perhaps Nature sometimes exercises such a remorseless power that when one has refused to open the heart and the mind to her in good time, she deliberately and sternly closes both, so that they may be barred against her consoling, sweetening influence forever?

Some such feeling may perhaps have vaguely suggested itself to Lady Judith's breast. She turned away from the window, and approaching Isolind touched her gently on the shoulder and quietly whispered:

"Go back, my dear, and enjoy the scene and the sunlight while you can. Leave me to sit here, Isolind. All that brightness outside is lost on me. I don't believe my eyes were ever opened to the loveliness of Nature and the

world when I was young, and it is too late to hope to cure their blindness now. I wish it hadn't been so; but how few things there are in me and my life of which I could not say the same with all my heart."

An hour or two passed away, and the sun was beginning to sink and the sound of the waves to be heard more clearly as the noisy life of the day grew quieter. Alexia now and then looked up and asked a question calmly and rationally enough, and having received an answer seemed each time to fade away into unconsciousness again. Since her outburst of grief and passion on the night when she so appalled her mother, she had never made the faintest allusion to the tragedy of her life. Even when she was most clear and rational she seemed now to have no recollection of her recent days and sufferings. When she was not frenzied she was merely infantile.

The sounds of sprightly music were heard somewhere on the road outside. Alexia's ear caught the strains, and she smiled a weak, sweet smile, and asked, as a little child might do:

"What is that?"

"What, my child?"

"That sound."

"It is music, dear."

"Yes; but what music?"

Isolind, hearing the question addressed by Alexia to her mother, looked out of the window in the hope of being able to give an answer. She saw a procession of young men and women, some bearing garlands and some with musical instruments, winding along the road.

She drew near the bed, and Alexia smiled and held a hand toward her. "It is the music of some procession, dear Alexia; some young men and women."

There was a moment's pause, and the watchers thought Alexia had fallen away into forgetfulness again, as she commonly did after the exertion of the shortest conversation. But she presently said, in her child-like tones:

"Please tell me what the procession is—I should like to know."

"I'll find out, dear."

Isolind stepped to the door and asked one of the maids to learn what the procession was and let her know. She and Lady Judith exchanged glances of satisfaction. There seemed something hopeful to them in this awakened and sustained curiosity.

Presently the *fille* returned, tapped at the door, and being allowed to come in said in a tone intended to be soft and low:

"But, milady, it is a marriage procession—a youth and girl who have just been married."

A wild, agonized cry broke from Alexia. The unlucky serving-woman hastily disappeared. Lady Judith gently put her arm round her daughter. Alexia sobbed and sobbed, and fell from convulsion into convulsion; it seemed as though she could hardly struggle through her agony with life. Isolind sent at once for one of the physicians, who came and remained for some time, and gave all the aid and advice he could—which indeed availed but little. As he was leaving the room—Lady Judith did not care that he should remain—he invited Isolind by a glance to follow him. She did so; and when they had crossed the threshold of the room and the door was closed behind them, he told her quietly that the utmost care must be taken to keep the patient undisturbed; that the least shock caused by the revival of any painful memory might

be fatal. At the same time he acknowledged the almost total impossibility of securing perfect mental quietude for a patient whose own mind might at any moment, without any external impulse or reminder, bring back all the bitterest associations of the past; and in any case he feared there was little hope or chance.

"And is there nothing to be done—nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. You can but wait. The end is not far off. Perhaps to-night even—perhaps to-morrow, or later; but unless a miracle should come, the end is near."

So Isolind returned to the already darkening room. Lady Judith, wholly engrossed with the care of her daughter, had not noticed Isolind's absence.

Isolind again drew near the window. A certain sense of the sanctity of the mother's place and right generally urged her to keep at some little distance from the bed, unless when there was some help to be rendered, or when Alexia called to her, or Lady Judith signed to her to draw near. She leaned upon the window, her noble head and neck and bust outlined darkly, like a statue, against the violet evening sky.

Alexia murmured:

"Is Isolind there?"

Isolind came over and kneeled by the bed. Alexia's little hand wandered feebly out. Isolind took it in her own. Lady Judith held her daughter's other hand.

"Mamma!"

"My child?"

"I want you to love Isolind very much. She was very kind to me."

Then she remained silent for a few moments, and though she still held their hands, and her eyes were open, she appeared to have no consciousness of their presence. Suddenly she withdrew both her hands and stretched them out as if to reach toward some distant object, and there came a light of ineffable sweetness and gladness into her face; an expression quite new to it during all her time of prostration. She endeavored to raise herself up, and with her eyes still looking brightly out, she cried:

"Oh, mamma, I see him, I see him!"

Lady Judith started and laid her finger on her lips as a sign to Isolind to ask no question. She feared that Alexia was speaking of Eric Walraven, and that to her present flush of joy would succeed a terrible reaction into memory and grief. The same thought was uppermost in Isolind's mind, and both women listened with bated breath and beating hearts, hoping that Alexia's fancy might fade away. But Alexia still looked bright and joyous, and she said:

"Oh, yes, I saw him—I can see him still! Mamma, don't you see him too? Look there! Don't you see him?"

Her voice grew so thrilling, her manner became so excited, that Lady Judith could not choose but answer.

"See whom, my child? There is no one here but Isolind."

"Oh, yes; my father, my father! I see him now again, oh, so clearly; and he beckons to me—see, he takes my hand in his. Mamma, give me your hand too—quick, quick!"

Lady Judith, all trembling, laid her cold hand in the thin, burning fingers of the girl, who pressed it almost fiercely, and smiled delightedly now at her mother, now at the form which her delirium made her believe that she saw. Then with a tranquil, satisfied air, Alexia said:

"I knew we should find him at last."

She closed her eyes, and the hand she had held outstretched gradually sank by her side. Lady Judith found the hand that lay in hers growing weaker in its pressure, then lax and languid, then colder and colder. Alexia gave forth a sigh which seemed rather one of relief and gratification than of sorrow, and she breathed heavily once or twice, and then more softly, and then the room was hushed in silence.

Isolind stooped over the bed, drew gently back, and whispered:

"She is asleep."

Lady Judith pressed to her lips the cold hand she still held clasped in her own, and said:

"She is awake—in heaven!"

The moon, which had been rising over the sea, now looked into the room. Its first entering light fell upon the face of the dead girl, and, leaving all else in shadow, seemed to glorify with a pure and silvery halo the pallid cheeks and the lips whereon yet lingered the smile with which Alexia had welcomed the dawn of her new life.

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.
Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.
Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.
I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;
And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

NORA PERRY.

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK.

VII.—TENEMENT LIFE.

AS we stopped in Cherry street at the entrance to Gotham Court, and Detective Finn dug a tunnel of light with his bullseye lantern into the foulness and blackness of that smirch on civilization, a score or more of boys who had been congregated at the edge of the court suddenly plunged back into the obscurity, and we heard the splash of their feet in the foul collections of the pavements.

"This bullseye is an old acquaintance here," said the detective, "and as its coming most always means 'somebody wanted,' you see how they hide. Though why they should object to go to jail is more than I know; I'd rather stay in the worst dungeon in town than here. Come this way and I'll show you why."

Carefully keeping in the little track of light out into the darkness by the lantern, I followed the speaker, who turned into the first door on the right, and I found myself in an entry about four feet by six, with steep, rough, rickety stairs leading upward in the foreground, and their counterparts at the rear giving access to as successful a manufactory of disease and death as any city on earth can show. Coming to the first of these stairs, I was peremptorily halted by the foul stench rising from below; but Finn, who had reached the bottom, threw back the relentless light upon the descending way and urged me on. Every step oozed with moisture and was covered sole deep with unmentionable filth; but I ventured on, and reaching my conductor stood in a vault some twelve feet wide and two hundred long, which extended under the whole of West Gotham Court. The walls of rough stone dripped with slimy exudations, while the pavements yielded to the slightest pressure of the feet a suffocating odor compounded of bilge-water and sulphuretted hydrogen. Upon one side of this elongated cave of horrors were ranged a hundred closets, every one of which reeked with this filth, mixed with that slimy moisture which was everywhere as a proof that the waters of the neighboring East River penetrated, and lingered here to foul instead of purify.

"What do you think of this?" said Finn, throwing the light of his lantern hither and thither so that every horror might be dragged from the darkness that all seemed to covet. "All the thousands living in the barracks must come here, and just think of all the young ones above that never did any harm having to take in this stuff;" and the detective struck out spitefully at the noxious air. As he did so, the gurgling of water at the Cherry street end of the vault caught his ear, and penetrating thither, he peered curiously about.

"I say, Tom," he called back to his companion, who had remained with me in the darkness, "here's a big break in the Croton main." But a moment later, in an affrighted voice: "No, it ain't. It's the sewer! I never knew of this opening into it before. Paugh! how it smells. That's nothing up where you are. I'll bet on the undertaker having more jobs in the house than ever."

By this time I began to feel sick and faint in that tainted air, and would have rushed up the stairs if I could have seen them. But Finn was exploring that sewer horror with his lantern. As I came down I had seen a pool of stagnant, green-coated water somewhere near the foot of the stairs, and, being afraid to stir in the thick darkness, was forced to call my guide, and, frankly,

state the urgent necessity for an immediate return above. The matter-of-fact policeman came up, and cast the liberating light upon the stairs, but rebuked me as I eagerly took in the comparatively purer atmosphere from above. "You can't stand it five minutes; how do you suppose they do, year in and year out?" "Even they don't stand it many years, I should think," was my involuntary reply.

As we stepped out into the court again, the glare of the bullseye dragged a strange face out of the darkness. It was that of a youth of eighteen or twenty years, ruddy, puffed, with the corners of the mouth grotesquely twisted. The detective greeted the person owning this face with the fervor of old acquaintanceship: "Eh, Buster! What's up?" "Hello, Jimmy Finn! What yez doin' here?" "Never mind, Buster. What's up?" "Why, Jimmy, didn't yez know I lodges here now?" "No, I didn't. Where? Who with?" "Be-yant, wid the Pensioner." "Go on. Show me where you lodge." "Sure, Jimmy, it isn't me as would lie to yez."

But I had expressed a desire to penetrate into some of these kennels for crushed humanity; and Finn, with the happy acumen of his tribe, seizing the first plausible pretext, was relentless, and insisted on doubting the word of the Buster. That unfortunate with the puffy face, who seemed to know his man too well to protract resistance, puffed ahead of us up the black, oozy court, with myriads of windows made ghastly by the pale flicker of kerosene lamps in tiers above us, until he came to the last door but one upon the left side of the court, over which the letter S was sprawled upon the coping stone. The bullseye had been darkened, and when the Buster plunged through the doorway he was lost to sight in the impenetrable darkness beyond. We heard him though, stumbling against stairs that creaked dismally, and the slide being drawn back, the friendly light made clear the way for him and us. There was an entry precisely like the one we had entered before, with a flight of narrow, almost perpendicular stairs, with so sharp a twist in them that we could see only half up. The banisters in sight had precisely three uprights, and looked as if the whole thing would crumble at a touch; while the stairs were so smooth and thin with the treading of innumerable feet that they almost refused a foothold. Following the Buster, who grappled with the steep and dangerous ascent with the daring born of habit, I somehow got up stairs, wondering how any one ever got down in the dark without breaking his neck. Thinking it possible there might be a light sometimes to guide the pauper hosts from their hazardous heights to the stability of the street, I inquired as to the fact, only to meet the contempt of the Buster for the gross ignorance that could dictate such a question. "A light for the stairs! Who'd give it? Sweeney? Not much! Or the tenants? Skasely! Them's too poor!" While he muttered, the Buster had pawed his way up stairs with surprising agility, until he reached a door on the third landing. Turning triumphantly to the detective, he announced: "Here's where I lodges, Jimmy! You knows I wouldn't lie to yez."

"We'll see whether you would or no," said Finn, tapping on the door. Being told to come in, he opened it; and on this trivial but dexterous pretext we invaded the sanctity of a home.

No tale is so good as one plainly told, and I tell precisely what I saw. This home was composed, in the parlance of the place, of a "room and bedroom." The room was about twelve feet square, and eight feet from floor to ceiling. It had two windows opening upon the court, and a large fireplace filled with a cooking stove. In the way of additional furniture, it had a common deal table, three broken wooden chairs, a few dishes and cooking utensils, and two

"shakedown, as the piles of straw stuffed into bed-ticks are called; but it had nothing whatever beyond these articles. There was not even the remnant of a bedstead; not a cheap print, so common in the hovels of the poor, to relieve the blankness of the rough, whitewashed walls. The bedroom, which was little more than half the size of the other, was that outrage of capital upon poverty known as a "dark room," by which is meant that it had no window opening to the outer air; and this closet had no furniture whatever except two "shakedowns."

In the contracted space of these two rooms, and supplied with these scanty appliances for comfort, nine human beings were stowed. First there was the "Pensioner," a man of about thirty-five years, next his wife, then their three children, a woman lodger with two children, and the "Buster," the latter paying fifteen cents per night for his shelter; but I did not learn the amount paid by the woman for the accommodation of herself and children. The Buster, having been indignant at my inquiry as to the light upon the stairs, was now made merry by Finn supposing he had a regular bed and bedstead for the money. "Indade, he has not, but a 'shakedown' like the rest of us," said the woman; but the Buster rebuked this assumption of an impossible prosperity by promptly exclaiming, "Whist! ye knows I stretch on the boords without any shakedown whatsumdever."

Finn was of opinion the bed was hard but healthy, and fixing his eyes on the Buster's flabby face thought it possible he had any desirable number of "square meals" per day; but that individual limited his acquirements in that way for the day then closed to four. Finn then touching on the number of drinks, the Buster, being driven into conjecture and a corner by the problem, was thrust out of the foreground of our investigations.

By various wily tricks of his trade, Detective Finn managed to get a deal of information out of the Pensioner without seeming to be either inquisitive or intrusive, or even without rubbing the coat of his poverty the wrong way. From this source I learned that five dollars per month was paid as rent for these two third-floor rooms, and that everybody concerned deemed them dirt cheap at the price. Light was obtained from kerosene lamps at the expense of the tenant, and water had to be carried from the court below, while all refuse matter not emptied into the court itself had to be taken to the foul vaults beneath it. The rooms, having all these drawbacks and being destitute of the commonest appliances for comfort or decency, did not appear to be in the highest degree eligible; yet the Pensioner considered himself fortunate in having secured them. His experience in living must have been very doleful, for he declared that he had seen worse places. In itself, and so far as the landlord was concerned, I doubted him; but I had myself seen fouler places than these two rooms, which had been made so by the tenants. All that cleanliness could do to make the kennel of the Pensioner habitable had been done, and I looked with more respect upon the uncouth woman who had scoured the rough floor white, than I ever had upon a gaudily attired dame sweeping Broadway with her silken trail. The thrift that had so little for its nourishment had not been expended wholly upon the floor, for I noticed that the two children asleep on the shakedown were clean, while the little fellow four years of age, who was apparently prepared for bed as he was entirely naked, but sat as yet upon one of the three chairs, had no speck of dirt upon his fair white skin. A painter should have seen him as he gazed wonderingly upon us, and my respect deepened for the woman who could, spite the hard lines of her rugged life, bring forth and preserve so much of childish symmetry and beauty.

Having absorbed these general facts, I turned to the master of this household. He was a man of small stature but rugged frame, and his left shirt sleeve dangled empty at his side. That adroit Finn, noticing my inquiring look, blurted out: "That arm went in a street accident, I suppose?"

"No, sir; it wint at the battle of Spottsylvania."

Here was a hero! The narrow limits of his humble home expanded to embrace the brown and kneaded Virginian glades, as I saw them just seven years ago, pictured with the lurid pageantry of that stubborn fight when Sedgwick fell. This man, crammed with his family into twelve feet square at the top of Sweeney's Shambles, was once part of that glorious scene. In answer to my test questions he said he belonged to the Thirty-ninth New York, which was attached to the Second Corps, and that he received a pension of \$15 per month from the grateful country he had served as payment in full for an arm. It was enough to keep body and soul together, and he could not complain. Nor could I; but I could and did signify to my guide by a nod that I had seen and heard enough, and we went down again into the slimy, reeking court.

Looking upward, I saw the vast tenement house, which contained two hundred such suites of apartments as the one I had just left, rising five stories above the narrow court, and I tried to imagine the vast total of human misery it embraced. The reflective official at my side guessed my thoughts, for he assured me that, coming as I had on a pleasant night of the early summer, I had seen the place at its best. In August, when these two hundred homes had been blistered for two months, the odors would be unendurable by a stranger; and although the atmosphere would be purer in winter, the place was then made as ghastly in a different way by the sight of these thousands of human beings suffering for want of fuel and clothing. For I knew, without being told, that only the wretchedly poor would harbor in these holes. In many of the rooms were widows struggling to maintain children by their scanty earnings as charwomen. Where there was a male head to the family, he was usually either physically disabled by sickness or injury, as in the case of the Pensioner, or was one of the wretched army of unskilled labor. There were however among the tenants some craftsmen, such as printers, carpenters, and in fact representatives of all trades, who had lost their cunning through the bottle; and knowing this fact, "Sweeney's Shambles" loomed into the misty night an irrefutable temperance argument. But whatever the failings of these wretched people, or whatever the reason of their poverty, there could not be any excuse for the barbarity which crams one hundred families into one building having a front of fifty feet, a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and five floors, when that building is "Sweeney's Shambles," devoid of every appliance for health, privacy, or decency, and with those terrible vaults under the two courts upon which the east and west sides of the edifice open.

Picking our way by the lantern light through such kitchen refuse as remnants of fish and vegetables, mixed with more offensive offal, with which the court was covered, we slowly made our way to Cherry street again. Passing along I glanced through a score of first-floor windows, and saw in every room the same evidences of poverty and overcrowding. Every apartment was a "living-room" choked with adults and children, with such articles of furniture as I had seen in the Pensioner's room, and, worse than all, with foul odors evolved from the room itself, and the vaults beneath. It was plain there could be no cleanliness, no privacy, no chance for decency, no godliness among these hundreds of people; and I had the chief moral and sanitary problem of the great city thrust thus forcibly upon me as I made my way through the court, which

is the common thoroughfare of all these hundreds, but which the landlord does not light and which nobody cleans.

It was a relief to get out of Gotham Court into the fetid atmosphere of Cherry street, and we passed hurriedly up the court on the other side of the building, for the odors were coming up through the grating from the vault beneath like steam; and I was glad when, at the upper end of the court, we passed into Roosevelt street by a narrow entrance.

I had started out to see the worst human habitation in New York, and was convinced that my object had been fully accomplished. I knew that the law classes all domiciles containing three or more families as tenement houses, and that there are in the city of New York 20,000 such houses, in which 160,000 families and more than a half million of persons are packed. I knew of the cramming and foulness of the barracks Nos. 7 and 9 Mulberry street, where a stray spark from somebody's pipe will some night breed a conflagration which will destroy scores of the wretched inmates. I knew of those vast houses of the better sort in the German portions of the city, which are furnished with gas, have tolerable ventilation, and water as high as it can be forced, but which have narrow halls and steep stairs, to make them in moments of alarm perfected machines for the killing or maiming of a large per cent. of the hundreds who inhabit each of them; in short, I had a general idea of the high state of perfection to which the art of crowding the largest possible number of people into the smallest possible space had been brought in this Christian city, but I had not imagined the possibility of such things as the kennels for humanity which overhang Gotham Court.

The glimpse I have given of one of the 20,000 tenement houses affords a view in detail of the chief evil of the metropolis, but a proper sense of the overcrowding with which New York is afflicted can perhaps be better obtained from some general facts. London has had some centuries of experience in packing away the poor, but that New York, after scarcely a generation of trial, has surpassed her, can be seen by the following comparative statement of the population of the more densely peopled quarters of each city:

NEW YORK.				LONDON.			
Districts.	No. of Acres.	Population.	Rate to Acre.	Districts.	No. of Acres.	Population.	Rate to Acre.
Fourth Ward	83	17,353	209	Whitechapel	383	78,970	206
Sixth Ward	98	19,754	230	St. Giles	245	54,078	221
Seventh Ward	110	36,963	187	St. James West	164	35,396	215
Tenth Ward	198	31,537	287	East London	158	40,687	266
Eleventh Ward	198	38,953	301	Strand	140	42,979	307
Thirteenth Ward	107	26,388	247	St. Luke's	220	57,078	259
Fourteenth Ward	96	23,382	244	Holborn	198	44,862	229
Seventeenth Ward	331	79,563	241	West London	126	37,145	215
Totals and averages	1,307	293,801	243	Totals and averages	1,027	381,118	234

This carefully prepared statement, which appeared in the report of the Board of Health for 1860, was based upon the census of 1865, so that now the comparison must be much more unfavorable to us, as the population of the city has increased in an undue ratio in these densely peopled wards. But while this exhibit gives a general view of a gigantic evil, it affords no adequate idea of the exceptional exaggerations by which some portions of these wards become ulcers upon the body politic. There are many blocks where the population exceeds one thou-

sand to the acre, and localities where the living have but little more of the earth's surface than the minimum allotted to the dead. It is not strange then that the tenements become nurseries of social degradation, and only escape being intolerable pests by causing a mortality of seven per cent. per annum of the inmates, as the average of all the houses, while in such dens as 35 Baxter street, where fifty beggars and prostitutes are stowed in indescribable filth, the mortality reaches seventeen per cent.

It has been truly said that the home is the last analysis of the state, and it is not strange that the civic virtues decay in a community where one-half the people have no home in the true meaning of the word. The profligacy of New York, after allowance has been made for the gross exaggerations due to ignorance and partisan rancor, is considerable and shameful; but resting as the city does upon this tenement system, it is wonderful that it retains so much of physical and moral vitality. Family privacy, which is the foundation of public morality and intelligence, is within the reach of but a small fraction of the population. It requires at least \$6,000 per annum for a man with even a small family to live in the metropolis with the domesticity necessary to the successful propagation of the home virtues; and as very few possess an income of that amount, the strictly private houses in the city are proportionately scarce. Thousands escape the horrors of the tenements by subletting portions of their houses either to a family or in furnished rooms, and in either case only succeed in mitigating an evil that every year presses more sorely upon the city. But these semi-private families feel only the distant glow of the flame that is consuming the moral stamina of the tenement population. It is not necessary to face the horrors of Sweeney's Shambles and see the Pensioner with his wife and three children, his female lodger and her two children, supplemented by the Buster, enveloped in the foul odors of the vault, and stowed away in a space barely sufficient for the healthful and decent accommodation of at most two human beings, in order to fully realize the individual suffering and public peril which these tenements produce. A stroll at random through any portions of the Tenth, Eleventh, or Seventeenth Wards will force it upon the most careless of observers.

A walk during any hot evening of summer through Avenue A, or any of the streets crossing it at right angles below Fourteenth street, will be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that I have adhered literally to fact. Almost every house in these streets will be found to be a tenement five or six stories high, with two or more human beings gasping for air at each one of the numerous windows, while foot room can scarcely be found on the sidewalks or roadway because of the multitude of children incumbering them. It is only by entering these houses that it can be seen how it is possible for them to shelter so many thousands; and in examining them it must be remembered they are nearly all tenements of the better class, provided with all the appliances for health required by the tenement-house law. Each family will be found to have the inevitable "living-room" and "bedroom," and the improvement in the latter consists in its having a small window near the ceiling opening into the narrow hall, which in its turn has a window at each end opening to the outer air. But at the rear this hall window is of small service, as it looks out upon another tenement twenty-five feet distant which is built upon the rear of the lot; and in this fact the observer has the key to the mystery of housing the thousands he sees at the windows of the front houses, and the other thousands he sees in the streets. Upon each lot of one hundred feet in depth two distinct edifices are erected,

with the space of twenty-five feet left between only because it is imperatively demanded by the law; and knowing this fact, the secret of the density of population in these wards is learned. It is not the least painful of the facts discovered in these quarters, that almost without exception the tens of thousands of inmates of these houses thus subjected to physical discomfort and moral jeopardy belong to the industrial classes. The great metropolis, with its vast enterprise, its restless ingenuity, and its imperial revenues, can furnish its skilled labor, upon which its prosperity so largely depends, with no better homes than these. Its mechanics of every grade and trade, who elsewhere would find their wages amply sufficient for the reputable maintenance of their families, and enough to place them in the second class of the population, which is the bulwark of the State, are here compelled by the enormous rents and the high charges for all the necessaries of life to live in these tenements, where they become negligent as citizens, and their children, owing to the influences which surround them, growing dangers to the commonwealth. In a sanitary sense the tenements are a perplexity and a vexation; but it is in their moral and social aspects that they are perilous. There are hundreds of these immense barracks in which from fifteen to fifty families live under one roof, using halls, stairways, closets, and all the conveniences for the privacy of life in common. In every one of these families there are females of course, and there are very few in which there are not several children. No truth is more universally recognized than that barrack life is demoralizing even in the army; and remembering this fact, some idea of its destructive influences when it is inflicted upon a half million of men, women, and children can be formed. With half its population camped in its heart, the city has a disheartening future to the reflective publicist who traces effects to the first cause. The first generation of tenement life has destroyed in a great measure the safeguards which a genuine home erects around a people, and it is inevitable that in the second or third generation it must brutalize its victims, and leave vice and ignorance as the foundation stones of the municipality.

But while the tenements suggest politically these grave apprehensions for the future, to the sanitarian they are a present peril. Since the enforcement of the present admirable law regulating their construction and occupancy, they have been so greatly improved that they are far less of a menace than before to the public health, but they are yet nurseries of disease and death. Dr. Elisha Harris, the late effective Sanitary Superintendent of the city, with the assistance of his learned and careful chief clerk Mr. Norris R. Norton, who is now deceased, did this community an incalculable service by making tenement-house mortality a special study and the subject of full and exact statistical compilation. The last report published by these gentlemen shows a total mortality in the city during the year of 25,167. Of this army of the dead 4,065 had been recruited from the public institutions, 7,817 from private houses, hotels, or boarding-houses, and 13,285 from the tenement houses. In the first class the percentage of the whole mortality was 16.15, in the second 31.06, while the deadly tenements yielded a per cent. of 52.79, or more than half the mortality of the year when we consider only the deaths actually occurring in them. But the tenements are the reservoirs from which the public hospitals are fed, and charging the mortality of the latter to the former, where it rightfully belongs, these dens of death produced 68.94 per centum of the whole mortality of the year. The forced community of families, which is the great social and sanitary evil of the city, can have no more startling commentary than this brief

statement of general facts; but some details of these nests where only moral and physical death is hatched will be both interesting and valuable.

These human hives are the natural nurses of epidemics. Smallpox, malignant fevers, and all contagious diseases revel in them. There is hardly a day throughout the entire year when some one of these dreaded foes of human life is not present in these choked centres of population, to occasion public alarm and tax the skill of the health authorities to keep it within bounds. During the past two years the viler of the dens, and especially the cellar lodging-houses, have propagated a new pest in the relapsing fever—that sorrowfully suggestive disease of privation which slays comparatively few, but destroys the physical vigor of thousands, and thereby has become the most efficient recruiting officer pauperism has ever had. Dr. Harris says in one of his invaluable reports that “the inevitable and the preventable among the causes of mortality become strangely blended and combined in the unventilated and unscavenged houses of the overcrowded poor. Consumption and all the inflammatory diseases of the lungs vie with the infectious and other zymotic disorders, in wasting the health and destroying the life of the tenement population.” It is not singular, therefore, that the tenement mortality has occasioned the gravest alarm, for these perpetual fever nests not only infect special localities but also the whole city, and render the death rate of the metropolis excessive. It could not be otherwise when a single house in Sheriff street, having fifty-eight persons, had four deaths in nine months, thus giving a death rate of 84 in 1,000. The same grave facts are almost as forcibly illustrated in the block bounded by Madison, Grand, Corlears, Monroe, and Jackson streets. In this area, where the population is so excessive as to give but 9.15 square yards to each inhabitant, there are eighteen tenements containing 153 families, which gave 25 deaths in nine months. One house with a population of 36 had 4, three others with a population of 110 had a mortality of 6 in the same period, and the case was no better in the other. Nor was this block the most serious in its suggestions, for I have been careful to select from a large mass of statistics facts which would present a fair average of the deaths in these overcrowded dens.

The humanitarian might almost refuse to regret that these tenements constitute the modern Herod, for the children who grow up in them are inevitably doomed to a life of infamy or suffering. Breeders of contentions, brawls, domestic murders, these houses subject children from earliest infancy to incidents which must bestialize them. Aside from the intermingling of families so that there can be no such thing as home privacy, these houses are frequently the scene of brutal murder. Almost without exception the domestic murders occur in them, and as these homicides are invariably the results of drunken quarrels, the details of the crime are always sickening to the reader, and must have been terribly demoralizing to the inmates of the house who, as is sometimes the case, stand idly by and see the butchery done. Intoxication is responsible for another horror of these houses. It was but yesterday that one of them was discovered in a Mulberry street tenement. A woman occupying a squalid room not having been seen for some hours, another woman living on the same floor went to the room and found her lying dead upon her “shakedown,” with her three children playing innocently about her. Such incidents are constantly occurring, and I have seen more of them than I care to experience again by narrating them.

As briefly as the disagreeable task could be performed, I have endeavored to present the tenements of the metropolis in such matters of detail and gener-

alization that their present and probable future effect upon the community which tolerates them can be fairly estimated. There is nothing in the criminal statistics of the city so alarming as this overcrowding of the population in houses unfit to be the kennels of dogs; and the Nether side of New York has nothing more distressful than these huge contrivances for the production of moral and physical death. Take a common case. An artisan in middle life has growing sons and daughters around him. The mother has gone to her rest, and he, being a man of strong will, struggles with some success to preserve his children from the demoralizing influences of the den in which he is forced to shelter them. Suddenly,

Of all the fevers that infest
His temporary fever nest,
He takes a deadly one. The rest
Is easily conjectured.

EDWARD CRAPSEY.

"DIED YESTERDAY!"

SO it stands on the record there !
I read the words with a vacant stare.
Strange that my eyes are cold and dry,
That I make no moan, I heave no sigh;
Only with doubting voice I say :
"Is it true it was but yesterday—

"Just one day since his spirit fled,
Though I have mourned him long as dead;
Just one day since Life's curtain fell,
Shifting the scene to Heaven or Hell,
For him I worshipped long ago,
For him who wrought my soul such woe ?"

I know the printed types lie not!
Yet in my heart's drear depths a spot
For years I've kept with mournful care,
Hanging grief's pale immortelles there:
Down in those depths his form I laid,
With tears and groans his grave I made.

When faith was broke and Love had fled,
'Twas *then* I wrote him among *my* dead.
The rolling years have brought their balm,
Blessing my soul with Lethe's calm;
So now with thankful sighs I say:
" 'Twas not *my* love died yesterday!"

ELLIE LEE HARDENBROOK.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SOLAR ECLIPSE.

WHEN the astronomers came home to Cambridge from Kentucky after the total solar eclipse of 1869, so full of the great phenomenon and its tantalizing yet beckoning mysteries, that they were determined, if it were a possible thing, to see the one which was to take place in Spain and Sicily in a year from the following December, I thought to myself that to take such a journey for the chance of a moment was indeed the very wiliness of scientific enthusiasm.

Sicily, in particular, had always seemed to me an "ultimate dim Thule"—one of the jumping-off places of the world, where, if indeed the morning sun of civilization had ever shone, it had faded so long ago that it was all one as though the island had never emerged from the midnight of barbarism. It is true I was dimly conscious that in the palmy days of Greece Athens had begun her own ruin by the siege of Syracuse in Sicily; also that in the golden age of Rome Sicily was her granary, and that the white slaves who raised the splendid harvests were so frightfully treated that they rose against their masters in the most desperate insurrections; that in the feudal ages both the Normans and the German Emperors had had something to do with Sicily, and that once there was a massacre there called the "Sicilian Vespers." But its history was all utterly vague and misty to me; and as for its geography, had any one asked me whether its inhabitants wandered about Mount Etna with one shoulder draped in skins, or walked paved streets in the clothes of the nineteenth century, I should probably have answered, "I'm sure I don't know"; and yet, dear reader, I *did* attend "public school" in my youth, and was often at the head of my class too!

When, therefore, the destinies of things had actually brought it about that the United States granted its Coast Survey \$29,000 wherewith to go and observe the eclipse, and I all suddenly found myself a member of Professor Peirce's own division of the expedition, the very last thing present to my thoughts was that I should find any pleasure in visiting Sicily. What I should see on my way thither and back was the great anticipation to me, and Sicily I classed with the voyage across the Atlantic, as the inevitable bore that in some shape or other dogs all human enjoyment, and is endured for its sake. I supposed that beautiful Naples would be our last stage of civilization, and there nerved myself up for indefinite dirt, fleas, and bad dinners, until we should see once more its heavenly bay and hear again the delightful hurly-burly of its streets.

It is a truly Italian fact that there is as yet no railway from Naples to the end of the peninsula—the toe of the boot—so that instead of being able to cross from Italy to Sicily by ferry in an hour, you have to take a little steamer at Naples and coast down the Italian shore for a day and a night, more or less, as it happens, until you get to Messina. And it is an equally peculiar Italian fact that there is no wharf in the Bay of Naples for the said steamer to lie at, but you and your luggage are rowed out to her in an open boat in the dark, and have to climb into her by a narrow ladder; and if this happens to be in a drenching rain, as was the case with us, one is very apt to think fondly on one's native land, where covered piers and broad gangways are natural rights just as much as the ballot! We unluckily had taken the Peirano instead of the Florio line, and found ourselves next morning, after not a bad night, on

board a boat whose deck was grimy beyond conception, and full of Italian soldiers or opera bravos, I am not sure which. However, a nice little English library had been bought, probably with the steamer, and as the Mediterranean was smooth to glassiness, I preferred to ensconce myself on a sofa in the cabin and while away the day with Mrs. Piozzi's "Reminiscences of Dr. Johnson," to spending it up stairs staring at the Apennines that lined the shore, for they are the most repellent mountains I ever saw, gray, bald, and bare, without anything grand to redeem them—much like the backbone of the modern Italian character.

We arrived at Messina about nine o'clock at night—a soft, exquisite, star-light night—and were rowed ashore in the same primitive fashion in which we had embarked. The back windows of our hotel looked out on the quay, so we were soon in it; and, with its barn-door entrance into an inner court round which its stone pillars and galleries and staircase were built, the Hotel Vittoria, if not "Sicilian," was certainly unlike any other I had seen. I was shown up to the third story into just the room for a summer land—large, dusky, with a stone floor and a deep grated window set in the thick wall, and looking out upon the bay with its lights and the sky with its stars in so romantic a fashion, that as I leaned back in the old casement to dream, I could not help hoping that many tender lovers had breathed their vows to each other "on such a night as this" and in that very spot.

The next morning we were up very early to take the first train for Catania, that city of our destination which in America I had thought of as probably a straggling village with nothing fit to eat in it. The railway carriage was new and quite elegant with its drab brocade cushions, and the four hours' journey along the seashore certainly one of the most beautiful I ever took. On one side the Mediterranean glittered like silver in the sunshine between the bold shore near us and the blue Italian heights across the straits; and on the other was the Sicilian landscape, with its wild hills covered with the gross and savage cactus, crowned here and there by castle, monastery, or ruin, and cut by the wide beds of immense torrents, at whose shrunken rill women would perhaps be washing; with its lemon and orange orchards laden with fruit, and its vineyards pruned for the winter; with its wayside villages, whose loungers and whose workers alike sit out in the sun, some of them so dark as to remind one that Africa in truth was not far off; and with nowhere any trees—the guide-book says, because two hundred years ago or so the inhabitants thought that the birds injured their splendid grain crops, and so they cut down the great forests that until then had characterized Sicily; and now the whole island suffers every year more for want of water. Such is "popular" wisdom, and, judging from the senseless passion for fence-making which is devouring the forests in this country, drying up the land before its time, and plotting it out in short, straight lines like a patch-quilt, it is a very good example too. Looking out of the car window at the resources of this wondrous island and compared with its development, one of our party said, in the American vernacular, "If the Italians could only be cleaned out of Italy, what a splendid country it would be." "What a splendid country it would be if the Italians could only be cleaned *in* Italy," suggested some one else; and amid a general laugh the amendment was agreed to.

I think we were about half-way to Catania when we caught our first glimpse of Etna, and a very disappointing one it was, and I suppose generally is, particularly if one has just left Naples. It is nearly three times as high as Vesuvius, but Vesuvius has the advantage of rising steeply from the plain very

near you without intervening hills, so that the whole height is apparent; whereas the base of Etna is 120 miles round, and the slope so gradual that, though it bears many Vesuvii, like pigmies upon its mighty bosom, its snowy top is too distant and too dwarfed by its other proportions to affect one at first with its true grandeur. Here we were, however, in the land of classic story, and actually beholding that Etna beneath which the Cyclops were imprisoned by Zeus, while soon after we were whirled by the very rocks that the "one-eyed Polypheme" had hurled after Ulysses into the sea! Sicily is indeed enchanted ground, and I thought so none the less when at ten o'clock we reached Catania, and were met at the station by the advance guard of the party, who informed Professor Peirce that the authorities of the city had placed the empty Benedictine monastery at the service of the American and English eclipse expeditions, and that the hotel was "excellent." We soon drove to it, and found it large and new, set in a garden, and kept by the ubiquitous German with the honest face, who gives one most of the comfort one gets on the Continent. Everything was fresh, clean, and airy; and though there were no fireplaces, the carpets on the floors (things almost unknown in Sicily) supplied the extra warmth required by the season. It was the 12th of December, yet my long window was wide open, the curtains fluttering in a balmy breeze, and from my balcony I could either look down on a blossoming rose-tree in the garden below, or across the housetops to stately, snow-capped Etna, which in all its majesty filled the northern horizon and seemed to upheave the whole surrounding country with it. The cup of our contentment fairly overflowed when, having found Sicily, Catania, our hotel, and our rooms all delightful, we were called down to "fork-breakfast," as we freely translated it, and were served with delicious fish, and with as nice steak, fried potatoes, coffee, and *vin ordinaire* as one could desire.

But the day that had begun so auspiciously was destined to end in gloom. Just before dinner came the startling news that the English party, which was to come to Sicily from Naples by the Government yacht *Psyche*, had been wrecked outside the harbor of Catania, and that they were all at the hotel. In the evening we learned the particulars, and they were indeed of the most aggravating description. It seemed that this yacht was the Admiral's own despatch boat—the pet messenger of the British navy—lined throughout with mahogany and finished in the most beautiful manner; being in fact the same one that took the Prince and Princess of Wales to Egypt. She had been put at the service of the eclipse expedition, and was to take different observers to various points, as should be decided after they all reached Catania. They had nearly made the harbor that morning, and were running a little nearer inshore than the usual course, in order to give the party a better view of the beautiful coast, when the captain was called away from the helm for a moment, and while he was absent the lieutenant changed the course of the ship. Alas! in bright sunshine, and on a sea like glass, she struck a rock not down in the chart, and was completely impaled in a moment. There was just time to get the observers, with their instruments and luggage, safely off, but the officers and crew lost everything. The young captain who was in command had only been in charge of her three months, and she was his first ship, while the terrible rule of the British navy is that a captain who once loses a vessel is never given another, but is put on half-pay for life. Moreover, the eclipse expedition itself, we understood, was not popular in England. When Professor Peirce reached London he found an almost perfect apathy upon the subject,

and was fearful that the English were not going to send out any expedition at all—so much so that he did not hesitate to appeal in the strongest manner to scientific men, and even to the Government, not to let the Americans and the Italians be the only nations interested in the great phenomenon.' His enthusiasm at last communicated itself; the scientific men made their arrangements to go, and the Government granted them £2,000 and the use of the *Psyche*. But still, as one of themselves told us, they had left behind them a good deal of opposition and heartburning in England, and to have this dreadful misfortune come upon them the very first thing, and through them upon the young captain who seemed to have won all their hearts, was crushing. It took all mirth completely out of both expeditions from the beginning.*

Catania was founded by Greeks twenty-six hundred years ago, but it has been destroyed so many times by wars and earthquakes that it presents no traces of an ancient town, and what Greek and Roman remains there are, are mostly underground. It is a cheerful city of 64,000 inhabitants, built upon the seashore, and possessing a public promenade, a public garden, a university, a cathedral, and other churches, I should say, by the hundred (for it seemed to me as if we passed one every few steps), all of them in that base and inverted architecture that seems to have developed itself in the Roman Church since the Reformation. The façade of the modern Italian church is as utterly devoid of beauty, and, no matter what its cost, wears as degraded an expression as anything my eyes have ever gazed upon. In Rome I think the façades are, as a rule, peculiarly distressing; but in Catania many of them have a touch of the grandiose that redeems them a little. By the time I had got to Naples, I was very tired of bronze horses and marble lions, and began to wonder why no other animals were ever chosen to adorn the public places, when, the very first thing in Catania, in the middle of the cathedral square, I saw an elephant standing with an obelisk on his back, and looking so old that I was afraid to inquire his age lest I should learn he was modern. The elephant is the device of Catania, and I thought it so original to have gone all the way over to the East, perhaps, or all the way back to Pyrrhus and Hannibal for an inspiration, that it endeared the city to me at once. And, indeed, I have a high respect for its people on account of their industry. Drive through any street you will, and, in great contrast to any other Italian city I remember, you will see the men, women, and children, even quite little ones, clustered within their doors and as busy as they can be. Nor are there nearly so many degraded and wretched objects lounging about as in other places.

But the glory of Catania is the Benedictine monastery, now empty, and said to be, with a single exception, the most imposing in Europe. The church belonging to it is as large as a cathedral, and contains an immense organ unsurpassed in the world. The monastery itself is built around two gardens, and has a beautiful great hall for its library, with tiled floor and frescoed ceiling, and a similar one for its refectory. At the back is a large open garden made entirely of soil carted there upon the black lava rocks, and as beautiful as a dream, with its walks among lemons and oranges and roses, and at the very end a great stone terrace commanding the most superb view of stateliest Etna possible to imagine. The monks were "knowing ones" in their day, and the monastery in any town is very apt to be in the finest situation in it. So it was here. There was room enough in it to accommodate a thousand monks, all nobles. They had dwindled down to about forty, and four years ago, along with

* The captain was acquitted, however, but the lieutenant was not.

all the other monks in Italy, they were "suppressed." Now their wide and indeed magnificent home is going to decay; the great corridors and staircases are dirty; the marble and sculptured entrance-hall cobwebbed and dusty; their church desolate; their library deserted; their frescoed dining-hall profaned and ruined by the scene-painters of the theatre; their exquisite gardens neglected and fast running to weeds; even the rich organ is silent, for the monk who plays it will not exhibit his beloved instrument for money, and there are services in the church now only a few times a year. It is such a terrible waste! These monasteries would make the most splendid schools and colleges in the world, would the Italians only use them for such purposes; but it is said that there are so many all over Italy that the authorities know not what to do with them, so they let them go to decay, as the English did theirs at the time of the Reformation; and some day, like them, they will regret that they would not spend a few hundreds to repair what it cost tens of thousands to build, and once gone, will never be replaced.

It was nothing less than this grand place that the city had courteously placed at the service of the observers, and thither on the day after our arrival they all repaired to unpack their instruments. Our party experienced a reverse the first thing. In arranging for the expedition Professor Winlock of the Cambridge Observatory had invented for the spectroscopes he and his assistant, Mr. C. S. Peirce, had used in the eclipse of the previous year, an adjustment he called an "achromatic recorder," by which during the eclipse the observer could himself count the spectrum lines he saw, instead of having some other person do it for him. Mr. Peirce was looking forward to using it with great interest, but case after case was opened and it was not forthcoming. It was not there! Great dismay and much telegraphing; but the instrument had gone hopelessly to Spain, through some misunderstanding that Mr. Peirce was to join Professor Winlock's party there instead of going to Sicily with his father. Fortunately the English had more polariscopes than they needed, and they very kindly furnished him with one, or he would have been without any instrument at all. As for me, I had expected to be put on "general observations," but to my consternation was told that I must sketch the corona. Now I believe I can draw a very faithful outline of an object if I have time enough, but I am not very rapid with the pencil, and do not dare to trust my memory of objects, just as some persons cannot trust their memory of music away from notes. I decided that the only drawing I could *vouch* for would be simply what I should succeed in putting down at the moment of the eclipse. So I followed Mr. Lockyer's advice and took a dashing picture of Secchi's of a former corona—full of rays and long streamers, but the only one I had—and pinning it upon the hanging of my bed, I practised from it diligently all the week, until I could draw it several times in a minute. I also sketched often the steam-cloud that rolls out of Etna, changing from moment to moment, and any other object that my eye lighted upon suddenly. Meantime the other observers were at the monastery, setting up their instruments and practising with them. And so the ten days wore away and the eventful 22d drew near.

The whole interest of the solar eclipse of 1870 centred in the corona. Up to this eclipse, other and minor phenomena had divided the attention of astronomers. The changes of color in the sky, clouds, and landscape; the approach and retreat of the dark shadow at the rate of a mile a second; the beads into which the sun's crescent breaks up just before totality; the degree of darkness during totality; the shining out of the stars; the red flames or "promi-

nences" round the moon's disc—all these had been as interesting to the observer as the size, shape, color, and structure of the corona. But all of these were now settled and understood, while the corona, though indeed the most striking feature of an eclipse to the eye, was still a mystery, and had therefore come to be the most absorbing problem engaging solar scientific attention.

"Imagine, at the departure of the last ray of the sun in its retreat behind the moon, an awful gloom diffused over the face of Nature; and round a dark circle near the zenith, an immense radiated *glory* like a new creation in a moment bursting on the sight, and for several minutes fixing the gaze of man in silent astonishment." The solar eclipse here so beautifully described is the one seen at Albany in 1806, and the "glory" spoken of is that corona to investigate which so much time, money, and thought has since been expended.

Astronomy has been strangely fortunate in having three solar eclipses follow each other in three successive years in accessible places. The first was in India in 1868, where for the first time in a solar eclipse the wonderful powers of the spectroscope were brought into play. With its aid, the English observers hoped to discover of what elements both the red prominences and the corona were composed. With the latter they were not successful, only one observer, Major Tennant, obtaining an indefinite result of "a faint continuous spectrum, without lines either dark or bright"—that is, with nothing to show whether the corona shone by its own light or by light reflected from the sun. But the prominences they discovered to be immense flame-tongues or whorls of intensely heated hydrogen, which burst up from the sun to a height of from 50,000 to 150,000 miles, or play around him in lower flame billows. Moreover, Jannsen found that with the spectroscope he could continue to observe the prominence he had been looking at during totality long after it was over; and simultaneously Lockyer in England discovered that prominences could be studied on any clear day, and that they belonged to a complete hydrogen atmosphere that enveloped the sun, and which he called the "chromosphere." Observers, however, did not find *all* the lines that had been seen during the eclipse, and they did see others which had not been noticed during it at all. Much of the precious time of our own magnificently clear eclipse in 1869, therefore, had to be given to verifying these conflicting observations. Professor Winlock gave his attention to counting the spectrum lines of the prominences, and his assistant, Mr. C. S. Peirce, to determining whether the prominences were identical in constitution by observing the differences in the relative intensity of the same lines in those of different shapes. Professors Young, Harkness, and Pickering, however, observed the corona, and gave to astronomy the first definite knowledge of its constitution. Judging from the incredulity with which their observations were received in England, the triumph for American science was worth having. "Upon the faint, continuous, rainbow-tinted spectrum seen by Major Tennant in India, Professor Harkness saw one bright green line; Professor Young recognized the same line and suspected the existence of two others; and Professor Pickering saw three bright lines." These observations told the scientific world in unmistakable spectroscopic language that the corona contains some substance that shines by its own light. What is this substance? Its place in the spectrum is or very nearly corresponds with that of a green line (1474 of Kirchhoff's scale), which belongs to the spectrum of glowing vapor of iron. The conclusion of Professor Harkness therefore was, that "the corona is a highly rarefied self-luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and perhaps principally composed of the incandescent vapor of iron."

But in the aurora borealis there is a green line which also corresponds to 1474 Kirchhoff. Hence arose the very natural theory that the corona is a perpetual solar aurora, and it is that adopted by Professor Young. Professor Winlock was at first struck by this view, but on returning to Cambridge after the eclipse and going over the observations, he formed a different hypothesis. For the photographs taken on this occasion had also something to say. Hitherto, photographs of total eclipses had been taken through a telescope, first small and afterwards enlarged. Professor Winlock arranged to have photographs taken through a telescope of the size desired in the first place, and this was found much more successful in giving the true proportions of the corona. But it did not take all of the corona that is visible to the naked eye. Only the inner and brighter portions showed on the negative, the long outside "radiations," as some call them, being entirely absent. What did that mean? As interpreted by Professor Winlock, it meant that the corona is two-fold, and consists first of an inner luminous envelope of gas, markedly quadrilateral in shape, which is the *true solar atmosphere*;* and second of outer streamers or radiations formed from the vapors or gases of our own upper atmosphere, and varying with its own variable conditions. Professor Winlock stated these as his conclusions in a letter to Mr. Lockyer after the eclipse of 1869, but the letter was not published in "Nature," and neither it nor the communications of the other American astronomers made any impression on the great solar spectroscopist, his theory being that the sun had no envelope outside the chromosphere or hydrogen envelope, and that the corona therefore was simply "a terrestrial phenomenon due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere."

In 1870 then the corona problem stood thus:

The great luminous orb of the sun is called the "photosphere"; his hydrogen envelope is called the "chromosphere." Now *was* there still another sun-envelope beyond this (whether a glowing iron vapor or an aurora), which in an eclipse appears as the *whole corona*, as Professor Young supposed? Or was the corona nothing but an effect of our own atmosphere, as Mr. Lockyer maintained? Or was it, according to Professor Winlock's view, partly solar and partly terrestrial?

It may easily be imagined how anxiously, during the ten days previous to the eclipse, the astronomers watched that weather which might so easily prevent an answer to these questions. Professor Peirce's observers in Sicily were about twelve, but the English party was much more numerous. At its head was Mr. Lockyer himself, the most eminent solar spectroscopist in England, and with him were the distinguished chemist Professor Roscoe of Owens College, Manchester, Professor Adams of King's College, Mr. Vignolles, a famous engineer and contemporary of Robert Stephenson, and a crowd of clever and educated young men, fully armed and equipped with instruments, instructions, and enthusiasm.

Mr. Lockyer strikes one at once as a man of genius. He is very small and compact, with a pleasant and almost vivid face and frank impulsive manner, and with so much nervous energy that he resembles the typical American rather than his own calmer countrymen. He was evidently so eager to see with his own eyes whether indeed the corona *were* anything more than the continuation of his "chromosphere," and from his mastery of the subject he had such a *right* to see it: (to speak à l'Américaine), that I confess I hoped that whoever else were disappointed he would not be. He was accompanied by

* See "Silliman's Journal," November, 1870.

Mrs. Lockyer as his own assistant, a lady as tranquil as her husband is excitable, but who pursues his science, and has written several books upon it, so that together they seem to lead that double life devoted to one end of which we hear not unfrequently in England, but of which in this country, so far as I know, Professor and Mrs. Agassiz are the only examples. Professor Roscoe I fancied not only to be the typical, but the ideal Englishman—the fair-haired Viking translated into modern man, gentleman, and *savant*, and with a certain sweetness, a serene and broad and gracious kindness of mien, that I never saw in an American; for in our drive and fret of life it is impossible.

The great day broke at last in splendor, after wind and clouds the previous afternoon, and a rain in the night which made our hearts quake lest it should last. It had only washed the atmosphere into perfect clearness, however, and we were all exultant, though somewhat uneasy about the observers who had gone up Mount Etna, for the whole mountain was wrapped in a white mantle of snow. The Marquis of San Giuliano, a leading nobleman of Catania and a member of the Italian Senate, had offered to the observers the use of two villas as different posts of observation. Mr. Lockyer, however, decided to remain at the monastery with one division of his observers. Professor Peirce stationed there also our photographers and our time-observer, Mr. Schott. Professor Roscoe and his party took Mount Etna, where we were represented by Dr. Peters of Hamilton College, New York (who had in past years surveyed the whole of Etna), and by General Abbot of the U. S. Engineers, who was to sketch the corona from the highest point possible. Professor Adams took a large party, principally polariscopists, to Agosta and Villamonda, and two English photographers went to Syracuse, where also Professors Harkness, Newcomb, Hall, and Eastman were stationed on the part of the U. S. Navy. Professor Watson of Ann Arbor, Michigan, took up his station at Carlentini to sketch the corona, while Professor Peirce accepted the invitation of the Marquis for his own party, and with his son, myself, and some American friends drove out to the Villa San Giuliano, which is two or three miles north of Catania, on the road to Etna and up-hill nearly all the way. We arrived about two hours before totality, which was to take place at two o'clock, and found the villa a sort of earthly paradise. The first thing we saw on alighting was a bed of scarlet geraniums in full bloom, and a wall close by was covered with a great vine full of purple blossoms. The Marquis and his son courteously received us on the steps of the villa, and introduced us to a party of friends who had also come up to behold the great event. The terrace in front of the house commanded the most enchanting view of the valley below, with Catania and its harbor in the centre, and the Mediterranean stretching broadly beyond, while above it all hung the bright sun, yet unconscious of the dark enemy that was lurking in his beams in order soon to cover his "glorious face" from the world. We all chose our posts of observation: Professor Peirce on an elevation behind the house, Mr. C. S. Peirce in the garden with his polariscope, the Marquis and his guests on the terrace, and I and another lady in a room of the villa just over it. A table was arranged for me in a window commanding the landscape just spoken of, and at a quarter past one, with my drawing materials before me, I sat down to wait for totality with a beating heart. I had been copying rays all the week, and if there were any rays in the corona rays I was determined to see; for I could not bear the idea of accepting so much pleasure from the United States and making no return. A strong wind blew in upon me and chilled my fingers, but in the excitement I neither felt it much nor took any cold. For some time the

sun reigned supreme, and until about half an hour before totality kept all clouds at a distance in spite of the foe that was now closing with him. But then they suddenly came upon his diminished crescent and hemmed him round, now serrying, now breaking, until, when he was but a shrinking silver rim, they united in a dense storm-wall, solid from the very horizon, and blotted him completely from our sight. I had no watch with me. The gentlemen walked in almost dead silence up and down the terrace, and as I sat watching that relentless gray veil the rain began to fall. The landscape was very dark (though not more so, nor more peculiar in its tint, than I have often observed just before sudden storms), and as the long seconds rolled on I felt sure that totality was being enacted behind that intolerable pall, and that all hope was over.

Dear reader, if you have a weakness, and ever undertake to observe a total eclipse, where coolness and presence of mind are the *first* requisites, be sure that weakness will find you out. I have no less than two—two small but intense impulses, remnants of original sin, I suppose, not to indulge which is always an effort with me, and which have often caused me serious annoyance, and I suppose often will again. One of them is, as soon as all apparent use is over for a thing, to get rid of it. As soon as I have read a letter I long to put it in the fire. Whenever my husband has got through with a coat (as I think), I wish to give it away, etc. The other is, that when I am in a tremendous hurry with anything and much agitated with the thought that I haven't time enough to do it in, instead of simply driving through the main point, I am very apt to try to accomplish also some non-essential connected with it, which of course gives me every chance of being behind time altogether, and sometimes in fact has made me so. Now, why of all moments in my life should these two impulses combine against me as they did? For, lest it should be too dark for me to see to sketch during totality, as is sometimes the case, I had been provided with a dark lantern. I had lit it with difficulty in the strong wind, and had had it burning for some time. It was but a small bit of candle that was in it. I should never use it again. Why, then, could I not have let it burn on even supposing totality *was* over? But no. If totality were over, as I was sure it was, the occupation of the burning candle was gone; indeed, its flame was a mockery if not an insult. At any rate, impulse No. 1 came strongly upon me, and in my heartache I blew it out! Some hundred seconds after a gentleman came up stairs with a watch, from whom I learned the time. It wanted yet five minutes of totality, and the cloud had begun to look thinner. Shocked at my own rashness, I tried to light my lantern again, but the wind and my agitation both together were too much for me. I gave it up and looked up at the sun. He was *there*. The clouds had broken and totality had not yet begun, for there was a thread of him, though but a thread, left. Of course I should have let all thoughts of the lantern go, and given my whole attention to the great spectacle and its accessories. But my demon of the impossible, or impulse No. 2, goaded me once more to try and light the paltry thing, and I made another effort, which was soon cut short by a bright red light as from a fire falling upon my paper, and I looked up just in time to see the horizon-clouds that bordered the sea transformed by it into dancing witches, and to catch sight of the beads that the sun's crescent breaks up into as it disappears. In another second, in a little lake of clear sky, almost as by a miracle, was the totality we had come so far to see—the black moon-disc, the white corona around it, a bright star near it; and simultaneously the Sicilians on the terrace burst into the most tremendous excitement, shouting and cheering and calling out “*Stel-la! stel-la!*”

(The star! the star!), and keeping it up through the whole hundred seconds of totality.

But how different was the corona from what I had expected! All the drawings I had seen gave one the idea of bright beams streaming out on all sides from the moon's disc, as they seem to do from the sun himself if one tries to look at him with the naked eye; whereas to me it looked like a soft, yellowish white halo or aurora, bright and well defined for a narrow distance all round the moon, then changing into so indistinct an outline that I thought there was a cloud over it; and in fact the whole corona looked pale and watery to my wrought-up imagination. I began to sketch the bright inner rim, which was crossed by dark lines, and then said to myself, "It will do no good for me to try and get the outline of the corona, for evidently there is a cloud over it. I had better first look for my rays and put *those* in their exact places." I found no rays in the upper half of the corona, only the dark lines which I had first jotted down, and then looking at the lower half, found instead of bright rays, to my intense surprise, pale gray or steel-colored spaces or channels, three of them, where the corona-light was interrupted as if from a shadow falling across it, and which I put down in the exact places and proportions as they appeared to me, beginning with No. 1, and then totality was over, and I had had no time to go back and give the outline of the whole. Therefore I only say that my whole sketch is but the general idea or impression made upon me in the first momentary glance before beginning to draw, but the three lower spaces I can most positively certify to, for they are all that I fairly allowed myself to look at during the eclipse. They are all that I can vividly recall; and in short, I most certainly saw them, and with an eye not unaccustomed to careful and minute observation of general things—thanks to Mr. Ruskin's books first and to Mr. Agassiz's lectures afterward. It is my belief, however, that cloud was either over them or light shining through them, for they were so pale as very easily to be lost to the casual observer in the general brightness of the halo. (See illustration, p. 192.)

After the eclipse I was in no hurry to go down stairs, for my paper had nothing to show on it but those rays and a few other marks, and I felt that I had acquitted myself even worse than I had feared I should. However, some one came to call me to a collation that the Marquis had hospitably prepared for us; so I hid my sketch and went down into the drawing-room to be served by footmen in livery for the only time in my life. The Sicilians and the Americans made a very triumphant and happy party, drinking the Marquis's wonderful old Etna wine, exchanging congratulations in broken French, and otherwise playing the agreeable to each other. After the collation we walked round the lovely grounds; some one gathered me a beautiful bouquet, and then it was time to bid adieu to the charming villa and the courteous Marquis, and go down to Catania to learn the fate of the other observers.

Alas! the cloud that had so nearly ruined our prospects had ruined theirs completely. A second and a half was all the view of totality vouchsafed them at the monastery; our photographers had taken nothing, and *Mr. Lockyer had not seen the corona!* It was dreadful, and in the evening the Etna party came home with the same sad tale. In spite of the snow-storm of the previous night, they had got their instruments safely set up, even Professor Roscoe's very delicate and complicated one, over which I had seen his assistant Mr. Bowen shake his head gloomily and ominously more than once as he was adjusting it at the monastery. Our General Abbot had actually climbed 8,400 feet up Mount Etna,

and flattered himself that he at least would have a perfectly clear view, when he, as well as the observers below him, was suddenly enveloped in a hail-storm, which lasted through totality. Of all the Catania observers, then, we had been the only fortunate ones; and though of course we should have felt very badly, since Uncle Sam had given us the money to come out with, to have gone home without any report to make him, yet when the spectroscopic observations were of such high importance, and when such very eminent men with splendid instruments were there to make them, I felt as if on this occasion it would have been better to have had the race to the swift and the battle to the strong, seeing we at the villa only had one borrowed polariscope among us.

However, the English observers at the other Sicilian stations were more fortunate; their polariscopist at Villamonda had clear weather; their spectroscopist, Mr. Burton, at Agosta, detected the green coronal line observed by the Americans in 1869; while at Syracuse their photographer, Mr. Brothers, obtained with a common camera a negative, showing not only the inner but also the whole of the outer corona; a novel and brilliant achievement, and one which an enthusiast in the "*Spectator*" declares to be "alone worth all the cost of all the expeditions put together."

At Carlentini, Professor Watson of our party had splendid weather, and from his observations made two valuable drawings, which will be referred to later in the article. At the monastery, Mr. Schott, to whom was intrusted the noting of the moments of the four contacts, recorded a great triumph for American science in the fact that the American's time of the first contact of the moon's disc with the sun's, as computed by Professor Peirce's Tables of the Moon, was right to within five seconds; while the English computation of the same contact, made after Hannsen's celebrated Tables, was out by fifty seconds. Professor Peirce himself, at the villa, had noticed the corona visible before totality began, and upon the outer corona he saw pink reflections from the red protuberances, which would be one proof that the outer corona is terrestrial. Mr. C. S. Peirce, observing with a polariscope, found "polarization radial to the sun, showing that light was reflected from the sun"; which observation agreed with that of Mr. Ranyard, the English polariscopist at Villamonda, and with those of Professor Pickering in Spain; but other instruments gave a different result, and Professor Pickering is now endeavoring to reconcile them in hopes of getting a uniform one. In Syracuse, Professor Harkness of the U. S. Navy observed the green corona line that he had seen in the preceding year, and followed it out as far as 10 min. (300,000 miles) from the sun. In Spain the observers generally had clear weather. Professors Winlock and Young followed the green line out to 20 min. (600,000 miles) from the sun, observing nearer to the sun other lines in it that belong to the chromosphere. Two young Englishmen, Mr. Abbey and Mr. Pye, who observed under their direction, obtained similar results. Professor Young and Mr. Pye also got an observation which is said "to close satisfactorily a discussion as to the existence of a thin shell of vapors dividing the photosphere from the chromosphere, which has occupied many pages of the scientific publications during the past year."* Two photographs were taken by Professor Winlock's photographer, which, if they show less of the external corona than those of Mr. Brothers (from having been taken with a telescope), are perfectly accurate in the details of the inner one, and therefore of equal scientific importance. One of the English parties observing under Father S. J. Perry, at San Antonio, found in the corona "no streamers

* Rev. S. J. Perry, *Monthly Notices, Royal Astronomical Society*, March 10.

or curves, but only a uniform glow of light, fading off as it receded from the sun, and broken by *four or five darker gaps*." Capt. McClear of the British Navy saw bright spectrum lines on the dark body of the moon, which, as Father Perry remarks, "show that we must receive with great caution any observations of bright lines in the corona which are coincident with those of the chromosphere, especially when the bright lines of the prominences are dispersed by intervening clouds and atmosphere." At Lord Lindsay's station "streamers" were seen in the outer corona.

This, I believe, is a summary of all the observations bearing on the corona. I did not learn them at the time in Catania, but since from scientific publications; and I have been rather surprised to find that though the English have written more articles, favorable weather had given the Americans the majority of the observations. Immediately after the eclipse the Catania parties broke up and went their ways—perhaps I should say endeavored to go them, for Sicily is a siren, who, when she has once got you, will not let you go for the asking. There was a five days' storm on the Mediterranean, which kept us all in Messina, waiting for a boat, from Sunday night until Friday afternoon; and when we did get off at last, it was at the price of a far more agonizing night than any we spent on the Atlantic. So it is no wonder that, as modes of communication are, travellers so seldom penetrate to Sicily. But how beautiful, how captivating she is! and we only saw a small part of her fascinations. Would that I could stop to tell more even of that little, but I must end with trying to state how the problem of the corona stands now.

The first result was, as Mr. Lockyer telegraphed to London immediately after the eclipse, that "the American observations of 1869 were confirmed." All astronomers now agree that there really is "surrounding the sun a mass of self-luminous gaseous matter, whose spectrum is characterized by the green 1474 line."*

The problems remaining are, how far does this sun-envelope extend, and of what is it composed?

The sun or "photosphere," as we see it, is 850,000 miles in diameter. Outside of this, as Professor Young proved in the eclipse, is a thin shell of many commingling glowing vapors, about 1,000 miles thick. Outside of this again is the narrow red hydrogen ring less than 7,000 miles thick, but that rushes up into prominences that are occasionally 150,000 miles high. Finally, outside of all these is the corona as seen in an eclipse, pearl-white and very bright near the sun, and fading gradually off to a distance equal to or greater than its diameter; that is, it extends apparently for a *million miles* more or less all round him! Now in 1869, when Professor Young saw this in perfectly clear weather, he thought it was all solar, and possibly a perpetual solar aurora. Professor Winlock thought that only the inner portion that showed on his photograph, and which ranged from 90,000 to 250,000 miles in width, was solar, and that the outer portion was due to "atmospheric glare," as astronomers say. He has not published anything on the eclipse of 1870, but I have his permission to say that his opinion of 1869 remains unchanged. His photographs of 1870 have a wider margin than those of 1869 (though not so wide as that of Mr. Brothers), and on giving the negatives to an artist who had never seen an eclipse or a picture of one, and requesting him to copy for him merely the brightest parts of the corona, the artist produced an outline almost identical with the corona-outline of the 1869 photograph, except that it has a rift where

* Professor Young, in "Nature," February 28.

the latter has only a deep indentation. This coincidence Professor Winlock values as tending to confirm his original view, that the solar corona should be limited to the bright inner ring, whose average width is one-quarter of that of the visible corona.

Mr. Lockyer started with the theory that there was no corona outside of the chromosphere, and I fear I may not get his opinions without mistake, for these seem to change while his term does not. By "chromosphere" I believe he originally meant the same thing that Mr. Airy had previously called "sierra," viz., the red hydrogen ring from which the prominences rise, and which is less than 7,000 miles wide. But the tops of the prominences are sometimes 150,000 miles high; and influenced perhaps by the American observations of 1869, though he did not accept them, Mr. Lockyer decided before the eclipse to enlarge the theoretical chromosphere to the height of the prominences at least, since its last layers might consist of cool hydrogen which would give a different spectrum from the heated hydrogen near the sun, and thus possibly account for the green line the Americans had seen in 1869. Since the eclipse he has expressed himself willing to add to the elements already constituting the chromosphere (hydrogen with a little iron, sodium, etc.) a new green-line-giving element sufficiently lighter than hydrogen to float above it, and thus to carry the boundary of the chromosphere "to six, eight, ten minutes" (200,000 to 300,000 miles)—he "cares not which"—beyond the sun's disc; just twice, that is, what he at first allowed. The outer corona he regards still as terrestrial, as nothing more than a halo; and thus in truth, to use his own laughing expression after the eclipse, he has "annihilated the corona"—there is none left—it is all "chromosphere" and atmospheric halo. Various astronomers of eminence agree with Mr. Lockyer in this his extension of the chromosphere to the whole region that gives bright spectrum lines. Professor Young and others, however, though willing to admit a portion of the outermost visible corona to be certainly due in cloudy weather, and probably always, to atmospheric glare, still think that the wide green-line-giving stratum may be a solar aurora having no definite outer limit, but quite distinct from the narrow red-prominence stratum below it. Therefore he is in favor (if I understand him) of limiting the word chromosphere to the latter as originally intended, and of giving to the former the new term "leucosphere" that has lately been proposed for it in England.

As far as I can make out, then, Professor Winlock and Mr. Lockyer are practically at one; for Mr. Lockyer's enlarged "chromosphere" has about the limit of Professor Winlock's "solar atmosphere" or "true corona," and all beyond that they are disposed to think terrestrial. The next eclipse battle will therefore perhaps be fought between them and their adherents on the one side, and Professor Young and his on the other; for he gives to the true corona or "leucosphere" an average extension of 250,000 or 500,000 miles, "with occasional horns of twice that height, and perhaps even no upper limit at all."*

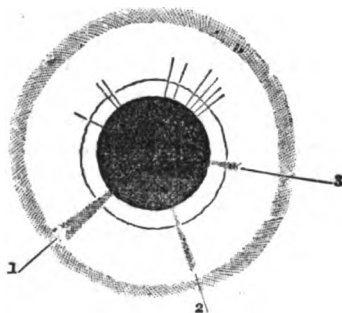
We come then to our last question, viz., whether there are any grounds for this theory; and I am sure the dear reader will be glad to know that here my poor little observation may perhaps lift up its timid voice, for the "rifts" in the corona are exciting interest as possible proof that *more than the bright inner ring is solar*.

Professor Winlock's Spanish photographs show one very sharp rift starting from the disc and going beyond the inner corona, and decided indications of several others. The cut given in "Nature" (March 9) of Mr. Brothers's pho-

* "Nature," February 23. There is even an opinion that the zodiacal light may be an extension of the corona: also, that the corona may be a ring of meteoric dust revolving round the sun.

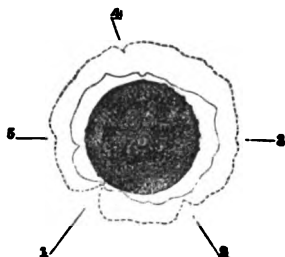
tograph taken at Syracuse, shows four very wide rifts or gaps in the outer corona, but none in the inner. Professor Watson's water color drawing, taken through a telescope at Carlentini, shows four rifts in the inner corona, two of which agree well with two of Mr. Brothers's in the outer corona, but the others less well. Professor Winlock's photograph on glass is almost precisely the same size as my sketch, and when the former is superposed upon the latter his distinct rift coincides precisely with my No. 1, and two of his indentations with my Nos. 2 and 3. Here are all the witnesses in outline. The reader will per-

Fig. 2.



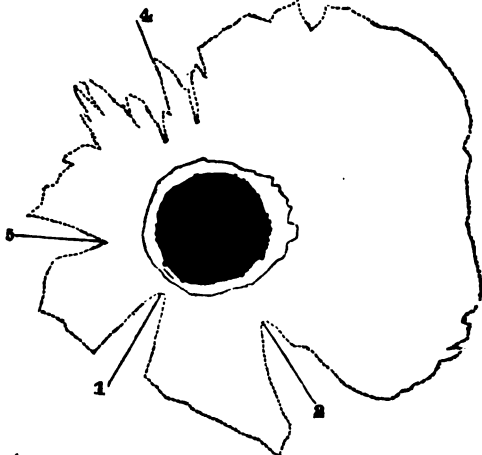
FROM THE WRITER'S SKETCH AT CATANIA, SICILY.

Fig. 1.



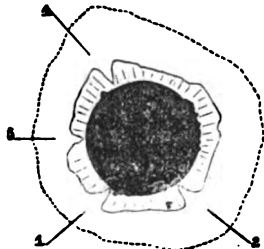
FROM PROF. WINLOCK'S PHOTOGRAPH AT XERES, SPAIN.

Fig. 4.



FROM PROF. WATSON'S TELESCOPIC DRAWING AT CARLENTINI, SICILY.

Fig. 3.



FROM MR. BROTHERS'S PHOTOGRAPH AT SYRACUSE, SICILY.

ceive for himself the above correspondences, and also that in the position of No. 1 *all* seem to agree, and that this most important of the rifts *seems to belong equally to the inner and outer coronas*.* Of the others, some belong to one corona and some to the other, and the different observers have placed them in slightly different positions, so that the correspondences can only be said to be general. The black dots indicate the prominences.

Mr. Lockyer says in "Nature," February 23, "that if in the two photographs taken at stations so wide apart as Spain and Sicily (1,100 miles), the rift had been in the same positions, the presumptive evidence in favor of the solar

* Mr. Gordon's drawing in Spain gives also the great rift, but no other.

nature of the corona for a distance outside the sun equal to its diameter would have been overwhelming." He concluded, however, that "the two cameras had *not* photographed the same phenomenon," and states that "the sketches in Sicily had not recorded a single rift," and that in Professor Watson's drawing there "is no indication whatever of them." Now, as to my drawing, no one at Catania had thought it worth while to ask what I had seen (being a woman, I suppose), and Professor Watson shall speak for himself, since I have just had the honor to receive from him (May 2) photographs of his drawings, with a recapitulation of his report to the United States Coast Survey. He says: "Where the naked-eye view shows indentations in the corona, the telescopic view exhibits well-defined cusps (*i. e.* rifts), the points of which reached almost to the moon's limb. These cusps were bounded by regular curved outlines, as shown in the drawing, and were delicately shaded in respect to light, having been darkest at the apex, and gradually becoming brighter and brighter, until at the limit of the inner or solar corona they were considerably brighter than the exterior halo."

Now, can any of the discrepancies between these photograph sketches be accounted for so as to make it probable that the rifts or cusps when shown on all our pictures are the same? No one will deny that we all saw the same *inner* corona, yet our representations of that differ even more than those of the rifts. Professor Young says that "even skilled observers, standing side by side, describe phenomena differing in very essential points." The last scientific opinion given by the late venerable Sir John Herschel in answer to a letter written him by Mr. Brothers upon the subject of the rifts, was in favor of the rifts being identical in the two photographs, and if in those, then they probably are so in the drawings. At any rate, several scientific men in Cambridge have compared the four pictures, and their verdict is that the balance of the evidence seems to be in favor of the three lower rifts or indentations being identical and common to both coronas, in which case they are *solar*; the true corona may turn out to be as extensive as Professor Young thinks, and Mr. Lockyer will have to double his "chromosphere" again.*

I will close by quoting the words of Professor Watson upon a new and most important observation, which may change the study of the corona into an every-day matter, as Mr. Lockyer and Mr. Jannsen changed that of the prominences. "I saw the corona beautifully," he writes, "many seconds before the eclipse became total; and having been convinced of its being a direct appendage of the sun, possibly an extension of what has been called the chromosphere, I concluded to observe carefully whether it might not be visible during a partial eclipse, and I was able to see it distinctly by the visibility of the limb of the moon beyond the limb of the sun, until only a few minutes before the end of the eclipse. Hence I have ventured the prediction that a careful scrutiny will show the corona during any partial eclipse of the sun, and that it is possible even to observe it in the spectrum as the prominences are now observed."

Should this possibility be realized, "eclipse expeditions," with all their pains and pleasures, their triumphs and disappointments, will be things of the past; but if not, since American science has so honorably distinguished itself

* There is no theory as yet as to what the dark rifts or cusps may be, but Mr. C. S. Peirce has suggested that if the solar spots are caused by down rushes of colder currents, the rift may be the whorl of such down-rush through the solar envelope. He says he cannot remember, however, whether he or some one in Catania first thought of this explanation; but if it has any weight, it would be interesting to see whether there were any relation between the position of the great rift and any of the sun-spots of the 22d of December.

upon this difficult question, it is my private advice to our beloved and liberal Uncle, that he organize a permanent eclipse party of a few skilful observers—if they will go—to follow eclipses all round the world until they have got out all their secrets. For though we know, from this last one, that the corona is largely, and perhaps wholly solar, yet the question as to what it is made of—what element it is that gives the green spectrum line—still remains. In fine, science so far has but collected a mass of facts; the hypothesis to fit and account for them all has yet to be found; and therefore this article cannot conclude with a conclusion.

Z. F. P.

MARGUERITE.

FROM dawn to nightfall, at her window sitting,
She waits, while drift the heavy hours away;
And like the swallows all her thoughts go flitting
To that sweet South wherein they fain would stay.

Up from the street there comes the lazy laughter
Of girls who linger by the fountain's fall;
She heeds them not—her gaze still follows after
The clouds that roll beyond the city wall.

She vaguely hears her mother's fretful chiding,
Her idle wheel grows dusty at her side;
Listless, she wonders where her Love is biding,
Where'er he be there must her heart abide.

All the day long she listens for his coming,
All the long day she dreams of one dear face;
She hears his whisper in the bees' low humming,
She feels his kisses in the wind's embrace.

Lonely she dreams while the warm sunshine lingers
Upon the carven angels of her chair—
Alone sits sobbing, while with silver fingers
The moonbeams thread her soft, unbraided hair.

Ah, heavy heart! so passionate its yearning,
She needs must know that all her peace is o'er;
That eager pain 'neath her white bosom burning
Tells her 'tis gone, to enter there no more.

But once to feel, unchecked, his fond caressing!
One wild, sweet hour close to his heart to press!
There her thought stops; what else of bliss or blessing
The great world holds she does not care to guess.

Still at her window, dreaming, longing, weeping,
While to their mates the gray doves coo and call,
She leans and watches the slow clouds go creeping
Far down the blue, beyond the city wall.

NELLY HUTCHINSON.

THREE GHOSTS.

WE are all born into the world living interrogation marks. The sting that tingled in poor Pope's soul so long, defining him to himself as "a little crooked thing that asks questions," has a broader application, characterizing the whole race of man. Unlike most other distinctive traits of the race, this "grows with what it feeds on." The castle that parleys, the woman who listens, have alike begun a career of disastrous defeat; and the soul that begins to question has but begun to slide toward the dark and slippery steps of hell. It is the office of faith to lay her calm, cold finger upon the trembling lips, to arrest the wandering steps, to teach us the last and hardest lesson of life, that all things come to him who can wait.

For with questioning comes speculation; we pull up our anchor of contented ignorance, and trust to unknown seas, in hope of equally unknown shores. When we begin to define we begin to wander, and to wander in vain. Yet there is a subtle fascination in the very danger that tempts us continually; and, like a child on the shore that dips its dimpled foot into the cool foam of the advancing wave, and follows its retreat with dancing footsteps, overtaken by the mightier rush of the nearer billow, which, sweeping away all foothold, and tossing those desperate arms and that bewildered face a moment on its surface, forever hides them from the eyes of love and the arms of maternity; so we, once beginning to lift the veil of Isis, fearless of its pure and tempting folds, smitten with the madness of curiosity so far transcending even the madness of passion, we too raise the divine drapery with irreverent hands, and are struck lifeless with spiritual paralysis.

Of all these questions that vex and mock us, perhaps the most common is the relation of mind and body; that problem which babies and philosophers alike endeavor, each in their own fashion, to solve, and each with similar result; and of all its protean shapes, the most fascinating is the theory of dreams. What, where is this wondrous country, so full, so far fuller than daylight life, of passions, people, nature, art, that night transports us to? Why are its glories so incontinuous, its speech so incoherent, its agonies so terrible, so helpless, so ludicrous even, and yet so brief? Why do we wake night after night exhausted and panting with insane terrors, or calmed with impossible delight? Why is sleep so peopled, so tortured, so raptured, that waking alone is rest?

"Behold, the dreamer cometh!" was the ironic salute of Joseph's brethren; and "dreamer" is the world's title of scorn in all time, till men are ashamed of their visions and proud of their facts. Alas! what is fact and what is vision? Are they visions, the dead who return to me night after night, whose fond eyes shine, whose voices comfort, whose arms clasp me, whose tender faith so far transcends the reality of life and day? Is the love that visits me in sleep, the fear that maddens, the tongue that reviles, any less fact than if the sun shone upon them? Do they not console, thrill, distress, with the same vividness as their daylight congeners? What is it that gives me warning days beforehand of a sorrow that impends, or a delayed delight? Why do I interchange dreams with the few whom I know to be of my kind? How do I know that I do *not* interchange them with others whom mine eyes in the flesh have never seen and never shall see? How do I know that those strange, sudden perceptions of places, faces, thoughts, words, which startle all our souls at times, like lightning out of a blue sky, and are oftenest credited to some vague theory

of preëxistence, are not due to this subtle kin-ness of souls—this counterpart sympathy that we recognize when we meet and can compare ourselves, but which may be equally potent in its nature and effects if we never meet?

For myself, subject all my life to their dominion, I dare not deny the mystery of dreams. Mental philosophers tell us, with the shallow wisdom of all mortal philosophy, that dreams are the result of association; that like spiritual parrots they only repeat in garbled language the events of the day or the past; that no dream has ever exceeded the limits of human experience, or even equalled in the enjoyments of sense the exercise of our waking senses; premises so false that their conclusion fails.

Many years ago I had myself a dream that, among others, perhaps more than any other, exceeded all those conditions. With the strange inconsequence of dreaming, I found myself in the street, walking quietly toward home; all my surroundings were actual and commonplace. I could point out to-day the very flag-stone where my feet were arrested, the very tree above whose stately green pyramid the heavens opened to my sight; for they opened not with the breaking apart of piled thunder-clouds, or the radiance of storm lifted from the hills at sunset, or even as the rolling away of a scroll; but the serene, blue heaven parted as with a clean rift into deeper and still deeper azure, up, up, up! with an expression of space and distance beyond any aspect of faintest stars or midnight's purple depth, "as the body of heaven in its clearness," but bluer and still bluer to immeasurable heights, and calm with the intensity of color; and in this parted rift stood three colossal angels, so grand, so tranquil, so lofty, that their very size expressed the immensity of space beyond them. Yet, not like any pictured or storied angel-shapes were these; no spotless robes clothed them, and whatever were their method of descent from those infinite spaces beyond, no conventional wings indicated it to be flight; yet every figure was so full of rest, of rapture, of still lightness, that wings could no more have expressed soaring, although they stood and stayed themselves upon great harps of crusted gold all lit with blazing gems, such as no cavern of earth ever nursed, and no earthly sun ever lit with cognate ray; while all their robes floating and flowing against the heavenly blue were dyed with mingled colors, for which earth has no name, language no words to describe—colors no human eye has capacity to see, no human thought to form for itself, dazzling, wondrous, a blaze of mystery, such as only the Creator may know, hiding in his boundless stores of eternal glory secrets for that endless existence, food for the ever-hungry souls, the transfigured and fire-refined senses of his children.

Nor were those garments and those types of music the chief assertion of these wonderful spirits. That they were of God was written on those faces, whose rapture was too calm, too rapt, too utterly divine to be uttered in any human speech; all three upturned toward this far height in the rifted heavens, through whose illimitable space streamed down waves of some atmosphere beyond the name of brightness, or splendor, or glory, or fire, or sunshine, or anything that wears mortal aspect; likest perhaps in its soft, fluent, free, ever and overflowing waves, in whose tender and splendid radiance those calm faces basked like a happy child in a happier mother's smile, to the visible expression of Love so utter, so ineffable, so divine, that it manifested itself as atmosphere, and made mere existence an absorption of rapture, an annihilation even of individuality in the hour of manifestation.

Never while I live will that vision pass from my soul. For the whole following day I spoke no loud word, and held the breath of my thoughts; even

now, after long years, its recall thrills all the spiritual nature life has left me with unspeakable awe. Where was this dream born and nursed? Or where that other, when, standing on a vast plain, I beheld on its further edge the slow and measured rise of clouds, pearl-topped, lurid, heaped height on height against the quiet field of azure air; so grand, so awful in their vast upward lift and lingering procession, that my heart failed and my flesh crept, while the words formed themselves on my consciousness, "Behold he cometh with clouds!" when, like a sigh of some far-creeping, wailing, shivering, April wind, there breathed from beneath that awful and majestic canopy a strain of music, that sobbed its first anguish into the rest of mild despair, and rose by wondrous gradations into triumph and repose; so sad, so calm, so throbbing with a human sorrow, weeping itself out upon the bosom of Divine Love, that even its inexpressible anguish ceased to rend my listening soul, but calmed it as a child is calmed with sudden surcease of tears, though still its slumber thrills with painless sobbing and soft sighs of peace?

Years after, when the dream, if dream it were, was nowise present to me, suddenly it sprang up to the very chords of that same music, so long unheard, so long what men call forgotten. I asked, and found it was that very work of Mendelssohn's that was uttered in its living melody over his grave. Dates eluded me, for who dates a dream? but so far as I could recall the time, it corresponded with that midnight when his own soul, through those who loved him as their souls, uttered his own requiem.

What metaphysician shall expound to me the birth and nurture of that vision? Or where, whence, came another that through all the long agony of our civil war kept my soul in peace above its distracting fluctuations, sure of a just ultimate end? Hardly was the conflict begun when "I dreamed a dream!" Out of some thick and darksome wood, where close boughs and clinging vines blinded and strangled me, where my steps slipped on sodden leaves and wandered in pathless mazes, I came suddenly into a vast plain girt with forests, and apparently unknown to man, except that on its most distant verge stood a lofty castle, white as if fashioned from polar ice, lifting alabaster towers far heavenward above the smooth greensward of the plain; and on its front there leaned a shield stainless also, dead-white as marble, and so high, so wide, that its upper edge overtopped the highest tower, and its width concealed the broad front of the supporting castle. This I did not see at first; for, coming from the forest gloom, a strange and awful light poured itself from the upper air upon my level eyelids—light born neither from sun nor star; nor yet from the ghastly flames that stream and flicker in the north was that strange brilliance shed. I lifted my fearful eyes above me, and there, reaching in stature from the horizon even beyond the zenith, bending over earth, I beheld a seraph clothed in dazzling garments, and holding in his right hand a turreted sceptre, from whose every point streamed light, so formless, so pure, so effulgent in its blinding rays, that from the Source of Light alone its brightness could have emanated. Wonderful as were its garments and its sceptre, transcendent as its illumination of the quivering depths of air, there was a sight more wondrous yet to behold in that seraphic face. Colossal in its stature, every lineament vast and majestic, its face was yet the tranquil, innocent, pure face of a baby; the fluent and unformed lines, the lips, the brow, so inexpressive, so content, yet so sad because of that innocent content, all were there. It was the face of an untried seraph, so born and cradled of love, so informed and interpenetrated with Divinity, that even its woful and awful message to earth could not

breathe one troubled breath across its all-loving and all-trusting existence; could not shadow the bright calm that shone on those serene, infantile features, gazing from mid-air with eyes that saw but the recent face of a Father, and lips but just closed from the rare breath of heaven's own atmosphere.

I said its woful and awful message; for while its right hand bore at rest the turreted sceptre, its left, as if directed by some will not its own, but in whose possession its own was passive and insensitive, pointed downward and backward to the great shield afar off, upon whose surface under that indicative finger grew these words:

I am weary of delaying;
I am weary of oppressors and oppression.
Now is my time come;
Now will I avenge myself on the earth!

So I awoke—and behold it was a dream!

And to come nearer the absolute dominion of spirit, the “dead-line” as it were, beyond which our audacious mortal theories are put sharply out of existence by inexplicable truths, why did I year after year awake in the night, roused by the sound of drums beating reveillé and muster, and all their camp-calls (which I never then had known nor thought to know), from a hillside just beyond the city suburb where I lived? Two and three years before the war of secession, these sounds haunted me night after night; time after time I awoke some member of the family to listen; but the rattle and rush that fell so distinctly on my ears were dumb to them.

I heard and knew them again, with a curious thrill of awe and recognition, when the Twelfth regiment C. V. for weeks camped on that same hillside, and marched from there straight to the battle-field, to the beat of those very drums I had heard so often so long before.

Or what shall we call it, when once, utterly exhausted by acute disease, so weak I could not turn on my pillow without the greatest exertion, yet free from illness, which indeed was short, though sharp, and had never affected my brain, I became suddenly conscious that I was not in my body. There was no other person in the room. I had been lying wide awake (as I thought then and think still), so weak that it was an almost impossible effort to breathe; and at once I was free, painless, self-sustained in air; and beneath me lay that nerveless shape that had been mine—the man-face, the thin features, the damp, tangled hair, all at rest; peaceful as a deserted nest; quite quiet for the first time in its brief existence; serene, insensitive, dead! And the first thought that came to me was, “How easily I died! it was slipping off a cloak only! how good to be over with all!” And then those indestructible and mystic threads of relative existence vibrated suddenly.

“I *must* get back! I can't die! What will ——— and ——— do without me?” I made a dreadful but clearly conscious effort to reunite myself with that pale shape of clay on the pillows below me; it was a struggle of absolute agony, a pang so mighty that it compelled success. I was again there, wretched, languid, drenched with a sweat of terror, trying to stifle a useless but sharp regret; but again an embodied soul, or spirit, or consciousness, whatever name best defines the dualities we call life. Had all these things occurred to an organization distorted by organic disease or hysteric spasms and their various remedies, medical science might dismiss their recital with a sneer; but a temperament that forbids the use of narcotics except in such extremity that it is relief to substitute one disease for another—a temperament that receives no exhilaration and very little effect from any stimulus except

the purely cerebral ones of tea and music, surely may be considered a fair subject for spiritual tests, and yet here have all my experiences ended. I do not mean in these instances, but at these bounds one would naturally expect that a nature so toned and affected by what we call the supernatural would be the prey of so-called "spiritualism," and be also a veteran ghost-seer's. But common sense has kept me from the one, and the limitations of my nature from the other. Yet from the extent of my own experience I should be as I am a firm believer in ghosts, even had I not received from eye-witnesses evidence on that head which is in itself convincing to any candid mind. And it is through this long avenue of their forerunners that I venture to lead my patient readers up to a trial of apparitions, whose evidence is certainly as fully to be relied on as human evidence can be; as unprejudiced and as honest as is in human nature to give or to receive.

The first relation of a ghostly apparition from a living (still living) eye-witness which I ever received was made to me by a young woman whom I have known for many years; a person of great tact and perception of character and more than ordinary intelligence, perfectly honest in word and deed, and one of those women who have done the duty that lies nearest with faithful persistence, though it involved hard work, courage, and great unselfishness. If I give the story (so far as I can recall it) in her own words, it is to save the awkwardness of a narration in the third person. Let me premise that her father and mother were Irish Protestants, religious and respectable people; she herself was born in Canada, where these events happened.

"When I was about ten years old, I think, though I can't remember, we went away from Toronto. Father had got better work in H—, and sent word to mother we must all come there right away, for he had hired a house and it was ready for us to move into; so we packed up all our things and went. I was the oldest but one, and there were four younger than me, besides my mother's sister, Aunt Lyddy. She was about thirty, and lived with us to help mother, there were so many children.

"When we got to the house father had hired, we liked it very much; it was bigger and better than we expected. It wasn't in the town exactly, but just a little way out, maybe a quarter of a mile, and it stood in a large green yard that had a road in it coming in at a gate at one corner, and sweeping round before the front door and down to the other corner, where there was another gate. It was meant for a carriage-road, but was all grass-grown now, and only showed the track. It was a white house with two stories, and a partition right through the middle that made it into two tenements, though it was built for a single house; and it had a piazza running clear across the front of the lower story. Somebody lived in the other half of the house, only a man and his wife, no children. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Gray; Scotch people I believe; the man worked in H—. We liked the house very much; there was room enough, and the children liked the green yard. None of us went to school that summer. After we had been there a few days mother and I were sewing one afternoon in the kitchen, and we heard a dreadful crash up stairs, something as if all the chairs and tables had fallen down. We ran right up, but there was not anything amiss; the children were in the yard and Aunt Lyddy gone to H—. Then we started to go into the loft that ran over the house without any partition, and had a scuttle-window; but just as we opened the stair door there came another worse crash from down stairs, seemingly in the pantry; and we went down with all speed, but there was nothing there either! Why, Miss —, you would have thought every dish in that closet had been thrown down and broken, and there

wasn't even a cobweb stirred. Mother said she thought it was the blinds perhaps in the next part; there was a soft wind blowing. I didn't think any more about it then. Next day I had toothache, and mother put me down on the kitchen settle so she could poultice my face. I got so easy with the heat I fell asleep, and the first thing I knew I woke up with the kitchen clock striking. I don't know what time it was, but it was night and there was a moon; it shone into the window. Mother's bedroom door was open into the kitchen, but she was asleep; I could hear her breathe hard. I hadn't been awake but a few minutes before I heard a carriage drive very fast up the road to our door. Somebody jumped out, and there was a soft clear knock three times on the front door, which opened right into our parlor, mother's room being partitioned off from that and the kitchen, which opened into both rooms in a kind of L part behind. I had just got up on my elbow to call father when I heard him jump out of bed, and in a minute he came through and went to the door. I could see, for he left the kitchen door wide; and when he opened the other there was nobody at all there, only the moon shone as still and cold as could be on everything. He went out into the road and down to the gate. I heard him tell mother when he came back that both gates were shut and no sound to be heard. Then they thought it must have been a dream. I don't know why I didn't tell about hearing it. I suppose I was afraid to. Father never encouraged us to talk much, and they didn't know I was awake either, and I went right to sleep again. I didn't really think any more about it till afterward.

"After that we heard the crashes a great many times in different places. Mother said it was rats in the wall, or blinds, or the wind. Somehow we children all got used to them; we did not mind, not even when the next moonlight nights came, and we heard the carriage-wheels and the knocks more than once. Father went to the door a few times, then he stopped going. I don't know what he said to mother; she never spoke to us about anything, but she seemed to get uneasy and irritable a little. Aunt Lyddy said she was nervous, but mother didn't like that.

"We didn't see much of our neighbors. Mr. Gray was gone all day, and Mrs. Gray went out a good deal to dressmaking; when she was at home she always went to the gate as soon as ever it was sunset, and stood there till her husband came home; and when she went out she always came back with him, never alone. Aunt Lyddy would laugh and say she guessed she wouldn't be quite so ready in winter-time to go and meet him!

"By-and-by it got to be July. The weather was hot, and Aunt Lyddy had walked into H—one day with some shop-work she had been doing. She had errands besides, and walked a great deal, so her feet were very sore when she got back; for she had dreadful chilblains always in the winter, and somehow they always hurt her in hot, dry weather. I used to sleep with her, and that night she couldn't sleep a bit, nor I either. She used very often to go out nights when her feet burned so, and step in the grass to cool them; she said the dew was healing; but that was generally just before she went to bed. She didn't go that night, being so tired, but when she found that she couldn't possibly sleep she got up, though it was far into the night—I think about one o'clock—and said she must go outdoors. The neighbors had been gone away a week visiting somewhere, so we shouldn't scare them opening the front door, and she stopped to tell mother what was the matter. I went with her, partly because she wanted to have me, partly because I thought it was fun. I was wide awake, and didn't want to lie there alone in a hot room when it was cool and fresh outdoors. She walked on the grass till her feet were all cooled and

dripping with dew, while I kept on the step, or went in the path, for our steps had worn a bare path up the grassy road by this time. Then she came on to the piazza and says to me, 'E., let's walk up and down here a bit; it's so cool I hate to go in.' So we walked along till we got to the furthest window on Mrs. Gray's side, and there was a light showing through the blind (outside) of her parlor window. There were shutters inside, and they were always shut at night, so we were surprised to see them open now, and the blind-slats turned straight. We were both barefoot, so we had made no noise; and now, without once thinking it wasn't very polite, we peeped in through the blind. The chimney was at that end of the house, and though the night was so hot, there was a great blazing fire on the hearth. That was what made the light, for there wasn't any lamp or candle; and right in front of the fire, all huddled up on a low, three-legged stool, sat a little old man. He was dressed very oddly; he had on blue breeches and long, gray, ribbed stockings, with low shoes, a striped short jacket, black and white, and on his head a dark red woollen cap with a tarnished gilt tassel. I took notice of all this, for it was so queer, and next morning father made me tell it all over to him, so it fixed it in my mind. I couldn't see the man's face very well, for he made a kind of rest for his chin with both hands, and he was looking straight into the fire; his hair and short whiskers were grizzled and thick; his eyes, I remember, looked very bright and fierce. He did not move while I looked, but Aunt Lyddy plucked my sleeve and beckoned me away. 'Come,' she whispered, as we got to our own door; 'they've got company, and it an't over-polite to be peeping in at the window; but wasn't he odd-looking?' Then we went to bed and to sleep, and while we were at breakfast-table next morning Aunt Lyddy says to mother:

"When did the neighbors come back?"

"They didn't come back yet at all," says mother.

"Why, yes they did, and they've company with them," says Aunt Lyddy back again, and then told what she and I saw in through the blind.

"It was not them," says father. "It couldn't be them, Lyddy, for here's the house key they left with me, safe in my pocket; it must be some one came on no good errand. I'll step in and see. What was the man like?"

"Aunt Lyddy had stepped to the shed for some water, so I spoke up and told father just how he was dressed. Mother laughed and says, 'E. has always the quick eye for dresses; I'll lay she'll be a milliner yet.' And so father says he'll go for a policeman into H., and see if the house is robbed.

"I had to go out into the country a mile after butter that day, and I took the children; and when I got back I asked mother if the house was robbed in Mr. Gray's part, and she said no, maybe it had been a tramp. So I thought no more about it, nor should have to this day only that we moved into H. in a month, and there father took sick and died, and after we came away into the States to live, and Aunt Lyddy with us, she told me all what happened after. You see father got the policeman while we were gone that day, and they went in, and there was no signs of anything there—all the shutters shut, no smoke at all on the chimney back that was all lime-washed clean, and no three-legged stool in all that house; and when the policeman asked father if he'd seen the robber and what he was like, then father had Aunt Lyddy tell, and the policeman shook his head up and down. 'Oh ho! oh ho!' says he, 'I've heard tell of him before!'

"And what did you hear?" says father.

"No good," says O'Brien. "It's a ghost he is, to be sure, an' iver an' always walkin' this place."

"'Stuff!' says my father to him. 'There's no such thing as ghosts.'

"'Ah, thin, may the devil fetch ye for a black Protestant!' says O'Brien; 'an' he will that same ef ye don't belave in spirits. But jest ye go to yer own praste an' ask him an' see what risponses ye'll get out o' that.'

"And so he went off quite angry, and father angry too, so he forbid Aunt Lyddy to mention the thing again, for he'd not have us children scared with nonsense. But for all he wasn't easy in his own mind, so finally he went to the Rev. Mr. Gassett, who was rector of the church we went to, and Mr. Gassett says to father: 'Mr. Dunbar, there's many things in the world past explaining; it behooves ye to have faith in the Lord, but I must tell ye one thing that I know to be true: In that house where you live, and in that very room where your child and sister saw the apparition, I beheld its likeness in the flesh die with yells and cursings like one of the devils. His name was Gaspar Xerez, whereby I do take him to have been Spanish born; but no man knew his history in this place, save and except that he built that lonesome house and there lived, paying all his moneys out in coin, both silver and gold, of foreign lands. And when death took him of a sudden and they called me after the doctor, both came too late, for we were there scarce five-and-twenty minutes when his soul departed this life, or this clay, and went unto its own place in a torrent of blasphemy. Yea! he died as the fool dieth; and many times since have I heard that his likeness hath walked in the place of his abode, but have never credited it. You say that both your sister and daughter wist not that they had seen a spirit?'

"'Yes, sir, as yet they know no more.'

"'Let them be then; ignorance is oft-times blessed. I advise you to leave that house, and even in your own mind ask no questions of the Lord, for inscrutable are all His ways.'

"But before father got home Aunt Lyddy had seized hold of Mrs. Gray, just then appeared from her visit, and told her what we had seen. Poor Mrs. Gray burst out crying at once. She said she was so glad somebody else had seen that man; he had been the plague of her life since she had been there, and she never would stay in the house alone after sunset, as we had noticed. Only the week before her husband had seen him for the first time, and finally was listening to her trouble and making up his mind to move. Father came back in the midst of this talk and forbid Mrs. Gray speaking about the matter to us children; but for all that he thought best to move directly, and so did the Grays, and nobody ever dared live in that house after. And that's all the ghost I ever saw in my life, and I saw it as plain as I see you before my eyes this minute, neither scared nor sleepy, and me not knowing it to be a ghost all the time. What do you think of that, Miss ——?"

I thought but one thing.

The next story of life beyond, or rather after death, is a story of the last generation in part. On the old turnpike road from Hartford to Albany, some four or five miles west of the low mountain range that bounds the western edge of the Connecticut valley, there is a wild and curious formation of rocks, bearing half a dozen names in the country thereabout. A sharp ledge springs from the otherwise level fields, and at one end, severed from it by a small marsh, rises a jagged mass of rock, inaccessible save on one side, and presenting an aspect of savage nature so abrupt, so sudden, so altogether weird and mysterious, that in any other country it would have been hung with legends as it is now with hoary moss. On its peak grow only a few dwarfed and scant-leaved cedars, from whose brittle and grotesque boughs long sprays of gray

moss float idly on the moaning winds; now and then a snake basks on the precipice's edge heated by intense summer suns, or a nest of young bats, disturbed from their sheltering covert, fly shrieking and staggering through the air, blinded, as a flight of imps might be, by heaven's pure daylight. From this strange height, whose lift is but a few score feet above the smiling fields beyond it, yet whose front bears scars of time and climate, venerable as the mighty mountains of the North, the explorer looks down upon a pond that washes the abrupt precipice of the ledge on one side, and at its northern end degenerates into a low plashy marsh. Northward still of this pond the turnpike proceeds through a small village, and just as it enters it there stands to this day an old house known as Horsford's tavern. In Revolutionary times taverns on all high-roads were of precarious profit, but this one had been less exposed than many others to the demands of the English troops, and had a good deal of custom from the go-betweens, express-riders, and despatch-bearers of the American army. Here, one day during the height of the war, there alighted at night a handsome, slight young officer, evidently a foreigner, though he managed enough broken English to demand supper and a bed; and the sinister-faced landlord, giving a surly response, sent out his two equally ill-looking sons, one to stable the horse and one to fetch in the saddle-bags.

As Luke Miller threw this then universal baggage on the barroom floor, a little boy who stood in the corner waiting for his father's bottle of rum remembered afterwards hearing a heavy chink, and that the stranger with much excitement of manner ordered them carried up to his own bedroom. When morning came, and the miserable old drunkard who had sent that child for his dram tottered into the tavern, and asked, "What kem o' that 'ere feller Jake sez stopped here las' night?" he was told with a growl that the stranger had gone on to Albany before daylight, and further interrogations were stopped with a gratuitous drink.

But not long afterward messengers came to that tavern trying to trace Major Laborde's route from Hartford to Albany. He had left Hartford after dinner of a Tuesday, carrying ten thousand dollars in gold and bills of exchange, to pay the troops at Albany, and had never arrived at his journey's end. Old Miller and both his sons swore that Major Laborde had left their house in the morning before dawn, and sundry people in the village testified to having been roused from their sleep that morning while it was yet dark by the sound of horses' feet going westward at a heavy trot. Beyond Canton all trace was lost. Perhaps he had been swept away in fording some wild mountain brook, just then swollen by spring freshets. Perhaps the Nepash, loveliest of mountain torrents, but fierce as any panther in its overflow, had borne him into the deeper pools of the Tuxis river; or it might be that in his haste he had not delayed for food or rest, but come at night into the treacherous Naugatuck or Housatonic fords, and been swept seaward with the uprooted trees and broken bridges that were the yearly tribute of those rivers to the sea. At any rate the poor young Frenchman was gone, and neither trace nor hearing of him could be found beyond Canton village, nor did any suspicion alight on any spot or person as to his fate.

But in a year or more, like a slight autumn mist creeping upward from a meadow at dawn, vague, intangible, having neither definiteness nor shape at first, there began to spread a feeling through Canton that some mystery hung about the Ledge. Boys who had fished there all their little lives for "pumpkin seeds" and shiners, began to take holiday in other regions; older fishermen who now and then captured a brigand of a pickerel, or from the black holes of some tributary brook brought a gold and crimson spotted trout, were

observed to come home before sunset. And when this strange, shivery feeling of apprehension took words to itself, some one or two, bolder than the others, declared they had themselves seen at twilight the shape of a headless man, clothed in white, sitting on the pond shore in places inaccessible from the land side because of that plashy marsh, or from the water save by a boat. So the pond was deserted. In the mean time the Millers—if that was their name—kept on still at the tavern, year after year expending the profits of their trade in buying land, and building a good house in the village, as they said for their father to live in, but in that house their father neither lived nor died. He was seized suddenly at the bar, dealing out rum bitters, with a brain-fever almost like sunstroke. The two sons carried him out to his bedroom frenzied and howling, with their own hands stifling the incoherent words that burst from his lips. No nurse, no physician ministered to that brief but mortal sickness; his sons alternately watched over him, and nothing was known of him among his contemporaries in the village till they were summoned to his funeral. After this the brothers, being obliged to admit outsiders into the tavern as help, for Luke had taken to drink and could not be trusted, were known to be very quarrelsome, even sometimes coming to blows as was supposed. Still they accumulated money, and when they left the tavern, going to live in the house they had built, and Luke was also smitten with mortal illness, no human eye saw, no human hand ministered to him in all those weeks of agony and delirium, but those of his brother Mat. And when Mat himself, old, gray, morose, and penurious, yielded to the fate of man, no creature entered his chamber to the last hour but his patient, emaciated, heart-broken wife; and with the yell that broke from his parting soul and body she fainted on his corpse, and was only recovered to sink into her grave a speechless and idiot pauper; for their money had taken wings, their stock had died, their crops failed, their grain blasted, their barns burned. Neither name, good fame, nor money remained to them; for Luke had not been laid in his grave a year when a certain "shifless" idler of the village, wandering about the marsh above the Ledge pond in search of boneset blossoms, found half buried in one of its black pools a saddle, so moulded, so sodden, so utterly rotted, that nothing was left to indicate its maker or owner, except that deep in one of the stirrup irons the Frenchman who wrought that now rust-eaten metal had cast his own name, which time had but half obliterated. It ran: "Jul otard," but "Paris" was intact yet. This odd discovery, though it came to pass twenty years after the disappearance of Major Laborde, set the village tongues wagging mightily, but all in vain. There lived no old maid even in all Canton daring enough to question Mat Miller of the past, and within six months the still sterner silence of inexorable death had frozen his lips forever, and the tale died out.

But full fifty years after the gay and gallant young Frenchman came to his mysterious death my informant, a sensible, practical farmer, of the real sturdy New England type now so fast disappearing, a man who has the best butter, the best poultry, the best wife in the township, told me that he remembered as a boy some ten years old, there came an Irishman to Canton who had been in this country but a short time, and wanted to get work as a farm hand. Irish labor was not so common then as now, and he readily obtained occupation. The story of Major Laborde's disappearance had long died out of Canton gossip, and Tim Malony was gradually getting used to his new life in America, when one Saturday he asked leave to go fishing in the Ledge pond for an afternoon. Nothing pressed just then, corn-hoeing was over and haying not begun; so he was readily allowed a holiday, and started off alone with rod and

bait, hoping for a good three hours' sport. By sunset he had a good string of roach and perch, he said; but nobody ever saw them! Just at dusk, with glaring eyes and frothing lips, hatless, trembling, and uttering inarticulate cries like a beast in pain, he burst into the kitchen of my friend's father. Mr. D. supposed him to have a fit, but when his speech and sense returned he declared that he had been sitting quietly on the edge of the little scow that was the only boat kept on the pond, waiting for a nibble, not twenty feet from the shore, and drifting nearer all the time with the light motion a southerly wind gave the water, when looking up he saw about four yards before him, sitting on a tussock of swamp grass and reeds, with its feet apparently hanging into the water, a headless body in a white shirt. How he got to land or to Mr. D.'s he never knew, nor had he, or the little boy who forty years after told me the tale, ever heard that legend of the Horsford tavern or the haunted pond; but old Mr. D. shook his head, and Tim took his knapsack next morning and left town. "Goold wouldn't tlimpt me, surr, to see the likes iv that ag'in!"

The Ledge stands yet in its drear and savage beauty against the sky, and at its feet the silvery pond still laps the shore with inarticulate murmur, rosy with faint tints of dawn, or silvered with the melancholy splendor of a waning moon, but still silent and wan as with some oppressive secret; but never again has mortal eye, expectant or unconscious, beheld that ghastly and ghostly witness of crime which now shall never be avenged on earth, though it be judged in heaven.

The last and most recent of these three tales I have to tell, I received from the lips of a physician, a near and dear relative of my own, a man in the prime of life, well educated and highly cultured, and a person of wonderfully sunny and buoyant temperament. Had he been nervous, hypochondriac, or melancholy of nature, there would be more chance to cavil at his story; but he is a practical, hearty, cheerful man, an unbeliever in all sorts of spiritualism and supernaturalism, a man without superstition and without fear. He had lived and practised for many years in a large Western city, had grown up with its growth and identified himself with its interests, not infrequently extending his practice ten or twelve miles into the country about, though naturally preferring to confine it within city limits. A few years ago, when the increase of population had brought its natural increase of medical men, and he had given up to younger persons all his country practice except as consulting physician, he was called upon by an old German of the name of Eberstein, whose family he had attended when they first appeared in C. on occasion of some slight illness, but who had since bought a farm in the country some seven miles out, and had employed a younger physician on finding Dr. T. unwilling to go so far. To-day, old Eberstein was importunate enough. His daughter was very ill with fever; Dr. Parker, who attended her, had said and thought that her illness would be tedious but not fatal, and in that persuasion had gone East to be married, leaving directions for her treatment, and would not be home for a week. In the mean time her disease had taken a sudden direction for the worse; in fact its character had entirely changed as far as Dr. T. could discover, and assumed the aspect of malignant typhus. He was very unwilling to take up the case, but the old German was so unhappy and so resolute that the physician's kind heart could not withstand him, and he promised to find his way out to the farm in the course of a few hours.

It was a brilliant autumn day, the air clear and golden as Greek wine, and full of that ineffable and sad perfume called out from fallen leaves and honeyed but fading blossoms. Over the undulating fields of northern Ohio a faint mist

stole upward and shrouded the dazzling forest tints with friendly dimness, smitten here and there into glory by the level rays of a gorgeous sunset. And upon this solemn brightness of departing day arose a full harvest moon, slow wheeling above the eastern horizon its placid and mysterious orb, and flooding with light which is not brightness and glitter that is not glow, all the unwilling gloom of lake and forest. Such nights are rare in the rank and poisonous West—happily rare, since their tempting beauty breathes a deadly breath: that riotous color of foliage and sky is the burning forerunner of more burning fever; that mysterious moonlight lays upon its worshipper's brow the long and pallid fingers of a living death that is called *ague*.

The nightmare Life in Death is she,
Who chills man's breath with fear.

Dr. T. had eyes to see and heart to feel all shapes of beauty in earth or heaven; but he had shaken hands with the awful spirit men call malaria and knew her power. He drove his good horse at full speed, and reached Eberstein's farm in about an hour. Here he tied the animal to a post by the barn and went over to the house, not expecting to stay more than half an hour. The house was a neat two-story frame building, the lower story almost directly on the ground, having a deep cellar below, and a piazza running round its east and south sides. On the north side there were but two windows below stairs, one opening into the pantry, the other into the lower bedroom where the sick girl lay, from which also a door opened northward, and another window to the east piazza, and still another door into the parlor, which occupied the southeast corner of the house, opening on the piazza, and through which the doctor approached the sick-room. The night was so warm as to be sultry, and, regardless of the danger which all Western people well know lurks in the breath of night, all the doors and windows were set wide, evidently to give air to the girl who lay motionless upon her bed, deserted of life as ashes are of fire, though yet there linger in their cold gray heap one leaping spark that presently flashes and is gone. All the family were gathered in the room, but not about the bed, and only on the southern and eastern sides of the chamber. Of various ages, all bore to each other that curious resemblance we call the mark of race, and that still more intimate and peculiar one of family; tall, fair-haired, blooming, as were the living, their traits were moulded in the same mould with her fair but sunken lineaments who lay on that little bed, with damp masses of dead yellow hair trailing to the floor across her lifeless arm.

Dr. T. proceeded to examine the state of his patient, and found her rapidly sinking; the fever had evidently been severe, though in its typhus stage brief, and had left her utterly drained of vitality; the most powerful stimulants and aromatics only aroused a momentary flutter of the all but inaudible pulse as they were dropped into her blackened and parched lips. Already the death-sweat stood upon her sharply lined temples and about the pinched nostrils; her great blue eyes were pale and rayless; evidently the senses were fast deserting their outposts. After giving all the stimulus possible, with the habit if not instinct that possesses physicians to labor while life lasts, Dr. T. ordered hot applications to be made to the patient's body, and taking the father's arm gently withdrew him to the piazza to tell him his opinion.

"And how long is it she shall live?" inquired the old German, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"Perhaps an hour, no longer," was the doctor's reply.

"Then to her I must go; come, Herr Doctor, come mid."

"There are too many people there now, Eberstein; why do you have them all in the room?"

"They wait for the Watcher," said the old man. "I must go too. I know him; my woman she know him; but the leetle ones not so. I must be there."

"What do you mean, man!" impatiently exclaimed the doctor, muttering to himself, "Too much beer!"

"It is the Watcher I mean; he come alway to the window when Von Eberstein die; in Tcherman country we was Von."

"Stuff and nonsense! don't be a fool, man, and scare the girl to death with your trash!"

"Scared is Adelheid not to tall. She have seen the Watcher herself. Mein fader he have die in this land, and to the north window came the Watcher, just so as in mine own country; so as he shall to-night come for my girl, mein kleine kint!"

A great sob shook his broad breast, first sign of emotion; and then through the parlor came his wife, a fair and placid Teuton woman, pale and tearful now, but still placid.

"They not can warm her, Herr Doctor. I think she will now go."

Dr. T. hastened in, observing as he passed to the bedside that the bed itself had been shoved aside, so that his patient's countenance faced the north window. Passing behind it, he saw that every face was turned in the same direction; every eye riveted on the sash, now closed, but filled with rather larger panes of glass than those common to such structures. A slight exclamation of anger rose to his lips; but the rapid reflection that the girl was now, and had been for some hours, past any injury from such a superstitious observance, silenced him; and taking the nerveless hand in his, he felt her pulse, scarce perceptible even to his skilled fingers. Suddenly it gave one firmer beat, she opened her eyes and fixed them on the window. Across that wide, blank gaze flashed a sudden gleam of recognition, not to be mistaken in its vivid significance. The doctor turned instantly and instinctively to follow that gaze, and fastened his own on an appearance pressed close to the glass—a shape—a face—at least lineaments, so awful, so indescribable in their lurid, shifting, formless stare, so utterly and wordlessly horrid, that for an instant his own heart stood still, and the blood curdled in his veins, even as if that ghastly terror had been his own summons. A low moan, that would have been a shriek had not awe stifled it, burst from every lip. Dr. T. turned to look at Adelheid; she lay back on her pillows quite dead.

He rushed at once to the northern door, not three feet from that window, and let himself out. Not a leaf moved, not a sound lingered in the dead silence; broad and still the moonlight lay on those unshadowed stubble fields, and filled as with milk of the gods the jewelled cup of the blue firmament above: light, silence, everywhere; not even a sign of life; not even a sailing, falling star!

And so he went away from that house neither believing nor unbelieving, and told me the tale as I have told it, without note or comment; leaving it as I shall leave it, without hope or attempt of explanation, a bare but undeniable fact.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!

ROSE TERRY.

THE TWO BURDENS OF WAR.

THE patriarch Jacob, in blessing his large family of sons, ascribes or predicts a condition to one which distinguished him from the rest, and made him typical of the great majority of the human race in all times. This honest and patient son is represented as "a strong ass crouching down between two burdens." His patience is suggested by the term *crouching*, instead of kicking. We may also infer his honesty as one who believed he was made to bear burdens, and perhaps deserved to have them put upon him. For the prophecy goes on to say that "he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." This all goes to show a quiet disposition and a contented mind under difficulties. He did not like to make trouble. If the pasturage was decent and he could browse out a living, he would "bow his shoulder to bear, and become a servant unto tribute," without uttering that complaint that an abused and discontented ass often puts forth.

Now this son of the patriarch was typical of the workingmen of Christendom as a mass; especially, if not exclusively, of European Christendom. While gleaning out a living from among the thorns of their lean pasturage of labor, they are compelled to bow their shoulders to bear, and become servants unto tribute to a taskmaster or a tax-gatherer, who does not give them back straw for their tale of bricks. Every mother's son of their millions is crouching down between two burdens; and every ounce of both is put upon him by war, past or prospective. I repeat, every ounce. For, remove the annual tribute to war from the workingmen of Europe, and put upon them only their proportion of the expenditure for civil government and all it embraces, and the tax would hardly equal a feather's weight on their shoulders. Not a custom-house would bar the mouth or freedom of any foreign port; not an excise or *octroi* knife would slice a penny's worth from anything grown or made at home. Like Jacob's Issachar, the workingmen of Europe have been very patient while crouching down between these two burdens. No one can say they have been restive or complaining under the load. They saw that rest or quietness was good; and as long as the field of labor yielded a tolerable or possible living under the sweat of their brows, they were willing to bow their shoulders to bear, and become servants unto tribute to the burdens that war has put upon them. But as the labor-field becomes more and more crowded with bread-seekers, they are beginning to fill Europe with the earnest and impatient voices of complaint; and these voices, or some mysterious fellowships of sympathy or of experience, have reached thousands of workingmen in America, and the labor question is fast coming to the front, and putting out of court the "Eastern Question," and the other political questions that have hitherto agitated nations. And all these nations, including our own, will have to confront this new question. It will not "down" with any cheap sop of sophistry, or catch-word of national glory or patriotism. It will not down to quiet under the waving of any national banner, whether it bear gilded eagles, or lions, or stars and stripes. So it behooves all these nations, for their peace and well-being, to listen to these up-rising voices, waxing in strength from murmuring to threatening remonstrance, and to reply to their argument.

Now, the ass in Scripture, while crouching down between two burdens, of course could not see what they were or of what composed. The parallel holds good in the condition of the workingmen of Christendom. For fifty years

and more they have felt the two burdens growing upon their shoulders, but they could not see to analyze them. They lumped together all the taxes and tributes put upon them as a debt, or the annual rent of their lives, which they had to pay to their governments. But the schoolmaster has been abroad with his primer more extensively in these latter years, and he has given reading and thinking lessons in the homes of the poor. A new generation of workingmen is coming up from these homes—men who can read and think and speak for themselves. They are speaking as they never spoke before, and speaking their own thoughts to each other as individuals and as communities. They are speaking across the national boundaries which the bragging and brazen patriotism of the old school made a bar to their human sympathies. They are speaking across these to men of the same lot and condition in other countries. They are interfolding hands in brotherly fellowship across these boundaries; and in these toil-hardened hands they feel the pulses of hearts fashioned alike in human sympathies. They are forming national associations, and these again are being confederated into a vast international organization, with an annual International Parliament. The leading journals of Christendom are beginning to report speeches and resolutions made and adopted in this Congress of Allied Powers of Labor, bearing upon the rights and condition of workingmen. These men are beginning to look into the origin and nature of the burdens they have borne so long and patiently; and when they get their eyes open a little wider, they will rebel against the heavy weights under which they have crouched. If the governments of Christendom do not volunteer to remove or reduce these burdens, they will encounter an agitation at home more embarrassing than their fears of foreign hostility. And these burdens they cannot remove or lighten by brushing off a fly from the head of an ass crouching down between two loads of sand. The workingmen of Christendom have emerged from that ignorance in which they groped about for the cause of their depression. Now they are beginning to grasp it in all its dimensions and bearings. They are beginning to discuss it in their annual Congresses; and if the governments that claim them as subjects do not begin to discuss with an honest purpose to remove it, they will encounter a bloodless trouble at home more complicated and annoying than a war abroad. Let them look at the facts and figures as to these burdens, as these workingmen are looking at them. Here are a few, which will serve in estimating the great total borne by the civilized nations.

England has not pretended to be a great military nation like France, Russia, Prussia, or Austria. In all her wars with the French Republic and Empire, she never could muster an army of 50,000 English soldiers on the Continent at once. She only had about 86,000 at Waterloo. But let us see what she has paid for war, past and possible, within a few of these latter decades, and how the two burdens it has put upon her people have grown in gross weight, and until one is as heavy as the other. England came back from Waterloo with a war debt of over £900,000,000 upon her. The annual interest on this vast sum was the heaviest burden upon her people. It was more than twice as heavy as that for war prospective or possible. But see how this last load has grown in weight. For the ten years from 1840 to 1850 her army and navy cost £156,000,000, or £15,600,000 annually. Look at the next jump. From 1850 to 1860 "the two services" demanded and received £243,000,000, or £24,300,000 per year. Still like the horse leech their cry was, "Give, give"; "The country is in danger of foreign invasion." Well, the country yielded to the heroic cry, and gave to them £260,000,000 during the next decade from 1860 to 1870; and the cry is more eager and loud than ever, *Give, give*.

Here, then, we come to a result in the condition of the English people parallel to that of the honest and patient beast the patriarch likens a beloved son to. The two burdens between which they crouch are equalling each other in weight. They differ only by a few pounds now; and if the one that was lightest for forty years goes on growing at this rate, it will be the heaviest before this decade is ended. Why, the progression is almost at a geometrical ratio through the three last decades: in round numbers, £15,000,000 a year from 1840 to 1850, £24,000,000 from 1850 to 1860, and £26,000,000 from 1860 to 1870. Let us now look at the load the English nation has carried on its back during thirty years from 1840 to 1870, in these two burdens, war past and war possible. The annual interest and charges on the old war debt have amounted to an average of £28,000,000 during this period. Here then we have for wars past £840,000,000, or \$4,032,000,000, at the rate of \$4.80 to the pound sterling. Let us put this amount of gold in one end of the bag and the £559,000,000, or \$3,163,200,000, paid for army and navy in the thirty years, in the other. Weighing both masses of gold paid for wars past and prospective in one scale, we have £1,499,000,000, or \$7,194,200,000, which these have cost England in the last thirty years. Every farthing of this has been actually paid, and paid out of the earnings of her capital and labor; and not a day's labor of her poorest peasant, nor a cup of tea nor a morsel of bread at his poorest meal, has been free from the pressure of these two aggregated burdens.

Weigh them in one scale, did we say? What counter-weights have we to put in the other scale against them? Take the net earnings of all the manufactures, commerce, or agriculture of England, and weigh the annual total against this vast sum, and you will have a clearer idea of its magnitude. It is estimated that the annual amount paid to all the agricultural laborers of England averages £18,000,000. Certainly there is no country in the wide world in which so much money per acre is paid for labor as in England. No other country in the world shows such careful and costly culture of the soil, or such varied beauty and wealth produced by cultivation. Every observant American who travels in Europe must notice and admit this fact. Well, weigh the £18,000,000 a year that make England such a garden of beauty and production, against the £1,499,000,000 she has spent for wars past and prospective in the last thirty years. It is like weighing a mountain on a pair of hay-scales. This great total would pay for cultivating *eighty-three* Englands for one year, as beautifully and richly as her own island. But divide up the mass of war expenditure into yearly portions: annual interest of debt, £28,000,000; army and navy, £26,000,000—£54,000,000. Now this annual total is just three times the amount paid to the agricultural labor that makes England what it is as the best cultivated country in the world. This is a rather slow march toward the millennium: three dollars to the sword, and one dollar to the plough. And yet "the two services" cry, *Give, give!* and press and people are afraid enough has not been given to these "defences" of the country. Outside powers and peoples have been reproaching England because she is not on a better war footing, and not more ready to be first and foremost in any great war, and fight to keep up her old military prestige, irrespective of the cause and origin of the conflict. Under this pressure from without and within, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer tries to squeeze half a million pounds a year out of the people from a tax on lucifer matches, an expedient borrowed from the governmental economy of the United States. His only plea for the tax in Parliament is, that it is only for the increased *defences* the country is clamoring for. Although the English people rebelled against a tax which ours bear without a

murmur, still they are importunate for more *defences*; and the Chancellor will doubtless have to provide them out of increased taxation. Even the working-men who denounced the dowry-gift and annuity of a few thousand pounds to the Princess Louise, were urgent that England should endow the dogs of war with a hundred millions to save France from what she intended to inflict on Germany. So it is quite probable that, under this pressure, England will this very year even raise and pay for her *defences* a sum equal to the interest of her national debt; and then the two burdens will exactly balance each other, so that she will start off in the first year of this late and hopeful decade with just £28,000,000 on each side to walk under. And all the experience of the past shows that she will be just as subject to invasion-panics as heretofore. They are the natural and inevitable emotions produced by this preposterous armed-peace system, that sits like a nightmare upon Christendom.

This armed-peace system is both the product and the parasite of modern civilization. We read of the case of a poor unfortunate man who was afflicted by a wen, that grew out upon his head to such a size and effect upon his brain that he began to regard the wen as the head, and the head as the wen, and to nurse the unsightly excrescence tenderly under that hallucination. Europe seems to have reached this stage of fantasy in regard to its armed-peace system, as if it were the head, not the wen of civilization. We have taken the tax this system puts upon England, or one nation only, as a kind of measure of the burden it saddles upon other countries. Indeed, when we come to aggregate the burdens apportioned among them into one great total, its very magnitude conceals its dimensions, like a mountain which the eye cannot take whole into its grasp. Still, it may be instructive and useful to trace the outlines of this mountainous total with a few figures.

Dudley Baxter is one of the most deeply-read and accurate statisticians in Europe, and he makes up the war debts of Christendom to September last, or to the day of Sedan. And this is the instructive tabulation of figures he gives us:

Great Britain, ...	£800,000,000, equal to	\$3,840,000,000
Continent of Europe, ...	2,165,430,000, " "	10,394,064,000
America, ...	766,820,000, " "	3,673,636,000
Asia, ...	104,716,000, " "	502,638,000
Africa, ...	39,655,000, " "	190,344,000
Australasia, ...	35,744,000, " "	171,571,200
Grand total	£3,910,865,000, " "	\$18,772,151,200

Now this vast amount does not include the £200,000,000 which France is to pay Germany for the chastisement she has received, nor the debt she has contracted for carrying on the war against that power. To be within the mark, or this side of the actual fact, let us assume that the latter debt will not exceed £100,000,000, and that the whole aggregate debt of France for this war will be £300,000,000; and also that what she pays Germany will reimburse that power for all its increased expenses on account of the conflict. This is a very moderate estimate, and yet it adds to the total we had at the beginning of the war £300,000,000, raising it to £4,210,865,000, or \$20,212,152,000. This, then, is the load that Christendom starts off with on its back in this opening year of a new decade. And, it must be remembered, this is merely the unpaid bill for past wars, which they have put upon this and coming generations to pay. It does not include a farthing that was paid for them at the time of their inception and prosecution. Now, what well-trained financial eye can take in at a glance *Twenty Thousand Millions of Dollars*? But if such an eye cannot grasp it, the honest, hard-worked hand of the people's industry must do it. That

heavily-laden industry must at least pay the annual interest on this vast sum, if it cannot melt down an iota of the principal. This interest, including all the charges on its collection, must average 6 per cent., and on the principal, £4,210,865,000, would be £252,651,900 or \$1,312,729,120 per annum. This, then, is the annual tax on the people of Christendom for wars past: *thirteen hundred millions of dollars!*

Having weighed the burden on that side of the people, let us now put into the scales the one on their *near* side, not to use disrespectfully a term applied to beasts. Before this last great conflict, Europe and the United States paid for wars prospective £140,000,000 or \$672,000,000 per annum in money alone. But money is only a part of the actual payment for these armed-peace establishments. These armaments withdraw from productive industry 5,000,000 of picked, able-bodied men, who now compose the standing armies of Christendom, besides the militia and volunteers. Certainly it must be a moderate estimate to put the value of their labor at 10 English shillings, or \$2.40, per week. This is the average wages of farm laborers in England, the lowest in the scale of compensation in that country. I think no one will demur to this estimate. This rate, then, would make the labor of every one of these picked men worth \$125 per annum in round figures; and consequently the labor of 5,000,000 for a year equal to \$625,000,000. Throwing in the labor of militia and volunteers, and the money paid them for their service, this amount must appear reasonable to all who consider the estimate fairly. Now, then, putting the money charge and labor charge for these armed-peace establishments together, or \$672,000,000 plus \$625,000,000, we have \$1,297,000,000 per annum paid by Christendom for wars prospective. This is the load on the *near* side of the patient beast of burden. It lacks but a little of being as heavy as the other, and, at the rate of its growth in the last decade, will soon equal it. Let us put the two in one scale, and we have \$1,312,729,120 plus \$1,297,000,000, making a total of \$2,609,729,120 for the good and glory that the war system has won for Christendom. Who can measure the heights and depths of this amount of gold, sweat out of the honest industries and earnings of these civilized nations? *Twenty-six hundred millions of dollars a year* for Mars, against perhaps twenty-six millions for Messiah!

Is there any reason to wonder that the low and fitful murmur of patient, shoulder-peeled labor in past years has taken on the angry emphasis of loud and stern complaint in all these countries? Labor is the most compact and sensitive solidarity in Christendom. It crouches lower between these two burdens than any other interest. Even the most generous legislation of one country can do but little to lighten the load. This has been tried in England more systematically and extensively than in any other country. Taxes have been lifted off from the shoulders of laboring men; exceptional laws have been passed in their favor. Their Government has sought to lighten taxation upon their necessities of life; but it could not protect them from the heavy taxes other countries put upon their labor. They are taxed not only for wars waged and expected by England, but for the same wars of other countries. The smaller the area of their own land, the more dependent are they for a market for their industry in others of larger extent. But these countries have wars past and possible to pay for, and they must raise most of the money by taxing the productions of foreign labor which their own people buy and use. This tax weighs almost as heavily on that foreign labor as on the people at home who use its productions. These productions must be cheapened in their manufacture, or the American, French, or Russian markets will be shut against them.

The workingmen must be cut down in their wages, or a couple of additional hours must be put to their daily labor, or the factory wheels must stop. Even the most wealthy and generous manufacturers cannot go on at a loss; they must make a little profit at least; and if they give up ten per cent. of their legitimate earnings or gain, surely their workingmen should do the same. This is meeting them half way; and they do go on together on this basis of mutual reduction, which keeps open the foreign market to them. Now it must be clear to every fair mind that the English, French, Belgian, or German laborer, subjected to this necessary and mutual reduction, is taxed ten per cent. of his wages toward the war bills of other countries, while contributing his full share to those of his own. For the civil expenses of the various governments are so small, that one can hardly conceive the possibility of their resorting to the costly machinery of custom-houses to collect such moderate sums.

Here, then, we have a cursory glimpse of the bearing of these two burdens on labor, and of their even and simultaneous pressure upon it, in all the countries of Christendom. This, as a great human solidarity, feels, in a new weight, the loss of every dollar wasted in war past or prospective. Every soldier, every cannon ball and bayonet, added to the armaments of one power, increases the pressure upon labor throughout the civilized world. You might as well hope to "fall a drop of water into the breaking gulf, and take that drop unmingled thence," as to fall an ounce weight of these war burdens upon the shoulder of an English, French, German, or American workingman, without putting an additional pressure upon labor from the centre to the circumference of its field of industry. This is worse than a mathematical abstraction or a philosophical fact. It is an active, working truth, that millions of workingmen in Christendom are studying with profound sensibility. The blind Samson is feeling for the corner-posts of the system that has imprisoned him in his condition. In the dimness of his sight, for which he is not to blame, he is trying to put his strong arms around the wrong pillars of the fabric. It is this that should hasten all the governments of Christendom to the rescue of society from his mistaken grasp. Bending and blind under these two burdens, he is beginning to look upon property as the spoils that luxurious and idle wealth has wrenched from his half-required labor. This grievous and dangerous thought is permeating the wide-spread race he represents in Europe; and, with all the superior intelligence of our workingmen, the same idea, in a modified form, is being boldly reproduced in America. It finds expression in different theories in labor conventions in New York and other capitals. There is a new and alarming significance of this sentiment both in Europe and America, which is exciting the surprise and apprehension of statesmen, journalists, and thoughtful men abroad; and it ought to cause the same solicitude to ours.

This new phase of the sentiment manifests itself in an almost sudden indifference in thousands of workingmen to political reforms, and to the political influence they have won or may win. Take England, for example. Did the workingmen in any country ever agitate and strive for political rights and power more earnestly than did their brethren in Great Britain for fifty years? The People's Charter would be a panacea for all their social and industrial ills. It would educate, elevate, and rescue them from all the grievous disparities they had borne so long. Well, the masses in England have now obtained nearly all "the points" of their Charter, and a good deal more than it contemplated, in other advantages. Universal suffrage is virtually established; for every man who cares to cast a vote may have one. Every session of Parlia-

ment is marked by some act or proposition to lighten the burdens on the laboring masses, or to improve their condition. Not only legislation, but the sympathy and good-will of the middle and upper classes are moving in the same direction. "The education of every child in the three kingdoms" has become a general watchword. Sanitary improvements, model lodging-houses, penny railway trains, penny readings, penny lectures, free libraries, and free drinking fountains of knowledge for workingmen, are among the public and private efforts to raise them in the social scale by increasing their intelligence and enjoyment of life. But in spite of all the new political power they have obtained, and of all that has been done and promised by legislation and generous good-will and sympathy on the part of the upper classes, they seem to be growing hopeless of bettering their condition by these means. Thousands of them are boldly sounding, in sight and hearing of St. Stephen's, the tocsin of that terrible proposition of French communism, "PROPERTY IS THEFT!" The leaven of this pernicious idea is spreading among the masses; and its permeating process is quickened and widened by parallel theories of profound thinkers and philosophers, who are putting forth a new terminology all tending in the same direction, such as *unearned* property, meaning the increased value which mere increase of population gives to land in and near fast-growing towns and villages, or that which railways give to lands through which they pass—in a word, the increased value which unpaid labor gives to the estate of a rich proprietor. Thus philosophy combines with ignorance in generating these popular ideas and platform cries, "Down with rents! down with interest on money! down with tenure of land!" etc. Now the masses of workingmen in England and all other European countries know and feel that they can never carry these ideas or theories by universal suffrage, or by political action; so they look for their realization not only to a radical revolution of governments, but to a complete and forcible reconstruction of society itself.

Now let us look at home and see how the leaven of these ideas is producing the same theories and the same terms and phrases here. We see the same hopelessness of political action creeping into the mind, represented in such labor conventions as have been recently reported in New York. Universal suffrage cannot or will not cure the complaint. The American Republic will no sooner down with rents or down with interest, or increased property in land, than will or can the German, Russian, or British Empire. The civil war between labor and capital that has been going on in Pennsylvania and other States for a year or more, has been as bitter and obstinate as any conflict between these two great forces of society waged in either of those countries. We see how powerless both our national and State Legislatures are to arrest this civil war, or to arrange a basis and treaty of peace between the two parties to it. At an immense cost we have righted the wrongs of African labor in the Southern States. We have adopted and enforced amendments to our Constitution in favor of the colored workingmen in those States; but there is no fourteenth or twenty-fourth amendment that we can interpose between capital and labor in these hereditary free States of the North, to unite them in one harmonious fellowship of interest and sympathy.

Now there is but one legislative remedy, as there is but one cause for these evils that are breaking the domestic peace of nations. The two burdens that war has put upon them produce these evils. They press alike upon capital and labor, and the balancing of them between the two creates these conflicts, jealousies, and alienations. It is impossible for capital to take the whole burden upon itself. Labor must bear its just proportion of it. There is no possible re-

lease from that condition, any more than from death itself. There is no financier in the wide world who can put an annual tax of twenty-six hundred millions of dollars on the people of Europe and America, without apportioning a heavy weight upon every man, woman, and child in Christendom. It is impossible for the governments to remove both these burdens at once. The load saddled upon them by past wars must remain until the tremendous tax for wars prospective is abolished or greatly reduced. All other taxes are a mere flea-bite to the people of these countries. To abolish this preposterous armed-peace system is a step that can be easily taken. It would have been taken ten years ago if England had accepted the proposition of Louis Napoleon for a congress of nations to agree to some basis for simultaneous and proportionate disarmament. Whatever else be said against that fallen potentate, let this be remembered to his credit: he was the first and only sovereign in the world who ever proposed such a congress for such an object, *à propria motu*. Had England united with France in this scheme for organizing peace as heartily as she did in the war against Russia, there is good reason to believe that all the bloody conflicts that have desolated Europe since the French Emperor issued that proposition would have been avoided.

There is but one possible way by which the present armed-peace system of the civilized world can be abolished, or so reduced as to relieve the people to any sensible degree from the burden upon them. And this is by the very method proposed by Louis Napoleon—the convening of a congress of nations to agree upon the ratio of mutual disarmament. It is utterly idle to expect one power is going to lead off in reducing its armaments, trusting merely to the influence of its example to induce others to follow it. It is this very armed-peace system that has produced the disease which it essays to cure. It was generated in suspicion, and it has grown by that it fed upon. France has been made the scapegoat of the system. She has been charged with the folly and wrong of keeping up great standing armies, which forced other powers to follow her example. And yet it is rather singular that the outside world, which complained of her excessive armaments, almost reproaches her for not doubling them if she deemed it necessary to provide against the contingency of a war with Germany. Even England, who condemned and feared the French peace establishment as a menace to Europe, is now all astir to level up her own forces to meet the contingency of a war with Germany. So the system cannot be charged upon the example of any one power; nor can it be abolished or reduced by the example of any one power. They must all be brought together in a congress for this special and only object—to apply to their armaments the mathematical verity, “If from equals you take equals, the remainders will be equals.” This rate of reduction would not in the slightest degree affect their present balance of forces. Withdrawing each half its force by land and sea would leave them all on the same relative footing as before the reduction. If they had not faith enough in each other and in Providence to go this length at the first step, let them take two for it by way of experiment. Even reducing their armed-peace establishments by only *one-fourth* would lift an annual tax of \$324,000,000 from their people. Only make a beginning, however small, in this direction, and one step would be sure to follow another until the end was reached. Doubtless the people of these countries would be quite willing to allow all the money saved for a few years from the cost of wars prospective to be applied to melt down the debt for wars past, thus reducing the two burdens simultaneously. What a jubilee would hail their taking off!

ELIHU BURRITT.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

AND Rawdon? Driving back as quickly as a well-bribed cabby can drive him to his hotel, Rawdon orders some food, rushes up to dress, swallows a beef-steak, tough and gory as a British steak should be, and arrives at the Theobalds' lodgings in Maddox street exactly a quarter of an hour behind the appointed time.

When the door opens the two ladies are in the act of descending the stairs. Jane is simply dressed in white, no ornaments in her brown hair, a bouquet of flowers, fresh from Covent Garden this morning, in her hand. Miss Minnie Arundel is a vision of grandeur awful to behold: hair raised in elaborate pyramids at the back; hair descending in fluffy clouds to the eyebrows; a satin train; a panier trimmed with tulles and laces; rouge; pearl powder; a strong odor of Guards bouquet; a laced pocket handkerchief; a pair of costly opera glasses and a fan. It is a theory of poor Min's that if you hide handsome presents under a bushel, you may just as well never get handsome presents at all. (Not an incorrect theory surely; see the Court newspaper if you would learn how even the brides of refined society display *their* trophies to an admiring world.) And to-night, with some covert design perhaps of bewildering Rawdon's infantine mind, she has literally hung herself round with spoils.

How can so much grandeur ever be compressed within the narrow limits of a four-wheeler? Jane gets in first; Miss Arundel follows; the cab is more than full; laces, tulles, and ribbons puff forth through the open windows on either side.

"And I'll go on the box," says Rawdon as he stands, his opera hat under his arm, his slim six-foot figure very upright, on the pavement.

"Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind," cries Jane. "I felt a drop of rain on my face as we came out. You must get as close to me as you can, and we'll let Min have a whole side to herself and her finery."

Rawdon not very reluctantly obeys; the cabman shuts the door with a bang; and off they start. Perfumed clouds of gauzy material pervade the whole cab, settle on the young artilleryman's knees, ascend and touch his chin; he can scarce get a glimpse of the poor little happy, over-rouged, over-dressed woman opposite, to whom they belong.

"We were just beginning to think what we should do if you didn't come," she cries—shrieks rather—in vain efforts to outvoice the rattling of the cab. "What made you late? Did the extremely serious family enter objections at the last?"

"Why, Min, you little goose!" says Jane, "the serious family are all safe down in Chalkshire. Do you think Rawdon would dare be dancing attendance upon you and me if his lawful owners were in London?"

And Rawdon volunteers no explanation. Oh, what spirits he is in! how thoroughly he enjoys his drive with Jane and her sister in this dingy four-wheeler, and through unfashionable London streets, redolent of the dust and heat and closeness usual to London streets of an August evening! Min loses her fan, her opera glasses, the order for the theatre, before they have gone a hundred yards; and Rawdon must help her to search for each in its turn. And the fan is found hanging on her wrist, and the opera-glasses—how in the world did they get there?—are in Rawdon's hand, and the order is inside her own glove. And then how they both laugh, as if they had been saying or doing something wonderfully witty over each discovery!

"I'm sure I hope you are going to behave yourselves like rational beings at last," says Jane when they are entering the theatre. "Rawdon, give Min your arm and lead the way—oh, but I wish it, please. Just as if I would take our *only* beau away from Min!"

And so they proceed to the stalls. Here Miss Arundel draws back for her sister, who, as a married lady, enters and takes her place first. The natural consequence of this is that Rawdon, following last, is

divided during the whole of the evening from Mrs. Theobald.

He feels certain that the arrangement was preconcerted between the sisters; turns furious; turns sulky; then, resolving to show that he in his turn can be indifferent, begins to flirt with all his might with Miss Minnie Arundel.

This is exactly the object for which Jane invited him to accompany them. Poor old Min must be amused! She looks round at him with one of her friendliest smiles, leans over and whispers that unless they behave better she shall feel it her duty—her positive duty “as a friend of Mr. Crosbie’s family”—to divide them. And Rawdon’s ill temper flies.

Jane in her simple dress looks doubly fair to him, contrasted with the marvels of hair-dressing and millinery presented by her sister. Amid the mingled odors of Miss Arundel’s laced handkerchief and of the dainty pink play bills with which the stalls are rustling, Rawdon can detect—or, the same thing, imagines he can detect—the faint country smell of the flowers in her hand. He whispers, flirts, looks tenderly into Miss Arundel’s black eyes. But Miss Arundel is not here at all! And the theatre, and the soft-playing orchestra, and the well-dressed people, and the pink play bills are not real. And he stands with Jane alone as he stood in the starlight at Spa, or in the silent old garden at Theobalds. She listens to his pleading at last. There is no Francis Theobald, no Emma Marsland in the world, and—

“You are talking great rubbish,” says Miss Arundel coquettishly, in answer to one of his most high-flown compliments. “Who would have thought a child of your age would have learned the ways of this wicked world already?”

Well, the evening passes only too quickly, and, although he does not speak a dozen words to Jane, proves certainly one of the red-letter evenings of Rawdon Crosbie’s life. “Excellent company to be at a play with” is Miss Minnie Arundel. She is the humblest of all humble actresses herself, but not a point, not a delicate shade in the acting of artists gifted with superior powers to her own, is lost upon her. And Rawdon, quick to see as others see, to feel as others feel, enjoys with her enjoyment. A pleasant and appreciative companion, a cool, softly-lit

theatre, a luxurious stall, the perfect representation of the most perfect love story ever put upon the stage, and the presence, divided from her though he may be, that constitutes the whole world to his foolish boy’s heart. What happier evening is Rawdon Crosbie ever likely to know?

When it is over and they are leaving the theatre, the question of supper arises (as in another case we know of), or rather the question where they shall sup—supper being looked upon as a matter of course by Miss Minnie Arundel.

She proposes one or two rather well-known places of popular entertainment, but at each proposal Jane shakes her head.

“I haven’t much belief in your recommendations, Min, and I don’t want to take this poor child anywhere outrageously fast. Rawdon and I have a character to lose, remember.”

“Oh, I don’t know anything about characters,” cries Min with her hearty laugh. “The question that concerns me is, where can we get the best supper and the most amusement? Of course, if we wanted to do the thing in style, and,” with a glance at Rawdon, “if expense was no object, we ought to go to Wilcocks’s. Wilcocks’s is a tip-top place close to the Haymarket,” Miss Arundel goes on to explain—“a place where you see the very heaviest swells. The last time I supped there, I and Blanche Bolingbroke, we had little Fred Ramsay with us. Fred has got the aristocracy at his fingers’ ends, you know, and I can tell you he pointed out two ladies of rank and title in the rooms at the same time.”

“Then by all means let us go to Wilcocks’s at once,” says Rawdon. “How can we tell, if we are very lucky, that we may not see some ladies of rank and title too? Only unfortunately we shall have no one to point them out.”

“Except Charles, the head waiter,” says Min in all simplicity. “He’s an old friend of mine; I knew him well when he was in the restaurant at the Crystal Palace. Charles knows almost as many of the swells by sight as Fred Ramsay himself.”

And a minute or two later, Rawdon, having hailed and piloted the ladies to a cab, to Wilcocks’s they drive.

They are early, not having waited for the afterpiece at the Prince of Wales’s,

and find the rooms nearly empty. Min, who is evidently quite at home with the establishment and the people belonging to it, points out a little marble table in the corner immediately facing the entrance as one of the most desirable in the rooms. You are cool there, close by the ferns and fountain and out of the way, and have the advantage of seeing all the company as they pass in and out. And accordingly at this table—fatal little marble table—when will Rawdon forget it?—they take their places and prepare to look over the carte.

At Rawdon's request, Miss Arundel undertakes to preside at the entertainment; and this, reader, is the barbaric bill of fare selected by her:

Fried kidneys—Min knows nothing about gastronomic laws of sequence, but orders things pell-mell, just as they strike her fancy—fried kidneys, sausages, cold duck, fried potatoes, cherry tart and cream, Stilton cheese, pulled bread, radishes; and champagne to begin, continue, and finish the repast with.

Barbaric, but not unappetizing; and Rawdon, after his wretched dinner, is hungry, and the ladies, who dined early, are hungrier still; and they all sup, not fashionably dallying with a fork and a bit of bread over a mayonnaise, but with a will.

The viands are good; the champagne, if not of the very choicest vintage, is sparkling, sweet, and heady. By the time the stage of cherry tart is reached they are all in the highest spirits, and making, I will not say more noise, but more open demonstrations of light-heartedness than the finest breeding might perhaps approve of in a public supper room.

However, there is no one present to be shocked. The ladies of rank and title have, it would seem, gone elsewhere to-night. There is certainly no outward sign of their presence among the company at Wilcocks's.

"You told us we should be certain of a good supper here, Miss Arundel," says Rawdon, "and we are having a most excellent one. But where are the heavy swells? What a pity your friend with the aristocracy at his fingers' ends is not here. He might tell us whether we are supping among common people like ourselves, or dukes and marchionesses in disguise."

"The aristocracy will come by and by

in crowds," says the little actress, jealous for the reputation of Wilcocks's. "At this moment I can see ladies in opera cloaks getting out of a private carriage." Min is so placed as to command a view of the pavement outside the restaurant. "Yes, here we are in great form—black velvet and marabout feathers, scarlet hair and scarlet ribbons, venerable old party in point lace, oppressively fine gentleman with Dundreary whiskers. The heavy swells are coming in earnest at last."

"Better late than never," says Rawdon cheerily. Have I not said that the champagne has taken favorable effect on the spirits of them all? And leaning back in his chair, he turns in order to get a fuller view of the new arrivals.

They enter in a group of four. Little Major Hervey first, in finished evening dress, with eyelids drooping, with his large flat nose in the air, his opera hat under one arm; Mrs. Crosbie, affable yet slightly rigid of demeanor, as though prepared for contingencies, upon the other. Emma and old Mrs. Hervey follow behind.

"Well, they *are* queer-looking samples, I must say," cries Min when she has examined them critically. "Unless Wilcocks gets better specimens of aristocracy than that, I shall take my patronage elsewhere. Have some sweets, my dear boy?" liberally piling up the plate of the unhappy young gunner with cherry tart and cream. "Oh, nonsense about having done. You must be in love as well as engaged if you can't eat. I want you to keep me in countenance. Jenny, my dear, pass over the champagne. The evening is only just beginning."

Only just beginning! A chill of horror passes through Rawdon Crosbie's suddenly sobered veins at the thought.

CHAPTER XXV.

WITH DOUBTFUL ASSOCIATES.

A WAITER bows the new-comers forward to one of the centre tables. They take their places. Major Hervey, scanning the carte at arm's length, and with uplifted eyebrows, orders one or two of the dishes "that we may hope will be least likely to poison us with wine, whatever it is that is sure to poison us;" and then the ladies

begin to look a little about them at the surrounding company.

"I trust Alfred has done right in allowing us to come here," whispers Mrs. Crosbie to old Mrs. Hervey, who generally manages to get back her sense of hearing in public places. "Do you really think all these *—persons* look correct?"

"In the present day, my dear," answers the old lady cheerfully, "it is quite impossible to say who is correct and who is incorrect. There used to be a costume for the members of each world; but fashion has changed; class trenches upon class more and more, and we must go with the times. I hope they will serve us with a tolerable mayonnaise. I protest Mademoiselle Boulotte has given me quite an appetite."

But Mrs. Crosbie, at once less of an optimist and less of a cynic than the older woman, is not so easily made comfortable. If she could but be assured of the presence of a marchioness, a Lady Carolina, nay, even of a plain knight's wife, in these heated, flaring supper rooms, she would be satisfied. For it is not so much evil itself, evil in the abstract, as the fear of doing what no one else does, of being seen where no one else is seen, that ever lies with heaviest weight on Mrs. Crosbie's conscience.

"I wish Rawdon had come with us," she remarks, leaning forward and addressing Major Hervey, who is with Emma upon the other side of the table. "I am sure at these kind of doubtful places one cannot have too strong an escort of gentlemen."

"Oh, mamma, I think we are getting on delightfully!" cries Emma. Major Hervey is unfastening the heiress's glove, and either his elderly eyes do not see very clear, or some peculiarity about the button-hole causes the process to be unusually slow. "If Rawdon chose to have a stupid engagement elsewhere, why—why——"

The words die on her lips; her face turns to a sickly pallor, then crimson. "Why, there is Rawdon himself!" gasps out Miss Marsland, sinking back in her chair and giving fiery glances across at the corner table, where her lover sits facing her; facing her, but I am bound to say looking, soldier though he be, as if he would fain sink bodily down through the floor, and with his eyes ignominiously fixed upon the heap of cherry tart and cream with which Min's friendly hand has loaded his plate.

"Rawdon!" repeats Mrs. Crosbie, getting ready her double eye-glasses. "Now I call this a very timely rencontre. With his academy school friend, no doubt?"

"Rawdon is with Mrs. Theobald," says Emma, her voice trembling—"Mrs. Theobald and a person—a person who is no doubt Mrs. Theobald's sister, the actress. Oh, I'm sure of it, mamma, from the likeness. Oh, how dreadful!" And Emma's very breath fails her, so vehement is her righteous indignation.

"Yes, there is our young Rawdon," says Major Hervey with charming amiability. "Saw him the moment we came in. Perhaps," he pointedly addresses Mrs. Crosbie, not Emma, "as Rawdon is in *another kind* of society, it is a case—um—in which recognition may be—er—as well left alone?"

Mrs. Crosbie turns her head, gracefully severe in its black velvet bands and marabout feathers, and for the space of some moments gazes stonily through her glasses on the culprits; on Mrs. Theobald, whose blue eyes return the gaze as steadily as on the day when she was first mistaken in Spa for a princess; on Rawdon, purple with confusion; on Min, duly informed by Jane of the serious family's advent, and upon whose expressive mouth the broadest merriment is visible.

"I must ask you to conduct us from this place, Alfred." And as she speaks, Mrs. Crosbie turns slowly round again from the awful sight of Rawdon's iniquities. "You are of course not aware in what society Rawdon is? An inhabitant of our neighborhood whom we do not visit, and a person whom I believe—I can have no certain knowledge on such a point—I believe to be—theatrical! I must ask you to give Emma your arm and conduct us to our carriage at once."

Adonis now leans across the table and in four words puts the situation before old Mrs. Hervey. "Rawdon supping with actresses." Awkward position; but still, Adonis believes his mother will agree with him, "one in which good taste bids one—aw—see nothing, and act—er—just as if nothing had happened." And his fingers, which still enclose Emma's wrist, give her a tenderly reassuring little pressure as he says this.

"Of course, of course we see nothing," says the fine old Pharisee pleasantly. "Miss Marsland, my dear, you have the

gas immediately before your eyes. You had better come on this side. These things occur every day, and Rawdon has far too much good taste, I am sure, to recognize us. Yes, Mademoiselle Boulotte has given me quite an appetite. She is the best actress I have seen the last hundred years."

But Emma is neither a Pharisee nor a woman of the world, but a girl very warmly, very earnestly in love, and trembling in every fibre with anger and jealousy. "Thanks, Mrs. Hervey. I think I *shall* be glad to change my position." And she rises, and with cool, insulting emphasis of manner turns her back deliberately upon her lover and his friends, then draws her chair to old Mrs. Hervey's side. "These things may happen every day," adds Emma, in a voice of suppressed passion; and somehow as she says this she knows that her eyes seek Major Hervey's for support. "They will not happen to me twice. I am very sure of that."

Mrs. Crosbie's maternal heart gives a throb of cold terror. Is the price of this escapade, this crowning folly of Rawdon's, to be Emma Marsland's thirty thousand pounds and all the county position, all the sacred blessings of existence that thirty thousand pounds can bring with them?

"Don't you think the fault may be a little ours in coming here, my dear Emma? We must scold Alfred for that. As regards Rawdon, young men——"

"If they be men of honor, speak the truth at least," cries Emma, with greater spirit perhaps than she had ever shown in her life before. "Rawdon could not come with us, remember, because he had to dine with a school friend who was going to China—to China, indeed! However, it will be a question to settle between Rawdon and me—between Rawdon and me alone," adds Emma indignantly. "Don't let any one's supper be spoiled by talking about it now."

And so, the shoulders of the three ladies set resolutely against the faces of the foe, supper is eaten. Major Hervey seems to be in unwonted spirits, and never lets the conversation flag for an instant. Disregarding the poisonous nature of the dishes set before him, he even eats and drinks; shows his magnificent teeth to the gold as he smiles at Emma and his own stories; and all the time manages to give an occasional glance of insolent admiration in the

direction of Jane and of her sister that makes young Rawdon's blood boil.

What an anticlimax to the evening that began so happily at the Prince of Wales's, listening to a delightfully acted love idyl, dreaming a still more delightful idyl of one's own! Were he to follow impulse merely, Rawdon Crosbie would march straight with his companions from the rooms, and spare Jane the humiliation, covert though it be, with which his own ludicrous position is clothing her. But with Min's laughing eyes fixed upon him he dare not thus show the better part of valor! All he dare do is—sit still; return the glances of Adonis with savage interest; force himself to laugh and jest with the best grace he can; drink champagne, every drop of which seems to make his soul flatter and flatter; and watch the back of Emma's scarlet streamers and of his mother's marabouts.

Jane at length brings his sufferings to an end. "If we have all finished—it seems a pity to hurry when we are so comfortable—but if we have all really finished, we may as well be off. I don't want Theobald to get home before I do." And Rawdon acquiescing only too promptly, she rises (by a furtive turn of the head, Emma's jealous eyes can watch every movement of her rival's slight, graceful figure), coolly surveys herself as she adjusts her opera cloak, in a neighboring mirror; then with an air of calmest appropriation, puts her hand within Rawdon's arm, and followed by Min, who bestows a saucy smile of adieu upon the family party as she goes by, leaves the rooms.

Rawdon pays the cost of the entertainment to the head-waiter, who stands, bill in hand, at the door, and to whom the actress gives a friendly "Good-by, Charles," at parting. And then they go out into the night.

Min is in the sort of wild spirits that succeed naturally to a pleasantly spent evening, and an excellent supper, and heady champagne; and she "chaffs" Rawdon unmercifully. His mamma, his sweetheart, the gentleman with the eyelids, the lecture that awaits him, Rawdon, to-morrow—all are pantomimed by Miss Arundel for his benefit, as they stand outside the door of Wilcocks's, waiting for an empty cab to pass along. But Jane is dead silent, and continues so during

the whole of the drive back to Maddox street.

"Thanks for a very jolly evening," says Min, when Rawdon, after dismissing the cab, is preparing to wish the ladies good night at the door of the Theobalds' lodgings. "I suppose we shall see each other again before we die?"

"A great many times, I should hope, if life is to be worth holding," answers Rawdon Crosbie.

"I'm going to the Chalkshire races with Jane and Theobald, if I shouldn't see you before, and then—but no," cries the little actress, looking up in his face with an air of mock pity. "After to-night's experience we won't make plans. Cruel to talk of what the future may bring forth to any one in your precarious situation."

And then, with all her satins and furbelows rustling, away Min runs up the stairs; and Rawdon, whose present fate appears to be to feel like a culprit before every one, is left alone with Jane. Maddox street at this hour is almost silent. An occasional passer-by on foot, the distant drone of carriage wheels in Regent street, are all that break the quiet. They are as much alone as they were on Sunday evening in the moss-grown garden at Theobalds.

"That was a queer kind of meeting for us all to-night, I must say," remarks Jane, amicably, yet with a certain tone in her voice that Rawdon has learnt to dread. "Why didn't you tell me your people were in town?"

"I—I thought I had mentioned it. Yes, my mother and Emma came up on Monday. They are spending a few days with our relations, the Herveys."

He does his best to speak lightly, as if nothing of any moment had occurred, and fails egregiously.

"The Herveys. Are those the people I saw them with at the supper rooms?"

"Yes."

Jane hesitates for a minute before she speaks again. A street lamp immediately opposite shines full upon her face, and Rawdon can see a telltale quiver about the corners of her lips. She hesitates, but for a minute only; then, in her usual impetuous fashion, breaks forth thus: "I'm sorry this has happened, Rawdon, because it is going to bring things to a smash between you and me; and yet, in another way, I'm glad. It has opened

my eyes pretty sharply to something good for me to see. Now, my dear child, listen and take the best bit of advice that has ever been given you in your life yet. Cut me. I'm a bad business as far as you are concerned. Have nothing more to say to me."

He makes no answer, and probably Jane expects none. She must guess pretty accurately, one would think, what the poor young fellow feels just at this moment.

"Of course I know how we stood toward each other before this, or I ought. I've had lessons enough on all useful subjects of late. But it never came home to me as it did to-night. For there was Min, you see! I've been so long out of the profession that I seem neither one thing nor the other to myself, at least. Min is the real genuine article, an actress in heart, soul, body. Min shows me what I am to people like your mother and Miss Marsland. Rawdon, if we had been—if poor Min and I had been a pair of escaped convicts," cries Jane, with a half-fierce, half-sad sort of little laugh, "we could scarce have been looked at with eyes of more pious horror. Why, even you—No; hear me out. Even you knew too well what was due—that's the word I think?—due to yourself and to the girl you mean to marry to leave our side and speak to her. Well, you see I don't mean to be placed like that again, 'not never no more,' as Blossy says. If those ladies were—anything to you but what they are, I should say simply, choose between them and me, and I am the best worth choosing! I can't say that as it is, can I?"

Yes, she can say what she likes; she has only to speak to command him in all things! cries Rawdon's heart. But his lips do not give utterance to this avowal of disaffection.

"And so, what I do say is—cut me. I'll give you another bit of wise and wholesome advice. Run away to-morrow morning, early, to Miss Marsland and make the prettiest apology you can for being seen with such *doubtful associates*. You broke some lawful engagement, by the by, Master Rawdon, did you not, in order to go to 'school' with us?"

"I would have broken any engagement, lawful or the reverse, on the chance of going anywhere with you," answers Rawdon Crosbie.

"I thought so. Theobald says I have instinct, no reason. I suppose it must have been instinct made me guess how the land lay as I sat humbly looking at the tips of your mamma's marabouts. Well, apologize! Say you will never do it again; say we over-persuaded you; put as much blame on Min and me as you like! But make things straight if you can, and get Miss Marsland to name the wedding day as soon as possible. Good night."

"And you think—you think that you are going to be rid of me like this!" cries Rawdon hotly; and as he speaks he leans his arm within the door so as to hinder Jane, if she wished to do so, from shutting it. "Be a little franker, Mrs. Theobald! Say, straight out, you are tired of me; say that, from some cause or another, you want me out of the way for a time, and I'll stop away till you bid me come back——"

"And suppose I am not tired of you, and suppose I have no reason whatever for wishing you out of the way?" she interrupts. "Don't be a fool a second time, Rawdon. Take what I say in plain good part, as I mean it. Miss Marsland lives in a world that is not the world of women like Min and me; and you cannot honestly remain her sweetheart and my friend. You have to make your choice. Well, there can't even be a question as to where your choice must lie. I am nothing to you; Miss Marsland is, or will be, everything. Cry 'Peccavi,' Rawdon, as you ought, and be quite sure—although most likely we shan't know each other to speak to in the time to come—that I shall be your friend at heart always. Now, really, good night. I am standing in a draught."

But Rawdon's arm does not move.

"I have only one thing more to ask you. When is this cut eternal of which you talk so cheerfully to take place? I like to know accurately on what ground I stand."

"When? Why, when you are married, to be sure. Do you think I would speak to any man whose wife——"

"No," interrupts Rawdon quickly, "of course you would not; I know that only too well. But suppose I never have a wife at all? Oh, such a contingency is quite on the cards, Mrs. Theobald! I promise to follow your advice before I go

back to Woolwich to-morrow morning. If truth-telling can set things straight," almost with a groan he brings out this, "well and good. But suppose truth-telling results, as it will very probably do, in things becoming more crooked than before, will you cut me then?"

"It makes my head ache to think of so many 'ifs' and 'ands,'" says Jane, a little coldly. "Do what you know to be right, without thinking of anything but that it is right, and be kind enough to forget that there is such a person as Jane Theobald in the world."

"Forget!" But now Rawdon takes his arm away from the door. "Yes, that sort of cold-blooded advice is so remarkably easy to give! When may I see you next?" he persists. "When may I come down to Theobalds to tell you—that I have forgotten you? Sunday? No. Monday, then? I know I can get leave on Monday."

"Leave—who from? Your commanding officer, or Miss Marsland? Rawdon, child, don't play fast and loose with your conscience any more. What earthly thing can you want at Theobalds now?"

"I shall want to tell you the result of your own good advice, in the first place."

"I shall guess that when I hear the wedding bells ringing in Lidlington church."

"And if no wedding bells are ever rung with which I am concerned? Oh, Mrs. Theobald, don't trifle with me, don't torture me! Tell me when I may come and see you next?"

For a brief space Jane remains silent: then, "You will not come to see me, and you will not write to me for one clean fortnight," she tells him firmly. "By that time you'll know, I suppose, whether you are in a position to have *doubtful associates* or not. And then—the odds are, my dear boy, you will cut me, or I you, which will come to the same thing. Now good-by." For a moment she lets Rawdon hold her hand, then moves away from him into the house. "Perhaps if the fates are kind," turning to give him a last smile over her shoulder, "the cut eternal won't come till after the Chalkshire races! I hope it won't—for Min's sake."

And with this exceedingly small crumb of consolation young Rawdon Crosbie is forced to be satisfied.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RAWDON CRIES PECCAVI!

By eleven next morning, angry, repentant, resolute, all in a breath, he calls in Bolton Row.

The ladies up yet? Yes, it is Mr. Maurice's belief that the ladies *har* up; yes, it is Mr. Maurice's belief (solemn is Maurice's tone and manners, as of a man aware that family feuds are brewing) that the ladies will be able to see Mr. Rawdon Crosbie. But he will just inquire.

Mr. Rawdon Crosbie is kept waiting a couple of minutes or more on the door-step—a council of war he feels sure going on as to whether he shall be admitted at all—then is ushered, not up stairs to his mother's drawing-room, but into old Mrs. Hervey's parlor on the ground floor.

This looks significant—a kind of “scene in the front grooves,” introduced to allow the machinist to prepare some set picture in the back ground—and Rawdon collects his strength together for the ordeal which he knows to be impending. The sitting-room communicates with another by folding doors which are closed. Maria Hervey alone sits at a small table near the window pretending to write.

She rises, gives Rawdon a clammy hand and pointedly cool reception; then takes a chair at as safe and uncontagious a distance as the dimensions of the room will permit and looks at the hearth-rug. Evidently this ancient maiden has heard of last night's misadventure, and will contract as little contamination as possible from a person of Rawdon Crosbie's desperate and abandoned character. He is not in a temper to derive amusement, as he generally does, from Maria's hatred for him, and inquires somewhat curtly for his mother and Emma. He must return to Woolwich by the midday train, and has not much time to lose, so—

“Your poor mamma, I believe, purposes to see you shortly, Rawdon,” interrupts Maria without lifting her eyes from the hearth-rug. “I am quite unable to inform you whether Miss Marsland will feel equal to the reception of visitors to-day.”

“Equal? Why, what's the matter?” says Rawdon, determined to set things straight even with Maria Hervey. “Emma looked in very good health and spirits when I saw her last at about one o'clock this morning.”

“Oh, indeed. I know nothing at all about that. Miss Marsland has been very far from well for some hours past—out of one hysterical fit into another—her strength quite exhausted. Indeed, I believe it is Mrs. Hervey's intention to send for the family apothecary.”

“And I of course am not wanted,” says Rawdon. “So unless there is a chance of my mother being able to see me for five minutes, I may as well be off at once.”

Maria, hearing this, rises and leaves the room. Stealthy whispers are audible through the folding doors; the rustle of a silk dress is presently heard ascending the stairs, then comes the sound of descending footsteps. An instant or two later the door opens and in walks, not Mrs. Crosbie, but Adonis Hervey—Adonis, who on no ordinary occasion is ever ready for the eye of man, much less of woman, before two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

He enters. For once in his life lifts his eyelids sufficiently to give Rawdon Crosbie a steady stare.

“Good morning to you.”

“Good morning.”

Major Hervey extends a couple of chill, thin fingers, which his young relative barely touches in return. Then there is silence. Rawdon stands before the fireplace, his head, at the altitude of five feet eleven, held superbly aloft. Adonis, at the altitude of five feet four, stands languidly pulling his scanty purple-black whiskers for a minute, then sinks down into the nearest arm-chair and begins to contemplate his nails.

“Deuced foolish little rencontre that last night, eh, Rawdon?” The shape of one of his long delicate nails seems wrong, for as he speaks Major Hervey surveys it closely and with an air of discontent.

Rawdon, who, as we have seen, is in no humor for circumlocution, responds brusquely, “What rencontre?”

“Why, running across you and your friends in those infernal supper rooms—Wilmots, Wilcocks—what the deuce is the name? Ladies would go—know what ladies are when they take a thing into their heads.” I omit the multitudinous “ums” and “ahs” with which Major Hervey interlards conversation. “Mrs. Crosbie terribly cut up, poor thing; Miss Marsland hysterical. Tried to reason with them—my mother tried to reason with them—

extraordinary experience in these little matters, my mother. No use." Major Hervey shakes his head with an air of bored but well-bred sympathy.

"I am excessively indebted to you and to Mrs. Hervey, if you have been trying to reason on my behalf," says Rawdon coldly. "At the same time I really cannot see how or why any argument was necessary. Perhaps you would be good enough to speak in plainer language? I am a very poor hand at expounding riddles. Has my mother, has Miss Marsland sent me any message through you, and if so, will you be good enough to tell it me in three words?"

Major Hervey takes out a gold toothpick and looks at it attentively; then, remembering perhaps of what his teeth are made, returns it to his waistcoat pocket. "I am somewhat older than you, my dear Rawdon," he remarks, putting an elbow on each arm of the chair and joining the extreme tips of his fleshless white fingers.

Rawdon does not dispute the proposition.

"Somewhat older and somewhat worldly wiser. This foolish little rencontre, the society—deuced nice society in its way—which Miss Marsland met you in last night—um—ah. Deuced bad thing, I'm afraid, for your prospects as an engaged man, Rawdon."

"I am much obliged for your solicitude. At the same time I must repeat, I think you are expending it needlessly."

"You think so? I do not. Women—women," says Major Hervey complacently, "have been the study of my life. I have had extraordinary opportunities, especially as regards phases of *jealousy*, of analyzing their little weaknesses"—Rawdon looks at his watch impatiently—"and I seldom find myself wrong in any of the conclusions I come to on the subject. This foolish contretemps of last night is the worst thing—just the worst thing—that could have happened for you at the present time. You understand me?"

"I hear you."

"And really, the whole affair is too puerile! For don't, don't for a moment think," adds Adonis with a little outbreak of boyish expansion, "that I put myself in the position of a mentor. On the contrary, personally speaking, I only commend your taste. That blonde with the blue eyes, my dear Rawdon—all I regretted was that

circumstances did not permit me to ask for an introduction."

"You would have asked in vain, I'm afraid," says Rawdon with the air of a young emperor. "I am not in the habit of introducing men I meet in public places to the ladies of my acquaintance."

"Ah! dog in the manger on principle, eh? Wise rule, I dare say, for you! Who is your other friend, Rawdon, the little thing with black eyes and the fan? Your mother, poor dear soul, has been telling me about the blonde (upon my word, in a certain demi-monde style, she's as fine-looking a woman as I've seen out this season); but the other?—we only surmise as to the other."

"The little thing with black eyes and the fan is a Miss Johnson, tolerably well known in theatrical circles as Miss Minnie Arundel," Rawdon answers, holding his nose still in the air, but keeping his temper miraculously.

"So we imagined and feared! Absurd, positively absurd, the dread women all have of actresses. Well, and this Mrs. Theobald? From what your mother tells me she appears to be the lawfully wedded wife of a man I remember once in Paris. Tall man? yellow hair? eyeglass? Exactly. Didn't know him personally. Not in my set at all. Man with a story attached to him—turns the king a little too easily at *écarté*? Well, if not that something of the kind." This is the true Hervey mode of suggesting away character. "And now it seems married, *married* to a dancing girl. Rawdon, my dear fellow, take the advice of a man old enough to be your—elder brother, and follow your good mother's wishes. I came down at her request, poor soul, to speak to you. Drop the acquaintance of this too charming Mrs. Theobald, until after your marriage at least."

"And then resume it, I suppose?" Rawdon asks.

"Then do as you see fit," says Adonis with a satyr-like little chuckle. "A married man is in a very different position to an engaged one. How is your excellent father, Rawdon?" Major Hervey suppresses a yawn and looks miserable. The discharge of all this heavy family duty has evidently been too much for his strength. "Fewer gouty symptoms than when I was last in Chalkshire?"

Boiling over at heart, but still keeping

his temper outwardly, Rawdon gives as succinct an account of Mr. Crosbie's state as can be given short of positive rudeness; and his mentor closes his eyes and leans his head back in his chair. After two or three minutes thus spent the door again opens noiselessly, and Maria, putting on a face and voice as though some one lay dead in the house, informs Rawdon that he may go up to his poor mamma in the drawing-room.

He goes up and finds his poor mamma waiting in state to receive him, an open letter in her hand. Emma, with emerald-green ribbon in her hair and with swollen red eyes, reposes on the sofa, a shawl over her feet, and a smelling bottle applied to her nose. Why should a man be made to feel himself a brute by the mere fact of a young woman holding a smelling bottle to her nose and having swollen eyes? As Rawdon ran up the stairs his spirit was rebellious, his heart, under the influence of Major Harvey's good advice, hard as the nether stone. And lo! at the first sight of Emma, and of her little apparatus of hysterics, he softens into repentance.

"Maria tells me—I'm very sorry to hear you are not well, Emmy," he cries, coming up to her side, with hand outstretched.

By way of answer Miss Marsland raises her handkerchief to her face. "I've been very foo—foo—foolish!" she sobs. "It will never happen—no, no, it will never happen again. Ah!"

"My dearest girl," says Mrs. Crosbie, leaning over her soothingly, "be composed. Rawdon, have the goodness to stand aside. My dear Emma requires air. Be perfectly composed, my love, and allow me to speak. Now, remember your promise!"

Thus appealed to, Miss Marsland buries her head down on the sofa cushion and applies her salts bottle to her nostrils with such vigor that her poor swollen eyes wink again. Very few women look their fairest under the influence of strong mental excitement; and Emma is no exception to the rule.

"Dear Emma has gone through a most distressing night," says Mrs. Crosbie, regarding her son with icy sternness. "But she does not judge you, Emma is too generous to judge you, unheard. For what occurred yesterday evening, the humiliating circumstances under which we met

you, sir, I leave you to make your apologies to her, and to her alone. But I have a word or two which we both—Emma, my love, which we both think should be said first. I have had a letter from Mrs. Pippin, Rawdon."

"From Mrs. Pippin!" repeats Rawdon with unaffected innocence.

"And she tells me—but I almost refuse to believe it; yes, even on Mrs. Pippin's word, and in spite of what I saw last night, I almost refuse to believe such an accusation against my own son—that you, you have put this woman's name up for ballot at our Liddington Croquet Club."

"Seconded by Mr. Smylie," cries Emma from the depths of the sofa cushion, "and just going to take his priest's orders! I'm sure the bishop ought to be written to."

"Is it true? Is this scandalous accusation true?" says Mrs. Crosbie, as the culprit stands silent. "If you have done this thing, you will not, I conclude, be ashamed to acknowledge it."

"Ashamed! What of?" answers Rawdon. He speaks with an attempt at cheerfulness, but his voice is very far indeed from natural. His mother's ice-cold face, those quivering green ribbons, those plump, white fingers passionately twitching round the salts bottle, are by no means reassuring objects to him to look at. "If by 'this woman' you mean Mrs. Theobald, certainly I proposed her as a member of the Liddington Croquet Club, and Smylie seconded the proposition. Let me see," he goes on, with the coolness of desperation, "that was on Saturday last. I think I said something to you about it, Emmy? Mrs. Theobald will be balloted for to-morrow."

"Mrs. Theobald balloted for! Rawdon, but that this person has been put up by you, by my son, I doubt if the form of ballot would be gone through at all. You are not aware, perhaps, that there is a rule empowering the Club, under certain most rare, most aggravated circumstances, to dispense with a ballot altogether? Well, there is such a rule then; number twenty-three: 'If any person notoriously—'"

"Mother, stop!" interrupts Rawdon, the blood rushing hotly across his face. "I will hear no one—no, mother, not even you—speak lightly of Mrs. Theobald."

"I do not speak lightly of her, Raw-

don, at all events upon my own responsibility. I trust I know my Christian duty too well for that. If you had heard me out you would have seen that the severest word employed in rule twenty-three is ineligible. 'If any person notoriously ineligible shall——'

"And why is Mrs. Theobald ineligible? Before I acknowledge myself to be in the wrong in proposing her, let me know on what grounds my offence is based. Why is Mrs. Theobald notoriously ineligible?"

"Simply because she is not visited. Your own good sense, your own good taste might supply you with that answer."

"The answer is no answer. You make up your minds, all of you, not to visit A. B. or C. and then when you are asked what her crime is, you say, 'She is not visited.' Is this justice, is this honesty?"

"Rawdon," says Mrs. Crosbie coldly, "I am in no humor for hair-splitting. You have acted, I am willing to hope, under evil influence, and in a manner that you yourself, a few years hence, would be the first to condemn. Hear what our relative, hear what Alfred Hervey, a man of the world, a man accustomed to the highest society, thinks about it."

"I have heard, mother. No number of years, I believe, will ever bring me to the way of thinking of Alfred Hervey."

"Acting under evil influence, you have foolishly betrayed us all into a most painful and unfortunate position. You must very well know, Rawdon, your ignorance of common decency cannot be so great but that you must very well know the Liddington Croquet Club can never admit the person you have proposed as a member?"

For a minute or two Rawdon makes no answer. "I don't seek to change your opinions, mother," he breaks forth at last. "Blackball Mrs. Theobald, taboo her, persecute her as you like. It is no business of mine. One thing, only, I think I may fairly ask you before the subject is done with for ever." For ever! The green ribbons flutter up suddenly, and Emma looks very full and very steadily at her lover. "What is the charge brought against her? I have listened to a great many hints, I have seen a great many shakes of the head from the day when we mistook her for the Princess Czartoriska in Spa till now. I have never heard one fair, aboveboard statement.

What is Mrs. Theobald's crime? Why is she not to be visited?"

"Do you wish such a subject discussed in Emma's presence, sir?"

"Most certainly I do. Why not?"

"Well, then, in the first place, Mr. Francis Theobald's wife does not belong by birth to the same station of life as ourselves."

"Birth! And Mrs. Coventry Brown is the leader of the Liddington society."

"Her ideas, her habits, her associations must be—fast! I detest the word, Rawdon, but you oblige me—you oblige me to use it."

Rawdon Crosbie on this looks straight into his mother's face; then he bursts into a laugh. "Fast! Mrs. Theobald fast! Mother, let me ask you who at the present time is the most sought-after woman in Chalkshire? Who dines everywhere, from the archdeacon's upward and downward? Whom have we importuned, vainly, to belong to our croquet club? Who is the show-guest at our little entertainments? To whose table do we move heaven and earth to get an invitation? Visiting Lady Rose Golightly, associating with her, courting her, have we the right—I put it to you, mother, as a question of abstract justice—the right to condemn any woman upon the bare supposition of her being fast?"

Just for one instant Mrs. Crosbie does not find a fitting answer come readily to her lips. Emma, who is at all times beautifully superior to argument, hastens to her relief.

"We must take the world as we find it, mamma. Major Hervey said so this morning. Every one in the county knows Lady Rose Golightly, and no one in the county knows Mrs. Theobald. What has abstract justice got to do with people's visiting lists? I suppose Rawdon thinks we ought to set ourselves above the archdeacon and every respectable person in the neighborhood!"

"It would be a hard matter, my dear Emma, to know what Rawdon does think," says Mrs. Crosbie, with chill dignity. "But it is not at all hard to know how this Quixotic championship of unpopular persons must end. I am far from accusing Rawdon of anything, as yet, but boyish folly; but folly beyond a certain point becomes guilt—yes, Rawdon, guilt!" And Mrs. Crosbie's voice trembles, her eyes

fill. "And now, to-day, while there is still time, and here in our dear Emma's presence, I ask you to draw back from an acquaintance—I fear I must say an intimacy—which can only end in discredit and unhappiness to us all!"

With true maternal instinct, she has made the very most that can be made of the situation. In argument, the advantage is wholly on Rawdon's side; recriminations, anger, are thrown away upon him; at this sudden softening of his mother's tone, at this first sign of tears, this first quiver of her lip, all his boyish heart gives way! He made himself Mrs. Theobald's champion in the beginning more from a freak of obstinacy than of set purpose. That he has gradually fallen away from the narrow path, from his plighted word to Emma, ever since, his conscience knows only too well. And horribly sharp is the prick conscience gives him at the moment.

"I came here this morning, mother, prepared to ask Emma to forgive me, prepared to tell you both how annoyed I was about—about the way we met last night. If you had let me see you at once, instead of putting me through a homily from Major Hervey, matters might have been sooner mended, perhaps."

"I don't see that at all!" cries Emma, suddenly sitting upright, and putting down her smelling bottle. "Oh, mamma, indeed you must let me speak now, please. It is very easy for Rawdon to talk in that airy kind of way about matters being mended sooner, and to sneer at Major Hervey for his advice. Major Hervey has been most kind, and I value his opinion most highly. Major Hervey would not have excused himself from escorting us on a paltry pretext, and then have gone to a public supper room—and any one, Freddy Pippin or any one from Chalkshire, might have been there and seen you—with a Creature like that!"

The scorn, the emphasis with which Emma brings out this deadliest epithet of her vocabulary is startling.

"Alfred Hervey," observes Mrs. Crosbie suavely, "is a man of the world, dear Emma. Alfred knows the value of etiquette, as Rawdon will have to learn it in time. My dear, dear old uncle, your god-papa, sir, Canon Hervey, used to say that good manners are the small change of good morals. 'In our transitory state, we

have not time, we have not wisdom,' the venerable man used to say, 'to decide on the spur of the moment whether any intended action be intrinsically right. We can always say to ourselves, Is it usual for persons in a refined class of life to do so and so? And we shall seldom find ourselves misled in the result.'"

"Mrs. Theobald herself is bad enough," cries Emma appositely. "Mrs. Theobald has only to move her head or open her lips for you to see what she is. But the other person, with the dreadful eyes, and covered with gewgaw trash, and the rouge evident; and I heard her call you Rawdon! yes, though my back was turned, I heard her call you Rawdon!"

Poor Emma's voice chokes as she recalls this crowning enormity of Rawdon's companion. She lifts her handkerchief once more to her eyes; and Mrs. Crosbie steals discreetly from the room. And now comes the tug of war for young Rawdon.

"The 'other person,' Emma, of whom you speak so strongly, is Mrs. Theobald's sister, a poor little very hard-working actress. The world of a girl like this is not your world——"

"You may very well say that, I think!"

"Her ideas of conventional propriety are not yours; perhaps it would be correcter to say that she has no ideas of conventional propriety at all. I was introduced to Miss Arundel at rehearsal for the first time yesterday, and I think two minutes after my introduction to her she called me by my Christian name."

"And what business had you to be introduced to any Miss Arundels, pray? And how, as your engagements would not let you come here till six, had you time to go to all these horrid rehearsals and things?"

Rawdon hesitates. He has determined to set himself straight with his betrothed, so far as this setting straight may be accomplished by absolute truth-telling. But absolute truth-telling is no such easy task, he finds, now that it has to be put into practice!

"One can never exactly say how anything happens, Emmy. I met Mrs. Theobald; she was going to call for her sister at the Royal, and——"

"Spare yourself all this, Rawdon!" cries Emma with rising passion. "You used to meet Mrs. Theobald accidentally, perhaps, day after day, in Chalkshire.

You could not meet her accidentally in the streets of London. Of *her* want of principle and of right feeling in trying to entrap the attentions of an engaged man, I won't speak. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to do, even in idea, with such women. But you, Rawdon—yes, for the time has come when I mean to speak in plainest language—you must make your choice between her and me!”

“Emma——”

“If I were your wife, I would bear your neglect in silence, and as duty bade me.” And in saying this Emma really believes herself to be uttering the truth. “But I am not your wife. My duty is to myself still; and I repeat, you will have to make your choice between your present associates and me.”

She stops, fairly out of breath, her brow moistened with agitation, the green ribbons standing up on end, her swollen pink eyes fixed angrily upon her lover's face. Never, it must be confessed, has Emma looked less lovely in Rawdon's sight than at this moment; never has the contrast seemed sharper between her and Jane!

Jane—he thinks of her as she stood last night, her lip trembling, her fair face kindling as she made use of nearly the same words as Emma is using now; the same words, but with what a difference of tone and spirit!

“You have to make your choice, and there can't be a question as to where your choice must lie. Do what you know to be right, and forget that there is such a person as Jane Theobald in the world.”

A desperate resolve comes upon him to take his betrothed at her word; free himself at all costs; say one bitter good-by, for the last time feel the clasp of Jane Theobald's hand, then emigrate—to California, to Tasmania, any place where love and engagements and marriages are not! But just at this point Emma gives a convulsive sniff, and once more arms herself with the handkerchief and salts bottle; and Rawdon's better angel touches his heart again.

In this engagement of his he does not stand, it must be remembered, in the position of most engaged men. Emma Marsland, good, little, plain, long-suffering Emma, was his sister until the last few mistaken weeks that she has become his sweetheart. Emma to Rawdon Crosbie really means home, father, mother, every-

thing in the world the lad holds dear—save one thing. There is something monstrous in the idea of any lasting quarrel between him and the poor child whose love for him has been as the love of a spaniel for its master from the day when she first ran panting after his cricket balls, and stuck fish-hooks into her patient little stupid, fat fingers in vain attempts at making flies!

“You take things too seriously, Emmy. After such a ridiculous affair as that meeting we all had last night—it was very ridiculous, Emma, confess it—to talk about my choosing between you and any one! On your word, now, and in cold blood, Emma, do you mean to tell me you would be glad to have your freedom back?”

All this time he has been standing, cold and distant, a couple of yards or more away from her. He comes close now, and stoops until his lips are very near Miss Marsland's cheek. Her breath comes thick and fast; her easily agitated heart begins to palpitate. Never has the affectionate little heiress loved Rawdon better than in this moment of acutest jealousy! And still she is stubborn; will not retrograde one inch from the position which she feels (which Major Hervey has taught her to feel) dignity and self-respect require her to hold!

“I don't know what you mean by talking about ‘my freedom.’ Do you think I should have written all the way to Mr. Mason in Jamaica unless I had known my own mind? Have back my freedom indeed! And the wedding dresses bought, and bridesmaids settled on, and everything; and to think of what the Pippins will say—actually writing such a letter to mamma about her—and of course they talk to everybody in the same way, for I have always thought them most ill-natured, in spite of that friendly manner. If you wanted me to give anybody up, if you said to me, ‘Don't flirt with So-and-so,’ do you think I should not feel it a duty and a pleasure to obey you?”

The illustration, considering the amount of attention Emma ordinarily meets with, is not perhaps a forcible one. But Rawdon makes the most of it.

“If engaged people were to quarrel every time either was amused with anybody else, their existence would not be a very lively affair. Suppose I chose to be

jealous of Adonis? Adonis has scarcely been away from your side since the day you came to London. You were very much more engrossed by him last night than I was by Miss Arundel. Come, Emma, confess that you were."

"It is not a question at all of Miss Arundel, except that I am sorry for your taste in being seen with such a Creature," cries Emma, keeping Rawdon well to the point, however discursive she may be herself. "It is a question of Mrs. Theobald. Do you mean to give Mrs. Theobald up, Rawdon, or do you not?"

"Give up a lady who has a husband, home, child, already, and who cares about as much for me as I do for Mrs. Pippin! What do you mean, Emma? Reflect a little on what you are saying."

"I have reflected, and I think you must know pretty well what I mean. Will you give up calling at the Theobalds' house when you are in Chalkshire? If you meet her at any time and I am with you, will you pass by without recognizing her? That is what I want to know."

"Emma," answers Rawdon, but he draws away from her, he takes his former frigid attitude as he speaks, "do you think you are acting generously, acting as one woman should toward another, in making that request? I—I"—oh, how horribly hard it is for him to say this!—"know that my acquaintance, such as it is, with the Theobalds cannot continue on its present footing. You have decided, all of you, God knows why! that Mrs. Theobald shall not be visited; and if you wish it, I shall have no choice but to leave off calling at their house."

"If I wish it! As though there could be a doubt on the subject!"

"It matters little whether there is or not, Emma," cries Rawdon, waxing hot. "After what occurred last night there would be precious little chance of my being admitted at Theobalds if I did call. Mrs. Theobald has told me that much."

"Has she indeed? Excessive impertinence I consider it, on her part, toward the whole family then," says Emma, coloring scarlet.

"You think so, after the treatment she has received from the whole family during the past three weeks? However, this is beside the question. As far as I am concerned, I can promise with the most per-

fect safety never to bring Mrs. Theobald and you into any sort or kind of collision again."

"And you will never call at their house, and if you meet her when you are with me you will not bow?"

Rawdon turns sharply round from Miss Marsland, and in doing so confronts the reflection of his own flushed, horribly perplexed face in a mirror between the windows. Was ever man, he asks himself, in so humiliating a strait as this? What is a man to do, what *do* men do when feminine jealousy presses them thus hard?

His knowledge of life is sufficiently wide to tell him that if all wives and sweethearts exact such reasonless promises as Emma seeks to exact now, a considerable number of men must be under the necessity of perjuring themselves. Is perjury in matters pertaining to love and ladies to be counted dishonor? A deliberate falsehood to man has Rawdon Crosbie never uttered yet. A good many little white lies his mother and Emma have of late forced him into telling. Shall another one rather bigger, rather less white perhaps than its predecessors, be added to the number?

"You seem to require a long time to consider a most simple matter," says Emma, not perhaps in her sweetest tone. "Is 'yes' such a very difficult word to speak?"

"To such a question as you have asked me, I think it is a very difficult word to speak."

"Then you stand quite alone in your opinion. Mrs. Hervey, and Alfred Hervey, and everybody consider that I am perfectly justified under the circumstances in requiring that your acquaintance with the Theobalds shall come, at once and forever, to an end."

After this Rawdon Crosbie softens no more. He turns, he looks, I must say with no lover-like expression, very straight into Miss Marsland's face.

"Mrs. Hervey, Major Hervey, and everybody! You have been holding a delightful family conclave then upon my conduct, and the fitting punishment to be awarded me?"

"I don't know what you mean by a family conclave. Major Hervey saw how dreadfully hurt I was last night, and behaved most kindly. He was here directly after breakfast to-day, and has said every-

thing that was considerate to mamma and me."

"And he advised you what terms you should dictate to me, Emma? Let us have the truth out."

"Major Hervey has been excessively kind and considerate," says Emma rather doggedly. "Whatever opinions he gave about you were given with the utmost delicacy and forbearance."

"And he considers you justified in asking me to break off my acquaintance at once and for ever with the Theobalds?"

"Most decidedly he does."

"Very well, Emma! As you have thought fit to consult Major Hervey on a matter that concerns you and me alone, Major Hervey has, I have no doubt, prepared you for the probable result. I will not, under any pressure whatsoever, break off my acquaintance with the Theobalds, either in Chalkshire or elsewhere. Wherever and whenever I meet Mrs. Theobald, I shall hold myself only too much honored if she will condescend to notice me."

"This, this is quite sufficient!" cries Emma, starting to her feet. "From this

moment forth everything is at an end between us."

"That is as you like. If you choose to give me up because I refuse to offer a gratuitous insult to a perfectly innocent woman——"

"Innocent!"

"Yes, innocent! By heavens," he cries, getting hotter and hotter, "and not only innocent, but honest, truer, better in every way, than half the people you court as associates. If you feel yourself justified in doing this, do it. You will at least have the good opinion, the delicate sense of honor, the worldly knowledge of Major Hervey to support you!"

An hysterical sob, a whole crescendo passage of hysterical sobs from Miss Marsland concludes the scene. Enters Mrs. Crosbie with a conciliatory, well-timed speech. Enters Maria Hervey with a vinaigrette. Adonis, slowly moving, and suppressing a yawn, appears on the staircase; and Rawdon, uncertain whether he is the most miserable or the happiest man alive, rushes wit houtspeaking past them all, and from the house.

ALONE BY THE BAY.

HE is gone, O my heart, he is gone;
And the sea remains, and the sky;
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

And the waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the Bay
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe,
Their longing, and void, and despair,
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AN EVENING WITH SWINBURNE.

IT was the middle of September, and we had taken shelter in the safe and solid precincts of London from the dangerous excitements of Paris. The Republic was dawning as we left that paradise of Americans, and all good citizens of the United States had hurried, like ourselves, to the surer protection of monarchical institutions. Everybody seemed to have fled to London as the only ark capable of riding the stormy waters of the times; the sunny side of Regent street resounded with rapid French; and bewildered foreigners, lost in the intricacies of Cockney pronunciation, were continually appealing to one for aid. Nothing was talked of but the war, and Sedan and Gravelotte were the favorite topics. That very morning we had been to hear an eloquent discourse on "War, as I saw it at Gravelotte"—from the Prussian standpoint of course; everybody was Prussian there. Mr. Conway's brilliant lecture was hardly needed to rouse all the Teutonic sympathies latent in our bosoms—perhaps, after all, I should say in our imaginations. We had seen King William and the Crown Prince in the course of our wanderings; the King tall, erect, composed, every inch the soldier and the gentleman, nothing but his grizzled moustache to accuse him of age; the Crown Prince large, heavy, tawny-haired, with the light blue eyes that can be cruel at times, and something of coarseness and brutality beneath his lazy smile; the King beloved by his servants, the Crown Prince feared and disliked. Such was the picture we got at Ems and Babelsberg.

We were well prepared, therefore, to partake of a Sunday evening tea at the house of a famous German patriot and scholar, at least as far as sympathy with his fatherland went, all minor considerations having been swallowed up in the scheme of a United Germany. The days had gone by when German ladies wrote at the foot of their invitations "O. P." (Ohne Preussen); we were trying to forget them as fast as we could, and to make believe that Prussian and German were synonymous and exchangeable terms.

Over the fragrant cups of tea all individual preferences and party feelings were merged into the general pride and hope in the success of the fatherland, and the talk rippled on most amiably. It would be of no use to try to recall it, because opinions of future events are so hopelessly futile after the events have happened, and the wisest men of yesterday become babies in comparison with the children of to-day.

After a while we fell to discussing the Ammergau miracle-play, from which shrine we pilgrims had just returned. If we knew its present, mine host was thoroughly acquainted with its past, and poured forth from his large stores of knowledge many interesting details concerning the earliest history and origin of these remarkable plays. It was a mistake, he said, to trace them back in the first place to either Scriptural story or Greek tragedy, as so many had done. The open-air theatre, the broad stage, the explaining, commenting chorus, with their sweeping antique draperies—these and other points that the plays possessed in common with the Greek drama were but superficial resemblances, and their real origin was something far more recondite. Here a vague shudder swept over his attentive listeners, who dimly foresaw ready to spring forth upon their oft-shocked senses another myth of the Sun and the Dawn. For since we first arrived in London and sat at the feet of the philosophers of the Royal Institution, every cherished fable of our childhood, the few remnants of a vast faith in the impossible, had been turning into myths of the Sun and the Dawn. Not a shred was left to us, from Mother Goose down to Lafontaine; and as for the Greek mythology, it was a continual iteration of the same old story. Even Russian fairy stories and German *Märchen* turned out to be our old friends in slight disguise. It was a regular case of Mons. Tonson, and we looked apprehensively to have the Ammergau play dissolve into an ethereal combination of sun and dawn. But it was not quite so bad as that.

"These plays are not Grecian in their

origin," said our learned host. "They are founded upon old heathen superstitions, pagan rites commemorative of the death of Winter and the return of Spring."

We breathed again. The sun was in it, to be sure, but nothing was said about the dawn.

"Just as all the Christian feast days are continuations of pagan ceremonies, just as the early builders of churches erected them, if possible, upon some site already hallowed to the heathen mind, so were these histories of Christ's death and resurrection built by the earliest Christian teachers of Germany upon the pagan rejoicings at the resurrection of the Earth from the death of Winter. The cross itself is not a Christian symbol, but is found among all nations. With the Egyptians it was connected with the yearly fertilizing of the country by the overflowing of the Nile. Even so lately as my own boyhood," continued our host, "I remember taking part in a village festival descended from these early heathen rites. We buried a straw figure representing Winter, and then carried fir-trees about from house to house, singing as we went a rude old chorus. The trees were hung all over with blown eggs, typifying the fertility of the earth; and the fresh green of the young leaves was a promise of the returning verdure of the fields. The first miracle-plays were a mere substitution of the resurrection of Christ for the resurrection of Nature. The earliest on record is of the twelfth century, but nothing is left of it but the stage directions. The plays were originally in Latin, but the comic part, introduced to catch the ear of the populace, was written in its mother tongue. Gradually, as the people grew more important, the plays grew more German and less Latin, till in the fifteenth century we get the first play wholly written in German. These plays were often made the vehicle of the severest satires upon unpopular princes and kings."

All this and much more, that memory fails to retain, did we listen to, interrupted at last by the incoming of other guests, scholars and artists, and beautiful women, who were also artists themselves, and of no small skill. We had music, the "Wacht am Rhein" and other patriotic songs.

Then a gentle flutter among the ladies, and a little, slight, boyish figure entered,

his immense forehead towering above a face of unhealthy pallor, and dwarfing the other features (well proportioned in themselves) into comparative insignificance. The large head was made still larger by the great waves of hair of a deadened tawny hue that swept back from the brow, and the face still paler in contrast with the slight reddish beard and moustache that tried in vain to hide the fatal weakness of the mouth. Eyes of a clear yellowish gray looked out upon the world with cold and restless glances, and the hands and arms were in constant nervous motion. A murmur among the guests carried the name of "Swinburne!" round the room.

This then was the terrible lion of whose wonderful eccentricities we had heard such strange tales; whom even his radical and unconventional friends were shy of inviting to their houses; about whom Browning, most charitable of men, spoke in terms of pitying compassion; of whom less Christian brethren told dreadful tales; who had made the hair of Europe and America to stand on end by his wild excesses in words, and horrified London society out of its conventional wits; who had written some of the best poetry of the age (as well as some of the worst), and who would at least leave the world a precious legacy in "Atalanta"—"Atalanta, the pure among women, whose name is as blessing to speak"; that poet, finally, who, whatever may be his failings, has shown always the keenest and quickest appreciation of the work of other men, and has exhausted his richest store of adjectives in generous and enthusiastic praises of his rivals. No! of course there should be no such thing as rivalry in art, and every artist in words, or color, or form should be the first to recognize his brother's merit and trumpet forth his praises to the world; but do they? How many of your literary and artistic friends do you know who spend half their time in publicly as well as privately celebrating each other? And can you count on your fingers the names of those who criticize and condemn their brother's work?

Presently, according to the hospitable and ever-refreshing German fashion, cake and wine appeared, and people got into little knots and grew communicative and chatty. The rampant lion of whom we had heard so much was, if anything,

rather more quiet and gentlemanly and soft-spoken (even after the wine) than any one there. We chatted about Rossetti, and about Swinburne's late article in the "Fortnightly," in which his generous admiration of the great artist-poet had fairly run riot. He again extolled him to the skies, but with the most quiet and measured tone and manner. We ventured to mention "Atalanta," and how much it had been admired at home. "Yes, I like 'Atalanta,'" said its author, in his calm, modest way, without a particle of affectation, and quite as if he had had no more to do with it than any casual reader. Then he gradually diverged into a talk about criticisms and reviews generally, and of one of the modern poets who is terribly affected by reviews good or bad.

"But how anybody can be affected by a review—seriously, I mean," continued Swinburne, "I cannot understand. Of course praise of one's works is always very encouraging, but indiscriminate praise is worse than nothing. One always knows the real merits of one's works, and no praise of the poor things in them can possibly please. There is 'Chastelard,' for instance. There is one character in that poem over which I worked very hard and hoped to succeed in it, but it is an utter and complete failure. That is the character of Mary Beatoun; and when an enthusiastic review of the book appeared, it was entirely spoiled for me by the author's undiscriminating admiration of that character, in which I knew I had hopelessly failed."

We evaded the dangerous subject of Mary Beatoun by a judicious reference to the brilliant advantages of Mary Stuart as a character for tragedy.

"Yes," said Swinburne, "'Chastelard' is only one of a trilogy that I am writing upon Mary Stuart. The next is to be called 'Bothwell,' and the last one 'Fotheringhay.'"

Unfortunately one cannot remember everything that is said in an evening, even by a great poet; and not having either the note-book or the imagination of an "interviewer," but scanty fragments of the talk remain in my memory. Some association turned the conversation to Walt Whitman, a poet greatly admired by all but his own countrymen, and with a reputation abroad that would astonish Longfellow and make Lowell's hair stand on end.

"I read Walt Whitman a great deal," said Swinburne; "I have every edition of his books that has been published. He is one of the great geniuses of our time. That Victor Hugo is the greatest living poet there can be no manner of doubt, and I am almost inclined to think that Walt Whitman holds the second place." Very much the same thing he had asserted in the "Fortnightly" article upon Rossetti (May, 1870), only there it was not said, but broadly hinted, that to Rossetti belonged the disputed second place. We could not help having a sly suspicion that this post of the viceroy of poetry was a very unsettled appointment in our young poet's mind, and conferred in a generous haste upon the favorite of the moment. But as to his enthusiastic admiration of Walt Whitman there could be no doubt, although that admiration was by no means wholesale.

"The most beautiful poems in all his books," said Swinburne, "are the 'Word out of the Sea,' and the poem on the funeral of Lincoln. I confess I cannot see the poetry in his long catalogues of names and things."

"But his defenders say that these long catalogues are absolute beauties and not faults, are evidences of his affluence, profusion, teeming richness; that they show the variety and multitudinousness of his knowledge, the scope of his vision and sympathy, and enhance and enforce his doctrine. Also they assert that these are fortified by the precedents in other great poets—Homer with his catalogue of ships, Juvenal with his catalogue of the gods, Ezekiel with his catalogue of measurements, Virgil with his catalogue of the warriors, etc."

"Yes, but are these any more poetry because they are found in Homer, Virgil, and the rest? I confess I cannot see it," said Swinburne; "to me, beauty is an essential and indispensable element of poetry."

"But one of these defenders, whom we both have the pleasure of knowing, would say that the beautiful things were the least things in Walt Whitman, only the confectionery, and so on."

"I don't like the catalogues, nevertheless," persisted Swinburne; "and as for the catalogue of ships in Homer, who ever reads it? It is always skipped, and so are all the others. Still I admire and love Walt Whitman, and have dedicated

my new book to him. I am going to copy the ode and send it out, for I want him to have it before the book appears."

About this time one of the ladies of the house approached, and begged the poet to fulfil his promise of reading something from his new book, or rather from the proof-sheets, which, in a most promising state of crumple and confusion and newness, were produced from some hiding-place for the purpose.

He took his seat accordingly at a little table in the middle of the room, and began to read, or rather to chant, in a singular, high-pitched, unmodulated voice, with a curious fall at the end of each line, that gave it the effect of intoning. His reading was as bad as that of an intelligent man could be, and yet the splendid beauty of the "Ode to Walt Whitman," with which he began, triumphed over the nervous manner and the wailing voice, and drew loud plaudits even from his adverse critics, of whom there were several present. Then he read "Litany of the Nations," addressed to Hertha, the mother Earth, a poem which seemed to some of us the finest he had ever written. At the request of one of the ladies he followed it up with Hertha's answer to her children, "most musical, most melancholy," but too mystical withal to be thoroughly comprehended by one who was growing rapidly distracted by the effect of voice and manner. It was rather a relief as the poem ended to hear that our hour had come and we must go.

We carried away with us a memory of a very pleasant evening, however, and a recollection of one of the candidates for

that disputed "second place" that has served to balance many an idle slander. That his physique is accountable for many of his sins no one can help perceiving; and we were most agreeably disappointed in the poet's unexpected gentleness and quiet bearing, his entire freedom from self-consciousness or self-assertion, his modest manner in speaking of himself or others, and his hearty and generous admiration of his fellows. That this admiration is often extravagant and indiscriminating detracts nothing from its generosity, and we would that more of our poets erred in the same way. Altogether, we came away convinced anew of the great truth hidden in the homely old proverb that "not even the devil is as black as he is painted." Philip drunk shall appeal to Philip sober, and we will forget the author of "*Laus Veneris*," to remember the poet who sang of *Atalanta*, and who wrote the superb lines beginning:

Unto each man his handiwork; unto each his crown,

The just fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own
lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged
world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face
man's fate;
How should he die?

Seeing death has no part in him any more, no
power
Upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

LUCY FOUNTAIN.

THEN AND NOW

A STRETCH of primrose sky,
The robins madly singing,
While far away or nigh
The maples softly sigh,
With scarlet blossoms swinging.

Two lovers at the gate;
They linger, linger, linger
He binds the ring of fate—
The ring of love and fate—
With a kiss upon her finger.

O sky, too sad for tears!
O naked trees above us!
See how the cruel years
Turn all our hopes to fears,
Rob us of all who love us.

O fitful wind that grieves!
O empty gate, wide swinging!
O dead bird 'neath the leaves!
These are life's harvest sheaves,
The end of all our singing.

SADE M. TOWNE.

THE GOLDEN ARROW.

THIS is the story of a dissolute sailor who was ruined by a woman no better than himself. If it seems sensational as well as vulgar—for I understand that any story dealing with low people is necessarily vulgar—I can only say that it is strictly true. To-day there are scores of seamen to be met on South street or in the neighborhood of Long Wharf who have seen "Bloody Dick," and know the story of the mutiny on board the Golden Arrow. I have exaggerated nothing, but, on the contrary, have avoided dwelling at greater length than was absolutely necessary upon the horrors which led to the mutiny. Let the reader remember that the sea and the land are two distinct worlds, and that the landsman knows less of the daily life of him who toils and suffers on the sea than the average American knows of the life that is led by the Kalmuck Tartar or the wandering Arab.

In the days when America possessed a mercantile marine, the American clipper-ships were among the just objects of national pride. No patriotic American would willingly admit that our English cousins could build a ship capable of out-sailing such splendid vessels as the Sovereign of the Seas, the Contest, or the Comet. We agreed to ignore the existence of the Aberdeen clippers and the Clyde-built ships, and firmly believed that, in comparison with our McKays and Webbs, the British shipbuilders were but little in advance of the Dutchmen who, until a few years since, still clung fondly to the quaint model of the old Dutch galleon. And indeed we had good reason to be proud of the beauty and speed of our own clippers. It is true that occasionally, as in the race between the British Challenger and the American Challenge, the British ship proved faster than her rival; still, we could point to the famous log of the Sovereign of the Seas and challenge the world to produce its parallel. Such a magnificent fleet as our California and China trade could boast had never before been seen, and has never yet been surpassed. Where is it now? What has become of the Typhoons, the Tornados,

the Whirlwinds, and the White Squalls the Wings of the Morning, the Winged Racer, and the Neptune's Car? Were they wrecked on coral reefs, or—still sadder fate—do they float alien flags and coin freight for foreign coffers?

The average public, proud as it was of the American clipper-ships, little knew how cordially they were hated by the men who manned them—the "common sailors," as respectable landsmen usually call them. On board these ships everything was sacrificed to the one object of making a rapid passage. They were commanded by the boldest and most reckless men in the service. Sail was carried until the latest possible moment, and, as the safety of the ship often hung on the rapidity with which the captain's orders were executed, instant and intelligent obedience from the men was a necessity. In many, if not in most cases, this sharp severity of discipline degenerated into reckless brutality. The slightest hesitancy on the part of a sailor, whether it arose from ignorance or reluctance, was met by a blow from the fist or a belaying pin. No slaves were ever driven with the cruel brutality which was the ordinary lot of the crew of a California clipper. The splendid ship, whose graceful lines made her a vision of poetic beauty, was often a floating hell to the miserable men whose prison-house she was. The brutalities which had given a sombre reputation to certain lines of Liverpool packets were completely eclipsed by the ingenious cruelties common on board the clipper-ships. They were hated and shunned by seamen, and their crews were usually made up in great part by kidnapping drunken sailors and "shanghaiing" unsuspecting landmen.

I had been for two years in the Liverpool trade when I decided to ship for San Francisco on board the clipper-ship Golden Arrow, Captain James Smith. To my inquiries as to the captain I received a variety of information. I was told by one that old Jimmy Smith had been for years one of the easiest and best men in the East India trade; by another, that he was one of the hardest of the Black Ball

captains; by a third, that he had been master of a Nantucket whaler, and was a sort of father to his crew. The truth seemed to be that no one really knew anything about him, so I accepted the assurance of the shipping-master that he was precisely the man to make a ship comfortable, and signed the articles without hesitation.

The ship was lying in the East River waiting for a crew when I joined her, and I was detained at the ladder by the delay incident to slinging and hoisting on board a young sailor who was literally dead drunk. I reached the deck while one of the officers was searching the man's bag for concealed liquor, and had time to notice how superb was the figure and handsome the face of the young fellow who lay helpless and unconscious on the deck. The search ended, he was dragged forward by a couple of riggers who were still employed on the vessel, and deliberately thrown down the fore-castle hatch, his canvas bag being thrown after him; when in a few moments afterward I went below, I found him still lying at the foot of the ladder, with his head severely cut against a link of the chain cable.

I dragged him out of the way, and putting his bag under his head looked around me. In that dark, unventilated den there were a dozen men in various stages of drunkenness. Some were sleeping soundly; one was talking rapidly and unintelligibly to himself, in the madness of delirium tremens; and two were clinched in a futile effort to fight, although they were far too drunk to stand. The latter as they rolled about the deck finally fell over the young sailor, and, after a few aimless blows, went sound asleep upon their accidental pillow. Accustomed as I was to sights hardly less brutal, this scene was intolerably repulsive to me, and I hastily sought the fresh air and the open deck. Before sunset we dropped down to the Quarantine ground and anchored for the night. I lay in the lee of the caboose till morning, and slept fitfully, while yells, oaths, and songs resounded from the pandemonium below.

Early the next morning, while I was drawing a bucket of water for the purposes of a primitive morning toilet, the young sailor made his appearance, and lounging near me said: "After you, mate." He was quite sober; and but for

the blood that matted his hair showed little trace of his late besotted condition. After he had plunged his head into the bucket and dried his face on his sleeve, he turned to me and asked, "What ship's this?"

"The Golden Arrow," I replied, "bound for Frisco."

"For Frisco," he repeated. "I thought so from the look of her. What's the old man's name?"

"James Smith," I answered.

"I don't know him," he returned. Then, as if struck with a new idea, he asked, "What day is it?"

I told him it was Wednesday, December 10.

"Well," he replied, "that's rough on me. I only got in from Havre yesterday, in the old ship Rhine—and here some—has shanghaied me. I don't care though. Do you know who stove my head in?"

"Thankee, shipmate," said he, when I had explained the cause of his accident. "If you want anything of me on this voyage, just pass the word for Bill and he'll be there every time."

He left me to beg a drink from the mate—a favor which no intelligent officer refuses to a sailor who has just come out of a drunken debauch. He returned, however, disappointed, and cursing the mate heartily. We stood leaning over the rail when a small boat from the shore approached the ship. As she came alongside, Bill remarked upon the hard, cruel face of the slight-built, thin-lipped man who was her solitary passenger. "I hope that ain't Cap'n James Smith," said he. "If it is, we're goin' to have a lively time."

"That ain't no James Smith," chimed in an old sailor who had approached us, "but I can just tell you who it is. That there is 'Bloody Dick,' and if he's goin' to take this ship out you'll know what hell is before you're off soundings."

"Bloody Dick" was the nickname of a captain so notorious as the hardest master afloat that no ship advertised in his name could obtain a crew. The mention of his name created an immediate stir among the men who were now on deck, and they crowded to the side to look at the hated tyrant.

"—— him," said the old sailor who had already spoken, "I know his ugly mug. He stove my ribs in on board the

old Vicksburg, and give me this here list to port that spiles me for heavy work. That's his old game—putting up his ship in another man's name, and comin' aboard at Quarantine. Serves me right for shipping aboard a clipper. ——— Cap'n James Smith!"

The subject of so much notice had already reached the quarter-deck, and, from the obsequious manner in which he was saluted by the mates, was evidently the man who was to command the ship. The boat which conveyed him turned back to the shore. The great wheels of the steam-tug that was made fast to our side began to revolve, and we entered upon our three months' voyage at the absolute mercy of the worst tyrant that the sea, which breeds its petty Neros and Caligulas by the score, had ever known.

While passing down the bay, the men were mustered for division into watches. Among them was the man with the delirium tremens, who was outwardly quiet enough, but whose eye was wild and wandering. No sooner had he caught sight of the captain, who was standing in the waist of the ship, than he uttered a wild scream. "Bloody Dick is after me," he cried, with a terror that was frightful to witness; and springing on the rail, he threw up his hands and plunged overboard. Not the slightest attempt was made to rescue him, but I fancied that I saw a grim smile on the captain's thin lips as he witnessed this tribute to his terrible reputation.

With the story of the first few weeks of the voyage I need not trouble you. It was a daily succession of wanton brutalities. The mates, either from inclination or policy, imitated the cruelties of the master, and were apt scholars in his infamous school. Every day some unfortunate sailor was knocked down or beaten. "Bloody Dick" had made a study of the science of torture, and often put in practice cruelties that in their devilish ingenuity made the Old World inquisitors seem but dullards at their trade. Graver crimes than the infliction of bodily torture were moreover frequent. Off Hatteras, while I and three others were furling the main-topgallant sail—it blowing heavily at the time—the second mate, enraged at the delay caused by the stiffness of the frozen sail, came aloft to hasten our movements, and standing in the slings of the yard de-

liberately kicked the sailor nearest him until he lost his balance and fell overboard. "That's the second man gone," said "Turpentine Jack," the man whose ribs had been broken on a former voyage. "He'll have lots of company before we reach the Horn." A week afterward another man was so severely beaten on the head with a handspike that he died raving mad. About the same time the captain became exasperated at the slowness of the sailor who was passing the weather earing while reefing the mizzen-top-sail, and, going into the cabin, returned with a pistol and shot the man, who fell overboard dying or dead. The shot was really an excellent one in view of the distance and the uneasy pitching of the vessel, and "Bloody Dick" seemed quite proud of it. In one way or another the number of our crew steadily diminished, and when we reached Cape Horn seven men had died, either directly or indirectly from the effects of their inhuman treatment. Our crew at the outset was far smaller than it should have been for the efficient working of so large a ship, and I began to fear that the black cook's prophecy might prove true when he said, "Bloody Dick won't leave enough of you fellers to work her into port. He'll have to put me and the stewardess into his watch."

For though we had no passengers, we had a stewardess—a slight, sad-eyed, though rather pretty woman, whose gay ribbons sometimes fluttered on the deck. "Bloody Dick" did not except her from the cruel treatment which he gave to his crew, and the cook, who had access to the cabin, swore that he had seen the captain more than once strike her in the face.

All this time Bill and myself had been extremely fortunate. A few blows had fallen to our share, but neither of us had much reason to complain. One day, however, two of the men dragged Bill forward from the wheel utterly insensible, and with his handsome face beaten out of recognition. According to the story of one of the two, Bill was at the lee wheel—two men being needed to steer the ship in heavy weather—when the stewardess came on deck. It had so happened that he had never before seen her since leaving port. As he caught sight of her face he uttered a cry, and letting go the wheel ran toward her. The woman in her turn gave a shriek and ran below. Then the

captain and the second mate set upon him, and beat him until they were tired.

Bill was on deck again the next day, and I took an opportunity of asking him the reason of his extraordinary conduct. But he would give me no satisfactory explanation. He insisted that he had never noticed the woman, and that he left the wheel because he wanted some tobacco. Of course I knew that this was untrue, but he evidently had his reasons for refusing to be communicative, and I had grown so warmly attached to him that I did not press him further on a subject which was clearly painful to him. But from this time he grew silent and moody. All his gay spirits, that had kept heart in us even in the horrors of that slaughter-ship, vanished. The men adopted the theory that his brain had been affected by his injuries. However, he never relaxed in his prompt performance of duty, and never again committed a fault which could give our tyrants an excuse for maltreating him.

One night Bill and I came on deck, when we heard shrieks issuing from the cabin. Neither of us spoke a word, but Bill's face grew set and fierce in the moonlight. In the morning I noticed that he had a whispered conference with the cook, and that afterwards he was more than usually silent and unapproachable. He had moreover a dangerous look in his face. One would have said that the man was meditating some desperate enterprise. It is doubtful if at this time he had formed the wild scheme which he afterward attempted to execute. He was, however, a desperate man, who might at any moment throw off the mask of quiet obedience, if the motive and opportunity were at hand.

Once I fancied that I saw him talking with the stewardess in the shadow of the house amidships; but when I approached him a little while afterward he was quite alone. He affected complete ignorance of the miserable woman, whose relation to "Bloody Dick" was evident, and could not be drawn into conversation about her. She rarely came on deck, and Bill and I, who were in the same watch, scarcely ever caught a glimpse of her. At last, however, an afternoon arrived when we two were sitting on the lee side of the quarter-deck mending a split sail; we were working rapidly and silently when "Bloody Dick" appeared, followed with evident reluctance by the woman. They stood near

the companionway, and the captain plainly spoke to her of Bill, for he pointed toward him as he was questioning her. We could not hear his questions nor her answers, but the latter threw "Bloody Dick" into one of his quiet, devilish rages. He turned on her with a torrent of the foulest language spoken in soft and measured accents, and ordered her below. Then he approached Bill, and kicked him till he grew weary of the exercise. Neither of us said a word, as remonstrance would only have made matters worse. The sailor that is in the power of a brutal captain has no possible redress at sea. No one dare lift a finger to protect him, and there are no police to answer his cry for help.

A few nights afterward Bill came to me in the first watch, and drawing me apart from the other men said to me:

"You're my friend, and I'm proud of it, for you've been something a——— aight better than a sailor before you came to this. I was a decent man too, once, but I was ruined by a woman. I wasn't a gentleman, you understand, but my dad was a respectable man, and my mother was as nice a woman as there was in London. I grew up at home, and was in dad's shop selling groceries and keeping myself pretty straight. I didn't drink in them days, you understand, and I was a quiet, hard-working young fellow, only I was——— fool enough to get married. I warn't twenty years old, mind you, and she was three years younger than me—the prettiest girl in the Tower Hamlets. And by——— she was innocent and good when I knew her, and she was fond of me too, till she got her head filled with notions of being a fine lady. It was an Injee mate, one of Green's fellows—they chaps that wears uniforms and gold lace. He ruined her. He made her think I warn't enough of a swell for her, and——— Well! the end of it was she left me, and everybody knew she went off with the Injee fellow. Give me some tobacco, will you? I can't think of her without chewing like——— Well! I went just mad about that woman. I took to drinking day and night till I see that my folks was as miserable about me as I was about her. So I says one day, 'Dad, I'll never disgrace you as she has me. I'm a-going to sea, and you'll never hear of me till I can tell you I've choked the——— villain that ruined her.' So I

went to sea. That's three years ago, and I've been knocking round ever since."

"Have you ever found the man?" I asked.

"Not yet," he answered; "but—but"—and he seemed unable to speak.

"But what, Bill?" said I. "Speak out, old man; you know you can trust me."

"I've found *her*," he answered; "she's aboard this ship. The girl the old man licks when he's tired of licking us is my little Nell." Here he walked suddenly away from me, and stood alone by the fore-rigging, his head bent upon his arm. By and by he came back to me, and went on with the story. "She knows me, and she ain't afraid of me. I couldn't hurt her, you know. I've had a talk with her, and she hates 'Bloody Dick' worse than we do. He won't beat her again, though."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Because," he replied fiercely, "he's a dead man before twenty-four hours is over. I've got the whole thing fixed. The men are all in it but you. I warn't going to say a word to you about it, so as you'd be all right if we failed. But we ain't going to fail. To-morrow night we'll take this ship, or there won't be men enough left to sail her."

"But, Bill!" I urged, "you've lost your senses, man. You'll ruin the whole of us. If you can trust the men to follow, which I don't believe you can, for they've no heart left in them, what could you do? You'd be hung if you took the ship into port; besides, none of us can navigate her."

"Burn her," he replied, "and take to the boats. We're on the Pacific now, and you can cruise all over it in a small boat. When we're picked up and swear the officers went down with the ship, who's to prove the contrary?"

"Bill," said I, earnestly, "don't do this mad thing. I won't betray you, though I won't join you. Whether you fail or not, we shall be worse off than we are now."

"And the woman," he demanded hoarsely—"what's to become of her?"

I was silent, for after what he had said, how could I tell him that she was not worth the danger and crime of mutiny and murder?

"I love her yet," Bill continued; "she was such a young bit of a thing that I

can't help forgiving her. And she's had such a hell of a life since the Injee mate was drowned in the Hoogly. Do you suppose I'm going to stand still and let 'Bloody Dick' hammer her whenever he pleases?"

Here we were called to shorten sail, and our conversation came to an end. Bill did not speak to me again that night, nor the next day. I anxiously awaited the approach of the following night. So far as "Bloody Dick" was concerned, I would not have lifted a finger to save him; but I knew how mad and hopeless any attempt at mutiny must necessarily be.

The next day, soon after one o'clock, when all hands were on deck—for on the Golden Arrow, whether the weather was fair or foul, all hands were kept at work in the afternoon—I was aloft reeving a new leech-line to the mizzen-topsail. I was not looking for any demonstration on the part of the mutineers until nightfall, and therefore, though I saw Bill and the rest of the crew gathered together on the fore-castle, I did not suspect that any outbreak was at hand. Presently, however, the group separated, and five men, Bill leading them, came aft together, the others remaining on the fore-castle. The five approached the quarter-deck, where "Bloody Dick" was pacing up and down, and the mate was leaning over the rail speaking to the second mate, who was in the mizzen-chains examining a defective dead-eye. Suddenly Bill threw himself, knife in hand, on the captain, while two of his companions attacked the mate, and the other two, armed with iron belaying-pins, stood at the companionway ready to strike down the third and fourth officers, should the noise bring them up from their dinner below. I ceased working, and watched the scene. The mate made a stout defence, though taken completely by surprise; but he was soon overpowered and beaten down. The second mate, however, sprang over the bulwarks, and unarmed rushed gallantly to his rescue. Meanwhile, Bill had planted a severe stab in the captain's left shoulder. "Bloody Dick," bully though he was, did not know the meaning of fear. He sprang backward from the sailor's first attack, and striking him a terrific blow under the chin he sent him heavily to the deck. Drawing a revolver, he instantly fired at him, and then turning to the aid of the second

mate shot both his assailants. The two men at the companionway, seeing the fate of their comrades, turned to fly just as the two officers from below rushed on deck. The captain's unerring pistol struck one of the fugitives down dead, and the other, seeing that the game was hopeless, hurled his belaying-pin at the nearest of his pursuers, and leaping overboard sank instantly out of sight. The mutiny had hardly lasted five minutes and not one of the mutineers remained unhurt. It was plain that at the last moment Bill had been deserted by all except his five desperate comrades. I was not surprised at this. We were slaves, and slaves are usually cowards. Moreover, the man who engages in a mutiny knows that even if he succeeds he puts a rope about his neck. Few think it worth while to engage in a desperate battle in order to exchange the certainty of being beaten at sea for the probability of being hung ashore.

As soon as the fight was over all hands were called aft, myself included, and "Bloody Dick," with his smoking revolver in his hand, demanded to know who were concerned in the conspiracy? So great was the terror which this man exercised, that the men stood silent and irresolute, lacking even the spirit to deny their crime. Bill, however, who was lying on the deck with a ball through his spine, answered for them. "They were all in it except him," he said, pointing to me; "but the d—d cowards went back on me when there was a fight on hand. He (still meaning myself) is the only man who didn't know what we meant to do, and that I'll swear to."

"Bloody Dick" looked at us for a few moments with a smile of the bitterest contempt, and then ordered us forward. "Heave those carcasses overboard," he continued, turning to the mates—"the whole of them, mind, whether they've croaked or not. Overboard with them." Spurning one of the bodies with his foot, he went below.

But as the barbarous order was about to be executed, the stewardess rushed wildly on deck and threw herself on Bill's dying form, crying and weeping in passionate grief.

Bill's arm stole slowly and weakly about her neck. "Don't take on so, darling," he said. "I did it for your sake. Don't mind me."

"Oh, Bill, dear Bill," she sobbed, "I have killed you, I have killed you! You can't forgive me now."

"I do forgive you free and earnest," he answered. "You was only a child anyhow, and perhaps I didn't treat you kind enough. Tell me you love me now, and I die all right."

"I do love you," she cried, "my dear old Bill. They shan't take you from me. If you die, I'll die too."

A sweet smile passed over Bill's face, and his hand played with her disordered hair. "Let me see Jim," he said faintly, without, however, taking his arm from the woman's neck.

I bent down to him in spite of the presence of the officers, and he whispered, "We've stowed in the water tanks, and you'll have to put into port for water. Get Nell out of this if you can."

The mates roughly dragged the shrieking woman away, and one of them carried her into the cabin. I reluctantly obeyed the order to go forward, and from the fore-castle I saw the living and the dead cast overboard. Thus ended the mutiny of the Golden Arrow.

As Bill had said, the fresh water tanks had been tampered with, and five days afterward we put into Valparaiso for a new supply. Here I with most of the crew deserted the ship at once, and "Bloody Dick" did not care to pursue us. Of the woman I never heard again. She did not show herself after the mutiny. Poor Bill! I never think of him without wondering why it is that the gentlest and kindest souls are the very ones whom vain and silly women deceive and ruin.

AT ISELLA.

MY story begins properly, I suppose, with my journey, and my journey began properly at Lucerne. It had been on the point of beginning a number of times before. About the middle of August I actually started. I had been putting it off from day to day in deference to the opinion of several discreet friends, who solemnly assured me that a man of my make would never outweather the rage of an Italian August. But ever since deciding to winter in Italy, instead of subsiding unimaginatively upon Paris, I had had a standing quarrel with Switzerland. What was Switzerland after all? Little else but brute Nature surely, of which at home we have enough and to spare. What we seek in Europe is Nature refined and transmuted to art. In Switzerland, what a pale historic coloring; what a penury of relics and monuments! I pined for a cathedral or a gallery. Instead of dutifully conning my Swiss Bäderer, I had fretfully deflavored my Murray's North Italy. Lucerne indeed is a charming little city, and I had learned to know it well. I had watched the tumbling Reuss, blue from the melting pinnacles which know the blue of heaven, come rushing and swirling beneath those quaintly-timbered bridges, vaulted with mystical paintings in the manner of Holbein, and through the severed mass of the white, compact town. I had frequented the great, bald, half-handsome, half-hideous church of the Jesuits, and listened in the twilight to the seraphic choir which breathes through its mighty organ-tubes. I had taken the most reckless pleasure in the fact that this was Catholic Switzerland. I had strolled and restrolled across the narrow market-place at Altorf, and kept my countenance in the presence of that ludicrous plaster-cast of the *genius loci* and his cross-bow. I had peregrinated further to the little hamlet of Bürglen, and peeped into the frescoed chapel which commemorates the hero's natal scene. I had also investigated that sordid lake-side sanctuary, with its threshold lapped by the waves and its walls defiled by cockneys, which consecrates the spot at which

the great mountaineer, leaping from among his custodians in Gesler's boat, spurned the stout skiff with his invincible heel. I had contemplated from the deck of the steamer the images of the immortal trio, authors of the oath of liberation, which adorn the pier at Brunnen. I had so-journed at that compact little State of Gersau, sandwiched between the lake and the great wall of the Righi, and securely niched somewhere in history as the smallest and most perpetual of republics. The traveller's impatience hereabouts is quickened by his nearness to one of the greatest of the Alpine highways. Here he may catch a balmy side-wind, stirred from the ranks of southward-trooping pilgrims. The Saint Gothard route begins at Lucerne, where you take your place in the diligence and register your luggage. I used to fancy that a great wave of Southern life rolled down this mighty channel to expire visibly in the blue lake, and ripple to its green shores. I used to imagine great gusts of warm wind hovering about the coach office at Fluelen, scented with oleander and myrtle. I used to buy at Fluelen, to the great peril of my digestion, certain villanous peaches and plums, offered by little girls at the steamboat landing, and of which it was currently whispered that they had ripened on those further Italian slopes.

One fine morning I marked my luggage *Milan!* with a great imaginative flourish which may have had something to do with my subsequent difficulty in recovering it in the Lombard capital, banished it for a fortnight from sight and mind, and embarked on the steamboat at Lucerne with the interval's equipment in a knapsack. It is noteworthy how readily, on leaving Switzerland, I made my peace with it. What a pleasure-giving land it is, in truth! Besides the massive glory of its mountains, how it heaps up the measure of delight with the unbargained grace of town and tower, of remembered name and deed! As we passed away from Lucerne, my eyes lingered with a fresher fondness than before upon an admirable bit of the civic picturesque—a great line of mellow-stue-

coed dwellings, with verdurous water-steps and grated basements, rising squarely from the rushing cobalt of the Reuss. It was a palpable foretaste of Venice. I am not ashamed to say how soon I began to look out for premonitions of Italy. It was better to begin too soon than too late; so, to miss nothing, I began to note "sensations" at Altorf, the historic heart of Helvetia. I remember here certain formal burgher mansions, standing back from the dusty highroad beyond spacious, well-swept courts, into which the wayfarer glances through immense gates of antique wrought iron. I had a notion that deserted Italian palazzos took the lingering sunbeams at somewhat such an angle, with just that coarse glare. I wondered of course who lived in them, and how they lived, and what was society in Altorf; longing plaintively, in the manner of roaming Americans, for a few stray crumbs from the native social board; with my fancy vainly beating its wings against the great blank wall, behind which, in travel-haunted Europe, all gentle private interests nestle away from intrusion. Here, as everywhere, I was struck with the mere surface-relation of the Western tourist to the soil he treads. He filters and trickles through the dense social body in every possible direction, and issues forth at last the same virginal water drop. "Go your way," these antique houses seemed to say, from their quiet courts and gardens; "the road is yours and welcome, but the land is ours. You may pass and stare and wonder, but you may never know us." The Western tourist consoles himself, of course, by the reflection that the gentry of Altorf and other ancient burghs gain more from the imagination possibly than they might bestow upon it.

I confess that so long as I remained in the land, as I did for the rest of the afternoon—a pure afternoon of late summer, charged with mellow shadows from the teeming verdure of the narrow lowland, beyond which to-morrow and Italy seemed merged in a vague bright identity—I felt that I was not fairly under way. The land terminates at Amstaeg, where I lay that night. Early the next morning I attacked the mighty slopes. Just beyond Amstaeg, if I am not mistaken, a narrow granite bridge spans the last mountain-plunge of the Reuss; and just here the great white

road begins the long toil of its ascent. To my sense, these mighty Alpine highways have a grand poetry of their own. I lack, doubtless, that stout stomach for pure loneliness which leads your genuine mountaineer to pronounce them a desecration of the mountain stillness. As if the mountain stillness were not inviolable! Gleaming here and there against the dark sides of the gorges, unrolling their measured bands further and higher, doubling and stretching and spanning, but always climbing, they break it only to the anxious eye. The Saint Gothard road is immensely long drawn, and, if the truth be told, somewhat monotonous. As you follow it to its uppermost reaches, the landscape takes on a darker local color. Far below the wayside, the yellow Reuss tumbles and leaps and foams over a perfect torture-bed of broken rock. The higher slopes lie naked and raw, or coated with alabs of gray. The valley lifts and narrows and darkens into the scenic mountain pass of the fancy. I was haunted as I walked by an old steel plate in a French book that I used to look at as a child, lying on my stomach on the parlor floor. Under it was written "Saint Gothard." I remembered distinctly the cold, gray mood which this picture used to generate; the same tone of feeling is produced by the actual scene. Coming at last to the Devil's Bridge, I recognized the source of the steel plate of my infancy. You have no impulse here to linger fondly. You hurry away after a moment's halt, with an impression fierce and chaotic as the place itself. A great torrent of wind, sweeping from a sudden outlet and snatching uproar and spray from the mad torrent of water leaping in liquid thunderbolts beneath; a giddy, deafened, deluged stare, with my two hands to my hat, and a rapid shuddering retreat—these are my chief impressions of the Devil's Bridge. If, on leaving Amstaeg in the morning, I had been asked whither I was bending my steps, "To Italy!" I would have answered, with a grand absence of detail. The radiance of this broad fact had quenched the possible side-lights of reflection. As I approached the summit of the pass, it became a profoundly solemn thought that I might, by pushing on with energy, lay my weary limbs on an Italian bed. There was something so delightful in the mere protracted, suspended sense of approach,

that it seemed a pity to bring it to so abrupt a close. And then suppose, metaphysical soul of mine, that Italy should not, in vulgar parlance, altogether come up to time? Why not prolong awhile the possible bliss of ignorance—of illusion? Something short of the summit of the Saint Gothard pass, the great road of the Furca diverges to the right, passes the Rhône Glacier, enters the Rhône Valley, and conducts you to Brieg and the foot of the Simplon. Reaching in due course this divergence of the Furca road, I tarried awhile beneath the mountain sky, debating whether or not delay would add to pleasure. I opened my Bädeler and read that within a couple of hours' walk from my halting-place was the *Albergo di San Gothardo, vaste et sombre auberge Italienne*. To think of being at that distance from a vast, sombre Italian inn! On the other hand, there were some very pretty things said of the Simplon. I tossed up a napoleon; the head fell uppermost. I trudged away to the right. The road to the Furca lies across one of those high desolate plateaux which represent the hard prose of mountain scenery. Naked and stern it lay before me, rock and grass, without a shrub, without a tree, without a grace—like the dry bed of some gigantic river of prehistoric times.

The stunted hamlet of Realp, beside the road dwarfed by the huge scale of things, seemed little more than a cluster of naked, sun-blackened bowlders. It contained an inn, however, and the inn contained the usual Alpine larder of cold real and cheese, and, as I remember, a very affable maid-servant, who spoke excellent lowland French, and confessed in the course of an after-dinner conversation that the winters in Realp were *un peu tristes*. This conversation took place as I sat resting outside the door in the late afternoon, watching the bright, hard light of the scene grow gray and cold beneath a clear sky, and wondering to find humanity lodged in such an exaltation of desolation.

The road of the Furca, as I discovered the next morning, is a road and little else. Its massive bareness, however, gives it an incontestable grandeur. The broad, serpentine terrace uncoils its slanting *cordons* with a multiplicity of curves and angles and patient reaches of circumvention, which give it the air of some wanton

revelry of engineering genius. Finally, after a brief level of repose, it plunges down to the Rhône Glacier. I had the good fortune to see this great spectacle on the finest day of the year. Its perfect beauty is best revealed beneath the scorching glare of an untamed sun. The sky was without a cloud—the air incredibly lucid. The glacier dropped its billowy sheet—a soundless tumult of whiteness, a torrent of rolling marble—straight from the blue of heaven to the glassy margin of the road. It seems to gather into its bosom the whole diffused light of the world, so that round about it all objects lose their color. The rocks and hills stand sullen and neutral; the lustre of the sky is turned to blackness. At the little hotel near the glacier I waited for the coach to Brieg, and started thitherward in the early afternoon, sole occupant of the *coupé*.

Let me not, however, forget to commemorate the French priest whom we took in at one of the squalid villages of the dreary Haut-Valais, through which on that bright afternoon we rattled so superbly. It was a Sunday, and throughout this long dark chain of wayside hamlets the peasants were straddling stolidly about the little central *place* in the hideous festal accoutrements of the rustic Swiss. He came forth from the tavern, gently cleaving the staring crowd, accompanied by two brother ecclesiastics. These were portly, elderly men; he was young and pale and priestly in the last degree. They had a little scene of adieux at the coach door. They whispered gently, gently holding each other's hands and looking lovingly into each other's eyes, and then the two elders saluted their comrade on each cheek, and, as we departed, blew after him just the least little sacramental kiss. It was all, dramatically speaking, delightfully low in tone. Before we reached Brieg the young priest had gained a friend to console him for those he had lost. He proved to be a most amiable person; full of homely frankness and appealing innocence of mundane things; and invested withal with a most pathetic air of sitting there as a mere passive object of transmission—a simple priestly particle in the great ecclesiastical body, transposed by the logic of an inscrutable *thüher!* and *thus!* On learning that I was an American, he treated me so implicitly as a travelled

man of the world, that he almost persuaded me for the time I was one. He was on pins and needles with his sense of the possible hazards of travel. He asked questions the most innocently *sanguines*. He was convinced on general grounds that our driver was drunk, and that he would surely overturn us into the Rhône. He seemed possessed at the same time with a sort of school-boy relish for the profane humor of things. Whenever the coach made a lurch toward the river-bank or swung too broadly round a turn, he would grasp my arm and whisper that our hour had come; and then, before our pace was quite readjusted, he would fall to nursing his elbows and snickering gently to himself. It seemed altogether a larger possibility than any he had been prepared for that on his complaining of the cold I should offer him the use of my overcoat. Of this and of other personal belongings he ventured to inquire the price, and indeed seemed oppressed with the sudden expensiveness of the world. But now that he was fairly launched he was moving in earnest. He was to reach Brieg, if possible, in time for the night diligence over the Simplon, which was to deposit him at the Hospice on the summit.

By a very early hour the next morning I had climbed apace with the sun. Brieg was far below me in the valley. I had measured an endless number of the giant elbows of the road, and from the bosky flank of the mountain I looked down at nestling gulfs of greenness, cool with shade; at surging billows of forest crested with the early brightness; at slopes in light and cliffs in shadow; at all the heaving mountain zone which belongs to the verdant nearness of earth; and then straight across to the sacred pinnacles which take their tone from heaven.

If weather could bless an enterprise, mine was blessed beyond words. It seemed to me that Nature had taken an interest in my little project and was determined to do the thing handsomely. As I mounted higher, the light flung its dazzling presence on all things. The air stood still to take it; the green glittered within the green, the blue burned beyond it; the dew on the forests gathered to dry into massive crystals, and beyond the brilliant void of space the clear snow-fields stood out like planes of marble inserted in a field of lapis-lazuli. The Swiss side of

the Simplon has the beauty of a boundless luxury of green; the view remains gentle even in its immensity. The ascent is gradual and slow, and only when you reach the summit do you get a sense of proper mountain grimness. On this favoring day of mine the snowy horrors of the opposite Aletsch Glacier seemed fairly to twinkle with serenity. It seemed to me when I reached the Hospice that I had been winding for hours along the inner hollow of some mighty cup of verdure toward a rim of chiselled silver crowned with topaz. At the Hospice I made bold to ask leave to rest. It stands on the bare topmost plateau of the pass, bare itself as the spot it consecrates, and stern as the courage of the pious brothers who administer its charities. It broods upon the scene with the true, bold, convent look, with rugged yellow walls and grated windows, striving to close in human weakness from blast and avalanche, as in valleys and cities to close it in from temptation and pollution. A few St. Bernard dogs were dozing outside in the chilly sunshine. I climbed the great stone steps which lift the threshold above the snowland, and tinkled the bell of appeal. Here for a couple of hours I was made welcome to the cold, hard fare of the convent. There was to my mind a solemn and pleasant fitness in my thus entering church-burdened Italy through the portal of the church, for from the convent door to the plain of Lombardy it was all to be downhill work. I seemed to feel on my head the hands of especial benediction, and to hear in my ears the premonition of countless future hours to be passed in the light of altarcandles. The inner face of the Hospice is well-nigh as cold and bare as the face it turns defiant to the Alpine snows. Huge stone corridors and ungarnished rooms, in which poor unacclimatized friars must sit aching and itching with chilblains in high midsummer; everywhere that peculiar perfume of churchiness—the *odeur de sacristie* and essence of incense—which impart throughout the world an especial pungency to Catholicism. Having the good fortune, as it happened, to be invited to dine with the Prior, I found myself in fine priestly company. A dozen of us sat about the board in the greasy, brick-paved refectory, lined with sombre cupboards of ponderous crockery, all in stole and cassock but myself. Several of the brothers

were *in transitu* from below. Among them I had the pleasure of greeting my companion in the *coupé* to Brieg, slightly sobered perhaps by his relapse into the clerical ranks, but still timidly gracious and joyous. The Prior himself, however, especially interested me, so every inch was he a prior—a priest dominant and militant. He was still young, and familiar, I should say, with the passions of youth; tall and powerful in frame, stout-necked and small-headed, with a brave beak of a nose and closely placed, fine, but sinister eyes. The simple, childish cut of his black cassock, with its little linen band across his great pectoral expanse as he sat at meat, seemed to denote a fantastical, ironical humility. Was it a mere fancy of a romantic Yankee tourist that he was more evil than gentle? Heaven grant, I mused as I glanced at him, that his fierce and massive manhood be guided by the Lord's example. What was such a man as that doing up there on a lonely mountain top, watching the snow clouds from closed windows and doling out restorative cognac to frost-bitten wagoners? He ought to be down in the hard, dense world, fighting and sinning for his mother Church. But he was one who could bide his time. Unless I'm scribbling nonsense, it will come. In deference probably to the esoteric character of a portion of the company, our conversation at dinner was not rigidly clerical. In fact, when my attention wandered back to its theme, I found the good brothers were talking of Alexandre Dumas with a delightful air of protest and hearsay, and a spice of priestly malice. The great romancer, I believe, had among his many fictions somewhere promulgated an inordinate fiction touching the manners and customs of the Hospice. The game being started, each of them said his say and cast his pebble, weighted always with an "*on dit*," and I was amazed to find they were so well qualified to reprobate the author of "*Monte Cristo*." When we had dined my young Frenchman came and took me by the arm and led me in great triumph over the whole convent, delighted to have something to show me—me who had come from America and had lent him my overcoat. When at last I had under his auspices made my farewell obeisance to the Prior, and started on my downward course, he bore me company along the road. But

before we lost sight of the Hospice he gave me his fraternal blessing. "*Allons!*" he was pleased to say, "the next time I shall know an American;" and he gathered up his gentle petticoat, and, as I looked behind, I saw his black stockings frolicking back over the stones by a short cut to the monastery.

I should like to be able to tell the veracious tale of that divine afternoon. I should like to be able to trace the soft stages by which those rugged heights melt over into a Southern difference. Now at last in good earnest I began to watch for the *symptoms* of Italy. Now that the long slope began to tend downward unbroken, it was not absurd to fancy a few adventurous tendrils of Southern growth might have crept and clambered upward. At a short distance beyond the Hospice stands the little village of Simplon, where I believe the coach stops for dinner; the uttermost outpost, I deemed it, of the lower world, perched there like an empty shell, with its murmur not yet quenched, tossed upward and stranded by some climbing Southern wave. The little inn at the Italian end of the street, painted in a bright Italian medley of pink and blue, must have been decorated by a hand which had learned its cunning in the land of the fresco. The Italian slope of the Simplon road commands a range of scenery wholly different from the Swiss. The latter winds like a thread through the blue immensity; the former bores its way beneath crag and cliff, through gorge and mountain crevice. But though its channel narrows and darkens, Italy nears and nears none the less. You suspect it first in—what shall I say?—the growing warmth of the air, a fancied elegance of leaf and twig; a little while yet, and they will curl and wanton to your heart's content. The famous Gorge of Gando, at this stage of the road, renews the sombre horrors of the Via Mala. The hills close together above your head, and the daylight filters down their corrugated sides from three inches of blue. The mad torrent of the Dauria, roaring through the straitened vale, fills it forever with a sounding din, as—to compare poetry to prose—a railway train a tunnel. Emerging from the Gorge of Gando, you fairly breathe the Italian air. The gusts of a mild climate come wandering along the road to meet you. Lo! suddenly, by the still wayside, I came upon a

sensation: a little house painted a hot salmon color, with a withered pine-twigg over the door in token of entertainment, and above this inscribed in square chirography—literally in Italics—*Osteria!* I stopped devotedly to quaff a glass of sour wine to Italy gained. The place seemed wrapped in a desolation of stillness, save that as I stood and thumped the doorpost, the piping cry of a baby rose from the loft above and tickled the mountain echoes. Anon came clattering down the stairs a nursing mother of peasants; she gave me her only wine, out of her own bottle, out of her only glass. While she stood to wait on me, the terrible cry of her infant became so painful that I bade her go and fetch him before he strangled; and in a moment she reappeared, holding him in her arms, pacified and utterly naked. Standing there with the little unswaddled child on her breast, and smiling simply from her glowing brow, she made a picture which, in coming weeks, I saw imitated more or less vividly over many an altar and in many a palace. Onward still, through its long-drawn evolutions, the valley keeps darkly together, as if to hold its own to the last against the glittering breadth of level Lombardy. In truth, I had gained my desire. If Italy meant stifling heat, this was the essence of Italy. The afternoon was waning, and the early shadows of the valley deepening into a dead summer night. But the hotter the better, and the more Italian! At last, at a turn in the road, glimpsed the first houses of a shallow village, pressed against the mountain wall. It was Italy—the Dogana Isella! so I quickened my jaded steps. I met a young officer strolling along the road in sky-blue trousers, with a moustache à la Victor Emanuel, puffing a cigarette, and yawning with the sensuous ennui of Isella—the first of that swarming company of warriors whose cerulean presence, in many a rich street-scene, in later hours touched up so brightly the foreground of the picture. A few steps more brought me to the Dogana, and to my first glimpse of those massive and shadowy arcades so delightfully native to the South. Here it was my privilege to hear for the first time the music of an Italian throat vibrate upon Italian air. “Nothing to declare—*niente?*” asked the dark-eyed functionary, emerging from the arcade. “*Niente*” seemed to me delicious; I would have told a fib for the sake of repeating the word.

Just beyond stood the inn, which seemed to me somehow not as the inns of Switzerland. Perched something aloft against the hillside, a vague light tendency to break out into balconies and terraces and trellises seemed to enhance its simple façade. Its open windows had an air of being familiar with Southern nights; with balmy dialogues, possibly, passing between languid ladies leaning on the iron rails, and lounging gentlemen, stargazing from the road beneath at their mistresses’ eyes. Heaven grant it should not be fastidiously neat, scrubbed and furnished and *frotte* like those prosy taverns on the Swiss lakes! Heaven was generous. I was ushered into a room whereof the ceiling was frescoed with flowers and gems and cherubs, but whose brick-tiled floor would have been vastly amended by the touch of a wet cloth and broom. After repairing my toilet within the limits of my resources, I proceeded to order supper. The host, I remember, I decreed to have been the *chef de cuisine* of some princely house of Lombardy. He wore a grizzled moustache and a red velvet cap, with little gold ear-rings. I could see him, under proper inspiration, whip a towel round his waist, turn back his sleeves, and elaborate a masterly pasticcio. “I shall take the liberty,” he said, “of causing monsieur to be served at the same time with a lady.”

“With a lady—an English lady?” I asked.

“An Italian lady. She arrived an hour ago.” And mine host paused a moment and honored me with a genial smile. “She is alone—she is young—she is pretty.”

Stolid child of the North that I was, surely my smile of response was no match for his! But, nevertheless, in my heart I felt that fortune was kind. I went forth to stroll down the road while my repast was being served, and while daylight still lingered, to reach forward as far as possible into the beckoning land beyond. Opposite the inn the mountain stream, still untamed, murmured and tumbled between the stout parapet which edged the road and the wall of rock which enclosed the gorge. I felt indefinably curious, expectant, impatient. Here was Italy at last; but what next? Was I to eat my supper and go contentedly to bed? Was there nothing I could see, or do, or feel? I had been deeply moved, but I was primed for a deeper emotion still. Would it come?

Along the road toward Domo d'Ossola the evening shadows deepened and settled, and filled the future with mystery. The future would take care of itself; but ah, for an intenser present! I stopped and gazed wistfully along the broad dim highway. At this moment I perceived beyond me, leaning against the parapet, the figure of a woman, alone and in meditation. Her two elbows rested on the stone coping, her two hands were laid against her ears to deaden the din of the stream, and her face, between them, was bent over upon the waters. She seemed young and comely. She was bare-headed; a black organdy shawl was gathered round her shoulders; her dress, of a light black material, was covered with a multitude of little puffs and flounces, trimmed and adorned with crimson silk. There was an air of intense meditation in her attitude; I passed near her without her perceiving me. I observed her black-brown tresses, braided by a cunning hand, but slightly disarranged by travel, and the crumpled disorder of her half-fantastic dress. She was a lady and an Italian; she was alone, young, and pretty; was she possibly my destined companion? A few yards beyond the spot at which she stood, I retraced my steps; she had now turned round. As I approached her she looked at me from a pair of dark expressive eyes. Just a hint of suspicion and defiance I fancied that at this moment they expressed. "Who are you, what are you, roaming so close to me?" they seemed to murmur. We were alone in this narrow pass, I a new comer, she a daughter of the land; moreover, her glance had almost audibly challenged me; instinctively, therefore, and with all the deference I was master of, I bowed. She continued to gaze for an instant; then suddenly she perceived, I think, that I was utterly a foreigner and presumably a gentleman, and hereupon, briefly but graciously, she returned my salute. I went my way and reached the hotel. As I passed in, I saw the fair stranger come slowly along the road as if also to enter the inn. In the little dining-room I found mine host of the velvet cap bestowing the finishing touches upon a small table set *en tête-à-tête* for two. I had heard, I had read, of the gracious loquacity of the Italian race and their sweet familiarities of discourse. Here was a chance to test the quality of the matter. The landlord, having poised

two fantastically folded napkins directly *vis-à-vis*, glanced at me with a twinkle in his eye which seemed to bespeak recognition of this cunning arrangement.

"*A propos*," I said, "this lady with whom I am to dine? Does she wear a black dress with red flounces?"

"Precisely, Signore. You have already had a glimpse of her? A pretty woman, isn't it so?"

"Extremely pretty. Who is the lady?"

"Ah!" And the landlord turned back his head and thrust out his chin, with just the least play of his shoulders. "That's the question! A lady of that age, with that face and those red flounces, who travels alone—not even a maid—you may well ask who she is! She arrived here an hour ago in a carriage from Domo d'Ossola, where, her vetturino told me, she had arrived only just before by the common coach from Arona. But though she travels by the common vehicle, she is not a common person; one may see that with half an eye. She comes in great haste, but ignorant of the ways and means. She wishes to go by the diligence to Brieg. She ought to have waited at Domo, where she could have found a good seat. She didn't even take the precaution of engaging one at the office there. When the diligence stops here, she will have to fare as she can. She is pretty enough indeed to fare very well—or very ill; isn't it so, Signore?" demanded the worthy Bonifazio, as I believe he was named. "Ah, but behold her strolling along the road, bare-headed, in those red flounces! What is one to say? After dusk, with the dozen officers in garrison here watching the frontier! Watching the ladies who come and go, *per Dio*! Many of them, saving your presence, Signore, are your own compatriots. You'll not deny that some of them are a little free—a little bold. What will you have? Out of their own country! What else were the use of travel? But this one; eh! she's not out of her own country yet. Italians are Italians, Signore, up to the frontier—eh! eh!" And the Signor Bonifazio indulged in a laugh the most *goguenard*. "Nevertheless, I have not hept an inn these twenty years without learning to know the sheep from the goats. This is an honorable lady, Signore; it is for that reason that I have offered to you to sup with her. The other sort! one can always sup with them!"

It seemed to me that my host's fluent commentary was no meagre foretaste of Italian frankness. I approached the window. The fair object of our conversation stood at the foot of the stone staircase which ascended to the inn door, with the toe of her shoe resting upon the first step. She was looking fixedly and pensively up the road toward Switzerland. Her hand clasped the knob of the iron balustrade and her slight fingers played an impatient measure. She had begun to interest me. Her dark eyes, intent upon the distant turn of the road, seemed to expand with a vague expectancy. Whom was she looking for? Of what romance of Italy was she the heroine? The *maitre d'hôtel* appeared at the head of the steps, and with a flourish of his napkin announced that the Signora was served. She started a little and then lightly shrugged her shoulders. At the same moment I caught her eye as I stood gazing from the window. With a just visible deepening of her color, she slowly ascended the steps. I was suddenly seized with a sense of being dingy, travel-stained, unpresentable to a woman so charming. I hastily retreated to my room, and, surveying myself in my dressing-glass, objugated fortune that I lacked the wherewithal to amend my attire. But I could at least change my cravat. I had no sooner replaced my black neck-tie by a blue one than it occurred to me that the Signora would observe the difference; but what then? It would hardly offend her. With a timid hope that it might faintly gratify her as my only feasible tribute to the honor of her presence, I returned to the dining-room. She was seated and had languidly addressed herself to the contents of her soup-plate. The worthy Bonifazio had adorned our little table with four lighted candles and a centre-piece of Alpine flowers. As I installed myself opposite my companion, after having greeted her and received a murmured response, it seemed to me that I was sitting down to one of those factitious repasts which are served upon the French stage, when the table has been moved close to the footlights, and the ravishing young widow and the romantic young artist begin to manipulate the very *modus* of the comedy. Was the Signora a widow? Our attendant, with his crimson cap, his well-salted discourse, his right-handed gestures, and his smile from behind the scenes, might have passed for a

classic *valet de théâtre*. I had the appetite of a man who had been walking since sunrise, but I found ample occasion, while I plied my knife and fork, to inspect the Signora. She merely pretended to eat; and to appeal, perhaps, from the over-flattering intentness of my vision, she opened an idle conversation with Bonifazio. I listened admiringly, while the glancing shuttle of Italian speech passed rapidly from lip to lip. It was evident, frequently, that she remained quite heedless of what he said, losing herself forever in a kind of fretful intensity of thought. The repast was long and multifarious, and as he time and again removed her plate with its contents untouched, mine host would catch my eye and roll up his own with an air of mock commiseration, turning back his thumb at the same moment toward the region of his heart. "*Un coup de tête*," he took occasion to murmur as he reached over me to put down a dish. But the more I looked at the fair unknown, the more I came to suspect that the source of her unrest lay deeper than in the petulance of wounded vanity. Her face wore to my eye the dignity of a deep resolution—a resolution taken in tears and ecstasy. She was some twenty-eight years of age, I imagined; though at moments a painful gravity resting upon her brow gave her the air of a woman who in youth has anticipated old age. How beautiful she was by natural gift I am unable to say; for at this especial hour of her destiny, her face was too serious to be fair and too interesting to be plain. She was pale, worn, and weary-looking; but in the midst of her weariness there flickered a fierce impatience of delay and forced repose. She was a gentle creature, turned brave and adventurous by the stress of fate. It burned bright in her soft, grave eyes, this longing for the larger freedom of the tarrying morrow. A dozen chance gestures indicated the torment of her spirit—the constant rapping of her knife against the table, her bread crumbed to pieces but uncaten, the frequent change from posture to posture of her full and flexible figure, shifting through that broad range of attitude—the very gamut of gracefulness—familiar to Italian women.

The repast advanced without my finding a voice to address her. Her secret puzzled me, whatever it was, but I confess that I was afraid of it. *A coup de tête!* Heaven only knew how direful a *coup!* My mind

was flooded by the memory of the rich capacity of the historic womanhood of Italy. I thought of Lucrezia Borgia, of Bianca Capello, of the heroines of Stendahl. My fair friend seemed invested with an atmosphere of candid passion, which placed her quite apart from the ladies of my own land. The gallant soul of the Signor Bonifazio, however, had little sufferance for this pedantic view of things. Shocked by my apparent indifference to the privilege of my rare position, he thrust me by the shoulders into the conversation. The Signora eyed me for a moment not ungraciously, and then, "Do you understand Italian?" she asked.

I had come to Italy with an ear quite unattuned, of course, to the spoken tongue; but the mellow cadence of the Signora's voice rang in upon my senses like music. "I understand *you*," I said.

She looked at me gravely, with the air of a woman used to receive compliments without any great flutter of vanity. "Are you English?" she abruptly asked.

"English is my tongue."

"Have you come from Switzerland?"

"He has walked from Brieg!" proclaimed our host.

"Ah, you happy men, who can walk—who can run—who needn't wait for coaches and conductors!" The Signora uttered these words with a smile of acute though transient irony. They were followed by a silence. Bonifazio, seeing the ice was broken, retired with a flourish of his napkin and a contraction of his eyelids as much in the nature of a wink as his respect for me, for the Signora, and for himself allowed. What was the motive of the Signora's impatience? I had a presentiment that I should learn. The Italians are confidential; of this I had already received sufficient assurance; and my companion, with her lucid eye and her fine pliable lips, was a bright example of the eloquent genius of her race. She sat idly pressing with her fork the crimson substance out of a plateful of figs, without raising them to her lips.

"You are going over into Switzerland," I said, "and you are in haste."

She eyed me a minute suspiciously. "Yes, I'm in haste!"

"I, who have just begun to feel the charm of Italy," I rejoined, "can hardly understand being in haste to leave it."

"The charm of Italy!" cried the Signora, with a slightly cynical laugh. "For-

eigners have a great deal to say about it."

"But you, a good Italian, certainly know what we mean."

She shrugged her shoulders—an operation she performed more gracefully than any woman I ever saw, unless it be Mlle. Madeleine Brohan of the Théâtre Français. "For me it has no charm! I have been unhappy here. Happiness for me is *there*!" And with a superb nod of her head she indicated the Transalpine world. Then, as if she had spoken a thought too freely, she rose suddenly from her chair and walked away to the window. She stepped out on the narrow balcony, looked intently for an instant up and down the road and at the band of sky above it, and then turned back into the room. I sat in my place, divided between my sense of the supreme sweetness of figs and my wonder at my companion's mystery. "It's a fine night!" she said. And with a little jerk of impatience she flung herself into an arm-chair near the table. She leaned back, with her skirt making a great wave around her and her arms folded. I went on eating figs. There was a long silence. "You've eaten at least a dozen figs. You'll be ill!" said the Signora at last.

This was friendly in its frankness. "Ah, if you only knew how I enjoy them!" I cried, laughing. "They are the first I ever tasted. And this the first Asti wine. We don't have either in the North. If figs and Asti wine are for anything in your happiness, Signora," I added, "you had better not cross the Alps. See, the figs are all gone. Do you think it would hurt me to have any more?"

"Truly," cried the Signora, "I don't know what you English are made of!"

"You think us very coarse, and given up altogether to eating and drinking?" She gave another shrug tempered by a smile. "To begin with, I am not an Englishman. And in the second place, you'd not call me coarse if you knew—if you only knew what I feel this evening. Eh! such thick-coming fancies!"

"What are your fancies?" she demanded, with a certain curiosity gleaming in her dark eye.

"I *must* finish this Asti!" This I proceeded to do. I am very glad I did, moreover, as I borrowed from its mild and luscious force something of the courage with which I came to express myself. "I

don't know how it is that I'm talking Italian at such a rate. Somehow the words come to me. I know it only from books. I have never talked it."

"You speak as well," the Signora graciously affirmed, "as if you had lived six months in the country."

"Half an hour in your society," said I, "is as profitable as six months elsewhere."

"Bravo!" she responded. "An Italian himself couldn't say it better."

Sitting before me in the vague candle-light, beautiful, pale, dark-browed, sad, the Signora seemed to me an incorporate image of her native land. I had come to pay it my devotions. Why not perform them at her feet? "I have come on a pilgrimage," I said. "To understand what I mean, you must have lived, as I have lived, in a land beyond the seas, barren of romance and grace. This Italy of yours, on whose threshold I stand, is the home of history, of beauty, of the arts—of all that makes life splendid and sweet. Italy, for us dull strangers, is a magic word. We cross ourselves when we pronounce it. We are brought up to think that when we have earned leisure and rest—at some bright hour, when fortune smiles—we may go forth and cross oceans and mountains and see on Italian soil the primal substance—the Platonic 'idea'—of our consoling dreams and our richest fancies. I have been brought up in these thoughts. The happy hour has come to me—Heaven be praised!—while I am still young and strong and sensitive. Here I sit for the first time in the enchanted air in which love and faith and art and knowledge are warranted to become deeper passions than in my own chilly clime. I begin to behold the promise of my dreams. It's Italy. How can I tell you what that means to one of us? Only see already how fluent and tender of speech I've become. The air has a perfume; everything that enters my soul, at every sense, is a suggestion, a promise, a performance. But the best thing of all is that I have met *you*, *bella donna*! If I were to tell you how you seem to me, you would think me either insincere or impertinent. *Ecco!*"

She listened to me without changing her attitude or without removing her fathomless eyes from my own. Their blue-black depths, indeed, seemed to me the two wells of poetic unity, from which I drew my somewhat transcendental allocution.

She was puzzled, I think, and a little amused, but not offended. Anything from an *Inglese*! But it was doubtless grateful to feel these rolling waves of sentiment break softly at her feet, chained as she was, like Andromeda, to the rock of a lonely passion. With an admirable absence of *minauderie*, "How is it that I seem to you, Signore?" she asked.

I left my place and came round and stood in front of her. "Ever since I could use my wits," I said, "I have done little else than fancy dramas and romances and love-tales, and lodge them in Italy. You seem to me as the heroine of all my stories."

There was perhaps a slight movement of coquetry in her reply: "Your stories must have been very dull, Signore," and she gave a sad smile.

"Nay, in future," I said, "my heroines shall be more like you than ever. Where do you come from?" I seated myself in the chair she had quitted. "But it's none of my business," I added. "From anywhere. In Milan or Venice, in Bologna or Florence, Rome or Naples, every grave old palazzo I pass, I shall fancy your home. I'm going the whole length of Italy. My soul, what things I shall see!"

"You please me, Signore. I say to you what I wouldn't say to another. I came from Florence. Shall you surely go there?"

"I have reasons," I said, "for going there more than elsewhere. In Florence"—and I hesitated, with a momentary horror at my perfect unreserve—"in Florence I am to meet my—my *promessa sposa*."

The Signora's face was instantly irradiated by a generous smile. "Ah!" she said, as if now for the first time she really understood me.

"As I say, she has been spending the summer at the Baths of Lucca. She comes to Florence with her mother in the middle of September."

"Do you love her?"

"Passionately."

"Is she pretty?"

"Extremely. But not like you. Very fair, with blue eyes."

"How long since you have seen her?"

"A year."

"And when are you to be married?"

"In November, probably, in Rome."

She covered me for a moment with a

glance of the largest sympathy. "Ah, what happiness!" she cried abruptly.

"After our marriage," I said, "we shall go down to Naples. Do you know Naples?"

Instead of answering, she simply gazed at me, and her beautiful eyes seemed to grow larger and more liquid. Suddenly, while I sat in the benignant shadow of her vision, I saw the tears rise to her lids. Her face was convulsed and she burst into sobs. I remember that in my amazement and regret I suddenly lost my Italian. "Dearest lady," I cried in my mother tongue, "forgive me that I have troubled you. Share with me at least the sorrow that I have aroused." In an instant, however, she had brushed away her tears and her face had recovered its pale composure. She tried even to smile.

"What will you think of me?" she asked. "What do you think of me already?"

"I think you are an extremely interesting woman. You are in trouble. If there is anything I can do for you, pray say the word."

She gave me her hand. I was on the point of raising it to my lips. "No—à l'Anglaise," she said, and she lightly shook my own. "I like you—you're an honest man—you don't try to make love to me. I should like to write a note to your *promessa sposa* to tell her she may trust you. You can't help me. I have committed myself to God and the Holy Virgin. They will help me. Besides, it's only a little longer. Eh, it's a long story, Signore! What is said in your country of a woman who travels alone at night without even a servant?"

"Nothing is said. It's very common."

"Ah! women must be very happy there, or very unhappy! Is it never supposed of a woman that she has a lover? That is worst of all."

"Fewer things are 'supposed' of women there than here. They live more in the broad daylight of life. They make their own law."

"They must be very good then—or very bad. So that a man of fancy like you, with a taste for romance, has to come to poor Italy, where he can suppose at leisure! But we are not all romance, I assure you. With me, I promise you, it's no light-minded *coup de tête*." And the Signora enforced her candid assurance with an almost imperious nod. "I know what I'm

doing. Eh! I'm an old woman. I've waited and waited. But now my hour has come! Ah, the heavenly freedom of it! Ah, the peace—the joy! Just God, I thank thee!" And sitting back in her chair, she folded her hands on her bosom and closed her eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Opening them suddenly, she perceived, I suppose, my somewhat intent and dilated countenance. Breaking then into a loud, excited laugh, "How you stare at me!" she cried. "You think I've at least poisoned my husband. No, he's safe and sound and strong! On the contrary, I've forgiven him. I forgive him with all my heart, with all my soul; there! I call upon you to witness it. I bear him no rancor. I wish never to think of him again; only let me never see him—never hear of him! Let him never come near me: I shall never trouble him! Hark!" She had interrupted herself and pressed her hand with a startled air upon my arm. I listened, and in a moment my ear caught the sound of rolling wheels on the hard highroad. With a great effort at self-composure, apparently, she laid her finger on her lips. "If it should be he—if it should be he!" she murmured. "Heaven preserve me! Do go to the window and see."

I complied, and perceived a two-horse vehicle advancing rapidly from the Italian quarter. "It's a carriage of some sort from Italy," I said. "But what—whom do you fear?"

She rose to her feet. "That my husband should overtake me," and she gave a half-frantic glance round the room, like a hunted stag at bay. "If it should be he, protect me! Do something, say something—anything! Say I'm not fit to go back to him. He wants me because he thinks me good. Say I'm not good—to your knowledge. Oh, Signore—Holy Virgin!" Recovering herself, she sank into a chair, and sat stiff and superb, listening to the deepening sound of the wheels. The vehicle approached, reached the inn, passed it, and went on to the Dogana.

"You're safe," I said. "It's not a posting-chaise, but a common wagon with merchandise."

With a hushed sigh of relief she passed her hand over her brow, and then looking at me: "I have lived these three days in constant terror. I believe in my soul he has come in pursuit of me; my hope is in my having gained time through his being

absent when I started. My nerves are broken. I have neither slept nor eaten, nor till now have I spoken. But I *must* speak! I'm frank; it's good to take a friend when you find one."

I confess that to have been thus freely admitted by the fair fugitive into the whirling circle of her destiny was one of the keenest emotions of my life. "I know neither the motive of your flight nor the goal of your journey," I answered; "but if I may help you and speed you, I will joyfully turn back from the threshold of Italy and give you whatever furtherance my company may yield. To go with you," I added, smiling, "will be to remain in Italy, I assure you."

She acknowledged my offer with a glance more potent than words. "I'm going to a friend," she said, after a silence. "To accept your offer would be to make friendship cheap. He is lying ill at Geneva; otherwise I shouldn't be *thus*! But my head is on fire. This room is close; it smells of supper. Do me the favor to accompany me into the air."

She gathered her shawl about her shoulders, I offered her my arm, and we passed into the entry toward the door. In the doorway stood mine host, with his napkin under his arm. He drew himself up as we approached, and, as if to deprecate a possible imputation of scandal, honored us with a bow of the most ceremonious homage. We descended the steps and strolled along the road toward the Swiss frontier. A vague remnant of daylight seemed to linger imprisoned in the narrow gorge. We passed the Dogana and left the village behind us. My thoughts reverted as we went, to the aching blank of my fancy as I entered Isella an hour before. It seemed to palpitate now with a month's experience. Beyond the village a narrow bridge spans the stream and leads to a path which climbs the opposite hillside. We diverged from the road and lingered on the bridge while the sounding torrent gushed beneath us, flashing in the light of the few stars which sparkled in our narrow strip of sky, like diamonds tacked upon a band of velvet. I remained silent, thinking a passive silence the most graceful tribute to the Signora's generous intentions. "I will tell you all!" she said at last. "Do you think me pretty? But you needn't answer. The less you think so, the more you'll say it. I was pretty! I don't pre-

tend to be so now. I have suffered too much. I have a miserable fear that when he sees me, after these three years, he'll notice the loss of my beauty. But, *poverino*! he is perhaps too ill to notice anything. He is young—a year younger than I—twenty-seven. He is a painter; he has a most beautiful talent. He loved me four years ago, before my marriage. He was a friend of my poor brother, who was fatally wounded at the battle of Mentana, where he fought with Garibaldi. My brother, Giuseppino, was brought home with his wound; he died in a week. Ernesto came to make a drawing of his face before we lost it forever. It was not the first time I had seen him, but it was the first time we understood each other. I was sitting by poor Giuseppino's bedside, crying—crying! He, too, cried while he drew and made great blisters on the paper. I know where to look for them still. They loved each other devotedly. I, too, had loved my brother! for my mother was dead, and my father was not a mother—not even a father! Judge for yourself! We placed together the love which each of us had borne for Giuseppino, and it made a great love for each other. It was a misfortune; but how could we help it? He had nothing but his talent, which as yet was immature. I had nothing at all but the poor little glory of my father's being a Marchese, without a *soldo*, and my prettiness! But you see what has become of that! My father was furious to have given his only son to that scoundrel of a Garibaldi; for he is of that way of thinking. You should have heard the scene he made me when poor Ernesto in despair asked leave to marry me. My husband, whom I had never seen or at least never noticed, was at that time in treaty for my hand. By his origin he was little better than a peasant, but he had made a fortune in trade, and he was very well pleased to marry a *marchesina*. It's not every man who is willing to take a penniless girl; it was the first chance and perhaps the best. So I was given over blindfold, bound hand and foot, to that brute. Eh! what I hadn't brought in cash I had to pay down in patience. If I were to tell you what I've suffered these three years, it would bring tears to your eyes—Inglese as you are. But they are things which can't be told. He is a peasant, with the soul of a peasant—the taste, the manners, the vices of a peasant. It was my great crime that

I was proud. I had much to be proud of. If I had only been a woman of his own sort! to pay him in his own coin! Ernesto, of course, had been altogether suppressed. He proposed to me to escape with him before my marriage, and I confess to you that I would have done it if I could. I tried in vain; I was too well watched. I implored him then to go away till better days; and he at last consented to go to Paris and pursue his studies. A week after my marriage he came to bid me farewell. My husband had taken me to Naples, to make me believe I was not wretched. Ernesto followed me, and I contrived to see him. It lasted three minutes by the clock: I have not seen him since. In three years I have had five letters from him; they are here in my dress. I am sure of his love; I don't need to have him write, to tell me. I have answered him twice. These letters—seven in all, in three years!—are all my husband has to reproach me with. He is furious at not having more. He knows of course that I love another; he knows that to bear such things a woman must borrow strength somewhere. I have had faith, but it has not been all faith! My husband has none; nothing is sacred to him, not the Blessed Virgin herself. If you were to hear the things he says about the Holy Father! I have waited and waited. I confess it, I have hoped at times that my husband would die. But he has the health of a peasant. He used to strike me—to starve me—to lock me up without light or fire. I appealed to my father, but, I'm sorry to say it, my father is a coward! Heaven forgive me! I'm saying dreadful things here! But, ah, Signore, let me breathe at last! I've waited and waited, as I say, for this hour! Heaven knows I have been good. Though I stand here now, I have not trifled with my duties. It's not coquetry! I determined to endure as long as I could, and then to break—to break forever! A month ago strength and courage left me; or rather, they came to me! I wrote to Ernesto that I would come to him. He answered that he would come down to meet me—if possible at Milan. Just afterwards he wrote me in a little scrawl in pencil that he had been taken ill in Geneva, and that if I could I must come alone, before he got worse. Here I am then, alone, pursued, frantic with ignorance and dread. Heaven only keep him till I come. I shall do the rest!

Exactly how I left home, I can't tell you. It has been like a dream! My husband—God be praised!—was obliged to make a short absence on business, of which I took advantage. My great trouble was getting a little money. I never have any. I sold a few trinkets for a few francs—hardly enough! The people saw I was too frightened to make a stand, so that they cheated me. But if I can only come to the end! I'm certain that my husband has pursued me. Once I get to Switzerland, we can hide. Meanwhile I'm in a fever. I've lost my head. I began very well, but all this delay has so vexed and confused me. I hadn't even the wit to secure a place in the coach at Domo d'Ossola. But I shall go, if I have to sit on the roof—to crouch upon the doorstep. If I had only a little more money, so that I needn't wait for coaches. To overtake me my husband, for once in his life, won't count his *lire*!”

I listened with a kind of awe to this torrent of passionate confidence. I had got more even than I had bargained for. The current of her utterance seemed to gather volume as it came, and she poured out her tragic story with a sort of rapturous freedom. She had unburdened at last her heavy heart. As she spoke, the hot breath of her eloquence seemed to pass far beyond my single attentive sense, and mingle joyously with the free air of the night. Her tale, in a measure, might be untrue or imperfect; but her passion, her haste, her sincerity, were imperiously real. I felt, as I had never felt it, the truth of the poet's claim for his touch of nature. I became conscious of a hurrying share in my companion's dread. I seemed to hear in the trembling torrent the sound of rapid wheels. I expected every moment to see the glare of lights along the road, before the inn, then a strong arm locked about her waist, and, in the ray of a lantern from the carriage window, to catch the mute agony of her solemn eyes. My heart beat fast; I was part and parcel of a romance! Come! the *dénouement* shouldn't fail by any prosy fault of mine.

“How I've talked!” cried the Signora, after a brief pause. “And how you stare at me! Eh! don't be afraid. I've said all, and it has done me good. You'll laugh with your *promessa sposa* about that crazy creature who was flying from her husband. The idea of people not being happy in marriage, you'll say to her!”

"I thank you with all my heart," I said, "for having trusted me as you have. But I'm almost sorry you have taken the time. You oughtn't to be lingering here while your husband is making the dust fly."

"That's easy to say, Signore; but I can't walk to Brieg, like you. A carriage costs a hundred and fifty francs. I have only just enough to pay my place in the coach."

I drew out my portemonnaie and emptied it in my hand; it contained a hundred and seventy francs. "*Ecco!*" I said, holding them out to her.

She glanced at them an instant, and then, with a movement which effectually rounded and completed my impression of her simple and passionate sincerity, seized with both her hands my own hand as it held them. "Ah, the Blessed Virgin be praised!" she cried. "Ah, you're an angel from heaven! Quick, quick! A carriage, a carriage!"

She thrust the money into her pocket, and, without waiting for an answer, hurried back to the road, and moved swiftly toward the inn. I overtook her as she reached the doorstep, where our host was enjoying a pipe in the cool. "A carriage!" she cried. "I must be off. Quick, without delay! I have the money; you shall be well paid. Don't tell me you haven't one. There must be one here. Find one, prepare it, lose not a moment. Do you think I can lie tossing here all night? I shall put together my things, and give you ten minutes! You, sir, see that they hurry!" And she rapidly entered the house.

Bonifazio stared, somewhat aghast at the suddenness and the energy of her requisition. Fearing that he might not be equal to the occasion, I determined to take him by his gallantry. "Come, my friend," I said, "don't stand scratching your head, but *act*. I know you admire the Signora. You don't want to see so charming a woman in trouble. You don't wish to have a scandal in your inn. It is of the first importance that she should leave in ten minutes. Stir up your hostler."

A wise grin illumined his face. "Ah," said he, "it's as bad as that. I had my notions. I'll do what I can." He exerted himself to such good purpose that in the incredibly short period of twenty minutes a small closed carriage was drawn by a couple of stout horses to the door. Going in to summon the fair fugitive, I

found her in the dining-room, where, fretting with impatience, and hooded and shawled, she had suffered a rather bungling chambermaid to attempt the insertion of a couple of necessary pins. She swept past me on her exit as if she had equally forgotten my face and her obligations, and entered the carriage with passionate adjurations of haste. I followed her and watched her take her place; but she seemed not even to see me. My hour was over. I had added an impulse to her straining purpose; its hurrying current had left me alone on the brink. I could not resist the influence of a poignant regret at having dropped from her consciousness. Learning from a peasant who was lounging near at hand that an easy footpath wound along the side of the mountain and struck the highroad at the end of half an hour's walk, I immediately discovered and followed it. I saw beneath me in the dimness as I went the white highroad, with the carriage slowly beginning its ascent. Descending at last from the slope, I met the vehicle well on its way up the mountain, and motioned to the driver to stop. The poor Signora, haunted with the fear of interruption, thrust her pale face from the window. Seeing me, she stared an instant almost vacantly, and then passing her hand over her face broke into a glorious smile. Flinging open the carriage door from within, she held out her two hands in farewell.

"Give me your blessing," she cried, "and take mine! I had almost forgotten you. Love is selfish, Signore. But I should have remembered you later and cried with gratitude. My Ernesto will write to you. Give me your card—write me your address, there in the carriage lamp. No? As you please, then. Think of me kindly. And the young girl you marry—use her well—love her if only a little—it will be enough. We ask but a little, but we need that. Addio!" and she raised her two hands to her lips, seemed for an instant to exhale her whole soul upon her finger tips, and flung into the air a magnificent Italian kiss.

I returned along the winding footpath more slowly, a wiser, possibly a sadder man than a couple of hours before. I had entered Italy, I had tasted of sentiment, I had assisted at a drama. It was a good beginning. I found Bonifazio finishing his pipe before the inn. "Well, well, Signore," he cried, "what does it all mean?"

"Aren't you enough of an Italian to guess?" I asked.

"Eh, eh, it's better to be an Inglese and to be told," cried Bonifazio with a twinkle.

"You must sleep to-night with an ear open," I said. "A personage will arrive post-haste from Domo. Stop him if you can."

Bonifazio scratched his head. "If a late supper or an early breakfast will stop him!" he murmured. I looked deep into his little round eye, expecting to read there the recipe for the infusion of a sleeping potion into *café au lait*.

My room that night was close and hot, and my bed none of the best. I tossed about in a broken sleep. I dreamed that I was lying ill in a poor tavern at Naples, waiting, waiting with an aching heart, for the arrival from the Baths of Lucca of a certain young lady, who had been forced by her mother, Mrs. B. of Philadelphia, into a cruel marriage with a wealthy Tuscan *contadino*. At last I seemed to hear a great noise without and a step on the stairs; through the opened door rushed in my *promessa sposa*. Her blue eyes were bright with tears, and she wore a flounced black dress trimmed with crimson silk. The next moment she was kneeling at my bedside crying, "Ernesto, Ernesto!" At this point I awoke into the early morning. The noise of horses and wheels and voices came up from outside. I sprang from my bed and stepped to my open window. The huge, high-piled, yellow diligence from Domo d'Ossola had halted before the inn. The door of the

coupé was open; from the aperture half emerged the Personage. "A peasant," she had called him, but he was well *diccrotti*, though he *had* counted his *lire* and taken the diligence. He struck me as of an odd type for an Italian: dark sandy hair, a little sandy moustache, waxed at the ends, and sandy whiskers à l'Anglaise. He had a broad face, a large nose, and a small keen eye, without any visible brows. He wore a yellow silk handkerchief tied as a nightcap about his head, and in spite of the heat he was very much muffled. On the steps stood Bonifazio, cap in hand, smiling and obsequious.

"Is there a lady here?" demanded the gentleman from the *coupé*. "A lady alone—good-looking—with little luggage?"

"No lady, Signore," said Bonifazio. "Alas! I have an empty house. If *eccellenza* would like to descend——"

"Have you had a lady—yesterday, last night? Don't lie."

"We had three, *eccellenza*, a week ago—three Scotch ladies going to Baveno. Nay, three days since we had a *prima donna* on her way to Milan."

"Damn your Scotch *prima donna*!" said the other. "Have you had my wife?"

"The wife of *eccellenza*? Save the ladies I mention, we have had neither wife nor maid. Would *eccellenza* like a cup of coffee?"

"*Sangue di Dio!*" was *eccellenza's* sole response. The *coupé* door closed with a slam, the conductor mounted, the six horses started, and the great mountain coach rolled away.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO.

CRYING, O passionate heart, be still and strong,

Waiting in faith the good time of the Lord,

And trusting to the promise of His Word,

That they who suffer patiently through wrong,

His arm shall succor and redress ere long,

And crown with palms of triumph evermore.

So shall they stand, and glorify in song

The Hand that brought them to the shining shore.

Through ruth and trial, sorrowing full sore,

And darken'd seasons of distrust and doubt.

Know, fainting heart, out of His mercy's store,

Thy wail may yet be changed to song and shout,

And thy rent sackcloth, litten by His grace,

Shine like the light that shone on Christ's transfigur'd face!

ED. S. GREGORY.

SIGNATURE-HUNTING.

"IT is a perfectly simple thing to obtain a signature, when the *signer* is to be specially benefited thereby," said they.

"Not so felicitous as you imagine. Listen to a page out of my book," said I.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, it was suddenly decided by some great publishers to storm Congress with a certain petition *on behalf of authors*—a sophistical way of putting it inconceivably funny to *those who know*—and I, a mere morsel of a woman, not an atom strong-minded, but steadfast and strong-hearted, was chosen as the best person to go hither and yon after the authors' signatures necessary to this petition. If the publishers sent a mere employee, the door would be shut in his face three times out of four by the busy and absorbed men and women whose names were wanted; but my sex and weakness would gain me courtesy, spite of much inward howling at the interruption, and my having arrived at outward years of discretion would be my strength and safety.

But first, they asked my opinion of the petition. I immediately became grim, and censoriously critical. If my opinion had not been asked, I should only have seen a paper of a gorgeous aspect, embodying a joyful, a dollarous future for authors; which future I confess so taxed my utmost politeness to believe, that I found it rather a relief to chop off the head of this "phantom of hope" at once; and looking like seven and twenty owls all in a row, I said, "It will be a good thing for publishers, but it's too long. Brevity is the soul of business, as well as of wit. Let us cut these five pages down to one."

Then I and that excellent man and publisher, Mr. G. P. Putnam, sat like two conspirators in my parlor, one winter morning, and condensed the document into just one written page, and it was ready for the Honorable Committee, with their ways and their means, and their "tricks and their manners."

And now I hastened to assume my pilgrim's staff and wallet, and forthwith commenced my mission in the city of New York.

"These signatures should be headed with some great name," I observed to myself. "It will arrest attention."

Accordingly, I first demanded admittance at the castle of a most noble knight of the pen, Mr. George Bancroft, philosopher, historian, and now ambassador. The servant conducted me at once into his sanctum. He was not there; he would come immediately; but great books crammed with learning were everywhere, on the floor, on the table, and covering the walls. While I waited trembling, some scientific apparitions floated down from the books on the wall, and with overwhelming menace and scorn demanded to know who it was that considered herself one of their august guild?

Upset, flustered, aggravated, astounded, and horrified, I replied breathlessly, "Oh, please, it was *me*, but I will never do it again;" as the poor little urchin answered, with his scared eyes upon the uplifted whip, when his school-ma'am, rearing suddenly up at him like a boa constrictor, hissed out, "Who made the world?"

You may suppose that my imagination concocted the above-mentioned and faithfully recorded ghosts, and perhaps you are right, as doctors and other supposers are—now and then.

My heart was still beating violently with my ghostly fright, when a tall, slender, dignified man entered, and with grave courtesy inquired my errand.

I gave him the petition, and steadied my voice to say that I came to him first because he was so great.

But would you believe it? He read it carefully, and *refused to sign*! then, with serious but perfect politeness, he waited upon me to the outer door.

Here was an unexpected and tremendous hitch in the programme! As I walked along Fifth Avenue in the broad sunshine, two big rebellious tears rose from the bitter well of vexation and disappointment in my heart, and overflowed at my eyes.

"It will all end in smoke," I said. "I might as well give it up and go home, and have the comfort of a good cry."

Home I went, and cry I did; when the

good man who only asks me to "obey" him when I want to do it said, "Never mind; give me your petition; I'll get Mr. Greeley to sign it. That will be a capital name for a beginning."

He got it; and here it is—

Harace Greeley.

My husband told me that just as he was leaving, a number of gentlemen entered the office, and, with much scraping and stamping of feet, introduced each other as the Honorable Messrs. This, That, and the Other, members of Congress from Washington. Their reception was a treat to see. Mr. Greeley looked at them through his spectacles, over them, and under them; his aspect becoming more benevolent, his smiles blander every instant. The members of Congress sat down in a state of high delight at this cordial greeting, and Sposo, thinking that he might further my petition by mentioning it to them, whispered an entreaty for an introduction, and was extremely disconcerted when the great man, smiling if possible more blandly than ever, whispered in return, "Wouldn't do the least good. They are all ———!" (two dreadful words).

I know a very fashionable lady whose pride and glory it is to be thought a woman of great literary culture, who says that the three greatest men of ancient or modern times are, first, Horace —, her husband; second, Horace Greeley; and third, Horace who wrote the *Iliad*! She confided to me with emotion that she considered Mr. Greeley a far greater philosopher than *Demosthenes in his tub*.

And now, encouraged by this important and curious signature, I determined upon a new plan. I would not risk again being put to rout by the stateliness and intense politeness of my next-to-be signer; I would enlist the good-will of his wife; and his dismay and consternation at being besieged by two women at once would make him an easy victim.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor was at home, and I told her my errand.

"But," she remonstrated, her sweet blue eyes darkening into great sapphires with her earnestness, "but I cannot disturb him. He is busy—oh, so busy writing!"

Did not I know just how provoked he would be? Do not even infinitesimal I grow frantic, when hard at work killing a good

little Sunday-school child—upon paper, because it is no longer possible to keep him alive *and* entertaining—do not I grow frantic to have Bridget come in with: "Please 'm, I have ordered a pair of ducks to come round [doubtless they walked in arm in arm], and if you want 'em stuffed as usual, they ain't no salary nor yet no ingins in the house 'm"? *

Nevertheless, with my perfect knowledge of Mr. Taylor's prospective annoyance, I basely implored my ally to beard the lion in his den, bidding her say that I clung to her like an "Old Man of the Sea," and begging her to call me as many abusive epithets as might suggest themselves.

She did it all, and here is his name,

Bayard Taylor.

so clearly written, so free from flourishes, as to be a good exponent of the straightforward frankness and manliness of the writer.

This was encouraging! and with a beaming face I hurried down to the editorial office of the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, a great, genial, good man, and a strong personal friend.

Horresco referens! To my unspeakable astonishment he refused to sign! and gave me his reasons.

Woman-like I did not then, and with malice aforethought I never do intend to, listen to reason; so I instantly set about beclouding his heart—not brain—with a furious storm of entreaties and expostulations. I am not sure but that I shook my little fist at him, and I know that I put his temper on the rack; but its quality was of the sweetest, rising from serenity almost into sublimity. He walked up and down the office with his hands clasped behind him, as a preventive measure against fist-shaking, and smilingly remarked when I stopped to take breath: "My dear madam, be composed, I beg of you. I will make a compromise. If you can get Mr. Bryant's name, I will not only

* MEM.—If you wish to give your husband a dish inconceivably delicious, and win his heart anew, order your cook to chop fine a quantity of crisp celery, and half the same quantity of boiled onions, also minced fine; mix in a handful of bread crumbs, butter, pepper, and salt to your taste. Stuff a pair of ducks with this mixture, sew them up *tight* and roast them slowly, basting thoroughly; then give them to the happy man to eat, and be thankful to me ever after.

sign the petition, but I will write an article to help you along."

"Now you are ironical," I snapped, "and it is really adding insult to injury. Don't you think I can see by your preternaturally solemn face that you think you are perfectly safe in making this promise or compromise? But never mind; I may yet be even with you. I can but try. *Au revoir.*"

I wonder if a busy bee, improving shining hours, ever gets a bitter drop from non-committal flowers? If

he does, he knows how I felt as I bravely rushed further down in the city to another editor's den, climbed and climbed the almost endless stairs, and asked the Cerberus on guard if the great man were within.

"No, ma'am," was the short reply. I looked straight in his eyes. He was telling a fib. "Oh, do," I implored, "take my card to him, and say that I will not detain him five minutes."

I was admitted, and breathed a grateful sigh of relief as I handed our great poet the petition. "Ah, what a noble head!" I thought; "what a refined and beautiful face." Imagine my sudden joy when he turned to me, with a most memorable presence sitting near, and said: "This is good; this ought to be attended to:" and he signed

W. C. Bryant

So did the other, his great mane of shaggy hair overshadowing eyes so steady, so penetrating, that one swift glance at him was all I dared, while the shapely handwriting

Parkman Godwin

was fair and full.

I ran away so fast that I left the sound of my grateful thanks floating in the air behind me. It would have been too dreadful to be called back for any "sober second thought." I don't know why I imagined such a danger imminent, unless it was caused by the memory of the solemn ironical face and promise in that other office, back to which I hastened, you may believe, with my success blazing out of my eyes.

The good Doctor looked up astonished, and understood at once that I was mistress of the situation.

"Oh, yes," I cried, "you would rather have seen a griffin, or a basilisk, or a gargoyle, or an Egyptian mummy walking in, than the triumphant phoenix which I am at this present. Just please put your name down to this," giving him the petition, "and tell me on whose side is the laugh?" He signed,

S. Scenans Prime

and I will do him the justice to acknowledge that I never saw a piece of "humble pie" eaten with more grace and good-tempered relish in the whole course of my life.

Down the stairs, and round the corner, and in five minutes more I had two names belonging to two of the honestest, most independent and muscular Christians in the land. My work was now becoming very pleasant; for while a few discomfited me by appending conditions to their signatures, a great many thanked me for giving them the privilege of signing.

One lady who uses a *nom de plume*, and has been brilliantly successful in her works, I failed to find. This was the author of "Rutledge."

I went home that day wearied, but happy, and slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning I found that I must go to the iron palace of the Messrs Harper in order to discover the whereabouts of one who in polish of ad-

dress, manner and style of writing, and even in accent in speaking, reminds one of Thackeray. I mounted the iron stairway and walked bravely into the glass-enclosed reception room, where sat Mr. Fletcher Harper, gracious and good.

Who should be there also but Dr. Prime; and I had no objection; for had he not repented him of the evil, and was he not also gracious and good?

The two were talking earnestly, and I said I would wait. Bent upon improving my mind and time, I took up "Harper's Monthly," and opened it at a very funny article entitled "Typographical Errors." Presently I gave a little shriek.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr Harper.

"They won't let me be wicked when I want to," I replied, and I read aloud: "An Eastern magazine lately gave three instances of the false combination of letters, showing that, as among men, so among types, 'one sinner destroyeth much good.' One, writing in all innocence of a monthly reunion of the Historical Society of New York, mildly affirmed in manuscript, 'The oration progressed smoothly;' but was made to say in blatant print that it 'progressed *snoringly*.'"

Then I looked out of the wicked corner of my eye, and said: "*I wrote that. I saw the error in the proof-sheets and left it in.*"

"What a terrible little woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harper.

"Then why did the compositor tempt me?" I retorted. "He made me remember half a dozen old fellows sitting near me, all fast asleep and snoring, while all the feather-brained people at the meeting were scraping the floor impatiently with their feet, and sniffing the fast-cooling coffee and chocolate just served for their delectation in another room; and only a few earnest souls were listening, anxious to get at the connection between the deluge and the Nineveh marbles, to which the orator had then arrived, and the priceless relic with which the Society had just been enriched."

With another laugh, the gift of a book, and the address I wanted, they bade me a kindly good-by, and I went on my way.

Thus I travelled hither and yon for four days, and obtained many valuable names; among others, those of the pure and now sainted

in New York fondly reflect that it is a hearty and deserved tribute from "The Hub"?

My next move was to New Haven, where I went to storm Yale College.

I have a dear, good aunt living in New Haven. She is fat, comfortable, and sweet-tempered. No bribe short of the national debt would induce her to wear pads, switches, or hair-dyes. There is a freshness as of cool water in her atmosphere, and a melodious ripple pleasant to hear in her laugh and speech.

It was a splendid winter night when I arrived at her house and claimed her hospitality. The rays of the full-orbed moon rested like a benediction on the gaunt branches of the cathedral elms, lending them a silvery grace and beauty. The very churches on the green looked stately and picturesque, spite of the sublime contempt their architects had displayed for "the rules of the schools," which do not tolerate Grecian façades with steeples straddling atop.

The air was so crisp and exhilarating that I determined to begin my quest for names at once under its effervescing influence, and I invited a handsome boy-cousin of twelve to be my escort. Intense delight shone out of his eyes as he rushed into the hall for his hat. Setting it carefully upon the oilcloth, he took a run and a flying somerset, shot his head into his hat, and came right side up, breathless, flushed, and chuckling, with the hat hard and fast on his head.

He was a delightful boy; he made me feel young again; and we slid together on all the ice we could find, and never stopped talking until we arrived at the residence of a potent, grave, and reverend signior, where, with a sudden change of deportment, Fred sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, looking as if he expected to be garroted the next minute, and I assumed an air of such dismal gravity that a dear little girl who was playing on the piano slid off and

fell down from the piano-stool, and ran instantly out of the room. If Dr. Leonard Bacon, who so kindly signed my petition three minutes after, should ever see this article, I beg him to assure this dear little girl that the woman with the lion-and-tiger face was not Cousin Cramchild, nor any other onesided, topsy-turvy, inside-

Alice Cary.

James Barton

the eminent magazinist; and

Rich^d. Grant White

of whom a sweet, good, and great Boston poet says, "He is the ablest literary man in our country." Can this compliment be estimated as it deserves? Will everybody

out, wanting-to-vote old lady, but only her own little "Aunt Fanny Nightcaps," whose motto is, "I love God and little children," and who believes with that wise old heathen that "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*." She'll like that last.

My next venture was in the beautiful Hillhouse avenue. Here I had a golden-tinted time; courtesy, signatures, and children, whose laughing bright eyes flashed back the love and yearning which they saw in mine. And *what* a catechism I was put through; what inexorable memories they had! "Was this story *real* true? Did that pious little boy really die? How they *loved* little Alice who cut her doll's nose off! But, oh, didn't she most freeze to death when she gave all her clothes to the poor little girl?" It was such a trying witness-box for me to be in, that I then and there resolved never to make a pious little Sunday-school child again; they should all be delightfully bad, and each one should have more wit and more true nobility of soul than all those little impossible monsters put together.

From Hillhouse avenue we took slides to the house of the late Professor Worthington Hooker—that wise and excellent friend to young folks. He has so deftly sweetened many an otherwise rough and bitter draught of learning, that the little ones imbibe it like honey. He has taken away the abstruse and technical terms in which common things are covered up, in his familiar works on chemistry, geology, etc., and made them as attractive as a "story book." They should be used in all the schools, for they make *thinkers*, not rote-learning parrots; and I wish I could cut away the underpinning, knock out the beams, and let down the slow and sleepy Board of Education upon this sharp point.

It was now ten o'clock. I was demoralizing New Haven by being out so late; for we got a lecture, which Fred received with grins and chuckles, standing on one leg; and I blandly, for I was eating a delicious little supper during its administration.

Directly after breakfast the next morning, Aunt ordered out old Dan, old Robbin, and the sleigh. I had two hours to spare before starting for Boston, and meant to improve it; so Aunt's little daughter and I were tucked under the buffalo robes and had a merry ride to "Edgewood," where lives an author who is classed with

Hawthorne and Washington Irving by our cousins across the water, for his "pure English undefiled."

A charming view unfolded itself as we approached the picturesque old house, and children "coasting" down the hillside added lovely "bits" of animation and color to the white and beautiful "still life" all around.

Jumping out of the sleigh, in another moment my little cousin was on all fours on a sled, flying with the rest down the hill.

I was too old to coast, more's the pity; so I entered the house and obtained the signature,



"Tk Marvel" wrote it, and soon all the dear little curly-pates came flying in, breathless and rosy, to see me. "Oh, wouldn't I come out and coast?" No, for what would Mrs. Grundy say if she saw me? So I packed little cousin and myself in the sleigh again, and old Dan and old Robbin bounced us through all the snow-drifts back to New Haven. I kissed my little cousin a good-by kiss, then I went down the stairs into the darkness to the depot. The steam whistle gave a "squeech and a squeem," as a little boy observed who sat in the next seat, the cars started, and New Haven seemed to be skating away from us.

At Springfield we waited twenty-five minutes. Here I learned to eat like the lower animals—not exactly on all fours, but standing. I had a cup of Yankee dandelion root and a plate full of dumpy little brown buttons, supposed to be coffee and oysters, finishing with an orange about as juicy as a piece of crash towelling. I paid the pippin-faced young woman who waited upon me, and who told me after she had my money that the cars stopped all that time for no other earthly purpose but to give the passengers an opportunity of dining at the famous Massasoit House. Even now I cannot think of my stupidity and of what I missed without emotion.

It was dark when we arrived in Boston, and, wearied out, I was glad to have a cup of tea and go to bed.

I have an intimate friend in Boston. She is such a delightful woman that if I

were a man and she a spinster, I would marry her immediately.

"My beloved Lottie," I remarked to this friend the morning after my arrival, "you must go with me to get signatures."

"My beloved F-r-r-ances," she solemnly replied, trilling her r's like an actor when he gets up to the sublime pitch and a "step," "I thank you for your beautiful design for getting me into mischief. I shall admire to go."

(Bostonians always "admire" to go, and tell you that an edible delicacy tastes "beautiful.")

We meandered in a car to the splendid establishment of what was then Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Both partners were out, so we were ushered up stairs to wait in a room, the tasteful belongings of which were glorified by a portrait of that great and honest man, John Bright.

Sitting in this room was Aldrich, whose sweet, pathetic poetry, youthful looks, and simple, unaffected manner are as harmonious as a song and its accompaniment. Talking pleasantly with him, we lay in wait for one of the heads of the house.

And what *did* that dreadful man do? He came up, saw two "ladies on business" through the crack of the door, took a panic and fled, and I was not aware of the proximity of this awful crisis until it was too late to catch him.

Now all was lost. He alone knew the familiar haunts of our to-be signers; he alone could save me a world of fatigue and worry.

Hu! I was raging.

"F-r-r-ances," said Lottie, "it is forbidden here in Boston for women to swear. I see bad words in your eyes, and if you bite the dust in your anger you will have the toothache. Compose yourself. I know a worthy in Cambridge, where you desire to go, who will give us aid and comfort. Let us depart."

And forthwith we departed. We found Lottie's worthy in a bookstore, where I saw sketches of the Harvard students—the freshmen very green and blank as to countenance, arrayed in garments much too short and tight, studying out of big books; while the seniors, like the learned monkey who had travelled, were fashionably attired, smoking cigars, and reading up moral philosophy as rendered by Miss Braddon and Ouida.

Our friend told us that we had better have a carriage for our work, and sent out a bright-faced boy to bring one. He returned and announced: "You can't have a carriage; they are all engaged for a funeral."

I looked at Lottie stupefied, whereupon she said, "F-r-r-ances, we will go to the funeral and thus obtain a carriage."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated, too much provoked to be civil. "What *am* I to do?"

"You might get a sleigh," suggested our friend.

Upon this the bright-faced boy flew back to the stable and soon returned with, "Oh yes, you can have a sleigh and a horse, *but no driver*."

"Why not go another time?" asked our friend.

"Another time is abominable," I said. "I hate other times. Oh, won't you drive us?" I piteously implored.

Dear me, Lottie's "worthy" was offended, for he drew himself up and pleaded a previous engagement.

"I can drive," said the bright-faced boy, jumping up like a Jack-in-the-box.

"I drove all last summer."

"Drove what? Sleighs?" I questioned. "You astonish me. What is your name?"

"Charlie, 'um."

"I might have known it by your looks. Well, Charlie, since, as you say, you drove sleighs all last summer, with your master's permission you shall drive one now. Scamper off and be back quickly."

I drew out a visiting card and wrote my will, for this might be a perilous adventure. The sleigh came—a beautiful little cutter, black, and studded with bright brass nails. The horse was Barnum's woolly horse, fiddle-headed and knock-kneed. We packed ourselves in the cutter, and, Lottie adjuring our charioteer to remember the sixth commandment, we were at last fairly started.

Our first halt was before a large, white house, grandly historical, and now embalmed with the frankincense of stately, beautiful, pure, and tender thoughts. Some lovely "blue-eyed banditti" were playing with sleds on the snow within the gates. I lifted the knocker of the door, and my heart beat fast as I found myself, a moment after, in the presence of the poet, honored and beloved, whose melodi-

ous song rests like a benediction in all our hearts and homes.

Two beautiful, sad eyes were bent upon me; my hand was kindly pressed, and instantly the magnetism of a noble, simple nature chased away all fear, and I found myself chatting about my mission as if I were addressing an old friend.

As he read the petition I looked at the face irradiated with the glory of genius. Fast and faster his written thoughts went milking, singing, tolling through my brain, till suddenly I was blinded by my tears. I dashed them hastily away as he finished reading, and kindly and simply questioned me about my errand. He signed his name,

Samy W. Longfellow, Cambridge

and then delighted me with a glimpse of his beautiful home, showing me pictures, flowers, and objects of art, with a frank, gracious cordiality. But I looked most at him, and said to myself: "Surely his thoughts are like these words:

"They say that life is hard to bear.

My God, it is not so to me;

Two angels—Poetry and Prayer—

Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for Thee."

We proceeded. Then Charlie made the woolly horse and the sleigh "play fantastic tricks before high heaven" and the classic shades of Cambridge! If we had to turn round after obtaining a signature, Lottie and I were incontinently dumped out in the snow, for fear, as Charlie averred, that "the shafts might break"; and once in a very narrow street, where the drifts were high, Charlie dumped himself out also, and carefully led the woolly horse round by the nose, who grinned sardonically, and winked his eye in all our faces. It was a very exhilarating style of sleigh-ride, for we laughed ourselves warm and glowing, and once disgracefully screamed with laughter, as Charlie, suddenly bouncing up and down in his seat as if his ecstasy was quite too much to hold, and kicking out with both legs, exclaimed apparently to

the horse, "I've been wanting a sleigh-ride all winter, and now I've got it! Ki!!"

We had excellent success, as witness in this "Galaxy" the galaxy of precious names, such as

J. K. Lowell, Cambridge.

O. W. Holmes, Boston

A. P. Peabody, Cambridge.

and

C. P. Whipple, Boston

Though Lottie and I did not kick, we *did* say to each other, "Wot larks!" and drove back to the bookstore jubilant.

I rewarded Charlie for not breaking our necks, and the last thing I saw there was that exulting, hilarious urchin, the centre of all the other boys in the shop, standing on one leg apiece, *they* all envy and eagerness, and *he* all eagerness and grin, lordling it over them with a grandiloquent description of his prowess and skill.

Back we went to Boston, and being now just one remove from starvation, we hied us to Parker's for dinner.

For dessert on the carte, there were jellies offered, of the flavors of which I was creditably ignorant. So I proposed a voyage of discovery, and ordered a champagne jelly for Lottie and one of cognac for myself. I considered the last as a medical restorative. It *was* medicine; it was not pleasant to take, but, on the principle of not wasting what I had paid for, I ate it.

Then we went once more into Tremont street, in hopes of catching the derelict publisher. There was a crowd, and I suppose I was cross, for presently I snapped out, "Goodness me! how people do knock one about."

"F-r-r-ances," said Lottie solemnly, "it is not the people, it is the cognac jelly."

This insinuation was so irresistibly base and funny that I screamed with laughter,

lost my footing, and instantly found myself in a sitting position on a piece of ice, looking up astonished into the faces of several very genteel and very much scandalized Boston ladies. One of them was Cousin the great master of dead languages, Cramchild, who writes the orthodox, rational, philosophical, and irrefragable essays for children. She heard Lottie's speech, and plainly thought as she founced by me the noble, greatly esteemed that the world must be coming to an end with such improper doings.

Theodore Woolsey
Yale College

We had the good fortune to find Mr. Fields. I lectured him on his conduct in the morning, and he confessed to the running away, and by way of penance went out while we waited and got us some splendid names. All was done now, save to obtain the name of a lady, full of wit and esprit, pungent and delightful—

William D. Whitney Yale College

Isaac Porter - Yale Coll.

Leaving the College, by a fortunate chance I met Mr. Day signed g. r.

Day signed g. r.

George William Curtis.

— a fine rose
Set with little wilful thorns,
As sweet as purest air could make her—

but with a grand, large, noble soul as well, for none other could have written "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord." I made a short delightful visit here, got the coveted name, and the next morning, with a squeeze and a blessing from Lottie, I went away from Boston, returning to New Haven.

My comfortable aunt ordered out Dan and Robbin and the sleigh once more, for I had missed some of the professors, and I would go direct to the College for their names.

The boys were gathered in full force on the green, the very ones who the night before had torn off the gates, wrenched out the bell-pulls, "hazed" the town boys, and indulged in "rushes" against each other.

I like mischief, but it must overflow with the milk and honey of wit and good-nature; they sweeten it (as the Irishman flavors his potatoes) with point; but these monkeyish, evil-disposed Yale College capers are as dreary as Sahara.

The names I wanted

who very cordially gave me his signature. I had missed seeing him at Harper's.

That same afternoon I arrived home safe, happy, and perhaps conceited, for I was induced by my success to make another foray upon the stately historian Mr. Bancroft.

As before, I was ushered into the great man's sanctum. The learned ghosts came down again, and mocked and sneered at me. And the learned man came in again and bowed with finest courtesy. He listened, he read, and this time he signed, but with a qualification like the bitter drop in a cordial.

Thus ended my quest for signatures. With all my hindrances, it had been a delightful experience, for which I felt greatly indebted to Messieurs the publishers.

But they were still more obliged to me. So they said.

Nous verrons. More anon.

Fanny Burr
(About Fanny)

DRIFT-WOOD.

MIDSUMMER IDLING.

SKINFLINT grows that his clerks do nothing nowadays but dream of their week's vacation. What is it that Holmes sings?

Poor drudge of the city! How happy he feels
With the sun at his back and the grass at his
heels!

Only Charles Lamb, who smelt city oil even in Taylor's description of sunrise, or Dr. Johnson can always be content with bricks and mortar, books and porter; and these worthies themselves did not scorn a trip from Fleet street and the Strand to Keswick or the Hebrides. "Fleet street and the Strand," says Lamb, that truest of town-men, "are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness. I could spend a year, two, three years among them." It is not for years of rustic leisure that clerks in the India House and at Stewart's sigh, but for their short allowance of annual holidays. "Recreation," says Fuller, "is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business." See—the accountant's head is on his desk; ledgers vanish; he smells the woodbine trailing over the farmhouse, sees the shadows of elms mottling the green, hears the surf roaring and clattering on the beach, climbs the gray mountain-peak, strolls in clover-scented meadows, and lounges by the brook to watch the pickerel dart; he is wandering into an Arcadian region,

Across the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim
And deep into the dying day.

Steam has revolutionized our customs of summering. Journeys are no longer a terror as in the era of the stage-coach. It is as easy and cheap to make the trip to Berlin or Paris as to take a house at Newport or Saratoga. Jones checks his trunks for Babylon and the Pyramids as coolly as for Long Branch or Niagara, and Mrs. J. marshals her brood with superb equanimity alike for a trip to Lapland or the Cannibal Islands. Do you try New Mexico or Newfoundland this year? How did you like the Geysers—or was it the

Domes of the Yo Semite you saw last season? Bryant, to express majestic loneliness and inaccessibility, asks his reader to take the wings of the morning and the Barcan desert pierce,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing.

We in modern days take the piston of the engine, and outfly the wings of the morning. We shriek over Barcan deserts at sixty miles an hour, stopping at the oases for wood and water. The forests of the Oregon ring with the woodman's axe, and its waters drive the mills of a swarming population. What slander was it that Campbell wrote, seventy odd years ago, about Mr. Seward's Alaska purchase? It was something about "the wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore." That was the ante-steamship age, when "ye mariners of England" were sailors instead of stokers, and when Britannia "thundered from her native oak" instead of from the iron armor of Sir John Brown; whereas Oonalaska is now described as a "thriving village of 125 inhabitants," having "a good harbor and plenty of fresh beef and potatoes." Campbell's wolf, unless he is fond of powder, had better not howl much around there. Steam, in opening the globe to travel, makes havoc of old descriptive poetry. I saw yesterday in a telegram from Nevada or some other region consigned to solitude by the geography of the bards, that this year two thousand tourists, even before the first of June, had visited the Yo Semite, once an ideal of inaccessible grandeur. The great poet who forecasts all our modern miracles, was more provident when he placed Prospero's isle in a realm not to be reached by steam or telegraph, nor mapped by the land agent, nor patronizingly scanned through the tourist's eye-glass.

When Jim and I first went to the White Mountains, no railroad girdled Mount Washington. We should almost as soon have welcomed a saw-mill over Niagara as such a profanation; yet they say this profanation is as convenient as the hotel elevator, or the car which winds you up the Bunker Hill Monument—good for

asthmatic, for fat, for lazy people, indeed for everybody but college youth in training. This is the way that mechanical profanations have; they are comfortable and labor-saving, these modern contrivances, and if we fancy it an æsthetic outrage to send the iron horse snorting along a region sacred of old to solitude, let us be appeased by Emerson's theory that the locomotive does not hurt a landscape.

"What we need," said Jim, fanning and mopping himself, "is to get out of this furnace," meaning Manhattan, "and try a whiff of mountain air." In six-and-thirty hours we entered the White Mountains through their eastern alley, and caught our first "whiff of air" from the stable and kitchens which impregnate the hotels with a choking odor. This was ages ago, when we were a couple of youthful bachelors; and we seemed on this excursion to have been entrapped in some endless marriage procession, so continuous was the train of young brides and grooms winding through the hills. A famous route we have in all that region for nuptial journeys. Anywhere along the Hudson, Lakes George and Champlain, Niagara, the St. Lawrence, the White Mountains, to the poetical youth the air is loaded with orange blossoms and the landscape flutters with long white veils.

We first noted this fact on the Androscoggin railroad, whose good-natured, neighborly iron steed stopped short at every barnyard to see if anybody wanted a ride. In the guide-book we learned where it would be the correct thing to first look out of the window. The spot was Bryant's pond, which made us guiltily recall a breach of propriety in having thrown a furtive glance at a previous point called Mechanics' Falls, which, saving worthy Eastman's presence, was not unattractive. Eastman, like the historian of Polkville who begins his village annals at the Garden of Eden, starts his routes to the mountains from the ends of the United States.

Let not the gentle reader despair, nor yet let the gruff one swear—I am not going to follow this beaten track of tourists in its glories and grandeurs of mountain, cataract, and glen, nor to describe that gaze from Mt. Willard into the gulf that yawns betwixt the curve of Willey and the splendid flank of frowning Webster, while on the thread of a road below men and wagons appear like ants.

In Gorham, near the foot of Mt. Washington, which we purposed next day to climb, I consulted a local expert on the probabilities of rain; for there was then no kindly Signal Bureau to tip us an occasional fair day, and the surly clerk of the weather (since resigned) was not to be "interviewed" that week for love or money. The oracle gave a satisfactory opinion, and by way of continuing the talk on a cognate branch of the subject, I said:

"It seemed colder here yesterday than to-day."

"Wall, no," says the authority, "not colder. Yesterday warn't *colder* 'n to-day, but 'twas *more tedious*."

"More boisterous or windy?" I suggested, somewhat mystified, but venturing a possible synonyme.

"Yes; more windy, more tedious," was the reply. Then, glancing at the cloud-capped crest of Washington, our acquaintance expressed the belief that it "must seem rather cur'ous up there."

"Curious? But you don't mean you never went to the top?"

"Ne'er a time. Never could understand why so many of you folks come here. Never went up the mounting since I lived here. Well, arter all, when you do go up you have to turn round and come down!"

Verily, a mountain is not without honor save in its own country. I surrender this skeptic to the satirical thonging of the hotel-keepers, knowing they will lash him well; for where would their gains be did all mankind share the indolent incredulity of this local lout, so void of village pride? Luckily for them, travellers covet the sublime even at the sacrifice of the comfortable, and go to any extreme of exertion in pursuit of midsummer idling. Stacks of mattresses were in the halls, and a fresh load of them driving up to the door as we entered our hotel. What were they for? "Show these gentlemen to 209 and 210," says the clerk. 209 was a cot at the end of a corridor, screened by a sheet from public gaze; 210 was a billiard table.

In these days of steam we do a great deal of rapid railroading and steamboating, work very hard, and put up with great discomforts in our pretended midsummer idling—insolent clerks, merciless hackmen, mercenary waiters, reckless chambermaids, defiant bootblacks, nonchalant landlords, lean larders, bloated bills, por-

ters with the bump of destructiveness abnormally developed, and that deceptive interval between the "black fly season" or the "gnat season" and the "mosquito season," which we are specially counselled to be on the watch for, proving infinitesimally small. We used to call the landlord "mine host." Whose host is he now? The general's, the senator's, the mayor's, the millionaire's, not *yours*, you foolish old nobody; even the "gentlemanly cashier" will snub the like of *you*, and your host is John, who deserts you on getting his retainer for the season.

Midsummer idling of a better sort does not include so much trunk-packing and travelling and toilettes, such scanty, closetless, sixth-story rooms, so much hop and hotel gong, dress and diamond-powder, so much liquefaction of oneself with mineral waters, so much gauntlet-running of piazzas lined with critics of two sexes and all ages, such a round of ennui and exertion, such dearth of comfort, enjoyment, freedom, self-respect, and rest. Better for dog-day weather are days of rest and content, of quiet and favorite pastimes, with draughts of wholesome air, and that fecundating leisure which makes vacation the seed-time of the year.

THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

WHEN these words shall reach the reader, the Fourth of July, whose prelude racket now delights the ear, will long have been numbered with other Fourths of glorious memory. It is July third, and exhilarating premonitions of the morrow are heard in the play of fireworks and firearms. "It only comes once a year," pleads Tommy, apropos of pocket-money; "Only once a year, Mary," suggests Paterfamilias, apropos of a small pair of burnt breeches; "Thank Heaven, *only* once," grumbles old Glum, throwing water on his roof and fences. Boyhood takes good care to make this "once" a long one. There are furtive discharges of guns and squibs long before the Fourth, in defiance of the laws thereunto made and provided. Who does not recall with a twinge the cord by which the earliest riser rouses up his companions on the morning of the Fourth—the string tied to the sleeper's toe, and hanging thence so temptingly from his window that belated passers-by pull the twine at intervals in torturing false alarms? Regularly each year an edict forbade the firing of pistols,

India crackers, chasers, rockets, etc., with a legal precision of description that was ominous. We eyed with instinctive hostility old Mr. Gevus, the local Verges, as he left at each house the proclamation whose purport we too well divined; and like that great ancestry whom the day honors, we assembled and declared this invasion of inalienable rights a tyranny to be resisted at all hazards, under the mutual pledge of life, liberty, and sacred honor. But perhaps we secretly liked this challenge from the powers that be—it furnished the luxury of disobedience and the spice of danger; and what fame it was, when captured and cooled in the station-house, to be hailed by a semicircle of youthful patriots gathered to wait our release, whose yellowed finger-tips betrayed their partnership in our crime. I wonder why the Solons of that day never, for the sake of the weary and sick, devoted their energies to condensing the infernal din of days and nights before into a free pandemonium from sunrise to sunset of the Fourth, instead of making silly laws of total prohibition, never to be enforced?

Our preparations for the day were on the grandest scale. There was a mimic cannon, filed out of the big brass key, which burst and took Bob Brinton in the eye. There was home-made powder of brimstone begged or borrowed from the piles on the wharf, saltpetre bought by a pyrotechnic partnership (limited) at the apothecary's, and charcoal added in a recipe traditional to boyhood. This mixture, kindling with calmness, fused with provoking deliberation, and left a dross of sulphur behind. We made fire-balls of tar scraped from the "ways" where we bathed, and oakum "sampled" from big bundles at the ship-chandler's door.

The time for preparation is past. The sun of Independence peeps above the horizon. Bang-whang go the guns; the bells ring from every steeple; from the Park roars the daybreak salute of Battery B; patriotic horns toot from the windows; Master Tom flings his red bunches clattering to the pavement, or makes them echo in the barrel, or boldly holds the exploding cracker between thumb and finger with the stoicism of a young Indian brave; while Jenny timidly drops her torpedoes, to the infinite scorn of brother Tom. The sun mounts higher. Drums beat, bands play bewitchingly, the militia are appal-

ling in their tight trousers, padded breasts, and monstrous hats; soon with the crack of the pistol mingles the exciting pop of the fragrant beer, in triple seductiveness of ginger, spruce, and root, and there floats upon the air a low musical gurgle of good-good-good-good from the cool stone bottle. At nine A. M. Master Tommy tumbles on sofa or sidewalk, as either may offer, and, crowned with nine hours of glory, sleeps calmly like another Napoleon on the battle-field.

Now the sun beats down with terrific fury, and the city procession is under way. The show is shabby; the participants console themselves by fond anticipations of a public dinner to come. Among this throng are a few elated lads who march with big brothers in the Council or fat fathers among the Aldermen; and these, we youngsters regard from the curb-stone with an envy akin to that excited by the offspring of confectioners at school. When we descry our promoted playfellows glancing exultantly about, we cool their dignity by loudly calling their names and nicknames, and by inquiring if the cobble-stones are muddy, or how long they have been city fathers.

Hush! the ceremonies are going on in the hall, and all the fans are in motion, and all the programmes are plaited into fans. "When in the course of human events," and so on, with sonorous deliberation. Whew! it is worse than the march, think the hot and hungry guests—they think they are paying dear for that dinner. All things have an end, even the Declaration of Independence; and here it is—"Georgia: Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walton." A sigh of relief, a strain of patriotic music, and then the orator rises amidst thunders of applause. Hail, noble, silver-tongued speaker. Tell us once more the ever-welcome story. The Eagle soars. The mortified Lion slinks off with his tail between his legs.

One Fourth, by what seemed almost a providential interposition, they were putting water-works into the city, and pipes of all sizes, some big enough for you to walk through erect (being no less than four feet in diameter), lay in the streets. The double-headers "spoke" in those echoing tunnels. That day a country cousin came to town, and begged for the panorama; but it was courtesy to offer a preparatory treat, and being asked to name

his luxury, he at once chose oysters, scorning the lack of an R in the month—though, to be sure, four weeks later his homely spelling would have found one. The panorama was a sacred one, being a series of gorgeous splashes upon the Fall of Satan, done in oil by Pietro Benzi. There is something in Milton about "infernal machines," and here they were, of the sort used in modern marine warfare. The angel who was specially charged by the artist with overthrowing Satan had wings for flying, but for other locomotion a pair of Hessian boots, with gold tassels, and with spurs six inches long. In his hand he held a sheaf of thunderbolts; but the prudent painter had eked out these weapons (to guard against accident) by a Paixhan gun.

That Fourth went out in a blaze of fireworks. Perched on seats six inches square, made to rest on the heads of the elders' canes by a masterstroke of ingenuity, we ached at the rockets and roared over the drollery of the swaying crowd. The pyrotechnic ships fired into the forts, and the forts fired back into the ships and blew up one of them, but the other ships blew up the fort in turn; and then, with fresh crackling, it all changed and flamed into the figure of Washington, begirt with laurel wreaths.

Now the drums are dumb, the bombs have burst, the bonfires smoulder, the sham fights are fought, the flags are hauled down, guns and gongs are put away for the year, the horns are silent and the horn-blowers playing a nasal obbligato, the serpents have ceased to fizz and the pinwheels to whizz, blue lights and bengolas are quenched, the beer and eloquence, erst so frothy are flat and stale. "Silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound." So ends for the invalid the most torturing, for the merchant the dullest, for fireman and policeman, surgeon and coroner the busiest, for the orator the proudest, for Master Tommy the gayest day in the year. After a century of practice and experiment, is it not strange that we cannot make our holiday less noisy, and more amusing and refreshing; less a nuisance, and more a comfort and pride; an anniversary not to be despairingly abandoned to urchins, but to be shared by men and women, and so rendered worthy of a nation like ours?

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

RATIONAL AND EMPIRICAL HOUSE-KEEPING.

A GRADUATE of one of our oldest and most honored female seminaries, a woman of ability, fond of domestic activity, and proud to be regarded as an "accomplished housekeeper," found the woodwork of her kitchen at house-cleaning time much bespattered with lime. There were rough places where it could neither be rubbed off nor washed out. So the servants scoured and scoured till paint and patience were nearly worn out, when it was suggested by a casual comer, who knew the *properties* of lime, that it might be removed at once by a little vinegar. Empiricism gives the rule, which is to *scour dirty woodwork*. Reason seeks the properties of things, and deals with them on the basis of those properties. No matter what the business of the day, be it soap-making, bread-making, roasting, boiling, cleansing, furnishing, or marketing, the empiric blindly follows her formula, and blesses or curses her "luck" according to the result. In making soap, for instance, she punctiliously observes a certain order of procedure, and if the materials are good the operation will probably turn out a success. But suppose the materials are bad. She cannot test them, for she knows little or nothing of their nature, and, unable to interpret appearances as the process goes on, fidelity to the rule brings her anything but soap, rule and all breaking down in the face of a difficulty which a very little knowledge would have enabled her to avoid. To the empirical housekeeper flour is a simple homogeneous substance, that treated in a certain way produces bread; but if this bread be sodden or sour or sticky, she is helpless in the presence of an irresolvable fact. While it may not be that a knowledge of the composition of flour, and of the properties of its elements, of fermentation and of the reactions of heat upon bread, will enable a woman to produce a better sample of the manufactured article than her neighbor who is densely ignorant of all these matters, the intelligent bread-maker has yet an immense advantage. By her knowledge

she is armed for emergencies. She can interpret failures and make them ministers to future success, she can meet defects with new adaptations, and above all other things she can lift herself and her vocation out of the depths of drudging toil into regions of intellectual achievement and pleasure. Is it not strange that in these days of womanly aspiration we see so few tokens of change toward a more intellectual style of housekeeping? If it is the glory of modern times to know the nature and meaning of common objects and processes, if progress in civilization is most conspicuously seen in the substitution of the guidance of principles for a blind adherence to rules, is it not strange that the art of housekeeping, the one industrial interest in woman's special charge, should still be pursued in the spirit of a prescientific age? It may be said that as housekeeping is made up of many diverse processes, a comprehension of its principles becomes a serious undertaking. But the various sciences that underlie domestic life have had their principles so popularized that they are within easy reach of ordinary minds. Yet it does not seem to have dawned upon the feminine consciousness, that a knowledge of these principles is essential to a dignified and rational administration of the family.

Whether we examine the kind of instruction given in those ladies' schools where housekeeping is professedly taught, or the sentiment which rules in schools where no such teaching is attempted, we alike discover that at the very fountains of feminine education housekeeping is regarded as a matter of pure empiricism. Said an eminent teacher of girls, "We do not teach domestic science in our school, for it is folly to take up the time of the girls in a boarding-school with such matters. The numbers to be taught and the conveniences for teaching are out of all proportion. Girls should learn housekeeping at home." And she added with emphasis, "It is absurd to think it takes so much time to acquire this art. I have known girls that were absolutely ignorant of all domestic operations, who yet became excellent housekeepers in six weeks."

Now, housekeeping, regarded as a successful conformity to rules and receipts, may no doubt be acquired by a bright woman in a short time; but a knowledge of the principles upon which its rules are based, the ability to see where a rule breaks down, or to discriminate between good rules and poor, the power in the absence of a rule to construct one for the occasion—in a word, that acquaintance with the principles of household economy which makes a woman mistress not only of the servants but also of the situation, requires effort and time proportioned to its superiority over the policy of our sisters and grandmothers. Without underestimating the value of formulas that embody the experience of generations, women need to set a higher estimate upon a knowledge of principles which make rules intelligible, and serve as guides in the failure or absence of rules. Let those women who hunger and thirst for a more intellectual life, remember that household operations, like all other occupations, rest down directly upon the properties of materials; that the housekeeper no less than the skilled manufacturer is dealing with nature's uniformities; that albumen is albumen just as much as iron is iron; that it has certain special properties as white of egg, which are affected in certain ways by time and temperature, and that in its behavior it is as much subject to law as the running of a cotton factory or the sailing of a ship.

A SELF-IGNITING SIGNAL LIGHT.

MR. N. J. HOLMES has invented a curious form of signal light, which possesses the novel property of being self-igniting, and which cannot be extinguished until it has burned itself out. It consists of a tin case or lamp about the size of a pint bottle, in which the inflammable material is placed, the case being fitted into a wooden float with the neck or nozzle downward. The neck is stopped by a plug which may be easily pierced, while from the end which floats above the water a small cone projects upward. When it is wanted for use, the point of the cone is knocked off, a hole is made through the plug in the other end, the case is placed in the float, and the whole thing thrown overboard. As the water reaches the material within through the hole in the plug, flame bursts out of the point of the cone, rising some sixteen inches high, and giving a most bril-

liant light. It will burn in this way for about five minutes; during the next ten it sinks to the height of a foot, and afterwards burns with a slowly decreasing flame for half an hour, or until the material is all consumed. It operates equally well in a bucket of water, and is therefore practicable either on railway trains, the decks of steamboats, or on board ship. The contents of the tin case consist of a mixture of chalk and phosphorus, which is highly inflammable though not dangerous.

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.

A PROCESS has lately been brought out in England for working up scrap leather, and such parts of old boots and shoes as have not been burned, or the fibre of the leather otherwise destroyed, into a sort of artificial leather, which is claimed to be nearly or quite equal to any in point of wear. The scraps are first reduced to pulp. To do this, the thicker and harder pieces are put into a suitable disintegrating or crushing mill, where they are broken up, care being taken that the fibre is not injured. They are then put with the thinner pieces which did not require crushing, and the whole thrown into a powerful rag engine and converted into pulp with water or a thin solution of gelatine. When the pulp is sufficiently fine it is run from the engine into a tank and mixed with a stronger solution of gelatine, after which it is converted into sheets. These sheets are next enclosed between other sheets of thin but perfect leather. A sort of compound sheet is thus obtained, which after being subjected to pressure is ready for use.

COUNT RUMFORD.

DR. MATTHEW WILLIAMS, in a recent address before the Royal Institution of Great Britain "On the Scientific Discoveries of Count Rumford," not only pays a handsome tribute of respect to the memory of that great man for the distinguished services which he rendered to the cause of science, but in closing takes occasion to enforce in very emphatic language the advantages to be derived from a general diffusion of sound scientific knowledge. He says: "The researches of Rumford are especially worthy of general attention, as his subjects literally come home to all of us, the greater part of his life having been devoted to studying and applying the philosophy of common things; he may be in

fact regarded above all others as the philosopher of common things, the science of feeding, clothing, warming, and sheltering mankind having been his chief pursuit. The great characteristic of his whole career is that all his practical work was strictly philosophical, and most of his philosophical work was eminently and directly practical. He was a great statesman, a practical soldier, the greatest of practical military reformers, a skilful mechanic and engineer, and a successful philanthropist, besides being a distinguished philosopher. If, therefore, you would make your son a successful soldier, a successful lawyer, a successful statesman, successful in any business whatever, you should give him a sound, practical, scientific education, let him learn how to observe and investigate facts, to generalize them, and from such inductions to deduce sound rules for practical conduct. Modern science affords the best, the highest, and the most useful school of intellectual culture; the great business of the present day is to give to science that decided educational precedence to which it is entitled; and the whole career of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, affords a striking example of the kind of intellectual results we may expect to obtain when sound scientific knowledge and training are afforded to every human being, male and female."

LITHOFRACTEUR.

THIS is the name given to an explosive compound, the principal constituents of which are nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and infusorial earth, with a few other substances known only to the inventor and manufacturers. It was invented and patented by Professor Engels of Cologne, and has been used to some extent in Germany and Austria for the last two years. It was first brought into general notice, however, by the Prussians, who used it in the late campaign for the destruction of some of the larger guns in the Paris forts. It has the appearance of a stiffish, light-colored paste, and is claimed to have all the explosive power of nitro-glycerine, with none of its dangerous qualities. Indeed, the difficulty is to explode it. Set on fire in the air, it burns quietly away to a white ash. Sudden and powerful impact will not set it off, neither can it be exploded by friction. For use it is put up in cartridges four and a half inches long and seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, each

cartridge containing one and three-fourths ounces of material. It is exploded by a percussion cap in a manner similar to that of Mr. Nobel with dynamite and Professor Abel with gun-cotton. The end of a piece of fuse is inserted in a percussion cap about a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch long. This cap is then imbedded in the explosive material near one end of the cartridge, and the whole wrapped with paper, when it is ready for use. Its power is shown by the following experiments: A horizontal hole one and a half inches in diameter was drilled to the depth of three feet into the face of a quarry of solid rock. This was charged with ten of the above-sized cartridges, tamped in the usual way with water. Large masses of stone were detached and thrown forward, and the new face was left scarred and seamed over an area of nineteen feet by twelve. The real power exerted will be better appreciated if the fact is borne in mind that gunpowder under the same circumstances would have made no impression at all. One pound five ounces of the material was placed in the channel of a car rail weighing seventy-five pounds to the yard, and this then laid upon another rail of the same dimensions. When fired both rails were broken in two, throwing the pieces a considerable distance apart. The entire absence of danger in handling and transporting the lithofracteur has been fully demonstrated; and if it shall prove to be durable, keeping for long periods without change, it will most likely supersede the dangerous or inefficient compounds now in use.

A substance resembling this in composition and properties, but passing under the name of "giant powder," has been manufactured for the past two years in California, and preparations are now going forward with a view to its manufacture near this city.

ENGLISH ANIMALS IN NEW ZEALAND.

ALLUSION was made in a former number to the early steps of an enterprise which had for its object the introduction of English birds, particularly of the insect-eating sorts, into New Zealand. From a late number of "Land and Water" we learn that the ships in which these birds were taken out arrived safely at their destination, landing most of their feathered passengers in good condition. The long voyage, however, was too much for

the robins, all of them dying on the way. The flock of red deer also suffered seriously, but five out of the eighteen shipped surviving the passage. The similarity of the climate of New Zealand to that of England, and the general good health which foreigners who reside there are known to enjoy, leave little doubt concerning the success of this experiment.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

THE "Lancet" states that the Chemical Society of Frankfort recommend a new disinfectant composed of gun-cotton moistened with a solution of permanganate of potash. Ordinary cotton does not answer, because it decomposes the permanganate.

ACTION OF GLACIERS ON THE AIR.

How glaciers affect the humidity of the atmosphere, and how they are affected by it, has recently been made the subject of an extended series of experiments, with the following results: It was found, first, that when the tension of the aqueous vapor of the air is less than 4.6 millimetres (nearly two-tenths of an inch), there may be either condensation or evaporation at the surface of the glacier; second, that whenever the tension of the aqueous vapor in the air exceeds 4.6 millimetres, there is always condensation on the surface of the glacier; third, that the total result of the condensation and evaporation at the surface of the glacier appears to be notably in favor of condensation—that is, in the long run the glacier condenses more than it evaporates; fourth, that the glacier tends to reduce by condensation and evaporation the tension of the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere to 4.6 millimetres, there being no exception to this law other than when condensation takes place at temperatures below the freezing point. In climates and latitudes where the average tension is greater than 4.6 millimetres, the glacier would exert an extremely powerful desiccating action upon the atmosphere. Fifth, that the condensation of aqueous vapor tends, by reason of the heat liberated, against the extension of the glacier.

NEW ARTIFICIAL STONE.

To the already numerous preparations which have from time to time appeared under this name, another has lately been added, the invention of a French chemist named Sorel. The stone is formed from

natural materials, such as sand, chalk, pebbles, or quarry chips, united into a solid mass by means of a peculiar kind of cement, this being the essential feature of the invention. The cement is composed of carbonate of magnesia and chloride of magnesium, and may be made in either of two ways: the carbonate of magnesia may be mixed directly with a solution of the chloride of magnesium, or the two may be mixed dry and water added afterward. Whichever way it is made, the cement is said to be very white, capable of receiving any desired shape or color before it sets, and after setting very hard and susceptible of a high polish. Imitation ivory has been made from it which answers well in the manufacture of billiard balls, medallions, buttons, etc.; but its chief value lies in its agglomerative properties, whereby what would otherwise be waste material may be made into a compact and durable form of stone. One part of the cement will thus stick together thirty parts of sand, chalk, or other material. Specimens of artificial stone in the shape of medallions, mosaics, emery-stones, oil-stones, imitation marble, etc., have been made with this cement without the aid of heat, and they are said to bear a striking likeness to the objects they are meant to represent. Excellent millstones and grindstones can be formed by cementing together emery sandstone and other hard materials.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

DR. W. LANDER LINDSAY, in a paper on the physiology of mind in the lower animals, published in a late number of the "Journal of Mental Science," remarks that comparative psychology, or the science of mind in all classes of animals, man included, and in the inferior animals particularly, as contrasted with man, is a subject about which very little is known, and yet one of the greatest interest and importance. Those studying mind have hitherto confined themselves to its phenomena as exhibited in man, or, in other words, they have selected for analysis the most complex form of mind; and to this he ascribes the belief, held by many highly educated people, that the lower animals do not possess mind at all, all their mental phenomena being attributed to the operation of the convenient faculty termed instinct. A sense of shame at our ignorance and prejudice he thinks the

only proper starting-point toward more rational views, this to be followed by unlearning much that we have already learned in human psychology, and then beginning our studies of mind, with its genesis or rudiments, in the simplest forms of animals, tracing its gradual progress from simplicity to complexity. After these observations there comes a series of illustrations of the mental endowments of animals, embracing their natural dispositions or character, their emotions and powers of self-control, their moral sense, memory, observation, imitation, stratagem, will, imagination, abstraction, understanding, reflection, and reasoning, adaptation of means to ends, skill, arts, wars, education, etc. Dr. Lindsay concludes by stating that his own investigations have led to the conviction that certain of the lower animals possess mind of the same nature as that of man, that there is no mental attribute peculiarly or characteristically human, and that there is therefore no essential mental distinction between man and other animals.

LIMESTONE AS A BUILDING MATERIAL.

M. OMALIUS D'HALLORY, in a recent paper on the subject of building stones, says in speaking of limestones, that to judge of their durability, it is not so much the texture which has to be taken into account as the condition of the bed from which the stones were obtained. The structure and texture of the limestones may vary enormously, and yet all may be suited for building purposes, provided the layers or strata have not been, as is very frequently the case, dislocated by geological upheaving, whereby many of these kinds of stone become foliated, and do not then withstand wind and weather for any length of time without crumbling to pieces.

NEW METHOD OF IRON-MAKING.

MR. GEORGE FOWLER, an English mining engineer, proposes the following modification of the ordinary method of smelting iron ores. As the process is commonly carried on, air is driven in near the base of the furnace, and the oxygen thus introduced unites with the carbon of the fuel, forming carbonic acid. As this rises through the incandescent mass it loses a portion of its oxygen, and thus becomes carbonic oxide, a gas which in its further upward journey takes oxygen from the ore and again becomes carbonic

acid, thence escaping from the top of the furnace. Carbonic oxide is therefore the true reducing agent in the process. By the proposed method this gas is generated outside the furnace, by the passage of a limited amount of air over ignited fuel. Thus heated, it is forced into the furnace near the top, whence it descends through the mass of iron ore, which it deoxidizes as the two come in contact. That portion of the carbonic oxide, if any, which remains unaltered, is burned when it encounters the blast from the tuyeres, and the heat thereby generated suffices to fuse the metal and slag, which then fall into the hearth in a molten state.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE SAFETY LAMP.

SINCE Davy's invention of the wire-gauze safety lamp, numerous modifications of the original structure have been suggested and a few brought into use, though the principle of the lamp still remains the same. In careful hands it is a safe and efficient guard against the terrible accidents from explosion in the mines, but neither this nor anything else yet contrived has proved available against the stupid recklessness of the miner, who, for some such trivial purpose as a light for his pipe, will open his lamp, and thus expose himself and his fellows to the risk of a most horrible death. It is an interesting fact that nearly all the attempted improvements of the safety lamp have been made for the purpose of protecting the miners against themselves, so little are they to be trusted even with their own lives. The latest effort in this direction is a wire-gauze lamp designed for burning paraffine oil, so that with a better light the miner will not be tempted to remove the wire cage in order to see. But with an entirely justifiable lack of faith in the miner's trustworthiness, the inventor has put it beyond his power to blow himself up, by attaching a contrivance which, when the removal of the cage is attempted, immediately extinguishes the light. This is effected by two small metal plates, which are caused to fall upon the wick and wick-holder by means of a spring that is released on unscrewing the cage from the body of the lamp. Another attachment with the same end in view is called the magnetic lock. This is so constructed that the bolt can only be withdrawn by the action of a powerful magnet, and this magnet is kept in the lamp cabin. As an

instrument of the required power is too heavy to be carried, of course the collier could not open his lamp until he had passed beyond the region of dangerous gases.

THE HELIOTYPE PROCESS.

MR. ERNEST EDWARDS, in a paper on "Photography in Printing," gives a description of the above-named process, the adoption of which promises a revolution in the lithographic art. Mr. Edwards first points out the action of light upon a film composed of bichromate of potash and gelatine. It closes the pores of the film and enables it to be used as a lithographic stone, for where the light has acted the film will take greasy ink, and where it has not acted the film absorbs water. There are several ways of closing the pores or water-proofing gelatine. It may be done by the action of light in the presence of a bichromate; chrome alum mixed with the gelatine without the action of light will do it completely, and after such treatment the gelatine is converted into a tawny, tough, insoluble substance like leather or parchment, capable apparently of standing an unlimited amount of rough usage. The heliotype films are prepared by mixing a warm solution of bichromate of potash, gelatine, chrome alum, and water, pouring out the mixture in a pool on an accurately levelled glass plate, and allowing the film or "skin" to dry. It is then exposed under a negative, whereby a scarcely visible picture is produced upon the skin, which is afterward mounted upon a thick zinc plate and soaked in water to get rid of the superfluous bichromate of potash, and render the film insensible to the further action of light. In printing, the surface of the film is treated just like a lithographic stone, for where the light has acted it will take greasy ink, but does not absorb water; where the light has not acted it will absorb water but refuses the ink; and where the light has but partly acted it partly absorbs water and partly refuses the ink. In reply to questions concerning certain objections to the process, Mr. Edwards stated that the imperfections in some of the earlier prints by this process, which had been referred to as water marks, arose from defects in the paper upon which the prints were made, and were no fault of the process itself. This

difficulty, however, had since been entirely overcome by Mr. W. De La Rue, who had produced a paper entirely suited to the purpose. The pictures require from twenty-four to thirty-six hours to dry in a temperature of 90 deg. Fah.

CONCENTRATED VEGETABLES.

THE general attention that has of late years been paid to the preservation and concentration of articles of food, continues to issue in new and occasionally valuable processes; though many of those put forth turn out on trial to be either wholly useless, or quite impracticable save in the hands of such as have been specially trained to their management. In which category the following process for the concentration of vegetables is destined to fall has yet to be determined. The aim is to put the solid portions of vegetables in such a shape that they may be readily preserved, and easily prepared for use when wanted, at the same time reducing their bulk and preserving their flavor. The way this is attempted in the case of potatoes will serve for illustration: After being thoroughly washed, the potatoes are boiled until done and their skins removed. The potato is then divided into fine vermicular particles by mechanical means, and while in this state the water is driven off by exposure to heat. The material is left in a condition much resembling rice, and in this shape it may be ground to flour if desired. The extract of potatoes prepared in this way can be used for making soups and other dishes; and by adding boiling water, a dish in every way resembling mashed potatoes, cooked directly from potatoes in the ordinary manner, is obtained, but, it is said, of superior flavor and quality.

CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

ATTENTION has lately been called to an attachment for boiler and other furnaces designed to aid in burning the smoke which they generate. It consists simply of a flattened pipe, so connected that warm fresh air—in addition to that which supplies the draught—may be thrown into the furnace at a point just above the burning fuel. Here it mingles with the smoke and other gaseous products of the combustion, thus enabling the fire to consume such as are combustible.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"On Comparative Longevity in Man and the Lower Animals." By E. Ray Lankester. (Macmillan & Co.) Notwithstanding the increased knowledge of the laws of existence derived from biological research, and that which is furnished by the statistics of mortality, longevity is still a problem. Everybody is instinctively interested in this subject, and gives to it more or less thought. Almost every one at some time of his life entertains or attempts to practise a sacred, a moral, or a physical theory, with a view to secure length of days. It is needless to say that none of these lead to any definite and accepted result. One may have faith in the beautiful sentiment of "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," and yet behold too many dutious offspring vanish before their progenitors to rely fully on it. We as children have had confidence that the injunction of "Early to bed and early to rise" would not only complete us in a worldly and intellectual sense, but likewise secure us a ripe old age. We have been foolish enough, perhaps, to follow the regimen of this or that empirical Graham, and have discovered too late that no dietetic system adds to life, or demonstrates asceticism to be a physical any more than a spiritual benefit. We constantly see the good die before the bad, the temperate before the intemperate, the feeble outliving the strong—the fatalities of nature, in short, balking the intellect quite as effectually in the direction of longevity as in the analogous puzzles of first and final causes. Must we abandon the problem, then, and regard longevity as an inscrutable thing? That does not follow, and for this reason, that, like the alchemist's search for the philosopher's stone, our investigations may develop some natural law productive of better results than the mere transmutation of a base metal; if we do not find a Rosicrucian elixir securing eternal youth, we may at least discover the means of making existence healthier and more enjoyable, and so reverse the fatalistic notion that life is de-

sirable only when it is merry and short. The treatise of Mr. Lankester is of service in this direction. Mr. Lankester handles the subject of longevity in a cautious and guarded manner. He states frankly that his treatise is indefinite and speculative, and especially so because there is as yet too little observation of the comparative longevity of man and the lower animals to warrant any positive conclusion. Longevity, in general terms, seems to be proportionate to the bulk or complexity of an organism in connection with its time of development. Antagonistic to longevity is, first, personal expenditure, meaning wear and tear in maintaining life; and next, generative expenditure, meaning the greater or lesser degree of prolificness in reproduction of it. This, in few words, seems to be the natural law. Numerous illustrations are given to show its operation. Duration of life, for instance, in infusoria producing "170 billions in four days" is correspondingly short. Fish are long-lived, as we see in a carp 150 years old mentioned both by Buffon and Duhamel. A certain pike taken in Swabia, with a ring on it bearing an inscription, weighing 350 pounds, and 19 feet long, must have been, if the inscription could be relied on, 267 years old. As fish are supposed to be highly prolific, this fact would seem to contravene the theory; but "the bulk of the ova and spawn of fish is not so large as the number of the ova would lead one to think. Moreover, fish give no parental attention, which is an item of generative expenditure." Leaving their ova to be hatched by the elements, they avoid any exhaustion of personal energy, and live the longer. The whale, on the other hand, which is of great bulk, looks after its young, but it has few of them, and lives 300 years. Reptiles living in hot countries and feeding on large masses of food at intervals have small expenditure and live a long time. Some of the sacred crocodiles of India have been known since its conquest by the English; a tortoise from the Gallipagos in the London Zoölogical Gardens was, from its rate of growth, inferred to be 175 years old.

Birds are long-lived in the same ratio either of bulk or complexity to period of development and expenditure. A parrot in Florence is known to have lived 100 years, and another in England 80 years, a goose is said to have lived 100 years; a falcon 162 years. In respect to animals, the elephant lives from 120 to 200 years, some ancient authorities placing his term of life at 500 years. Horses are known to live 40 years, the camel 40, the ox 20, the bull 16, the lion from 20 to 50, the dog, an exceptional case, 34 years, and cats as high as 18 years; all showing the relationship of bulk or complexity, in connection with time, development, and expenditure. Among men we find the Fuegian or savage living from 45 to 50, and the civilized man from 70 to 80. Comparing together the bulk and complexity of various species, man is found to be longer-lived than the chimpanzee, the ox than the sheep and the goat; while the lion, less bulky than the ox, lives longer on account of his superior development. "With regard to the mule, Bacon states that it lives longer than either the horse or the ass, which confirms the hypothesis that generative expenditure antagonizes longevity." Animals used for breeding, and made to breed early, are less long-lived than others—a statement, says the author, due to general assertions, and which needs confirmation. All these instances, if studied in their details, will show that the law of life and development illustrated in this treatise is probably the true one. We pass on to phenomena of longevity visible among man and woman kind. Distinguished people in any given class are less long-lived than the undistinguished. There is with the former a greater waste of energy. A prominent clergyman (which profession takes the lead in longevity) lives three years less than his less famous compeer; a clever lawyer nearly two years less than those who are not so; between medical men, distinguished and not distinguished, there is little difference; among literary and scientific rivals, the ablest goes two and one-third years soonest; and among artists the best live the shortest time by a year and a quarter. Women seem to have the advantage of men in longevity. A woman at fifty, for instance, may expect to live to the age of seventy and three-quarters years; while a man at that age cannot hope for more than sixty-nine

years six months. Mr. Lankester says that the difference of longevity between celibates and the married is not established in favor of the latter, although he quotes a tabular statement which gives them the preference.

Among examples of abnormal longevity, that of Parr, who is stated to have lived 152 years and then died because too richly fed from palace kitchens, is partially discredited. Dr. Holland accepts it on the authority of the famous Harvey. Mr. Lankester quotes the authentic case of William Shuldham, who died in 1845 at least 102 years old. "His son composed and sang at the centennial anniversary of his father's birth a song one verse of which fairly describes his general mode of living:

"Some take pills and physic for gout or for phthisis;
Try every new nostrum for malady sore;
Some quit their home quarters to drink foreign waters,
And yet kick the bucket the same as before.
But comfort and quiet, and temperate diet,
Will make a man healthy and wealthy and bold,
While a glass of good wine, too, will strengthen the spine, too,
And make him, like Shuldham, a hundred years old."

We do not dwell on the longevity of savages like the Fuegians above referred to, who are killed and eaten by their children, but we may quote something concerning the shortness of certain American lives. Mr. Pliny Earle Chase is the authority. Mr. Chase divides the people of Philadelphia into two classes: Friends (or Quakers) and Philadelphians. At the age of twelve years the former have a maximum vitality of 20.49 per cent. over the latter, and their probable life is 43.78 per cent. more valuable than that of their neighbors. This goes to show that placid tempers and temperate habits are of some significance. Whether owing to more accurate statistics in England than elsewhere, or whether it is simply the usual English asseveration of superiority to the rest of the world, it seems that "European lives, and especially English lives, have the greatest probable duration." Longevity is by no means a modern phenomenon. Some of the Greek philosophers lived to very advanced ages. We quote from Dr. Holland's admirable essay on this subject: Zeno is said to have lived 102 years, Diogenes 90, Plato 82, Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, 107, Sophocles 90.

and Pindar 84. We find many long-lived women among the Romans: Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to 103; Clodia, the wife of Otilius, to 115 years. Two remarkable actresses stand thus on the list: Lucceia is stated to have performed as Mima for about 100 years; the other, Galeria, was brought back to the stage during games celebrated in honor of Augustus in her 104th year, and 91 years after her first appearance before the Roman public. Conspicuous as these instances are, there is no doubt but that the average of life is much in favor of modern times.

Longevity, it is seen, is not a determined thing. It seems to be a matter of heredity and not within the scope of calculation. The best we can do in accounting for it is to suppose causes operating through a succession of lives; in the words of Dr. Holland: "When the organs serving to the great animal functions—respiration, circulation, nutrition, and secretion—are sound, and conveyed as such from one generation to another, an average prolongation of life will occur as the natural effect." The true way, therefore, to secure long life is to use moderation in the exercise of all mental and physical functions. A sound body in one generation may probably withstand undermining influences, but when there is offspring the effects of the strain are transmitted, and are the causes of early death.

A "MEMOIR of Charles Mayne Young, tragedian, with extracts from his son's journal," by Julian Charles Young, rector of Ilmington (Macmillan & Co.), furnishes about as good reading for the summer months as one could desire. The title, it must be said, conveys no idea of the book. But one-fifth of it is devoted to the memoir, while the rest consists of sundry stories with reminiscences and anecdotes of English celebrities, literary, artistic, and political, with whose names or works every cultivated reader is familiar. We can compare the memoir to nothing but a decorous statue standing at the entrance to a museum of curiosities. Few Americans now living know anything of the tragedian Young, a contemporary of Mrs. Siddons, and a successful rival of Kean, Kemble, and Macready. He ranked professionally with these, performed with them on an equal footing, and is only less famous perhaps because he never left his country on professional tours and seems to

have been less ambitious and enterprising. According to his son's account, he was an amiable, eccentric man, faithful to his duties and friends, living a solitary life, and enjoying every comfort up to the end of his days.

The important event of his life was his marriage, somewhat romantic, with the daughter of an exiled nobleman, the Marquis Grimani of Venice, who died a few days after giving birth to the son who commemorates his father's life and times. Charles Julian Young, the son, becomes a clergyman in the Church of England. A clerical position, noble birth on the maternal side, the eminence of his father, and decided talent of his own, give him the *entrée* of the best English society, in which he has rare opportunities for studying and recording what he observes of distinguished men. The result is, the journal appended to the memoir, a book of wit, humor, graphic portraiture, and inimitable stories, compiled with good taste, and forming altogether an admirable literary tableau of a brilliant epoch.

Every worshipper of genius must be somewhat chagrined on discovering that his idols have any defects. We once mentally condemned Mr. Emerson for exposing in a lecture the weak side of Wordsworth's character, the said exposure consisting of a ludicrous report of Wordsworth reading to him one of his sonnets. Mr. Young more than confirms Mr. Emerson's testimony to the poet's vanity. Wordsworth, passing through a London street, happened to be pleased with the appearance of a little girl, and stopped to talk with her. When he had satisfied his curiosity he "put one hand on her head and with the other dived down into the recesses of his coat pocket and drew forth a little copy of his minor poems; telling her to look at him well and note his person, also to be sure to observe well the time of day and the spot, he bid her recollect that that little book had been given her by the author, the celebrated William Wordsworth!" Our journalist's conscience pricks him a little for narrating such a story of a truly eminent and virtuous man; but no one, he says, can better afford to have the truth spoken of him. Wordsworth's vanity, moreover, has become historical, like that of Lamartine. Coleridge is another case of ideal misconception. "His general appearance would have led me to suppose him a dissenting minister.

His hair was long and white and neglected; his complexion was florid, his features square, his eyes watery and hazy, his brow broad and massive, his build uncouth, his deportment grave and abstracted. He wore a white, starchless neckcloth tied in a limp bow, and was dressed in a shabby suit of dusky black. His breeches were unbuttoned at the knee, his sturdy limbs were encased in stockings of lavender-colored worsted, his feet were thrust into well-worn slippers, much trodden down at the heel. In this ungainly attire he paced up and down, and down and up, and round and round a saloon sixty feet square," when the author sat making this pre-Raphaelite study of him. Coleridge was a man of books and the poet of inner consciousness. We are not surprised to be told that he was no real lover of nature or society, and that, going so little out of his shell, he should be prejudiced to an absurd degree. He could not learn to speak French, and evidently had no appreciation of French elegance of manner or of the practical mind of that versatile people. How little he had is apparent in the following diatribe:

"I hate the hollowness of French principles; I hate the republicanism of French politics; I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion; I hate the artificiality of French cooking; I hate the acidity of French wines; I hate the flimsiness of the French language. My very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue." He seems to have hated German wine and only to have loved sherry, judging by the following impromptu:

In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth come from grapes;
But on the noble river Rhine,
The thing called *gripes* doth come from wine:

Considerable space is given to one of the most singular men England has produced, the famous "Sybarite," Beckford, the builder of Fonthill Abbey, and the author of "Vathek." Morbid or not, Beckford was a man of original genius. Possessing immense wealth, he devoted it to giving outward substance to the wildest architectural and scenic fancies, erecting an edifice which rivalled his own description of the Hall of Eblis, "the splendor of its furniture and decorations, with its inexhaustible treasures of art, earning for it the designation of the 'Wonder of the

West.'" We must refer the reader to the book itself for an estimate of Beckford's character and works. Hood, Tom Moore, D'Orsay, Dickens, Bulwer, and a host of heroes, naval and military, pass in review. Intermingled with sketches and memoranda of these are several mesmeric and ghost stories, native and foreign, so well told that we think the author must have believed them. Among his anecdotes is the following of Dumas the elder: "Speaking of the Darwinian theory, a friend tells me that Alexandre Dumas (a man of color), being asked by a noble puppy, in a tone of offence, 'Who was your father?' answered, 'My father was a creole, his father a negro, and his father a monkey; my family, it seems, begins where yours left off.'" Here is another of a death-bed repentance: "A farmer in the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had been for years at open variance with his brother, was persuaded by his minister, in consequence of the dangerous state of his health, to send for him and be reconciled to him. After they had met and exchanged greetings, if not cordial, at least amicable, the clergyman, fearing too much agitation in the patient, suggested to the visitor once more to shake hands and go. He did so; but as he was departing the invalid cried out to him, 'I say, Bill, we've made up, you know, because they think as I be going to die; but if I should not die after all, then remember we're to be as we war afore.'" A youthful admirer either quotes or parodies the famous laureate: "When Tennyson entered the Oxford theatre to receive his honorary degree of D. C. L., his locks hanging in admired disorder on his shoulders, dishevelled and unkempt, a voice from the gallery was heard crying out to him, 'Did your mother call you early, dear?'"

Mr. Young at the close of his book devotes a chapter to his parochial experience, showing how much good can be accomplished by a liberal and intelligent man among the vicious and uneducated. One of his plans consisted of a series of readings, in which he was unusually successful, and which led to invitations for him to read in other parishes. Being for a charitable purpose, he on one occasion accepted, taking for his subject a play of Shakespeare's. "It was with infinite surprise that I learned, after the reading had been given, that by my compliance

with the request made me I had incurred the displeasure of the bishop, and that he had in consequence inhibited me from officiating in his diocese." We know that clerical intolerance sometimes extends to actors, but we did not suppose that it could have been excited by the mighty poet himself. The bishop was the Bishop of Exeter, who it must be said repented of this act. An American must smile at the way in which condescending actions are recorded, and which show the all-pervading sentiment of the people. "As my father was driving me in his mail phaeton to Brighton, two carriages and four passed us. The first was quickly pulled up and a voice called from the window, 'Young! Young!' It was the Duchess of St Albans, who, after detaining my father at the door for *full ten minutes*, desired that I might be presented to her, which I was." Who but an Englishman would have taken pains to convey an idea of the length of time appropriated to such condescension? Perhaps the aristocratic sentiment is played upon in the treatment of the following case. A young lady attending service in a royal chapel at which there is a corps of cavalry drawn up, faints and is carried out by a handsome officer, Sir Horace Seymour. Strange to say, on the following Sundays a young lady, each time a different one, does the same thing, and is borne out by the same man. To put a stop to this, the following notice is posted at the door: "Whereas, a tendency to faint is becoming a prevalent infirmity among young ladies frequenting this chapel, notice is hereby given that for the future ladies so affected will no longer be carried out by Sir Horace Seymour, but by Branscombe the dustman!" English society is said to be formed of three classes, an upper, a middle, and a lower class; facts show that there are really but two classes, an upper and lower, the middle class being a degree of the first. As for the class said to be the lower, it is comparatively small and impoverished, and as yet has no preponderance. Whether it will not grow and originate as much political trouble as that of the Communists in France, remains to be seen. Speculation of this kind, however, is not our object; it seems to us that if this should be the case, the journal of Charles Mayne Young, like the French memoirs written before the Revolution, will give posterity a good idea of the

manners and ideas of the English aristocratic epoch.

"SHAW'S Complete Series of Works on English Literature" (Sheldon & Co.) consists of four manuals of English and American literature intended for schools, edited by Thomas B. Shaw, William Smith, Prof. H. J. Tuckerman, and Prof. B. N. Martin, the last two supervising the American branch. As far as the English department is concerned, the name of William Smith, the learned and conscientious editor of the Classical and Bible Dictionaries, is of itself sufficient to recommend the manuals devoted to it. The last issue is "Choice Specimens of American Literature," edited by Prof. Martin, who has ably fulfilled his task. The extracts taken from the works of the great body of American writers, accompanied with biographical dates and occasional notes, give an adequate idea of style, and are impartially and judiciously selected, authors from every section of the country being represented. Instructors in various colleges recommend the series, and we are glad to add our mite of commendation to theirs

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

It is hardly necessary to explain to our readers the rarity of our notices of current French literature since the opening of the European war. Failing the books, the notices must also necessarily fail.

For some months after the commencement of hostilities, the quantity of French publications seemed undiminished, particularly in works on medicine and the sciences, which were evidently the result of long previous preparation.

Since then, books on jurisprudence, theology, and works of solid erudition have totally ceased to appear. Politics and present social suffering almost alone seem to call forth any appreciable amount of literary effort, if we except almanacs, prayer books, satirical pamphlets on Badinguet,† and essays of a sanitary commis-

* Works noticed under this heading may be obtained from F. W. Christern, 77 University place.

† Badinguet is said to be the name of the mason or plasterer in whose clothes Louis Napoleon disguised himself in making his escape from imprisonment in the castle at Ham, and Napoleon III. is now always called Badinguet in the pamphlets, songs, and caricatures of the Parisian populace.

sion nature, on field hospitals and treatment of the wounded. Setting aside the partly inane and partially insane gibbering of Victor Hugo in defence of the Commune, all the great voices of France, both in prose and in poetry, appear to be silent. With better days let us hope for better things.

THE distinguished French professor of Oriental languages, M. Garcin de Tassy, has for several years past published annual reports as to the progress of literature and journalism among the Hindoos. On account of the late unpleasantness in Paris, his last report, for 1870, is not published at the capital, but at Caen, in Normandy. Our interest in that particular branch of Oriental literature called Hindostanee is slight, our knowledge of it infinitesimal. But certain extracts given by Professor Tassy from the "Akbar i Alam," an influential journal published at Mirat, in Bengal, strikes us as sufficiently important to be laid before our readers, with a view of bringing about such a state of public opinion as will force upon our Government the conviction that an immediate and pressing necessity exists for the establishment of a first-class mission to Bengal, with an eye single to the enlightenment of that region as to the true views and veritable customs of American ladies on the question of matrimony. The choice and nomination of the minister forthwith to be despatched to the Indian Ocean by fastest sailing government steamer might, we respectfully suggest, be left to Sorosis. Here is the extract from the "Akbar i Alam" (the translation of which is, "The Herald, the only reliable Journal"), for which the editor should be held strictly and personally responsible:

German women prefer the man who is agreeable and keeps his word strictly. French women choose a man with open brow and smiling countenance. The Russian females prefer a countryman of their own, who looks upon all Western nations as barbarians. The Danish remains closely at home, and desires to hear nothing of travel abroad. The Spanish woman selects a man capable of avenging her honor and his own. The Hollanders one who is peaceable in his ways, and desires never to hear of strife and war. And the American ladies marry the earliest good offer they get, taking the first man who will take them, caring nothing for his rank or social position, and still less whether or not he be halt, lame, or blind—*if he but have plenty of money!*

We discover on reading this abominable

extract that we have heretofore had no proper conception of the depth and breadth of Eastern ignorance and barbarism, and we trust that the French professor of Oriental tongues will spare us all further report on the progress of Hindostanee literature.

"*Le Livre des Parfums*, par Eugène Rimmell" (Dentu, Paris), a handsomely illustrated work of 431 pages, comes to us with a lively and characteristic preface from the pen of Alphonse Karr, written, we presume, from among the fragrant zephyrs of his garden at Nice. Concerning perfumes, as of everything else, the witty author of the "Guêpes" (Wasps) rattles away pleasantly through some fifteen pages, and being a keenly refined man, *emunctissimæ naris*, detects wonderful odors in history and in literature, from the perfume of virtue spoken of by Socrates to the odor of sanctity commemorated in the "Acta Sanctorum." He makes curious suggestions as to the creation of a religious perfumery which would prepare "odor of sanctity" for the handkerchief, and "odor of virtue" for the "toilette des dames."

No trifling, superficial work either is this "Book of Perfumes." One is fairly smothered, not by its aromatic exhalations, but by its erudition; and the reader breathes with difficulty, not through the pollen of odoriferous flowers, but through the learned dust of remote ages, which rises about him in clouds at every page.

We make olfactory acquaintance with the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews. We assist at the embalming of mummies and at aromatic offerings upon the altars of false gods. We are made to open the Scriptures at Exodus, where we read:

And Aaron shall burn [upon the altar] sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn incense upon it.

And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations.

We are told of the balm of Judea, and of the balm of Gilead, and again read:

Moreover, the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty shekels.

And of cassia five hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil olive an hin: And thou shalt make it an oil of holy oint-

ment, an ointment compounded after the art of the apothecary.

And again :

Spikenard and saffron ; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense ; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.

Then comes a learned dissertation on spikenard. What was it ? Webster says " the spikenard of the ancients was a species of valerian," which would appear to be the adoption, through Lindsey, of the opinion of the distinguished Orientalist Sir William Jones, who made a special study of the subject, and fixed upon the *valeriana jatamansi*, although Pliny recognizes twelve varieties of spikenard, and Linnæus designated the *andropogon nardus*, a plant from which perfumers extract what is called the Indian geranium.

We are cautioned not to confound the aloes employed in modern pharmacy with the aloes mentioned in the Bible, which latter is the *aloezyllum agallochum*, a shrub quite common in Oriental lands.

On reaching the Greeks and Romans in our " Book of Perfumes," descriptions of ambrosia, lustral waters, and perfumed banquets form pretexts for frequent and extended citation from Homer, Theophrastus, Anacreon, Horace, Juvenal, and Ovid.

China, Japan, and India are pressed into the service, and made to contribute their quota in musk, patchouli, and attar of roses.

Coming down to modern times, all the mysteries of the chemical laboratory and the ladies' toilet, in matters concerning perfumes, essences, dyes, and coloring processes, are laid bare to the gaze of the curious reader.

Among other secrets hitherto supposed to be impenetrable is communicated the so-long incommunicable mystery as to the preparation used by the Venetian ladies to give their flowing locks the celebrated *filà d'oro* or golden tinge, no longer produced, and now seen only in the paintings of Titian, Palma, Vecchio, and the other great Venetian masters, who are said to have painted not with colors but with sunbeams. (See " Galaxy," May, 1871, p. 714.) We now proceed to communicate this mysterious recipe for the exclusive use and information of the lady readers of " The Galaxy," to whom we intrust it in profound confidence and under the strictest injunction of secrecy. Here it is : " Two pounds of alum, six ounces of black

sulphur, and four ounces of honey, mixed together and distilled with water." We have compared this formula with that given by the Countess Nani in a work written by her—" Ricettario della Contessa Nani"—and find it to be substantially the same. But the mere recipe, without further instructions as to the method of applying it, would be a deception and a snare, productive only of wrath and locks of rusty brown. So we turn to Cæsar Vecellio, a cousin of Titian, who, in his interesting work, " Degli habiti antichi e moderni," thus describes the process : " The lady desiring to use it takes her station on the balcony or roof of the house, saturates her tresses with the lotion, and there sits exposed to the full rays of the sun until the color becomes fixed."

Your complexion ? Well, you follow the example of our fair Venetian damsel or dame, and put on a straw hat of decided amplitude in rim, from which you have been careful previously to cut out the crown.

That the operation was such as hereinabove described we are entirely satisfied, for we have seen an old Italian wood-cut representing a lady seated in a high balcony carrying it into effect, and under the sketch the inscription : *La donna che si fa biondi i capelli*—"A lady blondifying her tresses."

At page 339 of the " Livre des Parfums" we find—we are pained to say—an insult to the American flag which, through Mr. Fish's instructions, will, we trust, receive proper attention at the hands of Mr. Washburne as soon as he can find a sufficiently well-dressed and cleanly-shaven Gallic Government wherewith to remonstrate and negotiate. Here is the offensive passage—we give it in full in order that our readers may clearly appreciate the deliberateness of the offence : " *La mode des cheveux courts et des barbes longues florissait en Angleterre sous Henry VIII., comme le prouvent les portraits du temps, et, entre autres, ceux de Holbein. Elle régna de même en Allemagne, à en jager par un dessin de Jost Amman, que nous reproduisons ici, et qui représente la boutique d'un barbier allemand au XVI^e siècle. On remarquera, dans le fond, un client subissant une opération fort semblable au 'shampoo' que les Américains prétendent avoir inventé !*"

The sting of this extract, like that of a venomous insect, is in its tail. We translate: "The fashion of short hair and long beards flourished in England under Henry the Eighth, as is shown by portraits of the period, those of Holbein among others. It equally prevailed in Germany, as we may see from a picture by Jost Amman, which we here reproduce, and which represents the shop of a German barber of the sixteenth century. In the background of the picture will be remarked a customer undergoing an operation closely resembling the 'shampoo,' which the Americans pretend to have invented."

In an industrial and commercial point of view, the business of perfumery is divided into two branches: First, the preparation of the primary material; second, the manufacture of the perfumes, soaps, and cosmetics destined for the toilet. The primary material includes the animal substances, musk, civet, and ambergris, and the floral, which latter take in every flower from which perfume can be extracted. The flowers most used for the production of perfumery are grown in the largest quantity and with the greatest success in the southeast of France, principally in the environs of Cannes, Grasse, and Nice; and the following table shows the value and quantity of the six principal flowers annually used for the stock of the perfumer from these three localities:

Flowers.	Wt in Kilog's.	Value in France.
Orange	2,000,000	3,000,000
Roses	500,000	500,000
Jessamines	80,000	200,000
Violets	80,000	400,000
Acacias	40,000	160,000
Tuberoses	20,000	80,000

The weight may be estimated at forty-five kilogrammes to the hundred pounds (American), and the value in round numbers five francs to the dollar. The acacia mentioned in the table is the *Acacia Farnesiana*.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

FANNY LEWALD's last two novels, "Die Unzertrennlichen" (The Inseparables), and "Die Pflegeeltern" (The Foster Parents), attract much attention.

This writer has been gradually growing in favor at home for many years, although her well-known and energetic advocacy of "Woman's rights"—a by no means

well-received doctrine among her countrywomen, not to speak of her countrymen—has been a serious makeweight against her literary popularity, which has been somewhat lessened on that very ground.

Fanny Lewald's personal and literary history is an interesting one. She is in reality Madame Stahr, the wife of Adolph Stahr, a writer of distinction and the author of several well-known works on archæological and æsthetic subjects, whom she married in 1855.

The daughter of a wealthy Israelite, a worthy merchant of Königsberg, she received a brilliant education, and was left free by her father to choose her religion. At the age of seventeen she embraced Christianity. After a tour of travel through France and England she wrote, to amuse a sick sister, a number of short novels which, from 1834 to 1845, were published in the "Europa" and the "Urania," among them "The Substitute" and "Clementine," since frequently reprinted.

In 1845 she made the tour of Italy, and on her return to Germany began a series of novels which were remarked for their liberal sentiments, graceful style, and a certain facility of analysis somewhat in the Balzac vein.

Fanny Lewald's long apprenticeship as a writer gives her great advantages over most German authoresses. She possesses, moreover, the ambition to prove that women can labor like men, and can, as she admirably expresses it, if necessary, "put on the leather apron" (*mit dem Schurzfell*), and produce solid, scientific, and enduring literary work.

"The Inseparables" is the story of two friends who, happily returning in victory from the Austrian campaign of 1866, forthwith enter upon another and far more dangerous campaign. They both love the same beautiful girl, and their passion developed in rivalry very nearly puts the pistols of the duellist in their hands. Stopped on the brink of danger, they agree to draw lots to decide which one of them shall surrender his claim. The lots are drawn, and blind fate exiles the preferred one, who in the sequel is recalled by his comrade for whom he had thus sacrificed himself. In the other novel the foster parents or guardians are in love with their respective wards, and the young people are in love with each other. The work is in reality a psychological study.

Able and interesting as these novels

* Works noticed herein may be obtained of E. Steiger, No. 24 Frankfort street.

are, we should be inclined to doubt their success in this country if translated for American readers. In order to enjoy them, sympathy with German ideas and familiarity with German habits of social thought would be absolutely essential.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING's correspondence with his wife, first published in 1789, and long since out of print and forgotten, is now heartily welcomed in the new edition,* which includes several heretofore unpublished letters, by all who appreciate the noble services rendered by Lessing to his country's literature. The reputation of Goethe has in this century overshadowed Lessing's fame; but, in the opinion of many judicious thinkers, Lessing's name will in future generations be written over that of the author of "Wilhelm Meister." Lessing's great power in philosophy and theology was not less remarkable than his triumphs in the field of philology and the history of art and literature. He purified the German stage and elevated the German language, and, while successfully cultivating foreign models, kept the national literature free from abject submission to either Greco-mania or Gallomania. He exposed the hollowness and artificiality of Voltaire, and drove him from the German theatre.

Pure, noble, and elevated, Lessing at once detected the real signification and value of Goethe's "Werther," an imitation of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," and wrote to a literary friend: "A young man who reads 'Werther' might easily take its poetical excellence for moral beauty, and believe that he who makes such strong claims upon our sympathy must have been a good man."†

THE well-known authoress, Louise Mühlbach, was one of the few happy mortals who, some two years ago, were favored with an invitation from the Viceroy of Egypt to visit that country on the occasion of the great Red Sea and Mediterranean festival. Under the title, "Reisebriefe aus Aegypten," the publisher Costenoble of Jena gives to the

* Briefwechsel zwischen Lessing und seine Frau, neu herausgegeben von Dr. Alf. Schöne. Leipzig. S. Hirzel.

† We remark that Ed. Niemeyer, author of a commentary on "Nathan der Weise," has lately published a commentary, with notes, on Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm."

world a volume of her impressions of travel in the Nile land. These letters are a decided improvement on her so-called historical novels. The authoress very sensibly makes no parade of erudition or dilettanteism touching the antiquities and monuments of the country, any further than to mention them in passing, and her pages are full of highly-colored descriptive pictures.

"ERZÄHLUNGEN aus Norddeutschland, von C. W. Stuhlmann" are stories of life in Mecklenburg. The one entitled "Under the Chestnut Tree" is full of fresh and lively description, with scenes from the period of the French occupation, illustrating the social life of that day.

A DECIDEDLY unpleasant excitement was created some months since in certain elevated literary circles of Germany by the publication in the "Prussian Annals" of a collection of letters found in the Tuileries. The letters in question were written by various German scholars and authors to the late Emperor of France in acknowledgment of presentation copies of his "Life of Cæsar," and serious fault is found with their general tone of humble gratitude. Some replies in remonstrance have appeared.

Two German histories of the war of 1870 between France and Germany are now passing through the press, both of which, from the recognized talent and high literary position of their authors, attract universal attention. These authors are Rüstow and Menzel (Wolfgang). Rüstow admires both nations, and thinks the war—no matter what its result—an unfortunate occurrence; while Wolfgang Menzel's (*Der Franzosenfresser*) hatred of the French is so well known in Germany as to be historical. Hence the complexion of the two works may be easily judged.

GUSTAV VON SEE, one of the most successful of the new German school of novel-writers, has lately published three new works—"Valerie," "Radowa," and "Falkenrode."

THE well-known Gerstäcker has written a work on the French-German war entitled "Kriegsbilder eines Nachzüglers" (War Pictures by a Straggler).

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

ABOUT BARBERS.

ALL things change except barbers, the ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. What one experiences in a barber shop the first time he enters one, is what he always experiences in barber shops afterward till the end of his days. I got shaved this morning as usual. A man approached the door from Jones street as I approached it from Main—a thing that always happens. I hurried up, but it was of no use; he entered the door one little step ahead of me, and I followed in on his heels and saw him take the only vacant chair, the one presided over by the best barber. It always happens so. I sat down, hoping that I might fall heir to the chair belonging to the better of the remaining two barbers, for he had already begun combing his man's hair, while his comrade was not yet quite done rubbing up and oiling his customer's locks. I watched the probabilities with strong interest. When I saw that No. 2 was gaining on No. 1, my interest grew to solicitude. When No. 1 stopped a moment to make change on a bath ticket for a new-comer, and lost ground in the race, my solicitude rose to anxiety. When No. 1 caught up again, and both he and his comrade were pulling the towels away and brushing the powder from their customers' cheeks, and it was about an even thing which one would say "Next!" first, my very breath stood still with the suspense. But when, at the final culminating moment, No. 1 stopped to pass a comb a couple of times through his customer's eyebrows, I saw that he had lost the race by a single instant, and I rose indignant and quitted the shop, to keep from falling into the hands of No. 2; for I have none of that enviable firmness that enables a man to look calmly into the eyes of a waiting barber and tell him he will wait for his fellow-barber's chair. I stayed out fifteen minutes, and then went back, hoping for better luck. Of course all the chairs were occupied now, and four men sat waiting, silent, unsociable, distraught, and looking bored, as men always do who are awaiting their turn in a barber's shop. I sat down in one of the

iron-armed compartments of an old sofa, and put in the time for a while, reading the framed advertisements of all sorts of quack nostrums for dyeing and coloring the hair. Then I read the greasy names on the private bay rum bottles; read the names and noted the numbers on the private shaving cups in the pigeon-holes; studied the stained and damaged cheap prints on the walls, of battles, early Presidents, and voluptuous, recumbent sultanas, and the tiresome and everlasting young girl putting her grandfather's spectacles on; execrated in my heart the cheerful canary and the distracting parrot that few barber shops are without. Finally, I searched out the least dilapidated of the last year's illustrated papers that littered the foul centre-table, and conned their unjustifiable misrepresentations of old forgotten events. At last my turn came. A voice said "Next!" and I surrendered to—No. 3 of course. It always happens so. I said meekly that I was in a hurry, and it affected him as strongly as if he had never heard it. He shoved up my head and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair with his claws and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again and said it was pretty long for the present style—better have a little taken off; it needed it behind, especially. I said I had had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked, with a disparaging manner, who cut it. I came back at him promptly with a "You did!" I had him there. Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to get close and examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face thoroughly, and was about to lather the other, when a dog fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window and stayed and saw it out, losing two shillings on the result in bets with the other barbers, a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, meantime getting the brush into my mouth only

twice, and then began to rub in the suds with his hand; and as he now had his head turned, discussing the dog fight with the other barbers, he naturally shovelled considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it, but I did. He now began to sharpen his razor on an old suspender, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he had figured at the night before, in red cambric and bogus ermine, as some kind of a king. He was so gratified with being chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten with his charms, that he used every means to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed at the chaffings of his fellows. This matter begot more surveyings of himself in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate "part" behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the mean time the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals. Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bundling and tumbling my head this way and that as convenience in shaving demanded, and "hawking" and expectorating pleasantly all the while. As long as he was on the tough sides of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake, and rip, and tug at my chin, the tears came. I did not mind his getting so close down to me; I did not mind his garlic, because all barbers eat garlic, I suppose; but there was an added something that made me fear that he was decaying inwardly while still alive, and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this bit of circumstantial evidence that I discovered that a part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps. I had often wondered in an indolent way whether the barbers did that, or whether it was the boss. About this time I was amusing myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me this time, but he got ahead of me and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had got my mind made up. He immediately sharpened his razor—he might have done it be-

fore. I do not like a close shave, and would not let him go over me a second time. I tried to get him to put up his razor, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, a place which a razor cannot touch twice without making trouble. But he said he only wanted to just smooth off one little roughness, and in that same moment he slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded pimple-signs of a close shave rose up smarting and answered to the call. Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face nastily; slapped it over as if a human being ever yet washed his face in that way. Then he dried it by slapping with the dry part of the towel, as if a human being ever dried his face in such a fashion; but a barber seldom rubs you like a Christian. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place with his towel, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it for evermore, no doubt, if I had not rebelled and begged off. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up and began to plough my hair thoughtfully with his hands and examine his fingers critically. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly, very badly. I observed that I had shampooed it myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. I "had him" again. He next recommended some of "Smith's Hair Glorifier," and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, "Jones's Delight of the Toilet," and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again. He tendered me a tooth-wash atrocity of his own invention, and when I declined, offered to trade knives with me. He returned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over, legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests against it, rubbed and scrubbed a good deal of it out by the roots, and combed and brushed the rest, parting it behind and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead, and then, while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six-ounce black and tan terrier of his till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel,

brushed it lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eyebrows once more, and gayly sang out "Next!"

This barber fell down and died of apoplexy two hours later. I am waiting over a day for my revenge—I am going to attend his funeral. MARK TWAIN.

HOW I SECURED A BERTH.

I NEVER left a depot yet that somebody was not put under my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what, I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school boys and girls turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good-looking, innocent sort of man—such as the writer of this.

I was leaving on the morning train once from Philadelphia, when a respectable-looking old scoundrel in gold-rimmed glasses asked me to take charge of his daughter. She could have taken charge of me. She was thirty if a day, with a face that had been on the offensive for ten years. I'd like to see any man attack that woman; I'd go odds ten to one on the scratch.

The old fellow seemed to be in a great hurry, and thrusting the lady under my arm left the cars and drove off. In a thin angular voice that was meant to be very sweet and was not, she asked me to take her pocket-book and get the necessary ticket. I left the car for that purpose, but when I approached the opening where the ticket agent, kept in solitary confinement, snaps at the world outside, I found that I had left my-pocket book under my pillow at the hotel, and what was worse, my watch with it. I had about twenty minutes, and jumping into a hack I promised the driver ten dollars if he would get to the hotel and back in time for the train. He started off at a furious rate, ran over an apple stand, crippled a venerable gentleman on the corner opposite, and in less than the time stated I and the driver found ourselves marched off to the station in the hands of the police. We were taken before a corpulent Justice of the Peace, who had as much adipose in his head as most men carry about their muscles, and it took the old fellow just two hours to try, reprimand, and fine us for our drunken and disorderly conduct. Of course the train went off with my charmer. It went off without her pocket-book. I

never saw her again, although I made diligent search and advertised in the daily papers. But one unfortunate day, some months after, I encountered a male member of her family, who made some serious charges against me connected with the desertion of a lady and stealing her pocket-book. I tried to explain, but failing to get my words in satisfactorily, was forced to make an assault on this male member of her family that ended in some black eyes and bloody noses.

Now what was the good of putting that aged female under my care? It only led to her giving me that pocket-book and the catastrophe that followed. She could just as well have gone off on the Pennsylvania Central without as with me. The thing is an outrage. If people want to put their females under the care of anybody, let them try the conductors—they are hired for such purposes—and not impose upon innocent passengers.

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the nine o'clock train for Washington when a man who was in search of me approached. I know he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good-looking, and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful nor gracious over the compliment. When I came to secure a section in the sleeping car, I found that a delegation of pious people was going to Washington on some charitable business and had taken nearly all the berths. I secured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female with her two carpet sacks, strap satchel, a mocking-bird, and a silk umbrella, with a waterproof and two shawls done up in straps, into 161. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unprotected female could not abide the sleeping cars. She said she felt like suffocating, and I wished secretly she would suffocate; but when we came to occupy our berths I made two disagreeable discoveries. The first was that the two tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this berth was the upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me that she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further informa-

tion that that was all very well, but in a sleeping car there was no place to sit except on a wash basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a step-ladder, the steward, and two pious old Poms, my unprotected female was boosted into her roost, and the curtains closed over her for the night.

Then came the question as to what had become of the undersigned. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied. But as it was, the pious delegation had retired for the night, and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me that he would try and make some arrangement, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a vociferous way, the sleeping-car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriate fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the washstand of the car in a very melancholy way some time after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and, addressing me, said :

"I would like to have a drink."

"Water?" said I.

"No, curse it, darn water! I want some whiskey; I am dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I responded, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor, you would have something to drink. Where is the conductor?"

I told him that he was in the other car.

"Well," he said, "I have a great mind to get up and hustle round till I get a drink."

"My Christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the Constitution nor in the sixteen amendments that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriated individual rolled out of the berth. He rolled into several others and was promptly ejected, and at last, getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

I took in the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacated. Above it was a white hat. I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and

put it over a Christian Association, who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then returning I ensconced myself in the berth vacated by the man who had a constitutional right to a drink. I was dropping into a slumber, for I always sleep on a car devoted to that business and invented by Mr. Pullman; the motion has the same effect upon my brain that rocking has upon a child, and I not only sleep easily but profoundly. In a few seconds I should have been beyond all disturbances, but it happened I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a gentleman who claimed the berth to be the one he had just vacated. I heard him say, "Now get out of that;" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profound language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriate passenger desisted, but as soon as the conductor's back was turned renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth, and with the same profound and violent language and scuffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting these good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—of the church not round the corner but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, dignified matrons, and snowy-headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.

LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.

THE unhappy confession of a distinguished official that has since gone into current use with that which expressed a determination "to move at once on your works," and "to fight it out on that line," to the effect that he had "lost confidence in maritime human nature," recalls a story that old Ben Hadley, the celebrated lawyer, was wont to tell with great glee.

"When I was first entering upon the

practice of my profession," he would say, "I was called to the jail one day to consult with a client. I had ended the consultation, which meant the payment of five dollars in the way of a retainer, quite a sum in that early day, and was about leaving the place, when a lean, angular specimen of humanity approached and asked if I were 'a squire-at-law.' I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, Squire," I'd like to have you take my case."

"In my examination that preceded my admission to the bar, old Vellum put at me a very complicated case, and asked if a client were to come with such a suit what would I do first?

"After a little hesitation, in which I tried to untangle his legal mees, I said I thought I would first secure my fee. The laugh that followed ended my examination and gained me my admission. I kept the fact in view, and when this sinner claimed my legal aid I asked him if he had any money. He said, very sorrowfully, that he hadn't 'a red.' I immediately declined the engagement, but he clung to me.

"Now, Squire," he pleaded, 'you hadn't oughter be so hard on a poor feller in a scrape. You may be in just such yourself some day. I don't mean for house-burn-in', but under the harrow some other way. Now you just git me outer this and I'll raise you a bully fee.'

"My good friend," I said, 'I have tried that on. Your promises are not new. There isn't a fellow ever gets into jail that he don't promise, and that's all. He never fulfils.'

"Why, Squire, you've got a very or'nary 'pinion uv human natur.'

"In a jail—yes."

"Now, see here, just help a feller."

"You're in on a charge of house-burn-ing, you say."

"Fact, Squire."

"And a pretty stiff case against you."

"Fact, Squire."

"I thought a moment. Near my house in the quiet village of South Turtle was a frame meeting-house in which a little congregation of negroes would assemble day and night, and shout, sing, and pray, until I was driven nearly wild by the noise. I said to my man:

"You could burn a house if you set about it, eh?"

"Well, I don't hanker after it, but they do say that I did."

"Well, now, I'll defend you and get you off if after you will stick a chunk under an infernal frame nuisance in South Turtle near my house."

"I'll do it, Squire, an' there's my hand on't."

"I was jesting, of course, and had quite forgotten the affair when, some days after, I happened in the court-room during the arraignment of prisoners. My house-burning friend had the indictment read to him, pleaded not guilty, and when asked for his attorney gave my name. I was quite startled, but rather than have our absurd talk repeated in open court, I volunteered his defence. He had none that I could discover, and under plea of absent witnesses I got the case continued. After court adjourned we put in some very respectable straw bail, and my client disappeared.

"Some time after, when the entire affair had passed from my memory, the quiet, pious little town of South Turtle was startled at the dead hour of the night by a terrible conflagration. The frame meeting-house was in flames. The excitement was intense. Women screamed and fainted, children cried, while men in nothing but their shirts carried furniture from the adjoining houses in the most frantic manner. The old fire tub called 'The Cataract of the Ganges,' that had been purchased second-hand in the city, was run to the fire—found to be out of order—hurried to the blacksmith's, repaired, and returned to play upon the smouldering ruins of the country church. All the adjoining property was deluged with water for forty-eight hours after. Of course speculation was rife as to the cause of this mysterious burning. I listened to the various suppositions, feeling in my guilty soul that I alone knew the truth. I heard with intense satisfaction the arson attributed at last to the Pope at Rome, whose Jesuitical incendiaries, we well know, are all over the country seeking to destroy our liberties and religion.

"Some weeks after this stirring event, I received through the post-office a dirty letter directed in a writing that looked as if done with the snuffers, and on opening it read:

"Esq. Hadley,

"DEAR SIR: You see I done it now when you find a poor feller in trouble agin don't go and disbelieve him consider better or human natur.

"RICHARD PREL."

Two of the many stories in the memoir of Young, the English tragedian, are well worthy a place in this department. The first is of the comedian Mathews, of whom we all know: Mathews had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the place too soon. On entering the coffee-room he found a commercial gentleman eating a lunch of boiled beef. Mathews sat down by the fire and took up a newspaper, meaning to while away the time until his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about him from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile: "I beg you pardon, sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard." The person thus addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting the interference, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard concluded the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out with syllabic precision; "Are—you—aware—sir—that—you—have—been eating—boiled—beef—without—mustard?" Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table

under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out, "Confound it, sir, you **SHALL** take mustard!" Then slapping his hat on his head he left the room, declaring that he had never been under a roof with such a savage.

THE second is a story for critics:

On one of the days previous to the opening of the Royal Academy, when Royal Academicians have the privilege of touching up their pictures, Constable went to look at what Stanfield was doing. He praised the picture on which he happened to be engaged, and took particular notice of the sky as boldly and originally treated. Shortly after he went up to Reinagle and asked him what he thought of Stanfield's picture.

"I have not seen it," said Reinagle.

"Then go and see it, I beg of you," continued Constable. "You never saw such a thing. Pray take notice of the sky. It is just like putty."

Presently Reinagle walks up to Stanfield's picture, and, as he looks at it, quite taken by surprise, exclaims aloud, "Why! I like the sky."

"What do you mean by expressing yourself in that tone? Why should you not like the sky?"

"Oh, I was off my guard when I spoke in that way," replied Reinagle, "but the fact is that I was told it was like putty."

"Who told you so?" said the wounded painter.

"Constable," was the answer.

Stanfield, stung to the quick by hearing of this depreciatory criticism from such a quarter, goes up to the author of it and says, "Constable, you are a humbug! You came up to my picture just now and praised it. I never asked your opinion about it; but you said particularly that you *liked* the sky, and then you go off to Reinagle and tell him that it is like putty."

"Well," was the reply, "what of it? I like putty."

"The Galaxy Club-Room" will hereafter be, like the other departments of the magazine, under the direct charge of the Editor of "The Galaxy." Mr. Donn Piatt finding his time occupied by his new and successful journal, "The Capital," relinquishes his position of Presiding Officer of the "Club-Room," but will remain a member of the Club, and contribute from time to time to these pages. The Editor renews his request for contributions to this Department, and asks that they be addressed to W. C. & F. P. Church, Box 3, 201, New York

NEBULÆ.

— THAT the literature of a nation is not independent of circumstances is seen in the moral characteristics of the generations in which it appears. Some generations are remarkable for turmoil and confusion, and others for repose; some are both warlike and adventurous, as in the time of Elizabeth, some purely warlike, as in the time of Napoleon, and others peaceful, as in England at the present day. The Indian mutiny and the Crimean war are, if we may regard these events as belonging to the generation, but small waves of disturbance on the great ocean of English prosperity and calm. The literature of these diverse epochs is affected by the prevailing sentiment, according as this may be impetuous or meditative. Times of exploration or of combat excite poetic impulse; times of peace and industry favor the development of speculation; on the one hand we have lyric and tragic ideals, on the other a serious and matured expression of thought. The literary giants of the Elizabethan era are, at the beginning of it, Spenser, Shakespeare, Sidney, and the great galaxy of contemporary dramatists; at the end of it, the more tranquil period of James I., Bacon and Hobbes. During the Commonwealth we see the stately form of Milton rising above the carnage of civil war, and when peace comes the profound and elaborate ideas of Locke and the science of Newton. After the time of William III., somewhat stormy, another poetic period occurs, of which Prior, Pope, and Swift are the representative men; and then comes the tranquil epoch of Anne and the Georges, in which Shaftesbury, Berkeley, Hume, Adam Smith, and a host of essayists put forth their meditations. England is now disturbed with the American war and foreign complications, ending in the Napoleonic era. After 1815 poetry bursts forth again in the splendors of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who disappear in our own days to give way to Hamilton, Mill, and Spencer, the counterparts for this epoch of their illustrious predecessors in the same relationship. We would not push the parallel too far, or defend the fancy, as some might

call it; but it might be enforced with similar illustrations drawn from other lands. Take France in the time of Louis XV., after the war at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, in which arose and flourished the poetic intellects of Voltaire and Rousseau, and subsequently the school of philosophers represented by Diderot, Helvetius, and their associates, forming the intellectual authorities of the great Revolution. We might instance the past generation in France after the fall of Napoleon I., to which De Musset, De Vigny, and Lamartine belong, and during the prosperous period in which arose philosophers and historians like Comte, Cousin, Guizot, and De Tocqueville. But it is not the object of our comment to follow this idea out. We introduce it simply to show the conditions by which a writer and thinker like John Stuart Mill flourishes. We regard him both as the product and the exponent of peaceful times, the best intellectual oracle of England's best sustained conditions. He has done good work for his generation, whether that generation appreciates it or not. He has reconstructed the groundwork of thought for his countrymen. He has reinvestigated the origin of ideas and revised the laws of reasoning, setting forth in his system of logic the superior value of the aggregate social experience of man to mere individual consciousness. He has taken up ideas once rejected with ridicule, as in the matter of population, and shown them to be cardinal principles in all speculations concerning human improvement. He has shown that the welfare and happiness of society are dependent on common interests rather than on dogmas and faith; that labor and capital are related and not antagonistic; and that this order of progress is one in which moral and material forces are inseparably blended. He has borrowed and adapted fresh thought from foreign minds, and done more than any other native author to remove English prejudice and English intolerance. He has maintained the rights of women and advocated the cause of the poor. He is one of a few refined and cultivated men who are able to enter into the

feelings of the working classes and guide them aright in political contests. Concessions have probably been obtained through deference to his position which in other times and places have been the result of force. If not the only man who has aided them in this respect, he is one of the most influential. All this and much more Mr. Mill has done for his generation, and not merely for England, but for all who, like ourselves, believe in and develop representative institutions. He is an authority with all thinking men on all sides of the great ocean which divides the English-speaking family; one who will be quoted in the future in all discussions of liberal opinions and theories of political freedom; a safe guide because temperate in speech, faithful to established principles, and always seeking for new suggestions in the sanctions of natural law. Only times of social repose, when the dogs of war are chained, give birth to minds of this kind; and long may they continue.

— THE periodicity of certain minor matters affords a mild amusement to those who are curious about trifles. Old jokes, for instance, the traditional Aryan jest (of course with a hidden allusion to the dawn and the night), the venerable English "Joe," the first colonial coinage on our own side of the water, how they disappear and reappear and circulate in cycles! We cannot always keep them out of the "Galaxy," though we try our best, and some magazines do their worst ever and anon to set them going among the country papers. Then the fashions! long or short tails for coats, long or short waists for dresses, sleeves wide or narrow, collars high or low, skirts scanty or ample—how they come and go and come back again! And not only particular wines, but particular brands of the same wine, seem to disappear for a time and then return to public knowledge and favor. Some forty years ago, when Halleck and the Croakers were just out of date, and Willis was "penciling" in England, and the "Spirit of the Times" under the genial Porter was a city institution, and Grace Greenwood and the other al-litrary ladies were just beginning to threaten an unconscious world, a certain "Anchor Brand" champagne was the delight of that class of persons who are now called swells, and who had then hardly ceased to be called bucks. It

went its way like other caprices and fashions; fifteen years later it turned up again, but this time it appeared not in New York but in Boston, and was called not "Anchor Brand" (though it still bore the anchor mark), but "Schreider." A poetaster of the period (A. D. 1851), describing the different varieties then in vogue, says or sings thus of this one:

Your grave Bostonian, stately of pace,
With *secondhand English* writ in his face,
Of whom you may say without any libel, he
Claims to be master of *omne scibile*,
And in everything to be men's guider,
Will talk to you half an hour of Schreider.

But after the witlings of the Hub had made all manner of cruel punkins and jokelets about "anchorite" and "hermitage" and "hankering" and "hope," and all things horrible and awful, even Boston lost the brand, and it was certainly not heard of in Paris for say fifteen years more, and now it has phoenixed up again with a fresh modification of name; it is now "Roederer's Schreider." The well-known Roederer has rediscovered and annexed it. It began to creep upon the market last season, and bids fair to be popular next year. In this connection it may be observed that nearly all the great French champagne houses have passed into the hands of Germans, though some of the firms retain their original French names, and some of the proprietors have lived long enough in France to find their names popularly Gallicized; for instance, Roederer aforesaid, whom the French call "Rédraire." The Germans are fond of sparkling wine; it stirs up their somewhat gross and heavy natures; and so, for these two good reasons, the Prussian invaders took care not to damage the vintage of Champagne.

— CHAMPAGNE, with its "insolent inches of ice," as an imitator of Swinburne says, is a natural warm-weather topic. Meat is another, in a different sense—a negative, not a positive. It may be questioned whether, during a portion of our hot season, Grahamism is not the most pleasant and healthy form of diet. By Grahamism we mean the substitution to a large extent, if not entirely, of good vegetables and ripe fruits for animal food, and of milk for tea and the compound popularly but erroneously called coffee. Even the grandees who have cooks and cottages of their own might try the change with profit; much more those who are doomed

to the cooking-stove of the country tavern or boarding-house. Here, too, we wish to say a word in behalf of one of our national institutions, the pie. It has become so fashionable of late years to decry cakes and pies, especially the latter, as vulgar, that we suspect many respectable people would blush if they were charged with pie-eating in public. But there is often a rude wisdom in a popular dish. Take our winter staple, the oyster, for example. Why are oysters so popular? Not because they are intrinsically superior to other meats and fishes properly cooked, but because they are so easy to manage. They can be eaten raw, and any man who prefers them cooked can cook them for himself with a chafing dish, a spirit lamp, and a few simple concomitants. Similarly of the pie. It is much easier, with such light as the majority of our housewives have, to make a tolerable pie than to serve a tolerable dish of meat. The common domestic pie may not be very good, but it is generally eatable; the preparation of animal matter popularly known as beef-steak is frequently uneatable. Even Western people are continually getting choked with it. The Western gentleman suffocated by a piece of beefsteak in an eating-house has become a commonplace of item mongers.

— THE idea of predicting history and calculating the future with accuracy, long buried in the tomb of the astrologers, was revived some years ago, chiefly, we believe, as a sarcasm on the fatalist school. If ever entertained in sober earnest, it was a wild fancy enough, and the degree of its fatuity may be estimated by the unsuccessful and contradictory nature of the attempts made to explain history *after* it has taken place. The collapse of France, for instance—how many plausible theories have been started to account for it, and how inadequate every one of them is when carefully scrutinized. *Centralization* is the key to the riddle for a large class, who forget that other countries besides France are centralized, and that the present tendency all over the continent of Europe is certainly more in the direction of centralization than in that of local independence. Again, the Emperor did it all—as if he were the only autocrat or the least intellectual autocrat in Europe. It is also said that the destruction or expulsion of so many Huguenots by Louis XIV. deprived

France of its moral ballast; yet in other countries Protestantism has been not partially but totally extirpated, and, however bad the consequences there, they have not at all corresponded to the supposed results in France. The last pet solution is the difference between the Parisian and the Provincial, the virtues of the latter and the vices of the former. But many of the differences between Parisian and Provincial are such as exist between town and country everywhere, and the French rustic has the best disposition for being transformed into a townsman when he gets the chance. He differs much from the Parisian, if you please, but not in the same manner or to the same extent that an English or American countryman differs. The vice of licentiousness is certainly not confined to the French metropolis, nor was the virtue of economy unknown in it even under the Second Empire. The division which assigns all the skepticism in the land to the capital, and all the religion or superstition to the provinces, is altogether too broad and general. We must remember, too, that much of the supremacy of Paris was deserved and inevitable. She was not only the intellectual but also the æsthetic and fashionable head of the country—we might almost say of the civilized world. In short, it is an error worthy of the French themselves to insist on any single and simple cause for a catastrophe which has grown out of a very complex state of things. *All* the suggested causes have contributed their share, and in many cases the superior liveliness and vitality of French intellect have only aggravated the mischief. When Protestantism was crushed out of Bohemia, Roman Catholicism filled the vacuum really as well as nominally, and the only evils which followed were such as the triumph of undiluted Romanism produces. But it was not so in France. When and so far as Protestantism was expelled, skepticism took its place. The soul of the nation was divided between two antagonist extremes. So, too, autocracy or “personal government,” as the fashionable phrase now is, has its advantages when hereditary and acquiesced in; but the French cannot submit for any long time to personal government, though frequently obliged to resort to it as a necessity of the moment.

— ONE of the smallest pieces of sham democracy and popular toadyism in the

republic of letters, is the habit which some newspaper writers have of abusing as a "pedant" every man who indulges in a quotation from any foreign language, dead or living. "The masses don't understand it; they want plain English," etc., etc. If this principle has any value, it must extend to ideas as well as words. It must disqualify an author from putting forth anything which is above the knowledge or capacity of any presumable portion of his readers. Thus, there are many men incapable of stating an argument in logical form. They can no more draw an inference than a donkey can draw an omnibus. Therefore a writer who wishes to be popular must eschew logic and sound argument! All allusions to science beyond what is taught in the public schools, or to history out of the beaten track of the most superficially educated, must be rigidly cut out. In short, the writer must write down not merely to his public, but to the lowest part of his public. Perhaps even correct English would be aristocratic and pedantic.

— A WRITER in the "Pall Mall Gazette" lately published some very keen and amusing sketches under the title "Friends of my Travel," comprising descriptions of various typical acquaintances—"the consul," "the bagman," etc.—whom he met in his continental journeyings. The reader, however, is left in considerable doubt whether most of these personages really proved "friends" or enemies of the author's travel, or whether they were not a mixture of both; and it was while meditating on this doubt that the Nebulous Person ventured to add to the "Pall Mall's" category of doubtful friends of travel the Italian courier. This personage is ordinarily very comical, almost always conceited to an extent beyond belief, and generally very quarrelsome. We very well remember an experience of several months with one of these gentry, whom we shall call Giovanni. One of the first objects of interest he had occasion to point out was a temple of Jupiter, and he solemnly informed us it was the tomb of a "famous old Jew"—probably thinking that the pagan god was a Hebrew named Peter. He further announced to us that the S. P. Q. R. on all the Roman monuments stood for St. Peter Quirinal—he having formed an original compound for this explanation from St. Peter's and

the Pope's palace of the Quirinal. As for the Roman numerals M D C, in the dates, he said they stood for Medici, and resorted to ingenious suppositions for the V, the I, etc., which commonly accompanied them. It must be understood, however, that this was one of the best-recommended couriers to be found in Paris, and by no means ignorant beyond his fellows, as a wide experience of others afterward showed us. Everything was, with him, "all one piece de marbles, sir"—even the most colossal monuments formed of many parts. During a ride we once took in the outskirts of Naples, he carefully pointed out a stump of wood, or pole, on a hillside. It may possibly have been put up there within a few years, to mark some notable spot, or in connection with a survey, but he told us it was "the remains of a telegraph post set up when the ancient Romans had a magnetic telegraph there." On another occasion we were visiting the church of San Miniato near Florence, of which the inside and outside have been converted into a cemetery, the graves lying in close juxtaposition, with marble slabs upon them. We asked him (perhaps choosing a somewhat questionable place for the jest we expected) what might be the meaning of the cabalistic signs (Alpha and Omega) at the head of each slab, and whether they did not look like engineers' tools. He gravely replied that it was a good suggestion, and that probably an engineer and all his family were buried there. Now the floor of the church is entirely covered with these sepulchral slabs, and the outside is filled with great beds of them. As the graves are thousands in number, a worthy old Mormon this "engineer" of San Miniato must have been. If some traveller has since chanced to hear this wondrous yarn, he will now know its origin. But these are only a few of a hundred examples of the ignorance of the courier. His conceit is, generally, proportionally great. Poor Giovanni had a comically pompous way of walking, and, though he was hideously pock-marked, was very much afraid of spoiling his complexion by exposure to the sun. At hotels, a courier often devotes himself to making himself disagreeable to the servants, which is amusing to him, but not so convenient to the party whom he is conducting. Perhaps his demonstration will take the form of waiting on his party at the table, and then snatching

the dishes away from the other waiters as they are about to present them to his own guests; or perhaps he will quarrel personally or by letter with the proprietor, on the score of there being too little bread, in case you commit the imprudence of asking for more rolls; or perhaps he will fight one of the waiters because there is not enough water in a teapot, forcing you to go to headquarters and explain that the fault is all the courier's, for fear the unfortunate servant will be dismissed. For it must be remembered that couriers are more dreaded and better served in hotels than anybody else, they making their patrons spend as much as possible, because they get a percentage of the bills, in the hotels as well as in some shops. We well remember seeing a courier treated like a king in one hotel in a Naples. Signor Guglielmo had his room on the first floor, and two waiters used to go into his room every morning to carry his majesty hot water for shaving and a cup of coffee, which he drank in bed.

— MADNESS and vandalism have, during this fatal year, ruined beautiful Paris. The loss is not one for the city alone, nor for France, but for the world. Travellers of all nations can join in cursing the Commune, and for years hereafter, when they speak to each other of bygone visits to Paris, they will say in significant explanation, "It was before" or "It was after 1871." The first of the Paris monuments to fall before the fury of the mob seems to have been the *colonne Vendôme*, erected by Napoleon to commemorate the success of his arms in the campaign of 1805. When the Nebulous Person saw it for the first time, the railing around it and the door were covered with wreaths of *immortelles*, very much withered; but on a second visit in the spring, fresh wreaths had replaced them. If our memory serves us, they had been hung there upon the fête-day of Napoleon by the old soldiers of the *grande armée*, in honor of their chief. Indeed, it was a monument worthy of him and them, beautiful in shape, being an imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome. The pedestal and shaft were of stone, covered with bronze bas-reliefs, cast out of 1,200 captured pieces of Russian and Austrian cannon, and representing the victories of the French army. Above the door was a bas-relief containing two figures of Fame, supporting a tablet, with an appropriate inscription. The bas-

reliefs of the shaft pursue a spiral direction to the capital, and display in chronological order the principal victories from the departure of the troops from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. Above the capital is a gallery, and upon the capital is this inscription: *Monument élevé à la gloire de la grande armée, par Napoléon le Grand*. Thereupon follow the dates, and the names of the architects. A statue of Napoleon in military costume originally surmounted the capital. It was overthrown and melted by the Allies on their entry into Paris; but after the House of Orleans came in with Louis Philippe, another one was raised upon the column eleven feet high, also presenting the Emperor in military dress. Napoleon the Little substituted a togated figure of his uncle, being the one that has just perished. The column produced a fine effect when seen from the Boulevard or the gardens of the Tuileries.

— THE telegraph from Paris gave us, in quick succession, accounts of the arrest of the governor of the Hotel des Invalides, of the taking of the plate of its officers, and of the apprehended destruction of this beautiful establishment. Happily, however, the building is safe. It was always a favorite resort for American tourists in Paris. Its foundations were laid in 1670 under the reign of Louis le Grand, but in time the edifice grew to cover sixteen acres of ground, enclosing fifteen courts. In the revolution of 1789 it took the title of Temple of Humanity, and was respected. Under Napoleon it was called "Temple de Mars," and, as our readers may well fancy, contained a vastly increased population. At the restoration it resumed its original name. It is under the direction of the Minister of War, and its governor is generally the senior Marshal of France; but we shall not attempt to transcribe from its official publications the great list of officers and employees, including Sisters of Charity, surgeons, cooks, and servants. Officers and soldiers in the institution are clothed, lodged, fed, and receive a pay in proportion to rank. Travellers who have visited the dormitories, refectories, and kitchens, will testify how large, airy, orderly, and clean they are, though more than 1,500 pounds of meat alone are daily boiled, and as much more used for ragouts. They will remember, too, the council chamber, with its collection of miniature drawings of all

the flags taken in war from the time of Henry IV. till now, and the many portraits of marshals of France and others, in this and the waiting-room adjoining. In the library were 17,000 volumes.

— WHILE the Communists were pulling down the *colonne Vendôme*, the Versailles were busily battering with their bombs the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. At this writing it is difficult to tell from the confused and exciting telegrams how much the beautiful Arc has suffered. One story says it is a mere wreck; another says it has been partially protected and may be repaired. For its description let us draw partly from memory and partly (for exact measurements) from a memorandum book of travel. Most people who have not seen it have yet seen fine photographs of it, though one needs to witness the Arc itself to form a just idea of its beauty. Napoleon decreed its erection in 1806. On the marriage of the Emperor with Maria Louisa, and her triumphal entry into the capital, a great model of the arch in wood and canvas was temporarily erected and brilliantly illuminated. In 1814 the work was broken off, but taken up again at different times until its completion in 1836. The cost was above two million dollars. Over the great central arch, 95 feet high by 45 wide, rises a bold entablature and an attic, and the total height of the structure is 152 feet, its breadth 137, its depth 68. So much for dimensions; but it is difficult to give a fitting idea of the beautiful *enfilade* presented as one passes from the Tuileries successively through the Jardin des Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, the Etoile des Champs Elysées, and the Avenue de Neuilly, to the Arc de Triomphe. The fronts of the building are toward the Champs Elysées and Neuilly. The ground rises slightly in the Avenue Neuilly up to the Arch, so that it can be imagined how fine the *coup d'œil* is which one has from the Arch; for the Place de la Concorde is beautifully adorned with fountains, and at night illuminated from rows upon rows of lamp-posts, while on either side of the Champs are many fine build-

ings, such as the Palace of Industry. Well, then, the Arch contains compartments filled with beautiful *alti rilievo*, all the different groups being strikingly full of life and action; and, indeed, in one word, all the proportions and all the ornaments of this great monument are graceful and superb, while, despite its profuse decorations, it is rich in its simplicity.

— AMONG the many luckless inhabitants of beleaguered and burned-up Paris was one who, though unknown to fame and unmentioned by press or cable, nevertheless excited great sympathy and curiosity among a select class of New Yorkers. His name was Hazard; he dwelt in the Rue Grammont and exercised the respectable but not illustrious profession of boot-maker. No notorious tradesman, advertising and self-puffed, yet he had managed to secure, besides his home custom, a large *clientèle* of American swells, not so much younger men as those of maturer age, beginning with the Secretary of State. Whatever may have been the peculiar merit of Hazard's boots, whether they adjusted themselves to the foot at once without the troublesome process of "breaking in," whether they would wear "forever and a fortnight afterwards," at any rate his customers swore by him; they regularly imported his boots, and would wear none other, native or foreign. And thus it came to pass that when Paris fell into the Bismarck stew-pan, there were great searchings of heart for Hazard. And when she fell out of his pan into the fire of Red-Republican Communism, anxiety was redoubled. We half suspect that Minister Washburne had secret orders to look after the son of Crispin in case he needed assistance. Finally, a New Yorker who had lived through the rule of the Commune returned home, and some of the first questions put to him were anent "our" boot-maker. Well, Hazard was *there*. His son had been killed by the Prussians, but that, as a Frenchman would say, was only a detail; the old gentleman was in his old quarters, and being of course impoverished by the war, was more desirous than ever of making boots and shoes.

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LADY JUDITH:
A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.
By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HAST THOU FOUND ME, O MINE ENEMY?"

MORE than two hours passed away before the conversation between Angelo and Charles Scarlett came to an end. Perhaps it could hardly have been called a conversation, for Scarlett uttered scarcely a word other than an occasional question necessary to direct the course of Angelo's narrative. This narrative was itself rather a broken stream; for although Angelo had much of the fluency of the great story-telling southern race, the race of Boccaccio and Ariosto, and although his whole heart was filled with his subject, yet he often found it difficult to get words and to tell his tale. The situation, the experience were so wholly new. A keen, double sense of embarrassment and even of awe possessed him. To speak to Lady Judith's long-lost husband seemed like speaking to a ghost. Then what could be more novel and trying than to have to tell to such a man the strange, sad story which the man's own deeds, unknown to him, had woven to be his fate?

The sinking sunlight streamed in for a while through the open door of the cabin. Then it became faint and purple, and disappeared; and the floor was dark. Scarlett sat in the deepest shade. He held his hand over his chin and listened, and hardly ever changed his attitude, never showed any sign of emotion. When he put any question, it was uttered in a deep, sweet, clear tone, that thrilled through Angelo with a power as of eloquence. Angelo could not have told the reason why, but it was certain that as he sat and spoke and pleaded, he became more and more impressed with a vague admiration and even reverence for his listener. The man before him had spoken but a few words, and yet he had already inspired Angelo with a sense of dignity and nobleness of character.

At last the whole tale was told, and there was for a moment a profound silence. Scarlett had heard of the noble charity, the splendid generosity, the almost unconquerable pride, the deep suffering of the wife who ever seemed to him made only of passionless and soulless marble. He had heard of the daughter whose existence was before unknown to him; he had heard of Isolind and of the cruel stigma which rested upon her. He knew too for certain, and now

for the first time, that Agnes Dysart was dead. Was ever such story of his own life so told before to mortal man? Had Scarlett been dead and come back to earth from the grave, he could not have known less of all this history than he did when Angelo Volney began his revelation.

The silence was broken by something like a faint sigh from Scarlett, the only evidence of emotion he had hitherto given. Then Scarlett rose to his feet, and Angelo rose too.

"Mr. Volney," Scarlett said in his deep, calm voice, "you at least have deserved well of all my family—since I have a family—and of me. The chance that brought you here is so strange that it ought, I suppose, in itself to be received by me as a command. But I must think over all this to-night. For nearly twenty years I have deliberately and with good purpose withdrawn myself utterly from human life. I cannot in a moment recall all that resolve and order myself back to the life I fled from. But I always believed that my life was wholly my own, and that no human creature could suffer by my having consigned myself to a living grave. Now I learn that this is not so. I must think of what you have told me."

He made a movement as if to accompany Angelo to the door of the cabin. Then he paused again, and after a moment's silence he said:

"The story of my own past life is my own. I have not to account to any human being for *that*; and so far as I am concerned, I care nothing how any one may choose to read it. But I tell you at once, for I can guess how deep and natural is your interest in it, that the daughter of Agnes Revington is the daughter of as pure and good a woman as ever lived and suffered—and—and died. I tell you that now, because I don't think you ought to be a night, or even an hour, without knowing it; but I can do more than say this—I can prove it."

Angelo's heart leaped up. For the moment he forgot everything in the delight of this revelation. He could hardly keep from crying aloud the name of Isolind. For this meant that Isolind would be his wife.

"You remain here to-night?" Scarlett asked.

"I suppose so."

"Oh, yes; you will be provided for; we try to be hospitable here in our desert. Let me walk with you to where we shall find some of our friends. Men have friends here, Mr. Volney, and no enemies. To-morrow I will tell you what I mean to do. The night will bring counsel."

He smiled a faint smile as he spoke these words, and he motioned Angelo to precede him.

They walked out of the hut, and silently trod the silent prairie. The stars were already beginning to light the sky. Far on the edge of the scene some glowworm-like sparkles were glimmering from torches and kerosene lamps in the canvas town. Myriads of insects twittered and rustled in the grass. The faint odor of flowers came from some of the little garden-plots of the quiet brotherhood. A heron now and then swooped across the plain with throbbing wings. The mountains, now black against the purple star-studded heaven, girdled the whole scene with their awful cincture.

Scarlett glanced toward the mountain wall, and a perceptible tremor passed over him.

"Beyond those mountains!" he murmured. "Mr. Volney, you cannot know what it means to my mind to speak or think of the world that lies beyond those mountains! I have lived many years here of a quiet which was, at least, a sort of ghost of happiness. I loved to regard myself as free of all earthly

bonds and duties and hopes. There is a delicious kind of madness in such isolation; there is the madman's joy of utter abandonment to self."

"You have not lived here always—I mean since you left?" and Angelo broke down, embarrassed to find that he had been drawn into putting a question that might seem intrusive.

Scarlett looked keenly at him, and then calmly answered, as if Angelo's face satisfied and inspired him with confidence.

"When I left England—alone," he said, with some emphasis on the latter word, "I went into Greece, and found refuge in a Greek monastery. I remained there for a long time—how long I hardly know, for I was not myself part of the time. Then I went on to Asia, and adopted the dress and tried to reconcile myself to the life of the East. I thought to bury myself and drown my own individuality by accepting the life of Damascus or Bagdad. I could not endure it. I required a deeper solitude and a fresher nature. I crossed Asia, and sailed from China to San Francisco. Thence I penetrated the American desert, going eastward. Chance—no, I'll not call it chance; there's no such thing—led me to meet the brother who has now brought you here, and whom we call Paul. Do you know who *he* is? Have you not guessed?"

"No, I have guessed nothing; but I have been tortured by the likeness of his face to some face I know."

"He is the brother of Agnes Revington."

Angelo started. Full light flashed upon him. The brother of Isolind's mother! These, then, were the eyes which seemed sometimes dimly to look into his when Paul turned a gaze upon him.

"This place is full of wonders. It is enchanted!" Angelo exclaimed.

"His story is not mine to tell," said Scarlett; "we are friends, and yet an eternal wall, higher and stronger than those mountains, divides us. Until I found him, he knew nothing of his sister's unhappiness. We could find no clue to and knowledge of her fate—no, none whatever. Now I know why! There are no gravestones or burial registers in this American desert; and she must have found rest for her suffering and noble heart years before I had left Asia. I shall never even look upon her grave; and it is right and just. My presence, my very sorrow would only profane it. One thing you have not told me: does her wretched husband live?"

"He does."

"In England?"

"No; in America!"

Scarlett seemed much surprised at this news, and was apparently about to ask some other and eager questions, but he checked himself, and said:

"No; I don't ask you anything more about him. I had rather not know. I have no further quarrel with him, or enmity against him. There was a time, Mr. Volney, when one of my strongest temptations was a thirst for revenge upon that man. It was one of the temptations which I specially sought to conquer in the purer life of this loneliness; and I thank God that I have conquered it. I have no enmity to Dysart any more, and I don't ask you anything else about him. Let him live, and prosper if he will. If Heaven can endure him, why not earth?"

Scarlett's manner, although it grew gradually somewhat warmer and more confidential with Angelo under the cover of deepening night, yet had a certain exaltation and solemnity about it, such as solitude almost always gives to a brooding, thoughtful man. Angelo seemed to be walking with one of the

propnetic hermits of olden days, and could hardly understand or realize to himself that this dignified recluse, this melancholy, stately visionary, was once the brilliant rising star of London fashion and politics.

They passed a little cabin, near the door of which stood two or three of the brotherhood. One of these advanced and greeted Scarlett by the name of "John." Scarlett stopped. Angelo stopped. The man who spoke was Christian, the Swede, the mystic.

"And so you leave us, John," he said, in clear, pure English, although with a marked foreign accent. "So you *will* go back to the world and all its temptations—away from the Better Life?" There was a blending of anger and sadness in his voice as he spoke.

"Who said so, Christian? Which of us knows anything yet that leads him to say so?"

"No one said so; but I have seen it. I have seen you leaving us. I have had a vision, and saw you preparing to leave this valley, and to cross the mountains. This dark-complexioned youth"—and he turned on Angelo so suddenly that the latter involuntarily drew back a little—"I also saw in my vision, just as plainly as I see him now. So when he came galloping up from the west, from the evening glow, to-day, I knew he was the messenger who had come for you! Yes, you will yield to the temptation, and you will go. I am sorry for you, John, my brother. But you want the true strength and the spiritual insight, and I always felt that you could never be one of us."

The old Swede turned away half angrily, half sadly, and left them.

"Is he mad?" asked Angelo rather precipitately.

"Perhaps he would be called so in England—in the world," replied Scarlett coldly. "We don't call distinct, self-reliant individuality madness, here. The fact that a man is here proves that he is unlike most other men. That fact alone would be enough with most other men to warrant them in setting him down as mad."

"But does he see visions? Is it possible that he can really have seen, in anticipation, what he told us?"

"I don't know. He believes that he did; and if you had lived ten years of a lonely life among these mountains, Mr. Volney, you would perhaps begin to find the horizon of your physical and spiritual vision somewhat enlarged. At least, you would become slow to limit the possibilities of other men's vision. May I now leave you for the night? There is Paul. Having brought you here, he claims the right of giving you a shelter. To-morrow we shall speak together again. I am deeply grateful to you, and if my friendship were in any sense worth having, I would offer it to you. Good night."

Then Scarlett turned away, and his tall form soon disappeared in the growing darkness. Paul and Alexander came up, and courteously took Angelo in charge. He was assigned a little cabin, all to himself, and shared in Alexander's domicile a very modest and temperate banquet of potatoes, apples, and "biscuit," as exceedingly soft, half-baked, doughy cakes are called in America. Paul ate no supper, but remained with his guest until the time came for all to sleep, or try to sleep. Paul talked but little, and did not ask Angelo a single question touching his long interview with Scarlett.

Alexander, on the contrary, talked a great deal, and very shrewdly and pleasantly. Angelo was much impressed by his varied knowledge of countries and people, of literature and of science. One thing struck him as strange and almost inexplicable. The old Scotchman's acquaintance with the literature,

politics, and public figures of Europe and America seemed absolutely to have ceased twenty years before, but he was perfectly acquainted with the very latest developments of science. He knew nothing of what followed Kossuth in Hungary, and had never even heard of Count Cavour or Bismarck. But he was familiar with Darwin and Huxley. He had followed Vamberg's wanderings, and been amused by Du Chaillu. Angelo failed to understand how a man could thus have contrived to fill his mind so freely with the one class of knowledge, and hermetically seal it against the other. What messenger, living or printed, bore the news of the great Darwinian controversy, but dropped no hint of reform in the English Constitution, of the reconstitution of Italy, and the breaking up of the old Germanic Confederation? Angelo began to find that human eccentricity is marvellously fertile in resources, and ingenious in expedients to indulge its special whims. Alexander refused to taste of political or social "news," as the Brahmin refuses to taste of flesh; and his cultivated keenness of scent placed him on his guard against pollution even by the touch of the grease in a cartridge.

Angelo slept little that night. The strange things he had seen, the strange possibilities and prospects they opened up, the new and confident hope they brought to his own life and love, and the torturing doubt which all new hope brings blended in it for the absent lover—the doubt whether some terrible frustration may not yet intervene—all this was enough to secure for him a sleepless night. Let us do him the justice to say that his own personal hopes and fears and love did not engross him wholly. His mind was deeply filled with hopes and doubts as to the effect which his appeal to Charles Scarlett might have on the lives of Lady Judith and Alexia. It is almost needless to say that Angelo knew nothing of the calamities that had lately fallen on his friends; he did not even know that Eric Walraven had been showing his real nature to his wife; he only knew that he, Angelo, suspected the man, and feared that he would, sooner or later, make Alexia miserable. Would Charles Scarlett return to London? If he did, could he do much to brighten the life of his daughter? How would Lady Judith receive him? Could these two ever become reconciled? Could they ever be a happy husband and wife? Was it not all too late?

Sadly did Angelo own to himself that he could hardly realize in his own mind the possibility of the past being annulled for these two, and their living in one happy home of love together. He could not picture to himself that woman folded in the arms of that man.

At least, Scarlett might protect Alexia, and save her from poverty. That would be something.

And then—and then—Scarlett could vindicate the fame of Isolind's mother, and make Isolind happy. No wonder that Angelo found little sleep that night.

How passed the hours with Charles Scarlett himself? When he left Angelo he walked slowly back with bowed head toward his cabin. The memories of twenty years ago poured in upon him, and oppressed his consciousness and his very frame. As he slowly walked along, there came back to his mind that other night, when he crossed St. James's Park, and looked back for the last time upon the Houses of Parliament. Again he entered his own stately, lonely house, and wrote his parting letter to his wife; again he repaired to the rendezvous appointed, and he learned that Agnes Dysart had sacrificed herself rather than yield to the impulses of a misguiding love. Again he devoted himself, as then, to a life of utter exile and of solitude. Again the fire of ambition

burned within him, and again he flung on it the extinguishing coldness of his self-condemning resolve, and quenched and crushed it.

And now he learned that all had been but a wild and fatal mistake. He had ruined the fame of the woman he loved; he had brought calamity upon her child; he had devoted his own wife to a life of misery—that wife whom he had believed incapable of any emotion whatever, but who now seemed to have a nature so rich in splendid possibilities; and he who regarded himself as a childless man had a daughter who loved his very name, and whom the wan tof his protecting hand had consigned perhaps to life-long sorrow. How bitterly now he repented his rash and wild resolve! How clearly he saw the whole ghastly extent of the sin against himself and his which he had committed when he fled from his post in society! How selfish, sensuous, ignoble, cowardly, seemed the life of quietude and seclusion in which he had vainly hoped to find expiation and purification!

He reached his hut, and he flung himself down, with his face to the earth, and thought of all this in agony and shame.

Was it too late to repair his wrong-doing? At any cost of terrible humiliation—and here, even here in the desert and the night, he winced at the bare thought of a return to life in London, and the wonder and scandal which his appearance there would revive—at any penalty of humiliation, he would go back; he would reclaim his position as a husband and a father; he would bend himself contritely before his wife, if by doing this he could earn the love and secure the happiness of his child. Sometimes, too, a gleam of the old ambition flamed up in his heart. He heard once again the ringing cheers of the crowded House of Commons; he saw the brightening faces of his admiring friends and partisans; he thought of the brilliant, manly career, the noble game of politics, which he had abandoned; and he asked himself, "Is it yet, after all, too late?" Then he thrust the thought, the wild dream, away from him, and he scorned and cursed himself for having given it even a moment's endurance.

Above all other thoughts rose and remained the torturing agony of the reflection that all which he now deplored need not have been, but for his fatal, foolish error—the error of regarding that as heroic self-sacrifice which now showed but as selfish and dastardly desertion. "I have wrecked my own life and the lives of others, only to prove to myself in the end that I am a selfish coward!"

Thus thought Scarlett, as he lay prostrate on the floor of his hut, or paced silently the turf of the prairie, under the un pitying stars. His sensitive and self-torturing soul exaggerated error into crime, and racked him with the agony of late and futile remorse. The errors or the wrong-doings of others now counted as nothing; the Aaron's serpent of his own sin had swallowed up all the rest, and all memory of the rest, for him.

At last he said to himself firmly and calmly, "I will go back, even though it be too late."

So he felt somewhat relieved. The resolve stepped between him and his fighting soul; and when the day began to dawn he even slept a little.

Throughout the day the news gradually became diffused through the little community that "John" was going back to the life of the world. All were sorry; one or two felt angry; but there was no thought of remonstrance or even argument. The basis of the association was full individual liberty. Each lived his own life, and could go whither he would unchallenged.

Angelo was surprised and touched at the evident earnestness and depth of the affection with which the brothers nearly all took leave of Scarlett.

"Ye'll be for making a stir in the world, I doubt not," said Alexander sadly. "Eh, man, I fear your heart will turn back sometimes with sadness to the memory of your quiet life with us here among the mountains. If ye ever should come out again, I doubt ye'll not find us here. We can't abide you roaring companionship much longer," and he pointed toward the distant canvas tents.

Scarlett could hardly speak to any one. He could only press the hand of each.

Paul came up somewhat abruptly, and took Scarlett's hand. Scarlett seemed a little agitated, but he grasped the hand.

"Good-by," Paul said; "I always thought you had no place here. You *have* work to do. Go and do it. The best thing I can hope for you is that you may never think of us again. There is peace between us?"

"Peace," Scarlett replied in a low tone—"peace, if you can but forgive me."

"From my soul I forgive you and pray for you. You are doing right now Go in peace!"

Scarlett pressed his hand again, and lingered a little.

"And you," he asked; "*you*—is there no chance of your return?"

"I have no duties in life, and my only task is expiation."

Paul walked quickly away,

Suddenly up came Christian, very much excited, and calling for "John!"

"John" approached him.

"Have you any arrangements to make, any injunctions to bequeath, any papers?" the mystic began in an alarmed tone.

"My arrangements are soon and easily made. Christian, I am leaving in a few hours."

"Never!" replied Christian solemnly. "You will never leave this place! I have dreamed of it, and I know it. Take courage, the hour of your release is near! But waste no time; put your house in order! The hour is nearly come!"

Charles Scarlett turned pale and a slight shudder passed over him. But in an instant he regained his self-command and his usual quiet dignity.

"Why have you sentenced me to death so soon, Christian?" he asked with a calm smile.

"Not I, but Heaven."

"I don't want to die just now, Christian; I specially want to live; and so if you can show me where my present danger is, I'll endeavor to avoid it, and so cheat the fates."

"I can't show you where the danger is," said Christian quite seriously and gravely.

"That's the worst of most of Christian's visions," good-humoredly interposed Alexander. "They only tell us something which it, in nowise imports us to know, or they warn us of some danger which we can't avert or avoid. What did ye see this time, man?"

"I saw John's grave dug here on this prairie," Christian calmly replied. "He will never leave this place. Farewell."

Perhaps the old man's prophet-dignity was a little hurt by the want of respect for his prediction. At all events he turned away and left the group.

Angelo and Charles Scarlett were to leave the place that evening. Civilization had of late so far encroached upon the hermits, that a mountain ride of some forty miles would bring them to a mining settlement so considerable that

a "stage" made regular journeys from it to another and much larger town. Thus they could gradually and easily reach the great highways, and so the self-exiled man could at last return to life.

"I defy augury," Scarlett said with a faint smile; "but I will make some preparations for this doom with which Christian threatens me. There are some things, Mr. Volney, which I must put it in your power to say for me, if I cannot say them for myself. I will go and arrange some papers, and write a few pages which shall be intrusted to you; and then, unless the doom of prophecy is to involve you as well as myself, we may perhaps bid Destiny do her worst."

This Scarlett said in an easy and cheerful tone, almost like that of an ordinary man of the world. Perhaps it was the prospect of a return to England, perhaps the meeting with one who had lately come thence, which led Scarlett in his occasional words of conversation with Angelo (after their one long conference of the previous night), to lay aside the somewhat *exalté* manner which in his exile had grown familiar to him. But though he treated thus lightly Christian's prediction, it had not wholly failed to impress him. As he returned to his cottage he kept murmuring to himself:

"If it were to be so, if Providence so willed it, what better way out of the difficulty could there be? I dread to go back—I dare not stay! The past looks dreadful and shameful now; but does the future look any better? Are there not things which, once done, can never be atoned for? Am I not too late—too late?"

But he quickened his pace and soon disappeared within his cottage, where for two hours he remained arranging papers and writing. No one intruded on him during those hours. We can only guess what his mental emotions were, what his bitter and useless pangs, as some of the written memorials of the past came once again under his eyes, and reminded him of ruined lives and broken hearts, of love more strong than death, of hate that strove to war with love,

The time went on, and evening drew nigh. Angelo sat under the shade of one of the trees, and talked with Alexander and one or two others. The preparations of Scarlett and himself for departure were very easily made, and their horses only waited until Scarlett should appear and give the word for their going. Angelo talked and listened, but he only talked and listened as one might seem to do in a dream. The events of the past day were so strange, the whole scene seemed so unreal that had all he saw around him suddenly vanished from his eyes, such a phenomenon would have appeared simple and natural. The one most wonderful thing was that the scene endured and did not vanish; that Angelo did not suddenly awake and find himself lying in his room in San Francisco, or perhaps in his long familiar bedroom in Lady Judith's house in far-off London.

Suddenly the sound of several shots fired in rapid succession broke the sacred stillness of the evening. The sound came from the direction of the miners' settlement. Alexander leaped to his feet and surveyed the plain. Angelo after a moment rose too. A man mounted on a horse was seen galloping furiously toward the trees which sheltered the peaceful exiles. He was hotly pursued by some five or six others, who fired shot after shot at him. He now and then flung himself, Indian fashion, flat on his horse, to escape the bullets; and while in this position he twice fired back on his pursuers, in one case at least not without some effect, for the horse of the pursuer fell and flung his rider. The fugitive still dashed madly along, and the thunder of the panting horses' hoofs was now full in the ears of Alexander and his fellows.

"Half a dozen against one will never do," Alexander said coolly. "We must shelter you poor fellow."

He and another mounted the horses that were already saddled, and galloped out across the plain. When the pursuers saw them come, they slackened their pace and seemed inclined to abandon the hunt. The little community of the brethren had come to be regarded as a kind of sanctuary. More than one poor scoundrel, outcast even from the social laws and life of the rough squatters in the tents, owed the safety of his neck to the intercession and protection of Alexander and his friends.

The fugitive dashed past the two brothers, apparently leaving them to settle matters with the pursuers as best they could. He galloped close up to the clump of trees, under which was gathered a little group of observers. From a further distance Angelo, again lying on the ground, watched the scene with keen and astonished interest. The flying outcast pulled up his horse, and two or three of the brothers came kindly around him and assured him that there he would be in perfect safety, if only he had committed no deed of blood.

The man leaped from his horse with an agility which would hardly have been expected of him by an observer, for he was not young, and he was very heavily built. He was a dark-bearded man with an aquiline nose and keen black eyes. His disordered and torn clothes and dusty face and beard gave him an uncouth and even savage appearance, which contrasted oddly with his voice and manner the moment he began to speak.

"Thanks, a thousand times thanks, gentlemen, for your shelter," he said: and at the same time he removed his felt hat, displaying a head nearly bald, and he made a grand and florid bow. "I have been a good deal over the world in my time, and had many escapes, but never, I think, so close a run as that. I pledge you my honor as a gentleman—which I still claim to be—that I aroused the wrath of yonder savages by no deed of blood, and by no crime worse than that of endeavoring to introduce the truest principles of modern finance to the business and the bosoms of ignorant cads. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The brother to whom he appeared to direct his inquiry answered civilly by mentioning the simple Christian names assumed by himself and one or two others, and explaining that they did not, in that little community, care to retain the names which belonged to them in the world.

"A very wise and sensible practice indeed," the stranger remarked, as he thrust his revolver into his pocket, "and one which at the present moment suits me admirably. I heard something about your ways among those brutes over there; lucky for me that I did so, for it gave me some notion of where to turn for shelter when attacked by half a dozen blackguards at once. So I see our friends seem to have at last succeeded in talking the ruffians into a retreat. Truly I breathe again. I am indebted to you, gentlemen, especially for a new lease of life! Allow me to express my deepest sense of obligation; and what so poor a man as Hamlet can—I mean, what a man at present under the very blackest possible cloud of financial ruin can do to prove his sense of obligation, God-willing, shall not lack."

This last speech was addressed with several bows and flourishes to Alexander and his companion, who had returned and dismounted.

"Ye owe us no manner of personal obligation, sir," Alexander replied, after he had taken a cool, keen survey of the new-comer, and seemed not quite delighted with the subject of his inspection. "We save life whenever we can, without regard to person or character, except when a man has done a murder.

We save life as much for the sake of the blood-shedders as of the intended victim—sometimes more for their sakes, may be. They're a rough lot yonder, but not dishonest, nor without certain rude notions of justice."

"Very rude notions of justice indeed," the stranger coolly said, as he lighted a fresh cigar from the stump of that which he had been smoking, and which in all his flight he had not permitted to go out. "To murder a man because he is clever enough to win the money of some coarse blackguards, is a rather rude and quite primeval exhibition of justice! But I don't know that it is any worse than Wall street."

While most of this talk was going on, Angelo Volney had remained lying on the grass as before. But he was suddenly so much struck by something in the appearance, the figure, the swagger of the rescued man, that he leaped to his feet, amazed, incredulous, yet already half convinced. He rapidly approached the group. The voice of the man then plainly reached his ear, and his conviction deepened. He drew nearer. Yes, it *was* he! It could be none other! There was no possibility of mistaking that form, that head, that voice, with its strangely-blended tones of pompousness and ferocity, that insolent and swaggering affectation of politeness. The fugitive with the torn clothes and the dusty beard was undoubtedly none other than Chesterfield Jocelyn—Thomas Thynne Dysart!

Angelo would now have given much not to be seen and recognized by this man. He was about to draw back, but he saw that retreat was already too late. Jocelyn's hawk-like glance had caught him, and a fierce flash of surprise, anger, and hatred blazed in the dark eyes. But in a moment the face resumed its habitual expression, and Jocelyn, with his familiar *fanfaronnade* of florid courtesy, advanced toward Angelo.

"My dear Volney! this is indeed a surprise and a delight! Do I then really find a friend where I thought the foot of civilized man had never trodden before my own? Is our dear friend Verpool anywhere around? How pleased I should be to meet him; and how glad, I doubt not, he would be to meet *me*! How did *you* come here? Are you, like me, a temporary exile from civilization? Are you alone? Or is there any other little surprise in store for me? Is there any other dear friend near at hand?"

CHAPTER XXX.

"RED HAND."

ANGELO'S capacity for surprise had not been so utterly exhausted but that the sudden appearance of Jocelyn on such a scene and at such a moment started fresh emotions of amazement. Nor did the apparition so completely scatter his presence of mind but that he remembered how undesirable it was to have Jocelyn made aware of the existence of Charles Scarlett. He felt much inclined to wish that the enemies who were hunting Jocelyn had been lucky enough to run him to earth before he succeeded in obtaining the protection of Alexander and his friends. He had no alternative now, however, but to acknowledge the acquaintanceship so unexpectedly thrust upon him, and he therefore answered Jocelyn's greeting with cold civility.

"I've been singularly unfortunate since I saw you last, Volney," Jocelyn again broke out. "Every damned thing has gone wrong with me. I had to go into a sort of retreat until that confounded explosion, caused by your amiable friend Verpool's treason, should have done its worst; for, by Jove, San

Francisco would have been just as hot for me as New York. Some cursed misfortune sent me out to the mining regions, where I fancied I might have struck a streak of good luck, as they say. I made a fortune that way in '49 and '50, doing smart financial business for the lucky diggers. God! what a chance that was; and what a career I had before me then if I had only played my cards better. It wasn't my luck this time—and those damned fellows yonder said I tried to cheat them—and you know the rest. Is old Verpool here?"

"No; I haven't seen Mr. Verpool for months."

"But you are prospecting and speculating out here for him? Look here, Volney, the life I've been lately leading makes a man as savage as a wolf. I hate all this sort of thing, and it fell on me just when I thought I was on the eve of getting back to civilization, by God! I blame old Verpool for much of it, and if he were here it would give me some comfort to finish up the work with him which you interrupted in New York. *You* can't have any idea of the infernal sense of degradation a gentleman feels in this kind of life. You know I am a gentleman, don't you—or that I was?"

"I know what you were, Mr. Jocelyn; and there are reasons which make *me* at least anxious to forget if possible what you are."

"Stop!" cried Jocelyn in a savage tone and with a face that grew livid with anger, and he seized Volney's arm; "tell me who *that* is. God in heaven! I can't be mistaken—that is *he*! That is Charles Scarlett!"

"Keep these two from meeting," cried Angelo to Alexander, "at any cost."

It was too late. Alexander, who had not been near enough to hear any part of the previous dialogue, looked merely bewildered. Charles Scarlett was seen slowly approaching. Angelo interposed between Dysart and him, and endeavored to prevent Dysart from passing.

"I see it all now," the latter cried. "I see it all! You, Volney fellow, were sent out on an expedition by Judith Scarlett to bring her precious husband home! That's the game; but I'll spoil it. God, this repays me for all! Let me go, you lying lackey!" and he broke from Angelo and stood right before Charles Scarlett.

For the moment the latter did not recognize him. Years and obesity, and now dust and disorder, had done heavy work with Dysart. The latter touched his hat with ferocious affectation of politeness, and said:

"So we *do* meet again, Mr. Charles Grey Scarlett, after all, and it is here then that you have been skulking all these years. Don't you know *me*?"

Scarlett started at first out of mere surprise, to hear his name mentioned, a name by which he had not once been addressed for more than seventeen long years. Then he looked keenly and quite composedly at the man confronting him, and said:

"I can hardly say that I should have recognized you, but I presume you can only be——"

"Yes, I am he. I knew *you* at the first glance. You have had all your usual good luck. Years have not done you much harm. Yes, I am Thomas Thynne Dysart. I am the man whom you contrived to hunt out of Parliament and whose wife you seduced. Gentlemen all, this man has been my worst enemy; he is the seducer of my wife."

"Gentlemen all," said Scarlett calmly, "this man's wife lived and died a pure and innocent woman. I can prove it even to him."

"You lie!" screamed Jocelyn. "You were always a liar with your sham sobriety and sanctity. Your existence was a living lie!"

Scarlett's face was terrible to see, while Dysart, standing close up to him

and with fists clenched, yelled this language into his ears. All the natural passions of manhood and of a peculiarly sensitive and emotional nature were struggling within Scarlett against the pleadings and the pressure of a self-discipline which for years he had taught himself to regard as man's highest duty. He was a strong man. His life of rugged labor and open air had added every year new power to his limbs and sinews. He could with perfect ease have crushed between his arms the life from out Jocelyn's bloated body.

"Never heed him," Alexander interposed. "Look here, my fine man, whoever ye are——"

"I don't heed him, Alexander," said Scarlett at last, recovering completely his self-control. "I never harmed the man; for a long time I tried in vain to serve him."

"You think to sneak back to London and be a successful man there again, and be welcomed to your wife's bosom? By God, you shan't! Heaven or the devil—I don't care which—has brought me here to stop you on your way. You shall die here, Scarlett, by my hand; or you shall finish up all the evil you have done me by taking my life. Come, will you fight me here like a man, shot for shot, until one of us falls dead?"

"Dysart, I'll not fight with you. I don't fight; and of all men in the world you are the last——"

"Ha, coward, coward—O coward!"

"My friends here," Scarlett said, "know perfectly well whether I have ever hesitated to risk my life where I thought I was doing right. They know whether I am a coward. Even if they didn't, I had rather bear their unjust contempt than stand justly contemptible in my own eyes. I don't mean to fight you, Dysart."

A new figure suddenly thrust itself in upon the scene. Paul, the brother of Agnes Revington, had kept aloof from his fellows for some little time, anxious perhaps to avoid the parting scene with Scarlett. But some straggling member of the community, meeting him as he wandered idly over the prairie, had told him that something remarkable was going on, and he hastened back and arrived just in time to hear Scarlett call the fugitive by the name of Dysart and refuse to fight him. In an instant Paul thrust aside every one who stood between, and planted himself face to face with Dysart. Paul was slender and sinewy; in mere weight Dysart might almost have crushed him. But as he stood there with his gray eyes flashing, his teeth set, and his fair hair flung back from his forehead, there was an overmastering energy about him which gave him for the moment the foremost place in the scene, and made all others seem as though they had been cast into the background. Angelo drew his breath with difficulty, so intense was his anxiety for what was next to come; and even at that moment, and in features that burned with all the white heat of half-suppressed passion, he could see a wonderful resemblance to the fair, firm beauty of Isolind's face.

"Are you Thomas Dysart?" Paul said, in a voice made low by the very depth of its passion. "Has Heaven really sent you here?"

Dysart looked at him with a kind of contemptuous wonder.

"Are you Thomas Dysart, the husband of Agnes Revington?" Paul asked again.

"I am. What the devil's that to you?" was the ferocious answer.

"I am Agnes Revington's brother, and blessed be God who has brought you here! I have the first claim on your life! I'll fight you, Dysart, scoundre!

swindler, profligate though you are—outcast from all society where honor or truth is cared for—I'll fight you and kill you!"

And Paul struck Dysart a fierce blow in the breast, which made the heavy adventurer recoil and stagger.

For the first time since we have had the privilege of seeing him, Dysart-Jocelyn seemed to lose the brazen self-possession of his effrontery. Some faint ghost of a feeling of conscience may perhaps have even yet lingered within him, and made him for a moment to quail. He did indeed strike mechanically back at his assailant, but there was in his face and manner a momentary gleam of something like abasement and trepidation. Meantime Angelo and two or three of the spectators interposed and kept Paul and Dysart apart.

"No, no," said Alexander, throwing round Paul's shoulders a friendly arm, with a strength in it which no one would have expected from his years, "we'll have no fighting here. What's gone wrong with ye, Paul, my brother, that ye set such an example?"

"If you are really my wife's brother," Dysart exclaimed, "I want no quarrel with you! Go and be damned your own way! But I have an old quarrel to settle with him, and by God, he shall fight me!"

He rushed toward Scarlett, who stood with perfect composure. Before Angelo, Alexander, or any other could interpose, Dysart was close upon his adversary. But Scarlett put out one hand and grasped his savage enemy by the chest, and kept him thus at a distance, purple and foaming with rage. Dysart could neither advance further nor break away.

"Will you fight?" he roared.

"I will not! Now listen to me for the last time, Dysart. You know well that, even according to the false code of honor which used to prevail in England, you have long since forfeited all claim to be allowed to fight or to feast with men of character. Out here, men only fight those whom they want to kill, and I don't want to kill you. I don't fight! I have sins to atone for and wrongs to repair if I can! Go away, and mend your life if you can! Do what you will, I'll not fight with you!"

He pushed Jocelyn from him, apparently with the lightest possible exertion of force; and yet such was the muscle of that arm, long inured to severe labor, that the outcast staggered several paces back. Jocelyn set his teeth, and for a moment hell-fire flashed in his dark, cruel eyes, and his teeth glittered like those of a hunted wolf.

"Then die like a coward!" he yelled, "and carry your hypocrisy down to hell!"

Scarlett had already turned away. Jocelyn was standing nearly alone. Alexander and Angelo still kept their friendly pressure on Paul, who now seemed the fiercest and most dangerous of the company. All looked after Scarlett, but his resolute determination not to fight, and the manly strength which secured him from insolent outrage, seemed to banish all thought of danger in his direction. No one dreamed for a moment of what was coming. The scene was still lighted by the sun about to sink, and the trees behind Jocelyn cast their black fantastic shadows on the grass. He stood there, dark against the sunset, a hideous, ominous blot upon the fading, glorious light. Alexander, Angelo, Paul, and four or five others were together in a group. Suddenly two loud reports, following each other in quick succession, rang out from where Jocelyn stood, and the adventurer was for a moment lost to the eyes of the spectators in a little cloud of smoke. Angelo distinctly saw Scarlett stop and turn quickly round, as if gazing with the same surprise as all the rest at

the place whence the sound had come, and was for an instant in doubt whether it was Jocelyn who had fired, or whether he had fired at any of the party or attempted to kill himself. But before Angelo could rush forward, he saw Scarlett sway and reel and fall prostrate on the grass, and Jocelyn, with a fierce hurrah of gratified vengeance, flung his now empty revolver high in air, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, swaggered toward the spot whither all were rushing.

Angelo first reached the fallen man, and raised his head. A packet of papers which Scarlett had held in his left hand had dropped from his relaxing grasp, and lay on the grass near him. Scarlett made two or three gasping efforts to speak, but could not articulate a word. Then he motioned eagerly and convulsively toward the papers on the ground, and his struggle for utterance grew fearful to look at; and then a shiver passed through him, his arms sank, his head dropped back on Angelo's knee, his lower jaw fell with a sigh or groan—and Lady Judith is a widow and knows it not. The career so suddenly checked at its splendid rising is never to be resumed; all old grievances vanish, all old enmities are avenged, all hopes are finished, and Charles Scarlett is dead. His enemy has found him out and killed him.

Three or four seized Jocelyn. He made no effort at resistance. The first words he spoke were:

"Is the fellow dead?"

Paul drew a revolver, and exclaiming, "He is dead, assassin, and you shall follow him!" was about to fire point-blank at Dysart, who still betrayed no sign whatever of any emotion but that of exulting and gratified revenge. Alexander seized Paul's arm and forced it down.

"Nay, nay," he said; "assassin he is, and shall have assassin's punishment; but he shall have the formality of a trial anyhow. It will all come to the same thing in the end, Paul; but the fellow shan't go into the other world to boast that we sent him off without giving him a chance of saying a word in his own behalf. Here, lads, lend a hand and tie this red-handed murderer's wrists."

"You needn't trouble yourselves to tie me," Jocelyn coolly said. "I have emptied my revolver, I have no way of defending myself, and I am not exactly the build for running away. I suppose I am at the mercy of you fellows, and I don't care a curse what you do with me. I would have given ten years of my life when it was worth having for the pleasure of killing *him*; and if you'll oblige me so far of your great courtesy as to let me have just one final look at him, to satisfy me that I have really done the thing completely, I shall be entirely at your honorable service. Just one look, if you please."

With his usual insolent swagger he was approaching the dead body of his victim, but Alexander cried out:

"Drag him away, and tie him up in yon cabin, until we have time to come to him! Deeds of blood find no countenance with us; a short shrift and a long rope will be his reward!"

Two or three of the brethren bound Jocelyn tightly, and he was dragged with little ceremony into one of the log houses.

The body of Scarlett was carried tenderly and lovingly into the hut which had been his, and where he had passed so many years of quietude and of penitence. It was laid there decently upon the bed. Angelo could not but admire the noble contour of the massive head and the serene handsome face; the powerful, graceful, statuesque frame, the very perfection of that robust manhood which belongs to the finest type of what we call the English gentleman. Other notions Angelo could hardly be said to have. His mind was not calm enough

to allow him to feel sorrow for the wasted career, for the great heart of the man who lay dead. The events of the day had become only like those of some terrible sensation drama, or the weird incidents of a ghastly dream. Angelo could not yet recognize them and feel them as sober, inexorable realities.

Jocelyn had wasted a shot. Either of his bullets would have done the work. One had lodged in the neck, one in the chest. The whole college of surgeons could have done nothing in the case but look on and see the victim die.

Angelo was left alone for a while in the hut with the dead man. A kerosene lamp was burning there, and by that light the young man half-unconsciously examined the packet of papers, which at Scarlett's latest motion he had lifted from the grass. The package contained two envelopes, one sealed and addressed to "Lady Judith Scarlett, the other unsealed and having Angelo's own name written on it. This envelope contained two or three separate papers. Angelo did not then stop to read them, but made them up carefully in the envelope and put the whole package in an inner and well-protected pocket in the breast of his coat.

A step was heard on the threshold, and Paul entered.

"Come with me," the latter gravely said. "You are about to see a strange sight, if anything can seem strange to you after what has already passed under your eyes."

Angelo rose to follow him; but Revington (we may call him by his real name) stopped for a moment and bent over the bed where the dead body lay, and gazed sadly and at first silently at it.

"There's a great spirit gone!" he said at last. "A noble career was marred in *him*. I never knew of a finer nature, Mr. Volney, and yet misfortune seemed to pursue him and all who were bound up with him! How many victims! Three, at least—victims, Mr. Volney, of our English society and our social marriages! One purer than he was a victim before him. May they never meet in the other world to be tortured by the struggle between Love and Law again! He was too strong to be Society's faithful bond slave, not strong enough to be her master; and so he wasted his life away, and lies murdered by the meanest of his enemies! Come, now, and see how justice is dealt out to murderers among us."

Paul strode out of the hut, and Angelo mechanically followed him. They walked in silence across the prairie toward Alexander's dwelling. The homes of the brothers stood each apart and isolated; not arranged in any manner so as to form streets, but every one planted according to the taste or the whim of its owner, and adorned after his fancy. Paul's cabin was a square naked structure of logs. Alexander's had quite an extensive garden of flowers and vegetables round it. The visitor entered through a pretty wooden gate, in a paling which encircled the whole, and he passed along a walk between beds of fragrant flowers to reach the door. The purple evening light yet glowed among masses of dark clouds—"black Vesper's pageants." In a moment night will have come. In this region there is hardly any twilight known. The sun falls down rather than sinks, and then comes darkness.

Angelo followed Paul into Alexander's dwelling, and there he saw indeed a strange spectacle. The one room which the hut contained was crowded up by the presence of the whole community. Two or three kerosene lamps, some brought from other cottages, gave their dull smoky light to the place, and added their stifling vapors to the density of the atmosphere, which even the open windows and the night air could not wholly purify. Alexander sat at

one end of the room, evidently having assumed the functions of judge. Six of the brethren, among whom were all the American members, seated some on logs and some on stools, acted as a jury. Two or three others stood beside and behind Chesterfield Jocelyn, who, at the nearer end of the room, as Paul and Angelo entered was put up to take his trial. The first words that fell upon Angelo's ears were in the harsh and strident tones of the prisoner.

"I decline to plead before this sort of tribunal. Play out any buffoonery you like, but don't expect an English gentleman to take any part in it."

"Man," said Alexander solemnly, "your life depends as much upon the issue of this trial here as if you were before the most pompous assize court in England. Think of that, and if ye can defend yourself, do so. If yon jury finds ye guilty, no power on earth can prolong your life for four-and-twenty hours!"

Jocelyn only shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Go on!"

"Who accuses this man?" Alexander asked.

"I accuse him." The words came out in Revington's deep stern accents, and he pushed his way forward and confronted the prisoner. The eyes of the two men met, and Jocelyn's sank for a moment. Then Jocelyn looked up and said:

"I can save this honorable and learned court some time and trouble. It is hardly worth the while of the eminent judge and the highly intelligent jury whom I have the honor to see before me—it's hardly worth their while to try the question whether a man has a nose on his face! We needn't have witnesses called to prove what we have all seen."

"Then you plead guilty?"

"Pardon, most righteous judge, I don't do anything of the kind. I assume that I am charged with murder, and I utterly deny having committed any murder. But I killed Charles Scarlett—I don't know what idiotic name you choose to call him here—I killed him; and if it were to do again, I would do it again if all the rowdies in California were ready to murder me by Lynch Law for doing it. I am proud of having killed him! I gave the fellow a chance he didn't deserve when I offered to fight him—as you all saw and heard—and he wouldn't fight, and then I killed him. He seduced my wife; and I was resolved that whenever or wherever we met I would kill him, or he should kill me."

A sort of murmur denoting something like sympathy or approval ran round the jury. Jocelyn's fierce assumption of the character and rights of an injured husband appealed sharply to the sympathies of the stern men who listened to him. Jocelyn saw his chance and his advantage, and a sudden hope flashed up within him.

"Is there any one of you," he demanded vehemently, "who wouldn't have done the same? Is there anywhere a creature with the heart of a man who wouldn't have done it? If the man I killed was your friend, I am sorry for you, but he was my enemy! He had done me the worst possible wrong, and I would have killed him if he were clinging to the horns of the altar! My life is in your hands, of course, and you can murder me if you will; but I did only what every man has a right to do, and I am not afraid to die!"

Alexander looked doubtfully first at the jury and then at Paul. He grieved deeply for Scarlett; but he had always assumed that Scarlett sought exile for the sake of expiation, and it was not impossible that he might have thus wronged Jocelyn, years ago. Certainly Jocelyn appeared to be passionately earnest, and he had offered his victim the chances of open fight; and Alex-

ander did not see his way to a capital conviction, by such a jury, of a man who even after many years should thus enforce the wild justice of revenge.

Jocelyn's eyes were sparkling with hope and triumph. In another moment the rude, extemporized court of justice would probably have been dissolved, and the prisoner would have been free; but Paul, who had been watching Jocelyn with an expression of blended curiosity and contempt, coolly interposed with the words:

"There is no truth in what this man says. His wife was my sister, whom he brutally ill-treated; and she was as good and pure as she was unhappy."

"Can you prove that?" Alexander asked.

"He can't prove it," Jocelyn exclaimed. "I pity his feelings, as he was her brother; but she ran away with Scarlett, the man I killed!"

"She never did!" Paul answered fiercely. "She fled from *his* house because he was a scoundrel, and she tried to put herself under the protection of her worthless brother—myself—and she died on the way! That's her whole history. The man whom *he* killed told me over and over again that he left England alone, that he never saw her after leaving England, and that she was only too pure and virtuous for the life and the people who surrounded her!"

"Is this supposed to be evidence? Is this quite regular?" Jocelyn asked.

"We don't profess to be governed by the rules of the Old Bailey," Alexander coldly answered; "we only want to get at the truth."

"And is the truth supposed to be found in Scarlett's own excuse for himself, told at second hand?"

"We here knew the man you call Scarlett, and we know he couldn't say anything but the truth. Anything *he* said we accept as evidence."

"Well, suppose it were true—as true as gospel—what's that to me? I didn't know it! I only knew that my wife left my house, that Scarlett disappeared at the same time, and that everybody believed they had gone together. Scarlett's own wife believed it. Didn't she, Mr. Volney—that man there? If I was made the victim of a conspiracy and a puzzle, and left to believe that my wife had deserted me for him, and if I was driven half mad by the thought, am I to be held accountable? Am I to blame? Grant that this extraordinary tale, this pretty bit of Arcadian romance is true—that she left her husband, and he left his wife, out of sheer innocence and virtue, and that my wife died in the very odor of sanctity—grant all this if you like, but remember that *I* didn't know anything of it. The whole thing is as new to me as it is to you!"

Some of the jury murmured again. There was another chance for Jocelyn, and he saw it.

"How say you?" the judge asked, addressing the accuser.

"I say that this is not new to him. I say that he knew all about it, and that he no more believed his wife had gone away with Scarlett than I did! I say more than that; I say that my sister left his house and took her baby with her, because he—that man there—her husband, endeavored to traffic in her beauty and her misery, and to induce her to sell herself to Scarlett—to buy her husband's advancement at the price of her own dishonor!"

A groan or growl of astonishment and horror went round the room at this unexpected and terrible declaration. Every eye was turned upon Jocelyn. Even in the dim and flickering light, all could see the change that had come over his face and expression. His lips quivered; the muscles of his forehead worked like the strings of a piano; a hot perspiration shone upon his bald temples, and for a moment he seemed unable to meet the steady gaze of Paul's

gray eyes. There were a few seconds of anxious oppressive silence, and then the prisoner plucked up his courage again and exclaimed:

"It's a lie—all a base, damnable lie! Let him prove it! Make him prove it, or leave it to me to make him retract it!"

"Do you want much more proof," Paul asked contemptuously, "than was seen in his face when I made the charge against him? But I can bring some proof too, if you only give me a few moments' time to search for some papers which belonged to Scarlett. Perhaps you know something of them?" he asked, suddenly addressing Angelo, who now for the first time found himself required to lay aside the part of mere listener.

"I have some papers which were meant to be given into my charge. One packet is addressed to myself and unsealed; the other is sealed and addressed to a lady in London. I can't give that up."

"Will you let us see the other?"

"Give me a few minutes—I have not yet looked at any of the papers—and I will see whether I am at liberty to make any of their contents public."

"Quite right," Alexander approvingly remarked. "Let us suspend the proceedings for half an hour, till our friend gets time to look over his papers."

"The prisoner has something to say," one of the jury interposed, observing that Jocelyn was making gestures as if about to speak.

"Only, most honored judge, to beseech that I may not be supposed guilty of contempt of court if I proceed to beguile the time by smoking a cigar."

Without waiting for a reply, he took out a cigar, lighted it, and smoked away. His short hope was nearly gone, and he was beginning to assume the desperado again. But he glanced every now and then to where Angelo stood in a corner of the hut, reading some papers by the light of a smoking, sputtering, foul-smelling kerosene lamp. Some of the members of the court had left the hut, and were enjoying the sweet, pure air of night and the sublime star-light outside. Within there was a profound silence, except for the impatient puffing of Jocelyn's cigar.

Angelo had glanced over the papers in the envelope addressed to himself, and satisfied himself quickly that justice to the dead man and to others excused and even demanded their production. He quietly left his corner, said a word or two to Paul, and put the papers into his hands. Paul looked at one of them—it was in a woman's hand, and was all faded and yellow—with a gaze of profound sadness, and his hands trembled as they touched it.

"Out of the grave," he murmured to himself, "out of the grave, almost, comes her testimony to convict him! Little did she think when she wrote these lines that some day they would come to be his sentence of death! If she could have thought that, poor girl, she never would have written them! No matter; my duty is quite clear to me."

He spoke a few words to Alexander, and the odd little court of justice was soon reconstituted. Jocelyn still smoked his cigar, but his eyes watched Angelo and Paul, and he drew little comfort from what he saw.

Paul said: "I accuse this man of the murder of Charles Scarlett! I accuse him of murder because I can prove that he knew his wife had not gone away with Scarlett, and that he knew she left him because he was urging her to dishonor herself that he might benefit by her shame! I have here a letter from his wife, which shows that this was the only reason why she left him, and that he knew it. He may see the letter if he will."

Jocelyn held out his hand. Paul made his way toward him, and held a paper as if for him to read, while one of the spectators brought a lamp.

"Pray permit me," Jocelyn said, and he took the lamp in his own hand. "This is a serious affair, you see, for me; it is a charge against my honor as a gentleman! Let me see if that really is my wife's writing."

With a sudden dash he seized the paper, and, affecting to bring the light of the lamp more closely, that he might read it, he set the paper aflame. It shrivelled and blazed in an instant, and he let drop the burning, useless fragments.

"Pardon my awkwardness," he said, with a sneer. "My sight is not good. I hope the document was not very valuable; it certainly was not in my wife's handwriting."

A terribly suspicious murmur ran round the room, and some of the jurymen moved rather impatiently. They clearly were beginning to think the trial had lasted long enough. Jocelyn's latest movement had been a complete mistake. That "court" could have made any allowance for man's passion, but it was utterly intolerant of knavery or trick.

Paul quietly said:

"I expected something of the kind! I knew it! Therefore I didn't endanger the letter which is of importance. He is quite right; the paper he burned was not in his wife's handwriting. It was Scarlett's own memorandum of facts and dates—valuable, perhaps, for other purposes, but to us now absolutely worthless. My sister's letter I now hand up for the inspection of the court. It can be read to the prisoner if he cares to hear it; but we need not risk the placing of it in the hand which would have destroyed it."

"Stop!" cried Jocelyn savagely, "and let this mummery end! I made a false move, and my game is up—confound my stupid rashness. It was always my way—some cursed burst of impatience destroyed my prettiest plans! I don't know what's in that letter, and I don't care now one cent! I knew perfectly well that my wife never went off with that fellow or anybody else. She hadn't blood and marrow enough to commit sin! But I knew that he admired her, and that she loved him, and I hated them both for that; and I did tell her that I cared nothing for her damned anatomical chastity, and that as she loved the fellow for herself, she had better turn him to some account for me! She wouldn't, and I suppose he wouldn't; and everybody always praised and admired them and denounced me. He might have had her, and welcome, if he would have paid me my price. As he had her heart, he might have had her body too, for me! But he set himself up as a pure and lofty sort of person, and he affected to look on me with horror; and yet he did try to win her away all the same! I always hated him, and then more than ever. I thank God, or the devil, who gave me the chance of killing him, and I want no more of your damned buffoonery! Murder me as soon as you like! I have killed him! Most wise and honored judge" (here Jocelyn suddenly resumed his familiar tone of affected and extravagant politeness), "you may at once proceed to charge the jury, if such a formality prevails among you, and I shall be happy to hear you pass sentence!"

He put his cigar in his mouth and puffed at it again. He glared round the cottage, answering every eye that looked into his with a reckless and defiant stare.

Angelo could not endure the scene any longer. He pushed his way out of the cottage and stood under the patient stars. His heart was throbbing fearfully, and he was growing sick at the thought of the other ghastly and hideous tragedy which he felt must be soon approaching. There was to his unaccustomed sense something awful and even loathsome in the stern, fierce composure and self-reliance with which the men inside had taken on themselves the

right of ordaining life or death. Chesterfield Jocelyn was clearly a doomed man, and, detestable as were his crimes, Angelo could not endure to hear his sentence pronounced by such a tribunal. He flung himself down on the grass and turned away from the lights which gleamed lurid, red, and fateful out of the windows of the cottage where the life of a man was about to be coolly voted away. His mind went back to the calm and happy evening—that evening which was the dawn and gateway of so much sweet, sad experience to him—when first he saw Edwin Dare Jocelyn. He saw again the bright skies and lustrous waters of New York bay, and, clear against the evening sky, the noble, supple form, the golden hair of Isolind. He remembered her sudden, instinctive dread of Jocelyn—of the man who proved to be her own father—the man whose well-merited, shameful, awful doom he, Angelo Volney, her lover, had unconsciously helped to bring about. His heart beat as feverishly, his whole being and nature sickened as utterly as though he were himself under sentence of death, or rather as if he himself were compelled by some hideous, inexorable fate to act the part of executioner.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder; he started and sprang to his feet. Paul Revington stood there pale in the rising moonlight, but very calm.

"*Consummatum est*," said Revington. "They have found him guilty, and he dies at sunrise."

"But, God in heaven! is this right? have these men the right——"

"They have the power, and they have the right. Murderers are not to rule here. We are stern in our punishment of such crimes always. Our systems of trial are rough and ready, but they are entirely honest and impartial. No money can bribe us, and no personal influence or feeling warps us. Well would it be for New York if she could boast of such justice! You saw how near that wretch inside, soaked in the stains of a thousand crimes—how near he was to escaping, just because he claimed to have been wronged?"

"Yes, I saw all that, and I have nothing to say for the man, but it seems fearful——"

"To you, no doubt, it seems fearful that criminals should be condemned to death by judges who don't wear wigs and gowns. To us simple and manly justice, based on human feeling and sympathy, seems the purest of all law. That man dies, not because he yielded to one temptation and committed one crime, but because in the history of the crime he proves himself an intolerable pest and nuisance to all human society. However, it is useless talking of all this. The man is to die at sunrise, and in the meanwhile he has asked to see you. Of course you won't refuse to see him? Then come with me."

They walked toward a hut near to that where the rude trial had taken place. Outside the little paling Revington seemed to be struck suddenly by some idea. He stopped and asked:

"Have you any weapons—a revolver or anything?"

"Only a revolver."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Would you object to lending it to me for a few moments?"

"Surely not."

Angelo produced his revolver, much wondering why Revington wanted it then. But he handed it over and asked no question.

In another moment Angelo stood in the room which was now Jocelyn-Dy-sart's prison-cell. Jocelyn was watched by two of the brothers. One little lamp gave dull light to the room. Jocelyn was not manacled or bound in any

way, and he was walking up and down, crossing the little floor in two strides each time, and still smoking a cigar. When Angelo came in the prisoner scowled at his guards, and said:

"Perhaps these affectionate gentlemen would be kind enough to relieve us of their company for a few moments. They may perhaps be aware that a gentleman doesn't usually discuss his private affairs *coram populo*; and I needn't give my word that I won't try to escape, seeing that there isn't the remotest possibility of my accomplishing such a feat."

The watchers quietly went out of the cottage. Nothing could be more sober, decent, even dignified, than their behavior. Even in an execution by Lynch Law among the rude, fierce population of an ordinary mining settlement in California, there is usually a good deal of a kind of grim and rugged decorum. The doomed man, when once his sentence has been pronounced, is safe from levity or insult. In the little community by which Dysart was condemned, a certain air of religious exaltation dignified all their proceedings, and lent to this business in which they were now engaged, and which they regarded as a sad and stern duty, all the grave and rigorous decorum of a sacrifice.

Jocelyn strode over to Angelo and seized him by the hand. Jocelyn's own hand was hot and damp.

"Volney!" he said, in a hoarse, thick voice, and he had to moisten his lips with his tongue before he could get any further—"Volney, these blackguards are quite in earnest. They are, by Heaven! They really mean to murder me. Now look here—you know some of them—you must have some influence—can't you say something or do something to save me? You can, I know you can!"

Volney shook his head.

"Mr. Jocelyn, I can do nothing, even if you were innocent of murder and I were anxious to save you. I never saw the people or the place until yesterday. I can do nothing."

"You can, man, you can! Damn it, you can try at all events. Think of a man like me—a gentleman, an English gentleman—hanged like an Old Bailey felon, or a dog—or a dog, by Jove!—and by a gang of nameless blackguards on a prairie. You won't see me die in such a way without making an effort to save me? Why, don't I know well that you are in love with my daughter? Do you mean to tell me that you can have the face to go back and ask Isa—Isola—what the devil is her name?—to marry you when you have allowed her father to die like a dog?"

"Mr. Jocelyn, I beg of you, in the name of Heaven, to put such thoughts out of your head and prepare for death. Nothing could save you. Don't waste the few hours you have. Think of repentance—turn to God."

"Stuff, man; it hasn't come to that yet—it can't have. They'll never dare—yes, confound it all, they will though. There's no law here. Talking of repentance is all rot. I never in my life felt any of the thing people talk about—stings of conscience, and all that. I don't believe there's any such thing. Look here, Volney, I don't feel sorry for anything I ever did in my life, unless, of course, where it injured me. I'm sorry I made so many confounded mistakes. I'm sorry I didn't strangle old Verpool that day. But as to being penitent for sins, and all that, I'm not penitent, and I don't believe anybody ever is. So we needn't waste any time over that sort of thing. But you must go to these fellows and try to talk them over—you must indeed. You shan't leave me to die, Volney, without making an effort to save me. Think of *her*

—I always forget the ridiculous name they gave her—and remember that I am her father.”

Angelo yielded at last to the terrible urgency of the wretch, and he did seek out Paul and Alexander and tried to plead for Jocelyn's life. They listened to him patiently for a few moments, but they assured him that he pleaded in vain.

He came back to the condemned man, who rushed at him with glowing eyes. When Angelo told him the result he broke into an outburst of savage execrations which seemed to the excited fancy of the young man to be like outrages flung in the very face of Heaven. Angelo would have left the place in horror and disgust but that Jocelyn clung to him. Suddenly another idea flashed across the mind of the latter, and he began to ask whether there was no chance of escape. He demanded in a frantic way whether there was no possibility of getting out of the cottage unseen and reaching his horse, and so on. Angelo quietly and earnestly showed him the vanity of all such ideas, the utter impossibility of escape.

“Well, then, if I must die, if you can't do anything to save me, you can at least help me to die like a gentleman. Volney, my father spent his money and ruined himself, and then blew his brains out. Like father like son! What was good enough for him is good enough for me. Lend me your revolver and see if I don't cheat these scoundrels yet.”

He squeezed Angelo's hand fiercely. Angelo drew back. He now for the first time knew why Revington had borrowed his revolver. He owned to himself that if he still had the weapon there would have been a terrible temptation to give it to Jocelyn, and save Isolind's father from a base and ignominious death.

“I have no revolver,” he answered, “and no weapon of any kind. I gave up my revolver before I came in here. I know now—I didn't know then—why I was asked for it.”

“So you can neither help me to live nor to die?”

“Neither. I can only implore of you, for your own sake, to think no more of anything but preparation for death.”

“Thank you, you are very kind. Quite an estimable and model young man in every way. You can leave me now. I don't trouble you with any messages for my daughter. I am not by any means sentimental. I can die, Volney, as I have lived. I never was afraid of anything in life, and I will show these ruffians that a gentleman can die without trembling.”

Yet, though he was bracing up all his energies, and though he strove to assume his old swaggers, he was actually trembling. His nerves had failed him. He was cowed—quite cowed.

“You see, Volney, I'm not afraid—the fellows must acknowledge that at all events. Don't go yet—must you go? Stay a little—I don't like to be alone. What's the hour now? Good God, is it so late! How the time passes. These wretches will soon be here. Oh, damn them! I don't care, I won't die! They shan't kill me! Volney, Volney, save me—save me for *her* sake. Don't let them kill me. God, my nerve is all gone! You coward, you could have saved me if you would, but you want to have me out of the way that you may marry my daughter! You are all in one damned conspiracy against me. Don't go, Volney; stand by me. Save me, save me!”

When Angelo at last made his escape from the hut and breathed the pure air, he felt as if he had come out of the foul and lurid vapors of blasphemous, despairing hell, into the sacred atmosphere of a star-lighted court of heaven.

He saw at length the dawn flame up all yellow and crimson over the plain, and he fled to the furthest hut on the verge of the little shallow stream, and he buried himself there and closed his ears as well as he could against all sounds from without. The morning had far advanced when he came out and mingled with the living again. Then he learned briefly that the hideous tragedy was all over, and he heard that Thomas Thynne Dysart, Chesterfield Jocelyn, the outcast of English aristocracy, the forger and swindler, the fearless, audacious adventurer, the bloodthirsty and desperate murderer, had utterly broken down at the last, and died not like a bravo, not like a felon, not even, as he had himself said, like a dog, but like a coward.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

ANGELO did not remain long among the brethren of the little community. He saw the last of Charles Grey Scarlett; saw the earth of the prairie close over that career of promise so suddenly self-arrested. He took a cordial, friendly farewell of Paul Revington, whom he never expected to meet again in life; said good-by to Alexander and others of the friends, and went his way back to San Francisco.

Angelo resolved at once that he would return to England. The tidings he had to convey, the documents he had to carry, were such as he did not feel inclined to trust to any other care than his own. He felt that at whatever inconvenience to himself he was bound by every obligation of gratitude and duty to hasten back to Lady Judith and lay fully before her, as no letters could do, all that he had known. Therefore he made the best arrangements he could in San Francisco, that his place might be filled in his absence, and he sailed for New York by the Panama route. The great railway that now binds together New York and San Francisco, that marries Atlantic to Pacific, was not yet finished. On many a soft, sunny day, as he lay upon the deck while the steamer made her way through the bland and amber mists of the Pacific, or in the glittering brightness of the Caribbean Sea, he read and read again the papers given into his charge and left unsealed by Scarlett. From these he endeavored to reconstruct the sad story which had run parallel with that of his own life thus far, and on which he had seen the green curtain of the prairie turf so lately fall.

The papers which he had were two letters from Isolind's mother, both addressed to Scarlett, and both written in the early part of 1851. When Angelo first received them they were accompanied by a paper containing a few explanatory words and dates, written by Scarlett himself. The paper, as we have seen, was seized and burned by Jocelyn. But Angelo had read it carefully through beforehand, had quite mastered its contents in fact, and having an excellent memory, was able still to avail himself of all the data it furnished for the elucidation of the mystery so long hidden.

We need not read the melancholy letters, offspring of so much trial and agony. Let us be content with a short survey of the history which revealed itself gradually to Angelo from the study of them.

In the early part of the year 1851 Agnes Dysart found that she could no longer live with her husband. His profligacy and his cruelty would never have driven her from him. His ferocious and frequent taunts about her former engagement with Scarlett she patiently bore. But at last, when debt and difficulties began to make Dysart desperate, the latter again and again savagely urged

upon his wife that she must turn to account her supposed influence over Scarlett; and it was then that Agnes Dysart resolved upon leaving her husband forever, and taking her infant daughter with her out of the reach of contamination. She resolved at all hazards to endeavor to find her brother in America, and put herself under his protection, glad to endure any life of drudgery and poverty, if need were, where shame and sin were not to be. But she could not bear the idea that the one man whom alone on earth she had ever loved and trusted should misunderstand her flight, and she therefore wrote a long, pathetic, heartbroken letter to Charles Scarlett, telling him that she was at last compelled to leave her husband, and why. Never, perhaps, even from the often-tortured heart of woman, was there wrung a confession so full of pain and shame as this. This was the paper which passed sentence of death on Thomas Thynné Dysart.

At this time it would seem (for we supplement Angelo's conjectures here by the testimony which Robert May and afterward Lady Judith herself could have offered) that the estrangement between Scarlett and his wife had grown so profound and apparently so hopeless, that it cast a gloom over Scarlett's whole existence. He believed he had made a fatal mistake in life, and he could not reconcile himself yet to patient endurance. With his over-sensitive heart and a certain tendency toward morbid nerve excitement, like that which shattered poor Alexia, it became terrible to him to have to live under the same roof with the cold and apparently unfeeling woman who, as he believed, detested him. He had even more than once poured out his soul to his old friend May so far as to tell him that he thought of separating from his wife; and May always earnestly advised him not to take such a step. Then came Agnes Dysart's letter, and Scarlett, driven almost wild by pity, irrepressible love, and bitter disappointment, resolved to throw everything away that lent honor to life and hope to ambition, and tear her from her misery even at the expense of her self-respect. So fiercely, recklessly did he urge this sudden, half-insane resolve, that Agnes Dysart began to tremble for him and for herself, and at last she determined, as May once said, to fly at once from the man she hated and the man she loved.

Her second letter, in a few brief, piteous, agonized sentences, explained this. She had allowed Scarlett to believe that she was yielding to the urgencies of his despair, only that she might gain time to escape, and save him and herself. In her second and last letter she told him of this, told him she had gone forever, besought and prayed of him not ever to think of following or finding her, and with all love and pity and agony commended him to his duty, his honor, his home, and his God. One sentence in the letter besought him never to quarrel with Dysart, and also revealed the fact that she had left a letter for her husband announcing that she had gone to seek her brother's protection, and imploring of him, as the only reparation he could make for his sins and crimes toward her, not to allow slander to fall on her fair fame. Thus then it became clear that Dysart had never really believed his wife to have gone away with Charles Scarlett. But Dysart hated his old rival none the less—nay, all the more, because he felt sure all his own baseness had been revealed to Scarlett. He had tried to traffic in the beauty of his wife and had failed; he had all the shame and none of the profits. So far as he could, he revenged himself on his wife and his enemy by publicly denouncing and stigmatizing them both as accomplices in guilt.

But Agnes Dysart's resolve had unfortunately a result of which she never had dreamed, Scarlett's soul revolted against the thought of resuming his old

life, taking up the broken threads of his career. He had gone too far to go back. His awakened conscience branded him as a criminal. The sin he would have committed seemed to him as heavy and black a stain as though it had been done. He had already pronounced on himself the doom of exile, and he carried out the sentence—alone. He wandered into Greece and Turkey, and in a Greek monastery his reason for a time deserted him. But in whatever mood or phase of temporary insanity, he always remained true to his purpose, and never betrayed his identity, never revealed his name.

Restored to intellect, he crossed Asia, entered America, met with Paul Revington—and the rest is known. How far some original taint of the mental excitability and weakness which afterward showed itself may have been responsible for his one profound error, his one fatal resolve, no moralizing critic can venture to say. The man had genius, courage, great ambition, great depth and capacity of love. Something was wanting, the lack of which doomed all these to disappointment and frustration. Charles Scarlett lived, loved, thought, spoke, dared, and suffered in vain. A rude wooden cross was set up to mark where he lay, and it was faithfully preserved in safety while the little community among whom he had passed so many years still remained on the scene. But they soon migrated thence, some in search of a new place wherein to pitch their tents unvexed of encroaching civilization, some to return once more to the active world. Then the storms and snows of winter soon swept away the simple monument that marked the spot, and nothing remained to guide any friendly eye to Charles Scarlett's grave. When the great railway to the Pacific was made, there came out to that region certain persons who sought for the place—a stately, grave lady in black, a fair-haired, noble-looking younger woman, and a dark-complexioned young man. They sought for the place where the grave was made, and one of the party had been there on that prairie when the grave was dug and the body laid therein. But Angelo could not find the spot. He endeavored patiently to recall the position of the log huts and the canvas town, and thus to guess at the grave of Charles Scarlett. But the tents were gone, the huts were gone; a quite pretentious town stood near, which had negro minstrel performers and a newspaper; the very river had oozed into a new course, and the search was vain. The earth had swallowed its prey, and Scarlett's widow never knew where the body of her husband returned to the dust.

From this glimpse of the future our story returns to its course, now not long.

Angelo reached New York, found out old Verpool, and obtained from him a leave of absence long enough to cover his visit to Europe. It may as well be said at once that the absence *en congé* was changed into one in perpetuity, and that Angelo never again entered the service of the tough old Vermonter. The very day he reached New York he wrote to Lady Judith a few lines to announce his coming, and to prepare her in some degree for the news he was to bear.

He remained but a few days in New York—only long enough to make the arrangements needful for his journey. But short as his stay was, he found time for one little expedition. One bright evening he took the train from the city and went to the little railway station close to the place where the Athelings had lived and where he first saw Isolind. The house was let to other tenants now; but Angelo crossed the paling which divided the woods from the road and made his way among the trees until he found the spot where Isolind and he were seated side by side on the day when he first broke into a confession of his love. The tree still lay there, and Angelo hewed and hacked a precious fragment, a sacred relic from it. Then seated on the tree he abandoned

himself to all the sweet and bitter memories of the scene. The sun went down in gorgeous, heaven-suffusing effulgence of purple and flame, its latest rays gleaming through the trees with an almost intolerable brightness, and then the short twilight passed like a breath or like youth, and soon the fireflies sparkled and glittered in the grass and among the trees. Angelo rose, not without reluctance, and turned to leave the spot. One last glance he gave, and then obeying an involuntary, irresistible influence, he flung himself down beside the sacred tree, pressed his forehead and his lips to it in token of farewell, and hastened away, looking back no more.

He was pacing up and down the platform of the little station waiting for the train, when he heard a heavy step behind him, a heavy arm was flung over his shoulders, and turning round he saw Judge Atheling standing there. The warmth of that mutual greeting seemed to welcome Angelo back to the old life and hope and love from which he had lately been exiled. Atheling, too, had been down to see the old place. They returned to town together, and sat up until late in the night exchanging confidences and explanations. Each had much to tell which astonished and thrilled the other. Not even the delight with which Angelo listened to every word that told of Isolind could wholly overcome the pain and sorrow with which he learned of Alexia's untimely death.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"FOR LOVE IS CROWNED WITH THE PRIME."

LADY JUDITH SCARLETT has returned to London and resumed sadly and resolutely the duties of her life as they seemed to her. She labors in every good cause, or cause that appears to her good, in social and moral reform; she feeds the hungry and clothes the naked as of old. Alexia her daughter sleeps in the family graveyard of the Corydens, and is closer to the heart of her mother in death than ever she was in life. To the outer world the character of Lady Judith shows the same as ever; but those who come nearer to her, whether poor or rich, can notice a wonderful softness and sweetness in her which were not so before. One mark the trial she has passed through has set upon her brow to be seen of all eyes. Her hair is now as white as snow. The contrast between the face and form, still superb in the prime and pride of womanhood, and this coronal of white hair, has only added something like a new dignity and grandeur to her. She looks like some majestic woman of the Scriptures, enduring life that she might be helpful to her people.

Mrs. Atheling and Isolind have left Villefleurs, and are living in another little watering-place on the same coast. The associations which clung around Villefleurs rendered the place intolerable to them.

The parting between Lady Judith and Isolind was surcharged with strange emotions for both. Now that the two women were awakened out of the kind of feverish dream in which they had lived together during Alexia's sickness, each looked at the other with a certain timidity and shame. As in a night alarm of fire or wreck people almost strangers to each other rush half-dressed and huddle and cling together, and then when the terror is over and the gray light of morning begins to shine on them they are ashamed and shrink back, so there was a certain shamefaced shrinking back, or at least an impulse that way, on the part of Lady Judith and of Isolind alike. Perhaps each felt that

it was needful they should separate. But each now felt toward the other only the truest regard, compassion, and love.

"Shall we not meet any more—ever again?" Lady Judith asked, and conquering a certain emotion she took Isolind's hand in hers.

"I suppose not," Isolind answered with moistened eyes, "unless Heaven wills us to be useful to each other. I suppose I shall soon go back to my own country—I mean to America, which was my own country so long that I can't think of it otherwise."

"Wherever you go, dear, I shall always follow you in my thoughts with gratefulness and love and prayer. I wish I could serve you—I wish I could make you happy."

Isolind shook her head.

"Could I not make you happy, Isolind—could I not do something toward making you happy, if you would only allow me?"

Lady Judith spoke with infinite tenderness and softness; and Isolind understood her meaning. Isolind knew it was this: "Let me bring you and Angelo together, that you may be married." But even Isolind did not know what a magnanimity of self-chastening and noble penitence was expressed in these few quiet words.

"Ah, no, Lady Judith! Nothing can be done for me—nothing!"

"Your resolution then is so fixed—unchangeable?"

This was the nearest approach to any direct allusion to the past on which Lady Judith ventured. She did not look at Isolind while she spoke; nor did Isolind raise her eyes while she replied in the one sad firm word:

"Unchangeable."

"Then, good-by, my dear. I appreciate and honor your purposes and your motives. You have taught me some lessons, Isolind, which will last me for my life! I hope Heaven will give you happiness in some form. But you carry with you always the grand talisman against unhappiness, in your pure conscience and your noble heart. Good-by!"

Then she kissed Isolind, and soon after began her sad journey homeward with the coffin of her dead daughter.

Soon after Mrs. Atheling and Isolind too left Villefleurs for their new residence. There the days and weeks dragged heavily along. Judge Atheling had not yet returned to Europe. The present was dreary to Isolind, and she thought of the future with a blank dismay. What was to be her life? If it should please Heaven to take away while she yet remained young her kind and loving friends and protectors, into what sad and loveless path was she destined to wander with heavy feet and heavier heart? Would a time ever come when she and Angelo might meet even as friends? Must she never see Angelo again? Could it be that a time ever would come when Angelo and she, living in the same world, should be nothing to each other? This was the most torturing thought of all.

After the excitement and strain of the events which had lately passed, and which had for the time torn her away from her own sorrows, the reaction that plunged her back again into lonely meditation was terrible and desolating. There were times when Nature and Passion raged within Isolind, and she longed to break away from the regular monotony of her life and plunge into utter solitude, or into some existence of active work. There came days when she said to herself, "This kind of life will kill me! I must do something or die!"

But she always strove to discipline her nature, and to remember what she owed to others. She could not affect to doubt that her companionship was

dear and needful to Mrs. Atheling, and therefore she resisted all impulses which would have driven her into any more active sphere of woman's work. Poetry no longer came to her relief. Thackeray has laid it down as a law that when a man or woman can begin making rhymes about a grief, the sense of grief can no longer be very strong. But this is only true of those who are not great inspired poets. Such do indeed sometimes find relief from utmost sorrow in pouring forth poetic plaint and passion. Isolind knew now only too well that she did not belong to this great inspired order; and she felt her own sorrow too acutely to put it, being uninspired, into rhyme and verse.

The best thing she could do in one of these often-recurring paroxysms of agony was to take a long, quick walk somewhere by the sea. If the day was not fine, all the better. If the sun was overcast by storm-clouds, and the wind blew and the waves tossed and roared, all the better. There are moods of the human mind when nothing soothes like the tempest.

Autumn was beginning, and beginning rather early. There came one day when the heaven was wholly overhung with thick brooding cloud, and the gray heavy sea murmured in low, dull, ominous tone, and everything seemed to forebode a stormy evening and night, and Mrs. Atheling would not venture out, and Isolind could not stay at home. She wrapped herself in a shawl and went for a quick walk along the edge of the cliffs. Glancing down at the little pier, she saw the steamer come in which brought people from Dieppe or one of the other great and fashionable places; and she was conscious of a sense of gladness that the boat had got in before the threatening storm began. Otherwise she heeded it not; she felt no curiosity about the passengers it might have brought; she never went down to the pier as so many others did, making such expedition the grand event of their idle day, to see the new arrivals. The boats came and went, but not for Isolind. As she walked along she met two merry, bright English girls, who had seen the smoke of the steamer and were hastening to the pier. Their hair was blowing in the breeze, their complexions were rosy, their figures were well wrapped in gray waterproof cloaks in expectation of the coming rain; their short petticoats fluttered around their stout Balmoral boots; their white teeth gleamed healthily as they chattered and laughed; they were a very "living picture" of youth and health and good spirits. Isolind looked at them and after them with admiration, and a certain irrepressible feeling of envy, and a certain wonder—wonder that there could be gleeful and happy girls. Perhaps some father, or brother, or lover is coming in that boat? There are then still happy women who expect fathers, brothers, lovers to come to them? And I!—but Isolind walked only the more rapidly along the road on the cliffs, and strove to banish by movement and by battling with the rising wind the fierce pangs which were tormenting her.

She walked on and on, and the wind grew wilder and the sea tossed more passionately, and at length the rain began to fall. Isolind never at any time was afraid of a shower of rain, or even was much concerned about a very drenching therein; and at the present moment the wildness of the storm and the loneliness it created were welcome to her. So she still went on, observing with interest how the cloud and mist began gradually to obliterate the sea. The gloom and utter dreariness of the scene were congenial with the girl's sad mood. There crept up to her memory as something that ought to be part of the scene and the hour the sorrowful sweet wail of Thekla, the prayer to the Holy One to call home his child who had enjoyed all the earthly happiness that could be hers, having lived and loved. "Oh," exclaimed poor Isolind, "if I might only die to-day! I have lived and loved; and my love is all in vain; and

I have nothing now to live for, and I shall never see Angelo any more!" And she stood still on the open road, pressed her hands to her eyes, and burst at last into passionate tears.

Terror! She had fancied that no one could be near, that the wind and mists had made an utter solitude of the place; and now she heard a quick step behind her—the tread of a man hastening on. He must have seen her—seen that she was weeping; and shamefaced she hurried away. But in a moment the tread was close behind her, the man was beside her, his arm was flung round her waist, and Isolind, startled, bewildered, indignant, looked up—and saw Angelo! Oh, the divine ecstasy of that moment, when every thought was lost in the one delight of meeting! Stream mist, blow wind, toss and moan gray and mournful sea; not the most glorious scene and heaven of a fabled summer-land could have for Isolind one tithe of the glory and delight of that enraptured moment! True, it would have been but a moment of rapture, for the sad existence of a resolve needful and inexorable apparently as fate itself would soon have reasserted its right, and told the girl she and her lover must part. But the moment of rapture was destined to remain forever a memory of unbroken joy, for Angelo exclaimed:

"I have you, Isolind, and I will never leave you again! You are mine forever. I give you the pure fame of your mother; made clear as light; and I claim you in return!"

Let the gathering mist and the deepening dusk of evening enfold these two, as in the veil of a sanctuary, while they walk slowly home and pour out in such broken words as spring from supreme emotion their hearts to each other. We have no right to listen to their talk, or to try to reduce to the dull literature of printed report the all-imperfect expressions of their joy and confidence and hope and love. While they live, it will always be that an autumn evening of wind and rain and gloom, which fills other hearts with drear and melancholy feeling, shall come to them full of the brightest and gladdest association, for it will remind them of that first meeting after a separation that seemed hopeless—of that hour which gave them back to each other, and made them one for life or death.

The rest is not long to tell. Angelo had been in London, had seen Lady Judith and told her the sad and shocking story of her husband's death, and given her the papers which he bore. What words of self-condemnation or vindication, what appeal for generous judgment or for pardon, may have been contained in Charles Scarlett's letter to his wife, no one but his wife ever knew. Events had lately broken down so completely the intrenchments of egotism which once ramparted Lady Judith against the influence of her better nature, that she was prepared to judge more sympathetically, and therefore more justly, of her husband and of herself, than she ever could have done before. Alone in that familiar room where we have so often seen her, she read the letter again and again. "If we had but known each other!" she said with a deep sigh—"if we had but known each other!" The words and the sigh were the fitting epitaph and dirge of her married life—the history and confession of the error of two noble lives.

Then she set herself resolutely to carry out to practical purpose the wishes expressed in Scarlett's writing, so far as these could any longer be realized. There was one earnest wish of his which could no more find fulfilment on earth. His knowledge of his daughter's existence came, as so much other knowledge had come to him, too late.

When Charles Scarlett was preparing for his flight from London, he had no

thought of a luxurious exile. He meant to enter upon a life of obscurity and labor of some kind, perhaps literary, probably in some Western city of the American States. He had therefore taken with him but a comparatively inconsiderable sum of money. It seemed to him that the step he was about to take would have brought with it utter degradation and the forfeiture of all self-respect, if it did not bring with it some personal sacrifice. He left behind him a will, in which he bequeathed the whole of his property to his wife, "provided she will consent to accept it, and will believe my solemn assurance that this disposition of my property is not meant to add by insult further wrong to that I have already done her, but because I believe it to be right, and do her the justice to believe that she will make the wealth which was useless to me serviceable in some way for good." If, however, Lady Judith should refuse to accept it, then it was to be disposed of in the founding of certain institutions for popular education, which he described. In any case, there was a legacy of a few thousand pounds to Robert May.

When Scarlett was nearing the other great crisis of his life—preparing, as he believed, for a return to England—he was apparently impressed more profoundly than might have been expected by the stern prediction of Christian, the Swede. Perhaps his coming fate had cast its shadow before. Certainly he wrote his letter to Lady Judith as if it were the last message of a man about to die. In it he referred to his will, and begged of her to act upon its disposition, only with a distinct expression of a desire that a proper provision should be made for the daughter "of whose existence I did not know until yesterday." Also the letter contained a request that five hundred pounds a year should be made over upon Angelo; "enough to allow him to choose his path in life, but not enough to deprive him of the healthy stimulus of a need to labor"—this gift being described as "a poor recompense for a life of devotion to duties which I deserted, for the earnestness which conquered my reluctance to return to active life, and for the honest and truthful eloquence with which he taught me to understand for the first time the real character of my wife." The letter contained no allusion to Isolind. Evidently Scarlett felt that she would not care to accept any benefit at his hand, and that even her name would hardly find a fitting place in this his first and last long and confidential letter to his wife.

That part of the letter which referred to the will was the only portion made known to any one by Lady Judith. It is due to her to say that she was deeply and sincerely rejoiced to find that the memory of Isolind's mother was free from stain. "I might have known it," she said; "no sinful mother ever yet had such a daughter." For the stern old theology had still its hold over Lady Judith's heart and mind. She could not let the sin of a mother be blotted out, but she rejoiced over the daughter now proved to have sprung from the womb of a mother who had not committed the sin.

"Go to her, Angelo," said Lady Judith, "and tell her I shall not believe you have both forgiven me until you have made each other happy."

So Angelo went and found Isolind, and when Judge Atheling comes to Europe the pair will be married. Atheling has, out of the wreck of his fortune, enough left for himself and his wife to live quietly and happily; and these two can always be happy together. Angelo does not think of leading an idle life. He will keep to his practical study of mines and mining both in Europe and in America, and means to make a business out of it, and to be a citizen in this sense of both continents. Thus the Athelings, when they return to America, will still have a chance of sometimes seeing the daughter of their heart and the husband of her love.

One last pang awaited Lady Judith, in the revived gossip and gabble which were the result of the steps necessary to be taken in order to prove the death of her husband, that his property might be administered according to his wishes. She bore it bravely and patiently; and the traditional nine days passed away. She did not habitually take in any American papers, and she therefore did not see the four closely-printed columns which appeared in the "Sunday Sociable" of New York, wherein the London correspondent of that journal gave a *verbatim* report of an interview he professed to have had with herself, in which she told him the whole story of her life, drew a terrible picture of her husband's crimes and violences toward her, and assured him in language of lurid efflorescence and dazzling grandeur that such was the common domestic life of the British aristocracy, and such the sufferings woman has to endure in the select circles of Belgravian fashion. Judge Atheling heard of this; not that he ever read the "Sunday Sociable," but he did read the "Tribune," the "Times," the "Evening Post," the "Nation," and the other respectable papers of New York—journals unsurpassed by the press of any city on earth, alike for ability and for character—and he observed therein certain expressions of disgust and contempt for the coarse and slanderous invention.

Lady Judith resolved to dedicate the whole of her husband's property—and it was large—with the exception, of course, of the specified legacies—to the educational projects indicated in his will. She will have in this work the constant aid, counsel, and coöperation of Robert May, of Charles Escombe, of Angelo, and less directly of Judge Atheling, who helps with suggestion and information drawn from some of the splendid school systems of the United States. Thus she proposes to battle with her own sorrow, and to coöperate for the first time in her life with the husband of whom she had known so little. "Thus at least," she said to herself, "it may come about that we shall not both have lived and died in vain! In this way I may raise his monument, and help to make my own expiation."

One secret, and one only, Angelo has kept as yet from Isolind. He has told her of the death of Thomas Thynne Dysart and of Scarlett, but she does not know how either died. In time even this will be gradually unfolded to her, for Angelo loves no life-long secrets; but for the present he will not scare away her happiness by that tale of horror. He will not have her earliest days of married life clouded by the knowledge that her wretched father crowned his life of sin and wickedness by one supreme crime, and was punished for it by the death of a felon.

And so, for these two we may hope for a life of happiness and of usefulness. Neither the one nor the other ever could be happy in a life which lacked purpose and the desire to do good. The character of each will strengthen and elevate that of the other; their souls will grow together and develop in the noblest sympathy and harmony. They are not rich thus far, and probably never may be; but each has learned from the same experience how much of a superstition, of a mere vulgar unreality, is the idea that riches have anything to do either in the making or the marring of happiness. They have alike the courage to be themselves, to live their own lives. Nothing but inexorable misfortune—which we trust will be kept from them—can make these two unhappy; not even misfortune can make either of them ignoble. Richer promise no two lives ever had when starting together in the partnership of love.

In the story which closes here the author has endeavored to illustrate principally one great truth, as certain as any physical or scientific law, but which

among grave people would probably be regarded rather as a pretty piece of sentimentalism, or one of the exaggerations of poetical enthusiasm—the truth that Love is the great human strength, the one grand, eternal principle and guiding power of life. Woe to those who have false gods before it, or who take its name in vain, or who have eyes and see it not! They who enthrone Egoism, or Pride, or Ambition, or Money, or Lust in its sacred place, shall fall down and be abased, and shall perish; or shall only save themselves on condition that they acknowledge its divinity at last, and purely, unselfishly pay it their tribute of homage and devotion. Never yet did pure, unselfish love betray any heart, or lead any one astray, who honestly listened to its voice of counsel. Never yet did it fail to avenge itself of neglect or outrage. Never was there uttered by philosopher a profounder truth than that contained in the words of the American poet—words already quoted in this story, and which may most fittingly be adopted as its *envoi* and moral—the words which tell the ruler of Olympus that “Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love!”

THE END.

THE BURDEN OF PARIS.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH, 1871.

I.

A GAIN does the curtain fall
Over Paris the beautiful city,
The curtain of smoke,
The curtain of cinders and fire,
And the second act is done !

II.

No longer the Beautiful City,
Paris, shalt thou be called,
But the City of Sadness,
The City of Sorrow,
For many years !

III.

What a speech hast thou said in thy wrath !
What words of infinite hate !
“There is no payment but blood
For the wrongs of the past !
No hint for the future but fire,
No hint for the coming kings !”

VI.

Blood of the helmeted throng,
The conquering horde of the North !
Of brothers who would betray,
Of brothers who will not see !
“There is no payment but blood
For the wrongs that cry from the past !”

V.

Thou hast kindled a glorious fire
Of thy garments, O Sibyl of towns !
Burning thy badges of shame,
Thy fillets and mantle of shame !
" No hint for the future but fire !
No hint for the coming kings ! "

VI.

The nations will wag their heads,
The nations that will not see ;
They will mock thee, passing by,
They will point with the finger and sneer ;
But thine eyes look up from the cross
Where thou hast suffered for man.

VII.

Thou hast done what thou wilt with thine own,
O Sibyl of cities and towns !
Thou knowest the virtue of stone,
Who laid'st the foundations of clay !
No need hast thou to be taught
Of altars and trinkets of gold !

VIII.

A new and a wonderful meaning
Dost thou give to a palace that burns,
To a column that falls on the dung,
To the ashes that once were a throne !
Wast thou not a hewer of stone,
A maker of brick without straw ?

IX.

The prophetess doth not mourn,
The lips of the Sibyl are mute ;
For she knows that the seed is sown,
That the harvest cannot be stayed
By the edicts of priests or kings,
When the fulness of time shall come.

X.

Out of the ashes shall come—
Tarry and count not the years ;
Watered by blood there shall grow ;
Wait, for the years are but few—
A fair flower sown this day,
Whose heart and whose petals are red !

XI.

No longer the nations shall scoff,
Nor point with the finger, nor sneer ;
But shall come to thy garden with love,
And shall eat of thy fruit with delight ;
And the wonderful city shall know
Neither burning nor blood any more.

CHARLES SIBLEY.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR AT THE SOUTH.

THE Southern planter at the present time is compelled by force of circumstances to depend almost entirely for labor, in the cultivation of corn, cotton, sugar-cane, and rice, upon the freedmen. They are the only class of laborers there in large numbers; they understand the labor required of them; they are habituated to the climate, can endure its fervency, and are accustomed to the exactions of plantation life.

The prospect of remedying their deficiencies by the introduction of Chinese or Swedish laborers to any great extent is so remote as to be unworthy of special notice in this article.

Although many whites cultivate their own fields personally, yet the great bulk of our Southern crops is made, and for many years must be made, by the labor of freedmen. All sensible Southerners admit this, even while they endeavor to secure the immigration of foreign laborers. Indeed, it would be vastly to the detriment of Southern society *not* to employ the freedmen, considering their natural propensities, and that they actually inhabit the land in such numbers. With all their faults, then, they must be accepted at present as the cultivators of our Southern soil. Perhaps it may be well to glance at some of the chief and generally acknowledged characteristics of him who thus constitutes the main dependence of Southern industry and prosperity.

He is indolent. Naturally he is averse to labor, slow in his movements, and indisposed to continuous exertion. Unless watched, he is sure to remit his toil more or less, and shirk his duty in some degree. He is thievish and mendacious. Without a doubt these propensities are so strong in him, and his conscience so callous in regard to them, that surprise is hardly ever exhibited at their manifestation. He is improvident and lacking in prudence. He rarely accumulates, looks not into the future with cautious forecast, and is habitually guilty of acts most outrageously imprudent, both in regard to his person and possessions. He is suspicious and distrustful. These traits have grown upon him largely since the war, owing mainly to the secret teachings of partisan leaders and scheming politicians. He is ignorant and stupid. After careful explanations he will, through misapprehension, act at variance with his instructions; and, except when thoroughly trained, he is never left to the guidance of his own judgment. He is careless. This is true with the negro to an extraordinary extent; and this trait, joined with his moral unreliability and lack of habitual diligence, immensely depreciates his value as a laborer. Cheerfulness is one of his distinguishing characteristics, and it breaks forth at almost all times and under almost all circumstances. Nature has bestowed upon him in no ordinary manner the gift of melody; and the impressibility of his soul gives the appearance in him of a natural bias toward religion.

Previous to emancipation the planter relied much on female labor, and reckoned a good "woman hand" at about two-thirds of a "full hand"; but at the present time female labor is not in great demand, and when a farmer is seeking for hands, he endeavors to procure men or boys at least half grown.

Women are more unmanageable than men. They do the washing of the family, perform most of the household duties, and have their maternal cares. Besides these reasons, which in a great degree preclude the women from field labor, many of them decline such strenuous exertions, deeming themselves entitled to this exemption. Oftentimes, however, they engage, at hours suited

pretty much to their own pleasure and convenience, in tilling the private crops of their husbands, who, according to contract, may have had reserved for their own use a certain number of acres. Thus it follows that, to a large extent, female labor is being withdrawn from the service of Southern planters.

In one respect, more than in any other, the system of labor now practised at the South differs from the ante-war method of agriculture, and it is this—that every one must “hire hands.”

Whether a man rents or owns the land he intends to cultivate, whether he resides upon it or lives elsewhere and employs an overseer, whether he be wealthy or very poor, he is compelled each year to hire hands to work for him. No contract lasts longer than one year; and as each year draws to a close, every planter seriously and eagerly seeks to secure the necessary laborers for the ensuing crop. The whole agricultural interest of the South is so unsettled, and rests upon a basis so unstable and unreliable—nay, so defective and inadequate—that to almost every planter securing hands is a matter of grave uncertainty and deep anxiety. Nor does the most wealthy, dignified, honorable, and best prepared planter feel easy in regard to another crop until he has engaged a sufficient number of laborers. Migratory and fond of change, sure of a home whenever willing to work on account of the great demand for farm labor, the freedman manifests a singular indifference to contracting, and many of them rarely live two years in succession on the same place. It seldom or never occurs that a man works exactly the same force in different years both as to numbers and individuals.

It is not always the rich man, nor the trustworthy man, nor the energetic man who is sure to obtain hands; not the man of undoubted veracity, of unimpeachable honor, of unquestionable financial ability, to whom freedmen willingly hire, regardless of other and peculiar considerations. A large planter, with many mules, extensive fields, and full cribs, may solicit and urge in vain, and at length begin the year with a portion of his mules standing idle in the lot, and broad acres of undoubted richness growing up in stubble; for after using every effort, and offering the highest wages, he has been unable to secure laborers. A thorough-going, energetic man, who gives personal attention to his own business, sees to it that his crops are faithfully worked, and perhaps shares in the labors of the field, will oftentimes find it difficult to obtain hands; while another, who employs a pushing overseer, and exacts fair labor for wages given, and expects a due reduction in pay to be made for time lost, will be troubled to procure the labor to make his investments or estates profitable. On the contrary, the slipshod planter who permits his hands to do pretty much as they please, and who perhaps keeps a small “store” and sells miserable whiskey and cheap dry goods and groceries at a high price, “on time,” will be able to procure more laborers than he wishes to employ. As a general thing the freedmen are strongly influenced by: 1, prejudices; 2, large promises; 3, the best prospects of a “fa'r showin',” which in their estimation is a bargain that hath the hope of a full remuneration for a comparatively small amount of labor. A dishonest man with a false tongue can often obtain their services when a high-toned gentleman shall urge every fair inducement in vain; and a farmer of a confiding disposition, whom it will not be difficult to rob or deceive, or one of an easy-going character, who will not hold peculation and dereliction to a too strict account, will find it easy enough to engage hands to live with him. Such are precisely the kind of men freedmen like to live with, for it must always be borne in mind that freedmen consider their employers fair

game; in their contracts there is always a sort of mental reservation—true in fact whether framed into actual words or not—to this effect: “I am to have the privilege of stealing if I can avoid detection.”

According to their mental organism, a contract is far more binding upon the white man than upon the freedman. It is intended to protect the latter and give him power to claim his rights, and to its provisions the former must be strictly held; but all the while the employee, with pliant conscience, deems himself entitled to lie, steal, and shirk labor whenever in his power. Sad to say, with some exceptions this is so much the recognized state of affairs, that the employer of freedmen considers himself able to prevent loss by theft and deception only through the means of great watchfulness and care; and the man who farms without watching his hands, or employing some one to look after them, is certain to be deceived by them as to labor. All the freedmen, taken in the aggregate, feel bound to do, is fairly to stand up to their contract in appearance, so that at the end of the year they may claim their full wages or their stipulated share of the crop. In general a planter will hire any able-bodied hand that offers himself, for, to say nothing of the scarcity of laborers, all are more or less dishonest and require watching; the chief subjects of inquiry are, Can he and will he work well?

CONTRACTS.

There is a great variety of contracts by which labor is secured; and it is not unusual to find hands hired several different ways on the same plantation.

1. “Standing wages.” This method consists in simply paying a stipulated sum—say ten or fifteen dollars—per month, and furnishing a regular allowance of meat and meal each week. A regular allowance consists of a peck of meal and three and a half or four pounds of meat per week; and when a planter furnishes this to a laborer, he is said to “find” him. In such contracts the hands agree to obey all instructions usual in plantation life, and work when and where bidden, except at night, on Sunday, and upon stipulated holidays. Hands thus engaged invariably give the most satisfaction; but hitherto the freedmen in many localities have been loath to hire in this manner. The low price of cotton and the uncertainty of the seasons are, however, gradually convincing them of its advantage and propriety.

2. A mode of contract frequently adopted in the culture of cotton is working for a part of the crop. This plan is carried into operation in several ways, some of which may be specified.

(1.) Where the hand receives half of what he makes, and feeds and clothes himself, to which is sometimes added the condition that the freedman is to share the expenses equally with his employer. The philosophy of such a contract is this: The planter furnishes land, mules, tools, and houses, while the freedman supplies all the labor and supports himself; but this contract is ruinous to the planter, being more than he can afford to give.

(2.) Where the hand receives one-third of what he makes, and has his meat given him. This, too, is more than the farmer can afford, when cotton is less than 20 or 25 cents a pound.

(3.) When the hand receives one-fourth of what he makes, and is “found,” that is, fed. This is somewhat fair for the planter.

In each case it is necessary for the planter to advance all the money requisite for the purchase of supplies, and frequently of such articles as may be needed for the actual comfort of his laborers. Should it happen that a rupture occurs early in the year, and he loses his freedmen, small chance is there

for the recovery of the money thus advanced to them. Such ruptures are constantly occurring, with their consequent disadvantages, annoyance, and loss to the planter, who in labor looked for a reimbursement for all outlays; but the labor lost, he has no recourse, seeing that the freedman is entirely irresponsible, and in all likelihood his whereabouts unknown.

In these contracts the result is deleterious to both parties, owing principally to the nature of the freedman, and his contracted, selfish views of things, as will appear on an explanation being given. The following is generally the actual method of carrying out contracts based on a part of the crop: The freedmen are divided into squads of four, six, eight, or ten, as the case may be, and a certain portion of land is assigned to each squad and planted in cotton, corn, potatoes, peas, etc., and the produce divided according to the special terms of the contract, when the crop is gathered. This is more particularly the case with corn and fodder, if the laborer is engaged to "bread himself," and if the farmer is sure that the freedman has not run himself into debt too deeply. Cautious planters advance very little to the freedmen; and indeed experience has taught the necessity of refraining from making such advances, at least early in the season.

As to cotton, it is sometimes divided in kind on the plantation, but generally sold by the employer and the proceeds divided, the planter always retaining sufficient to reimburse himself for whatever advances other than the contract specified which he may have made during the year in furnishing articles of luxury or necessity to the workmen and their families. In all cases the freedman's share of the crop is bound for such outlays as may have been made for him particularly during the year by his employer. While this species of contract has an appearance of fairness for both employer and employed, yet it has grave objections. Virtually it is a partnership between capital and labor, deleterious to capital and prejudicial to production. Thus it injures both parties. Apparently each party is involved in the risk of seasons and prices, and shares equally in the good or ill luck which may be assigned by Providence; but practically the results are prejudicial to the planter, for he has far greater interests at stake than the freedmen, and many other risks besides those of seasons and prices. For instance, the freedmen consider themselves bound to work their particular crop only, and outside of that engagement they will do nothing except as an act of special favor, or for which they claim extra pay. Unless it is particularly specified in their contract, they will not split rails, right up fences, clean out ditches, nor interest themselves in any manner about the general welfare of the plantation, even when desired, unless they receive remuneration. The house they live in may almost tumble to pieces, the very fence that guards their own crop may rot down, and yet they will not rebuild it if their contract does not so specify, unless paid to do so. Thus it is that, for want of sufficient hands and sufficient control over those employed, the splendid plantations of many owners are going to ruin, or deteriorating rapidly in value, or being sold at far less than their value, or being turned out as wild land to save the payment of the heavy taxes imposed by Government. This is a sad yet true picture. You may behold in many parts of the South the very best lands lying idle, and in the market for sale at prices surprisingly low, simply because hands cannot be obtained to work them, or because they have reached a stage in decay and deterioration which involves an outlay for recovery equal to the value of the land itself. And such a tax in a country where none have surplus funds, and where few know how the food of the future is to be provided, is more than can be borne.

But to return. When freedmen are hired for a part of the crop, in plantation parlance, it is their crop, and with unmitigated stupidity they feel pretty much at liberty to neglect it, if doing so suits their convenience. The loss, as far as pertains to themselves, they are willing to bear, regardless of consequences; and as to their employer, they are indifferent whether he incur loss or not. His personal adversity or prosperity is no concern of theirs; they work solely with an eye to self-benefit, and if the result of the year's operations is bankruptcy to him, they are apathetic. Even if the new year finds them in debt to him, and totally unable to pay, they are unconcerned. What the employer has provided according to contract they have consumed, and thus at all events secured a living for one year; and whether their share of the crop enables them to pay for it or not, is a matter of indifference to them. Indeed, as a general thing they will very readily and willingly incur indebtedness to their employer, by the purchase through him of shoes, hats, molasses, whiskey, meat, cloth, etc., and at the end of the year manifest surprise and displeasure, in the first place, as if a gross imposition had been practised upon them, and in the second place they will avail themselves of an early opportunity to change their home, so as to avoid working out their debt. He is a bad manager who permits his freedmen to end the year in his debt, and yet this is frequently the case. Of course the debtor promises emphatically to stay and pay it back in work, but some morning his house will be found vacated, and you will discover that he has contracted elsewhere.

Another objection to this plan of sharing the crop is, that the freedman enjoying an interest in the crop not only conceives himself privileged to neglect it, but considers that he has a right to a voice in its management, and sometimes takes it upon himself to disregard instructions. With him "my crop" and "I'm gwine to do so and so" are common expressions even in regard to firm interests.

The employer or his overseer, though giving good wages, by persuasion, begging, or complimentary encouragement, has to induce the freedmen to work. Often he possesses no power of coercion and cannot even attempt its exercise. All he can do is to control his freedmen by moral influence, persuasion, or example; get an overseer or agent to look after the hands, or dock each freedman for every half hour of lost time. A threat to discharge, or even a discharge itself, would prove of little avail, because in the first place the laborer is wanted, and in the second place he could readily procure another situation.

"Docking" for lost time is sometimes a very efficacious expedient, for the negro has no idea of the value of time. To scratch the earth with a blunt plough is work with him, and he seems to think that Nature will reward indifferent culture as much as sedulous labor. He appears never to conceive that his contract places him under a moral obligation to labor faithfully; on the contrary, he seems to imagine it his moral duty to himself to avoid labor as much as possible. Toil has been with him so much a matter of compulsion, that diligent work is not performed by him voluntarily. Or rather, it should be said, because he never would work diligently, he had to be compelled to do so in order for his labor to be profitable. This of course refers to the great mass of negroes. There are some exceptions—freedmen above the average in comprehension, who possess an ambition to own a horse and cow, or a few pigs and chickens, and to collect around them some of the comforts of home. Such will work steadily, but they are rare.

3. Another form of contract is to give the hand a round sum of money, say

\$100, and the product of three or five acres of land planted in cotton. In addition the freedman receives the usual rations of meal and meat. All the ploughing necessary for the production of cotton, on the land thus apportioned, is done by the proprietor, but the hoeing and gathering are done by the freedman himself, perhaps through the agency of his wife. This species of contract operates advantageously to both employer and employed. The former is likely to secure by it more steady labor and a more ready obedience, for it subjects the servant to the control of the master, while the latter realizes larger wages at the end of the year, not all of it directly out of the pockets of his employer. It has, however, against it in a degree the objections usually attendant upon what are called the private crops of freedmen.

It has been stated that many planters possess more open land than they have force to cultivate. We have also seen that many women do not engage to work regularly in the field, and it so happens that freedmen sometimes own a horse. When these circumstances are concurrent it occurs, may be, that the proprietor rents land to his own hired freedman, receiving from him one-third of the corn and one-fourth of the cotton produced, the labor being performed by the freedman's wife and horse. If the land and seasons are good, and a reasonable degree of diligence is exercised, the rent should amount to four or five dollars an acre, which is no despicable addition to the net proceeds of the farm. But unfortunately the peculiar nature of the negro, and the circumstances of Southern life at present, combine to make this particular system of private cropping detrimental to the proprietor and injurious to the farming brotherhood generally.

First, it encourages pilfering on the part of the freedman from the corn and cotton fields of his employer, to add to his own store; it tempts the freedman, for the benefit of his own crop, to neglect that of his employer; it permits him to keep a horse or two, to support which he resorts to robbing the corn-crib, horse-trough, and field; it entitles him to the ownership and to the privilege of selling corn, cotton, and fodder, which may have been acquired surreptitiously. Such products can rarely be identified, and if Cuffee, who is not entitled to their ownership, accounts for their possession by saying he got them from Sambo, who raised a "private crop," you are helpless, though inwardly assured that the story is false and the articles your own. Sambo's private crop of cotton never falls below a fair average, though it may have been tended by lazy or pregnant women, ploughed by a broken-down horse, been without the benefit of guano, and suffered from unpropitious seasons. Confiding philanthropists may judge the result to have been brought about by fair and legitimate means; but to those better acquainted with the ways of our colored population, this is in a high degree problematical.

Secondly, this system of private cropping, bestowing as it does upon the freedman the right of possession and ownership, gives him also the privilege of selling at country stores and groggeries, and in the towns, any quantity of corn and cotton. The effect of this privilege is seen in devastated corn fields, robbed gin houses, and pilfered cribs. So great and outrageous has the night traffic of freedmen become in some States, that the Legislatures have passed laws making it penal to trade with freedmen after dark in certain agricultural districts. The evil had grown beyond endurance, for even men of fair standing in society, and church members, would trade for corn or cotton they had every reason to suppose was dishonestly obtained.

Thus a planter, who, to retain a valuable man on his plantation, and to obtain better guarantees of payment for the bacon, shoes, flour, and other arti-

cles which he has during the year advanced money to buy, rents land to that man, may in all likelihood at the end of the year discover that he has bestowed upon himself the privilege of paying said freedman's rent, besides maintaining his horse and family and numerous individuals of the porcine species. And he is fortunate if the freedman, from his private crop and wages proper, is able to pay for what he has purchased. Should it happen that the freedman remains in debt to his employer for the year's supplies, it is quite likely that his mental vision will be dazzled by the superior inducements of some other planter in the coming year, and our kind-hearted friend retains but the memory—and not a very fragrant one—of the money due him, and of the spirit of gratitude dwelling in the bosom of the descendants of Ham.

4. And this brings us to still another form of contract considerably practised; namely, where the proprietor rents a portion of his land to freedmen for a certain number of bales of cotton, "delivered at the screw," or for a certain portion of the crop, say one-third of the corn and one-fourth of the cotton. This plan leaves the sole management of the crop to the freedman, who gives the landowner a lien upon his whole crop as security for advancing his supply of provisions. This plan has been found really advantageous to the landowner, as it saves him much trouble and responsibility, and brings him a fair income in the way of rent; but it would not do to trust all freedmen as much as this. Only those who possess a good character, a degree of diligence, and a fair knowledge of farming can be so trusted.

There is a variety of other methods of contracting, but those given will present a correct idea of their general characteristics and deficiencies, and also indicate the difference between the former and the present system of labor at the South.

HIRING.

With all these drawbacks, it is still absolutely necessary for the planter to have laborers. He cannot sit still with folded hands and gaze upon vacant fields, idle mules, and empty cabins, with a family to support and debts to pay. At fair prices and with good management there is money in raising cotton. So he speaks to one freedman after another, mounts his horse and rides hither and thither, sends an agent back and forth day after day, announces his willingness to make liberal contracts, does make large offers, bribes his own hands to hire others for him, goes to the towns and villages and addresses the many colored loiterers on the streets, stops at railway stations and sounds the freedmen he always finds strolling near, and thus by one means and another gradually obtains as many hands as he wants, or failing in that, as many as he can. The freedman will almost always hear what he has to say, will ask a great many questions, raise some foolish objections, and perhaps end the conversation by declaring he is not ready to hire yet, that he will take a day or two to think about it, or quietly announce that he has already hired. If he promises to accept your proposition and live with you, you may well doubt the fulfilment of his promise; for, while on his way to one place, he will accept a seemingly fairer offer and go elsewhere. He has little regard for his own word.

It rarely occurs that a planter with a large area of open land obtains as many hands as he desires. It may be well briefly to assign the reasons for this.

1. The freedmen are more generally diffused throughout the country. Many small planters now obtain their services, who were unable to possess them, or at best but one or two, before the war.

2. Large numbers have left the country, and dwell in or near the towns and

cities, picking up a precarious living in various ways, and figuring very frequently in the police reports on account of numerous petty misdemeanors.

3. The work required in building new railroads has drawn away from agriculture very many able-bodied laborers.

4. A far less number of women engage in field work than formerly.

5. Many freedmen rent or buy land, and farm on their own responsibility, some even hiring other freedmen.

6. Great numbers of the colored people have died since the war, owing to insufficient medical attendance, imprudence in various ways, crowding into unhealthy shanties, indulgence in whiskey, and exposure. For a few years immediately subsequent to the war, the number of deaths among colored infants was appalling.

7. The rich lands of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas have drawn many freedmen from other portions of the South, because the larger the yield the higher the wages.

8. And it may be added that under the present circumstances, it takes two or three hands to accomplish what was performed formerly by one. What with the absence of judicious control, natural laziness, stipulated holidays, voting days, tax-paying days, meeting days, visiting, sickness real and pretended, the freedman manages to do about one-third of what was formerly exacted of him, and was even then healthier, happier, better dressed, better fed, and apparently more contented than now.

All these causes combined diminish exceedingly the amount of negro labor in the South. But it may be asked, If this is the case, why was the last year's cotton crop greater than ever raised before, amounting in all to four and a quarter millions of bales?

The answer is easy and simple. Comparatively a very small area of land was planted in corn, and an enormous quantity of guano was applied to the cotton. In other words, a large surplus of the land cultivated was put in cotton, and that was extraordinarily stimulated by fertilizers. The cotton yield was of course enormous, while the production of corn and meat was exceedingly limited, and by no means equal to the demand. And this has been the case ever since the war; hence the vast corn and bacon trade between the South and West.

ACTUAL WORK.

Some planters adopt the plan of giving a stipulated amount monthly, and paying it promptly in cash at the end of each month; and this is perhaps the best plan with one exception—your hand may leave you any month after he has received his pay. But the planter who is able to pay cash (and there are very few) is generally the very kind a freedman desires to remain with. Such men never allow the freedman to incur any indebtedness to them, and they avoid much trouble. Contracts are usually written out in full, with specifications all given *in extenso*, and with great particularity, and signed and witnessed. The freedmen usually stipulate for a half holiday, on every or every other Saturday afternoon; they contract to work faithfully from sunrise to sunset, exclusive of meal times; agree to feed and care for the mules intrusted to them; engage to be responsible for the gear and tools; and bind themselves generally to keep the fences around their own crops in good order.

They promise to be respectful and obedient, and to abide by all reasonable rules. Usually they reside in cabins built purposely for them, not far from the mansion of the proprietor. It must be admitted that some planters control them and get from them far better work than others; and it is a notorious fact

that the blacks respect most and obey best those who are strict with them, and guide them with a strong hand and a stern will. Yet they are much dissatisfied at any inhumanity or want of sympathy—feelin', they call it. According to contract, the regular hands do most of the ploughing and hoeing; but supernumeraries are often hired during a press of work, when the grass is thick or the hoeing is behind, or when the cotton opens faster than the regular force can pick it. It is usual to give such extra hands fifty cents or seventy-five cents a day and feed them. This is paid entirely by the planter when he hires his hands for standing or regular wages.

With such hands as he is able to retain, or by persuasion, cajolery, or fair bargains obtain, the planter begins the year's work and prepares for planting. This takes place from the 1st to the 10th of April, for cotton. Corn is already up and has been worked over once, and every energy is now bent to getting the cotton in the ground and securing a good "stand." Next to faithful labor, this is the most important requisite for a large yield, and the closest attention is necessary. The guano has to be distributed, the seed planted regularly and plentifully, and then properly covered; and all this requires great care and faithfulness on the part of the laborer. Now, it appears to be one of the impossibilities in the nature of things for the negro to work faithfully in a steady manner without constant oversight and guidance. No matter how expert and familiar with a farming operation he may be, if not closely watched he is almost sure to slight his task. Send a freedman to mill two miles off, with instructions to be back by dinner time, and he will probably obey; but set him to putting down guano, planting or chopping out cotton, siding corn, splitting rails, or sowing oats, and as soon as you leave him to himself he begins to trifle away his time, or to work in a careless, slipshod manner, regardless of consequences to himself or to any one else. Rebuke him, and he becomes sullen, and will seize the first opportunity to injure your mule, perhaps under some provocation by the animal, striking over the head and putting out an eye, or breaking its nose. The ready reply offered when questioned about the matter is, "Some other mule kicked him in the lot." Praise and encouragement are the best incentives to freedmen under the present system. Force cannot be used, and threats of expulsion are useless, for his services are too greatly needed. The best that can be done is to make the most of him; and that is what Southerners are trying to do under a series of provocations and discouragements that incite to constant inquiries as to what is to be done, and as to the best course to pursue.

All through planting and hoeing time (stages of the crop most critical), the planter has to pet, praise, and encourage his hands; he remains close by them, and by voice and example almost begs them to work, being careful not to offend them. Some morning he will discover that a hand is absent from the field, and on inquiry receives the answer, "Don't know, sir," which means that the freedman has left the plantation. To the question during the busy season, "Where is such a one?" the answer is made, "Gone to town," or "Gone to see his mother." All through the year, the best planters are more or less subject to these uncertainties and annoyances, and all are more or less damaged by them. A strapping negro will walk up to a respectable planter's house, profess a willingness to hire himself, and request information as to the farmer's method of hiring. Being told the different methods and given his choice, he will agree to work for fifty cents a day and be found. The bargain is closed at once, for the farmer is in great need of hands. The man is sent to the kitchen, and the cook is instructed to give him breakfast. He sits down, leisurely eats a good meal, and then with

the most barefaced impudence marches off, utterly regardless of his contract. He was only deceiving in order to gain a good meal.

In precisely the same way a man will contract for the year, perhaps beginning to work about planting time, and possibly he may labor faithfully until the middle of fall, by which time he has secured all the advances in his power, borrowed all he could on the place and near it, and sold his interest in the crop. Suddenly he disappears and is heard of no more, probably leaving behind a wife and child to lament his villany.

These and a thousand similar incidents are but the outgrowth of the present system of labor at the South, the remedy for which no man knows. The law is by no means effective to prevent them. Does a freedman abandon his wife, she seeks the first opportunity to secure another supporter. living with him with or without the solemnities of a ceremonial tie, with perfect indifference. The writer has known a colored woman to hire her daughter to a freedman as his wife, for a year, for the sum of twenty dollars promised at the end of the year; and that, too, when the man's former wife, who had abandoned him, was living on an adjoining plantation.

Such conduct is so common and so utterly beyond the control of the whites, that they never offer to interfere with it. If an employer undertakes to prevent quarrelling or maltreatment of a wife by the husband, he is coolly informed that he has no business interfering with the domestic relations of other people. To further remonstrance he receives the message, "My wife belongs to me, and I'll do with her as I please."

There are generally causes for such conduct which give rise to feuds that sometimes destroy the harmony of a whole plantation, and can be quelled only by the dismissal of one or more. Occasionally an advertisement appears in a newspaper, declaring that such and such a freedman has broken his labor contract, and that whoever hires him shall be prosecuted according to law; but it rarely or never occurs that such a prosecution takes place, though the freedman is hired by some other planter. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to discover an absconded freedman, for he can readily find a home go where he will, so great is the demand for laborers.

Accompanied by many such annoyances as those hinted at, together with a thousand others besides, the planting season, the work season, and the gathering season all come and pass by. A bad stand, wet weather, too much grass, sickness, all weigh upon the mind, are met and conquered. The corn is laid by, the cotton receives its last working amid the summer's sultry glow. Notwithstanding all their faults, the freedmen, by mere force of habit and incited by the hope of reward, have struggled on in a more harum-scarum, thriftless manner than is permitted to any other set of hired laborers on the globe; and after all, thanks to a generous climate and to a free use of fertilizers, and guided by the strong sense and experience of their employers, have made a very fair crop. The corn has been gathered and housed, but not accompanied by those glorious corn-shuckings that once aroused all the mirth, melody, and merrymaking qualities of the negro. Day after day, during the hot summer months, the snowy fleece that is to clothe the world is gathered by hand, with patient, industrious, never-flagging exertions. Gradually it accumulates in the gin-house, and the whirr of the gin is again heard as it tears the lint from the seed. The cotton screw again does its office, and the heavily-loaded wagons begin once more to wend their way to the expectant warehouseman's door. He who receives and sells this representative of a nation's

wealth and toil is really the man who, ever since the war, has kept in motion the wheels of this great car of industry and prosperity—Cotton Production.

SUPPLIES.

In every town in the South there are warehousemen who receive, store, and sell cotton for the planters. These men, to secure trade, accept drafts upon them, payable in cotton during the fall, and the banks discount those drafts at the rate of two or two and a half per cent. a month. This enables the planter to buy his supplies at a very high price. Unless this plan were adopted, or some similar one, not one planter in ten—perhaps not one in a hundred or five hundred—could carry on a farm. For at the conclusion of the war none of the planters in the South had any money, and very few had any funds at all. The whole South was bankrupt, and how it managed to pay the Government taxes demanded will always remain a mystery. A few persons had held on to their rotten, soiled cotton during the war, and, thanks to high prices, this gave them a start; but it was mainly Northern money in Southern banks, obtained by means of factors' acceptances, that set Southern agriculture upon its feet. And this arose from the confidence of the factor in the honor of the planter. He believed the Southern man when he said he would send cotton to be sold that his draft might be met, and this confidence was rarely betrayed. Thus it was that men with character but no means could buy mules, guano, bacon, and corn for the purpose of making a crop. The following is a copy of a draft such as enabled planters to obtain money from bank or to purchase provisions:

BLANK, June 30, 1870.

\$— —.

Four months after date please pay to the order of myself — hundred dollars, for value received, as an advance on my present year's crop of cotton, for the purpose of purchasing supplies to enable me to make said crop; and I do hereby give you a lien on my said crop to secure said advances; and I also agree to deliver to you at your warehouse enough of said cotton crop to pay this draft at its maturity, binding also hereby my crop of corn and my stock of all kinds, for the full and punctual performance of the above obligation, and the payment of all costs and counsel fees incurred in the premises, and giving you hereby full and legal control of the same, with power to transfer this lien.

DASH BLANK.

To Messrs. DASH & DASH, Blanktown.

This is accepted by Dash & Dash, and readily discounted by the bank.

Other forms slightly variant are used, some executed in the presence of witnesses, and sealed. But whether the facility with which money was thus obtained at a ruinous discount was not an injury rather than a blessing in the end to Southern prosperity, is a question that admits of considerable debate. To many farmers during the year 1870, it was the cause of great embarrassment and perhaps bankruptcy, and to many factors to whom the farmers are yet indebted the result has been great pecuniary distress. Accommodation has been the general rule, however, and the farmer is hoping, amid many discouragements, to relieve himself by the crops of the future. The necessity for money existed because, first, few had anything left at the end of the war, for all in the South had cash in Confederate funds only, which were worthless. If any retained bank notes, these too were of little value. Second, many were compelled to buy mules, bacon, and corn, added to which were the commercial fertilizers, and almost every other expense. The policy of raising more cotton than corn renders the purchase of bacon and corn still a necessity, though the difficulty of raising hogs, on account of the depredations of freedmen, partially accounts for the vast trade in bacon. This present year a wiser policy has been adopted, and a much larger area has been devoted to cereals and a smaller one to cotton.

From this general view it will be seen that the agricultural system at the South labors under many difficulties and uncertainties. Its basis is an unreliable and unsteady race, yet a race trained to labor, accustomed to the control of white men, in the main obedient and respectful. The wonder is that Southerners have been able to do with them as well as has really been the case. If it were not that the majority of Southern planters understand negro nature, and, urged by dire necessity, bend every energy to make available the services of the freedmen, dark indeed would be the industrial picture of the South. But as it is, accepting the stern logic of facts, the Southern planters do manage to make respectable crops with their negro laborers.

Could the freedmen be entirely weaned from politics and be undisturbed by partisan leaders, it is more than likely that they would gradually settle down into a body of laborers, taken as a mass, better than any on earth. It is to the planter's interest to be friendly to his freedmen, and to make them aware of that fact, and gradually he is creating that impression and gaining their confidence. If political tricksters will but permit this confidence to grow up and continue, cease to prejudice the blacks against the whites, and abandon the wicked and false assertion that the whites are the enemies of the blacks at the South, then the relations between the two races will become agreeable, mutually profitable, and highly advantageous to Southern agriculture.

Without delay all Southern planters should agree upon some general plan of hiring, some well-understood rate of wages, and some mode of discovering and punishing delinquent laborers. There should be an entire stop put to the custom, now common and considered not altogether unfair, of enticing another man's laborers from him by offering higher wages. A trespass law of general application is needed, which will prevent strange freedmen from intruding upon the premises of others, engaging in mischief, stealing, or tempting the laborers to leave their employers and contract with some one else.

Night traffic in districts entirely rural should be prohibited by law, for it opens the door to more petty thefts and drunkenness than all other causes combined. At present the old plan of a common trough for all the mules to eat from in an open lot is being very generally abandoned, for the simple reason that when a freedman can trade a peck of corn for a quart of watered whiskey, he will rob the horse trough at night. A large stable with bars and locks is used, and the mules are locked up and fed every night.

The system of partnership farming must be abandoned, and the custom of allowing private crops to hired hands must be done away with entirely; the two practices are in the highest degree detrimental to Southern prosperity and to the efficiency and honesty of the freedmen. Large farmers must gradually give way to a greater number of smaller ones, and large landowners must divide up their lands and rent them to such as may become permanent tenants, rather than endeavor at great risk and trouble to carry on large and expensive planting interests.

The South never can really prosper while the insane custom prevails of neglecting to raise corn, hogs, and small grain in order that a great deal of cotton may be planted. During the last two years immense sums were spent on commercial manures, but the use of such fertilizers must abate in the future, for planters will learn to make their own manures. Besides being very expensive, these guano manipulations admit of much deception and fraud in their concoction, and are, therefore, full of risk to the planter. However, where the excellence of a particular guano is thoroughly established and maintained, its use will be continued, for many planters esteem such fertilizers indispensable.

To immigrants the South offers many and strong inducements, for the lands are rich and cheap, and the highest price is paid for produce of all kinds. Contrary to general supposition abroad, new-comers who cast in their lot with the country, and with money, energy, and industry endeavor to aid in its recuperation, are cordially welcomed and kindly treated. Very many stories concerning what is denominated Ku-Klux are fabrications, for truly disturbances are very rare in the cotton States at present, and the future historian will write with surprise of the sensation created by such a mythical bugbear.

SOUTHERNER.

MINE ?

SAFE by the firelight I hear the winds blow,
 Out of the window are wild wastes of snow;
 Here as I sit by the firelight alone,
 See the drifts glitter, and hear the winds moan,
 Children's fair faces look in through the night.
 One and another, the pale and the bright;
 Dear to my soul while it loves will they be,
 But when they called "Mother," they did not call me!

One fell asleep on the fields of the West,
 A soldier's blue jacket wrapped over his breast
 No more those dark eyes will brighten for me,
 Never again that keen smile shall I see,
 Never be clasped in the arms of my boy.
 Yet is he mine beyond death to destroy,
 Mine in the love that knows future nor past,
 Mine while the pulses of tenderness last;
 Living or dying, my child he will be,
 But when he called "Mother!" he did not call me.

One wears a shadow across her fair brow,
 But the shadow is brighter than sunbeams are now;
 Her brilliant face softens, her roses grow pale,
 In the glow of its whiteness—her new bridal veil.
 My loveliest baby! God keep thee as pure,
 While thy lips and thy love shall together endure,
 As the first hour I held thee, asleep in my arms,
 Serene in the halo of babyhood's charms.
 God send thee sweet children to stand at thy knee,
 Who, when they say "Mother," shall say it to thee.

Two little faces with glittering hair
 All the long day-time hang over my chair;
 Faces I watched over morning and night,
 Eyes that once blessed me with deepest delight,
 Voices that thrilled to the depths of my soul,
 Shake it with longing I cannot control.
 Oh! if those dear lives should falter and fail,
 The veins of my heart at their sources would quail;
 Life would forsake me, though death should forget;
 All that I have on their being is set,
 Dearer than living or loving can be;
 Yet when they call "Mother," they do not call me.

ROSE TERRY.

PERPETUAL MOTION.



FIG. 1.—PROF. DE MORGAN'S
PERPETUAL MOTION, 1857.

THERE is probably not a single important city in the United States where some active brain is not busily poring, and some dextrous pair of hands industriously framing, in the pursuit of an absolute and perfectly demonstrable impossibility—Perpetual Motion. The writer of this paper was a short time ago speaking of what he supposed to be the discontinuance of this sort of research in the United States, when an uncommonly intelligent lady in the company surprised him by asserting that on the contrary somebody was working at a perpetual motion machine in every large town in the country. When questioned as to her authority she effectually quieted any disposition to doubt her by a statement which could not be disputed, startling as it was.

"I know it," she said, "of my own knowledge. My own father was working at the subject almost all his life. And I know perfectly well that he was all the time receiving letters about it from all over the United States, because I saw them; a great many of them from people who were in need of only fifty dollars—or two hundred and fifty dollars—more, in order to be sure and make the machine work."

Four years less than one hundred years ago, the Académie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. They included in the same prohibition "the duplication of the cube, the trisection of the angle, and the quadrature of the circle." And they gave the reasons for this decision at some length; all, however, amounting to the observation of the fellow in the story—"That little thing can't be did."

For centuries before that time, however, perpetual motion had been perpetually moving in the inventive and scientific intellect of the period. It will be remembered that those were also the days of alchemy, and that the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitæ were believed in and sought after by the really scientific men of those times. Nobody nowadays is prosecuting those mystic wild-goose chases, though Sir Humphry Davy—a man of thoroughly and preëminently modern, progressive, sensible, and well-balanced mind, if ever there was one—believed that it may ultimately be found that metals are transmutable.

It is not, however, always the case that the foolishlest phantoms disappear first. Witchcraft is at this day extensively believed in. Ten years ago an English mob murdered a helpless old woman for being a witch, just as that famous scoundrel Matthew Hopkins the Witchfinder-General and his assistant scamps might have done two hundred years before; and dozens of "astrologers" are to-day swindling foolish servant girls and other silly persons in this very city of New York, by the aid of "respectable" editors who advertise and assist notorious cheats for money.

Perpetual motion is not dead either. It seems a curious fact enough, though the explanation is simple. Like the other insoluble problems which the French Academy associated with it, it is exactly suited to constitutional wonderers and to half-learned mechanicians. And as general information becomes more diffused throughout the community, the previous great number of persons totally ignorant is succeeded by a great number of persons half-learned, who will continue until the time when high average education shall provide against such delusions by instilling sound general principles into the popular mind.

Indeed—as follows, however, from what was just stated about the more rapid spread of mental activity than of sound principle to control it—more work has been wasted over perpetual motion during this century than during any other part of the seven centuries or thereabouts which include the whole known history of the subject. Patents have been granted for machines for the purpose ever since the reign of Charles II; but a hundred and nine were taken out in France and England alone during the ten years ending with 1870.

A perpetual motion is a machine to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself, and not from any source outside of it. A clock, or a mill, for instance, so adjusted as to move incessantly by the rise and fall of the tide, is not a perpetual motion; nor a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. It is said that Napoleon I. used to carry a watch which contained a lever so hung and balanced that the usual motion of his person in walking and riding caused it to play up and down, the short arm of the lever working a cog-wheel which kept winding up the watch. If we suppose the train so adjusted that two hours' walking would wind the watch enough to keep it going twenty-four hours, and if we further suppose that great and busy sovereign to be always in motion at least two hours a day, his watch would never stop until he died. If he were ill, he could send a chamberlain out to trot the watch, like a nurse with a child. But that watch was not a perpetual motion, nor are the mills anchored on floats and worked by the current in the Rhine opposite Mayence, although they would continue turning until either the river or the wheel-work should give out.

But if, for instance, there were a wheel which would of itself always keep more weight at one side than at the other, that wheel would make itself turn for ever, if the materials lasted. *That* would be a perpetual motion; and indeed, such a wheel has been the form of the machines invented for the purpose much oftener than any other model. Such was the form of the earliest known machine for the purpose, that invented, or at least described, by Wilars de Honecort, a Flemish architect who flourished somewhere from about A.D. 1230 to 1260. A quarto sketch-book of his is still preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, and has been a good deal edited and commented by various learned men. An English translation, with additions and alterations, of a French book on it, was published in London, with facsimiles of all the drawings, and very interesting they are. Most of them are architectural—parts of churches, or details of window, door, pillar, and other ornaments; a number of rather knock-kneed saints, with the ghastly phiz and long, dried-up, splay feet which seem to have been signs of grace in those days; a lion—an architectural-looking image enough, drawn so as to resemble the Nineveh lions, but which Mas-

ter Wilars certifies us was drawn from a live lion; and a porcupine (*porc-épic*, whence "porcupig" in the old ballad of "Moor of Moor Hall and the Dragon of Wantley"); and so on. The perpetual motion which he represents is drawn as in the accompanying engraving, though in the original much larger, filling a good-sized quarto page; and, as on most of the sketches, there is a memorandum in old Flemish French, as follows: "Many a time have skilful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets, or by quicksilver."

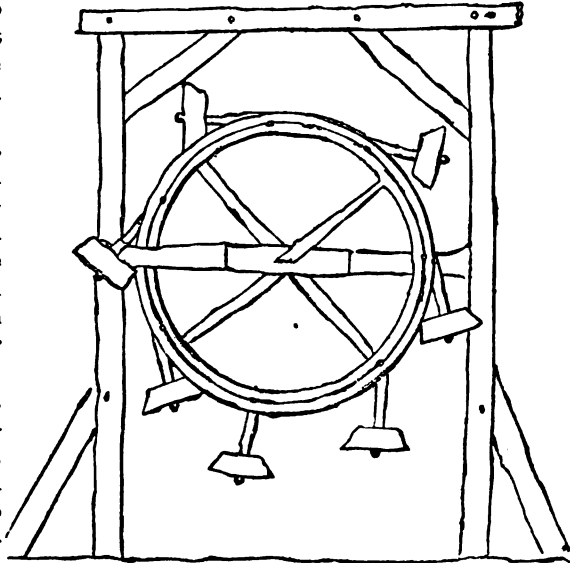


Fig. 2.—HONECORT'S WHEEL. About A. D. 1250.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian painter, engineer, architect, and musician (born 1452, died 1519), also speculated on the subject, and several designs of machines are in an autograph memorandum book of his now in the British Museum. They are all modifications of the wheel idea.

Another wheel, well known in the annals of Perpetual Motion, was that of Orffyreus. This gentleman's real name was Hans Ernst Elias Bessler, and the way in which he modified it to the big-sounding Latinized word is worth noting, as an instance of the sort of thing then considered scientific, and to show what sort of a mind he had. Herr Bessler, then, wrote an alphabet in two lines, thus:

a b c d e f g h i k l m
n o p q r s t u w x y z

(I and j were then the same, as were u and v.) Next, he took the successive letters opposite those of his real name. That is, B being the first letter of his name, he wrote instead O, which is opposite it in the other row; instead of e, he wrote next r; for ss, ff; for l, y; for e again, r; for r, e. This gave him Orffyre, which he Latinized by sticking "us" on its tail, and so obtained his fine new name Orffyreus, the given names becoming Johannes Ernestus Elias. There is a kind of obscure classical reminiscence about Orffyreus, as if it were Orphic; and we know that things Orphic are very wonderful, whether they be of the Thracian or Trimontane kind, so that it is a sufficiently reverend appellation itself. As signed by its owner it becomes really not only Orphic, but awful, and looks as if it were a perpetual motion itself in full wiggle. It is this: J. E. E.

Orffyres; for he seems to have omitted the u.

Orffyreus succeeded in convincing the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel at least

that his labors were worth attention; for that prince accommodated him in the castle of Weissenstein, where in the year 1717-'18 Orffyreus made a wheel, said to have been shaped like a cheese, twelve feet across and two and a half feet thick. It was hung on an axle six feet long and eight inches thick, was supported in a solid oaken frame, and on each side of the wheel were two pendulums, said to regulate the movement. Orffyreus had made three other smaller wheels before, by the way: one at Gera, one at Draschwitz, and one at Merseburg. The Weissenstein wheel, having been set a-going, is said to have been shut within its room by the Landgrave and left sealed up for eight weeks, when, the door being opened, it was found still in motion, "which," says the account, "satisfied him of the truth of perpetual motion." What it did prove—if it had been going eight weeks—was that it had been going eight weeks. Any smart clockmaker could make a machine that would do as much, or ten times as much. Indeed, the sequel pretty much proved, so far as circumstantial evidence could do it, that the wheel was a clockwork humbug. Professor 'sGravesande, an eminent Dutch mathematician and physicist, inspected this Weissenstein wheel with keen, intelligent, scientific eyes. He was not permitted to see the inside, lest the secret should be discovered. He appears to have discreetly held his tongue, and he wrote down his observations next day for record. They were to the effect that he did not know whether the machine was an imposture or not, as he had not examined the interior—which was nothing very wonderful by way of a conclusion, surely. He added further what was favorable to Orffyreus as far as it went, viz.: that there was not the slightest trace of any communication with the adjoining room, where, it had been charged, a servant girl was secretly employed to supply motive power by a crank. However, Master Orffyreus was greatly discomposd and enraged by the cool inspection of 'sGravesande, which, writes the Professor, "put Orffyreus in such a rage with me that the next day he broke his machine in pieces, and wrote on the wall that it was the impertinent curiosity of Professor 'sGravesande which was the cause." If any one circumstance could prove that the machine was a deception, this was it. Orffyreus died in November, 1745, after having lived seemingly in a sufficiently respectable way, as a mechanician and minor official. Whatever secret he had died with him.

From the time of Wilars de Honecort—and indeed from before that time, for he says expressly that many had tried the experiment before him—down to the present day, seekers after the perpetual motion have been numerous, and many of them reckoned intelligent and respectable. For instance, among seventy-four of those who were patentees of perpetual motions in England down to 1860, whose names are given in Mr. Dircks's book on the subject, were a prince, two counts, a knight of the Tower and Sword, a general, a groom of the privy chamber, a doctor of divinity, two doctors of medicine, a surgeon, ten engineers, three civil engineers, five machinists, etc. And among the receivers of eighty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869, were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc. Of eminent scientific and other persons who have believed in the possibility of a perpetual motion, may be named, besides Leonardo da Vinci and many more of his and earlier times, Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), Newton, 'sGravesande, Bernouilli, and other philosophers, who thought it might be possible. Even Sir David Brewster, so late as 1818, appears to have been deluded by the pretended invention of a Scotch cobbler

named Spence; for he wrote a letter to the French "*Annales de Chimie*" for 1818, pp. 219, 220, in which he says: "I am almost afraid to inform you that at this moment in Edinburgh may be seen a machine made by a shoemaker at Linlithgow, which realizes the perpetual motion. . . . Mr. Playfair and Captain Kater have inspected both these machines, and are satisfied that they resolve the problem of perpetual motion." Even the Astronomer Royal of England, George Biddell Airy, in a paper to be found in the "*Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*," vol. 3, for 1830, p. 369, says that a perpetual motion is possible "under certain conditions." To find these, however, he says it is necessary to solve the following equation:

$$\frac{d^2. \phi(t)}{dt^2} = -e. \phi(t) - g. \phi(t-c.),$$

which, ingenuously admits the Astronomer Royal, "I am unable to solve rigorously." He adds, however, a number of other similar abracadabras, some bigger and some less than the above. But it would take a great many acres of $x+y$ to make a machine go; and if such a learned man as Professor Airy could not even "solve rigorously" the equation of his discovery, it is not probable he could execute the still harder task of making a perpetual motion according to it that would go.

The great majority of men of science as well as of men of sense, however, have been unbelievers in a perpetual motion, and scores of them have demonstrated its absurdity, some with grave arguments and some with sarcastic comments. Among these may be mentioned Desaguliers, Maupertuis, Leibnitz, Descartes, Dr. Thomas Young, Arnott, Borelli, De la Hire, Maclaurin, Carnot, Bonnycastle, Arago, Dr. O. Gregory, Dr. Whewell, Professor De Morgan, and President Day of Yale College, who disproved the notion in a paper of some length, published in the "*American Journal of Science and Arts*" for November, 1850, p. 174.

As for De Morgan, always a pointed writer, he slashes at the subject as follows (in "*Notes and Queries*," 2d series, vol. 3, 1857, p. 273):

The purse of Fortunatus, which could always drop a penny out, though never a penny was put in, is a problem of the same kind. He who can construct this purse may construct a perpetual motion, in this way: Let him hang the purse upside down, and with the stream of pence which will flow out let him buy a strong steam engine and pay for keeping it at work day and night. Have a new steam engine ready to be set in motion by the old one at its last gasp, and so on to all eternity.

After mentioning a stock company for a perpetual motion, of which he himself had been made a director without his knowledge, but which he smashed when he found it out by a newspaper article, the Professor ends by disrespectfully saying:

Certainly had the scheme been proposed to me I should have declined to join until I had derived assurance from seeing the donkey who originated it turned into a head-over-heels perpetual motion by tying a heavy weight to his tail and an exhausted receiver to his nose. (See Fig. 1 at head of this article.)

A considerable number of so-called perpetual motion machines have been deliberate impositions, exhibited for pay, or perhaps for mere mischief, or to refute the pretensions of some impostor. Thus one Gärtner, a contemporary of our friend Orffyreus, tormented that sage a good deal in print, and finally set to work and made a perpetual motion of his own for King Augustus of Saxony. It appeared to be a wheel on the plan already mentioned as the oldest and most common, with weights falling over to one side. This wheel stood on a pedes-

tal, and ran not merely for eight weeks, like that of Orffyreus, but for some months, at the end of which time some well-made clockwork was found in the pedestal.

A number of wheel machines were exhibited in different places in America and Great Britain from 1813 to 1825, of which Redheffer's is a sufficient specimen. It is of this that the anecdote of Robert Fulton is told. Fulton, as the story goes, went to see the so-called "perpetual motion," having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes, Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the movements of the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track out into the back yard, there they found the "motion," which was old if not perpetual, being a venerable, white-bearded beggar seated on a stool, munching a crust, and grinding away at a crank.

Spence's, however, which, as has been mentioned, deceived Sir David Brewster, was not a wheel machine, but a magnetic one, arranged as in figure 3:

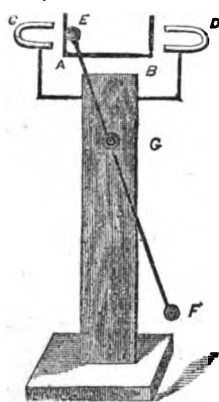


Fig. 3.—SPENCE'S MAGNETIC PERPETUAL MOTION. 1818.

Here the pendulum E F, hung at G, has a piece of soft iron E at its top. A B is a "black substance" (being the gist of Spence's invention), so arranged that the upright ends of it can alternately be interposed between E and each of the magnets C and D. The machine, Spence claimed, worked thus: On moving the pendulum bob to F, a light lever-train withdrew A from between E and C, and was so arranged as to trip and interfere again just as E came very near C. *This interference shut off the magnetic attraction*, while the simultaneous dropping of B let in that of D, and E of course flew back, until, B interposing, C could once more draw upon E, and so on without end. But in the first place, this is not a true perpetual motion, for the magnetic force is nothing inherent in the machinery, any more than the weight of the atmosphere is inherent in the materials of a barometer. In the second place, the "black substance" did not shut off the magnetism, as was shown by an Edinburgh scientific man, Mr. Deuchar, who tried it with magnets of his own, and proved that it did not interfere at all. And in the third place, it was shortly shown that the pendulum was moved by machinery hidden in the base of the stand. The same was the case with another form of the machine, where a horizontal magnetic needle was made to revolve on an upright pivot between two horse-shoe magnets.

The powers that have been relied upon to furnish perpetual motion, either singly or in combinations, have been gravity, magnetism, electricity, capillary attraction, and the intermixture of fluids. The great majority have been gravitation machines of various kinds, and the weight has been varied in materials and in mode of application, in numerous ingenious ways. Water, mercury, and sand have been used. The lever, balls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, Barker's mill, the Archimedean screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, the ascensive power of floats in water, mill-wheels, a double cone trundling on parallel bars, have been tried. Sometimes a wheel turned by water was to work a pump that was to carry the water up again above the wheel. Sometimes the wheel was to work ar

Archimedean screw instead of the pump. Or a wheel was to be turned by balls which were to roll off it at bottom, to trundle down an inclined plane and burst in through a valve at the foot of a tube of water, where they were to rise by specific levity and pop over at the top upon the wheel again. Sometimes a large wheel was to carry weights down, while a small one geared to it was to receive them and carry them up on an endless chain. One ancient philosopher, ignorant of the "hydrostatic paradox," contrived a simple device represented in fig. 4, by which the greater weight of the water in the broad cup was to drive it up through the hollow horn and empty it into itself again. Another, the Abbé de la Roque (see *Journal des Savans*, 1686, page 29), in 1686, would vary this idea by forming the bowl of wax and the horn of iron. In the iron part, he reasoned, the liquid would be more condensed than in the wax part, and therefore it would drop out of the former into the latter, and so continue. Still another of these ignoramus devices was that of a syphon, to be small where it drew in the water, and big on the further side, so as to pull the water over by this excess of weight; the endless discharge thus maintained to be used in turning a mill-wheel before it ran back to the small end of the syphon again.

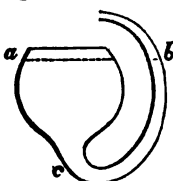


Fig. 4.—HYDROSTATIC
ANTI-PARADOX.

There was a combination of gravity and capillary attraction, by means of a wheel or cylinder, over which several endless cloths, like what are called "roller towels," were to be hung, reaching down into water. The water was to creep up into one side by capillary attraction, and to be prevented by a tight band from doing so on the other, and the increase of weight on the wet side was expected to drag the cloths through this band. If this were only practicable, how evident it is that the wet cloths in the wash-tub could be made to run themselves through the patent wringer! Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rockets, substituted sponges for cloths, but with no better success.

An old fellow in New-York—Judge somebody or other—a few years ago had a device for a perpetual motion, which consisted of a strong box, into which water was to be pumped through a small bore as in the usual hydraulic presses. But there was this additional advantage, that a fan within the strong box was to be constantly kept partly relieved on one side from the pressure, so that it would turn; and its axle, projecting through one side of the box, was to be geared to the pump-handle. The writer of the present paper can testify to the substantial correctness of this plan so far; he heard further, but does not know, although he thinks it entirely probable, that the old fellow had obtained testimonials to the practicability of his device from a certain reputable Professor, and—here is the "nub" of the whole—had, thus fortified, not pumped water with the machine, but pumped a number of thousands of dollars out of the pocket of a credulous old gentleman who expected to become worth tens of millions by superseding steam and water power.

One very simple plan consisted of a see-saw trough to be kept going by a cannon-ball running backwards and forwards in it. Another almost as simple was an endless pipe, say a long oval, to stand erect, one side filled with water and the other with air. Balls heavier than air but lighter than water were to fall down the air side, pop through a valve (the water being so kind as to stay on its own side), and so up through the water and over again.

Machines to work by the alternation of ascending and descending planes have been quite frequent. The most elaborate of these consisted—or was to consist—of two large cones, rolling base to base on the same axle. Between

them, carried by the axle, not turning with it, was a cheese-shaped box, in the lower half of which was room for freight and passengers; and the whole was

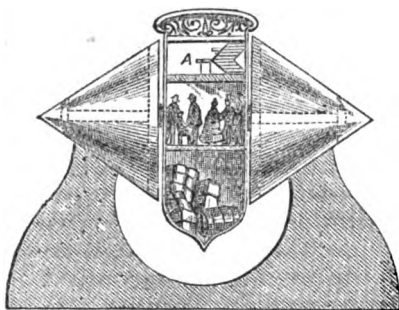


Fig. 5.—SELF-MOVING RAILWAY CARRIAGE ON TRUNDLING CONES, 1829.

to trundle on two rails, first down a slant and then up another, or first up one and then down another; for really the two arrangements are equally practicable.

An old form of machine was where a loadstone perched on a post was to draw an iron ball up an inclined plane, until when almost there it should fall through a hole into a trough which should carry it back to the foot of the plane. Perhaps as witless a scheme as any was one where a wheel was to be

hauled round and round by permanent magnets set near it, acting on iron in the rim of the wheel; as if a magnet would draw a piece of iron at right angles to the line of attraction!

Some machines have been very elaborate, especially some from among the one hundred and seventy perpetual motion patents, or thereabouts, which have been taken out during the enlightened nineteenth century. Two citizens of Liverpool, James Smith and Sidney Arthur Cheese, from 1858 to 1865 took out patents in England for four different enormous engines, to be run as perpetual motions by air and water. It is unnecessary to reproduce any of the drawings of these machines, which contain as many parts and as much work as an elaborate steam engine. They spent, however, about \$50,000 in their undertaking, and,

of course, *almost* succeeded. It seems altogether probable that this Mr. Cheese is the same old green cheese that fools believe in as the material of the moon.

A single specimen of the more complicated style of wheel perpetual motions is enough to show how recent projectors have tried in vain to make Nature tell a lie by a circumlocution.

Mr. Adderley Sleight's machine,

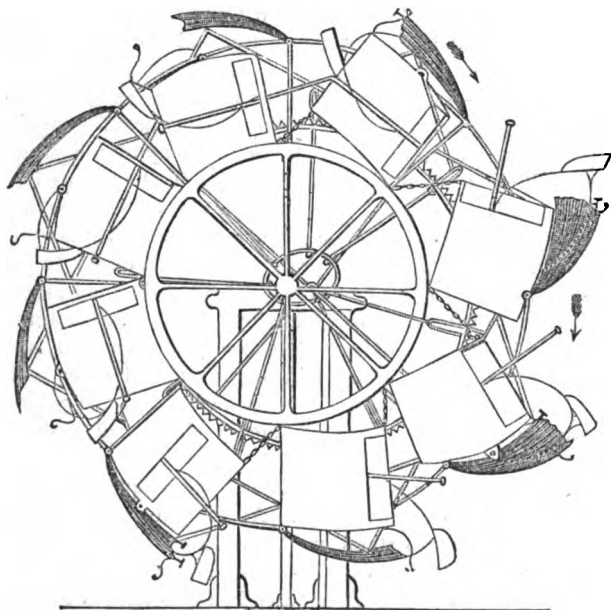


Fig. 6.—ADDERLEY SLEIGHT'S PERPETUAL MOTION, 1865.

as can be seen by inspection, is only another variation of the same idea as that of Wilars de Honecort, seven centuries old and more, covered with more numerous details of mechanism. It was patented in 1865 by "Adderley Sleight,

Knight of the most noble and ancient Order of the Tower and Sword, and formerly of the English naval and military services." Two other gentlemen of the name of Sleigh, one also a retired army officer, and the other his father, a doctor of medicine, also patented devices for the same purpose within a few years of the same time; so that perpetual motion runs in the Sleigh family, if it does not run their machines.

Mr. Dircks, from whose two interesting though singularly ill-arranged volumes on the subject most of the information and cuts in this paper were obtained, ends his work with a vigorous blast against modern perpetual motionists, summing up thus:

"From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, weighted, and lever-worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected, or one simple self-motive model accomplished. Under such circumstances what shall we say of the modern mechanic who shall hereafter presume to add his dreary dreams to the lifeless lumber of the last seven centuries? No language can be too severe in denouncing the continuance of research in this insane undertaking; nor any criticism too sarcastic in exposing the foolish results pompously published by a class of blind, deaf, and doggedly stupid projectors," etc. This alliterative and angry allocution is doubtless dictated by cool kindness; yet the denunciatory Dircks should perhaps have popped less pepper into his peroration.

Various odd ideas, phrases, and occurrences are connected with the history of perpetual motion, as with that of every eccentric pursuit. Thus, a favorite co-delusion of English inventors was, that there was a standing offer of £10,000 to the discoverer of the P. M. A funny though natural part of the expectations of the P. Ms. has frequently been, that the machine once started would go on more and more rapidly (as indeed it would do if it would start in a power-brewing career at all), so as to require ample precautions for controlling or stopping the motion. One man equipped himself with a table cloth, with which he proposed to smother his machine when its force began to be too "fast and furious." He found, however, that all he had to do with the table cloth was to fold it up and lay it away.

Mr. Dircks tells the following: "About fifty years ago a carpenter at Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, of about seventy years of age, had spent much time and the hard earnings of his life on a wheel machine twenty feet in diameter, the result of a dream, to be operated by counterweights, and which, along with mills for grinding corn, etc., he set up in a barn. Observing one day that a neighbor was about erecting a building in an adjoining field, he tendered his advice to him to go to work with some caution, at the same time apprising him of the wonderful perpetual motion he was about starting to work in the barn, but which he had taken the precaution so to secure by means of a strong prop, which was to be struck away when all was ready, as well as brakes, that he trusted no serious accident would happen, which must ensue if it broke loose from its moorings. His neighbor, being thus interested, was in attendance to see its operations, undertaking at the same time to put on one of the brakes placed in his charge, so as to prevent as far as possible the disasters that a heavily-weighted runaway engine might too probably inflict. But props, ropes, and brakes were all rendered superfluous on the grand day of exhibition, for not a sound was heard nor was the slightest motion visible."

Many have been the like disappointments; though the majority of invent-

ors have witnessed their disappointment, as they meant to see their triumph, alone. One of those who have been so confident as to summon witnesses got a cruel pun-ch in the midst of his grief; for as the wonderful invention stood motionless before them, the unfeeling friend with an infamous caricature of sympathy said, "Well, it is a perpetual motion *still*!"

As extravagant a scheme as any of them all was probably that of "Pre-daval's Patent Motive Power Company," whose prospectus was issued in 1833, and which may have been that in which Professor De Morgan found himself a director. This prospectus proposed a capital of £1,500,000, that is, about seven and a half million dollars, on which there was to be an annual profit of ten million dollars—a very handsome thing indeed. This profit was to accrue from the licenses issued for the use of the patent motive powers, in place of steam engines and such like obsolete trash; it being computed that there were twenty thousand steam engines in England, together of one million horse power, and that two pounds a year per horse power would readily be paid for the privilege of using the new substitute. No license was ever issued.

It remains to speak of the disproofs of a perpetual motion. These have been numerous and various. Some proceed by algebraic formulas, with x and y and other remote letters of the alphabet in them. Some argue from the comparative nature of cause and effect; others begin with the centre of gravity; others again explain that machines cannot generate power.

All these are valid methods. All that need be said in this place, however, will apply to rising and falling weights and the comparison of them, and will, it is believed, be found a clear statement of the case for all perpetual motions depending on gravitation. What has been sought in arranging it is to make the point clear, not to scientific men or trained mechanics, but to anybody of common sense and a fair common-school education.

To begin with, perpetual motion is only a perpetual notion. Practically the machines for it don't work; theoretically they can't.

The simplest form of the job undertaken by the perpetual motionists would be to place a weight on the ground and try to have it lift itself up. The same idea is sometimes imaginatively presented in the phrase "hoisting one's self up by the straps of one's boots." The weight will not lift itself up.

If now this single weight, instead of being left motionless, be either used as a pendulum or set rolling backward and forward on two inclined planes or curves (i. e., as it were, back and forth across a valley), or constantly forward over a series of ascents and descents, the distance from the performance of the task seems less, but it is really just as great; it is in either case the vast breadth of impossibility. For instance, it will quickly appear, if we consider the case, that what is really required is that the pendulum-bob or the ball shall go up at the further side of its swing or curve *higher than it went down on this side*—which is, it may almost be said, a self-evident impossibility. Thus take the pendulum: suppose it weighs ten pounds, and swings downward swiftly enough to give it at the lowest point a total force (or momentum) of fifteen pounds. If it spends all this in going up on the further side, it will stop there and come back, so as to have fifteen pounds force again at the lowest point, and so on. But it does not. Part of the force is spent in overcoming atmospheric resistance; not so much as if the pendulum swung in tar, because air is thinner fluid than tar, but still some, because air is a fluid, though a thin one. Another minute part of the force is spent in overcoming the tendency of the pivot arrangement to bring that which rests on it to rest; for even in the sharpest and hardest knife edge there is such a tendency. Therefore the pendulum will

gradually come to rest if left to itself. If other work, such as moving a wheel, etc., is required of it besides, it will stop the sooner. The same reasoning applies to the rolling ball, except as to the point of suspension; but instead of this, the ball will be impeded in a like minute degree by the irregularities of its own surface and of the surface it rolls on. This and the resistance of the atmosphere will instantly begin to bring the ball to rest, and after a time will do so. And if work is required of the ball, it will stop the sooner. So that, as was said, perpetual motion requires, in the case of a pendulum or rolling ball, that it should go up with more force than it had in going down. Of course, if it could do this it could keep itself going, and spare a little power at every swing toward turning a wheel, or doing any other work. Indeed, it could spare a good deal just as well; for if it could have any more power at all in going up than it gathered in going down, it could have any quantity.

Now go a step further and consider the wheel question. First, a bar balanced on a transverse axle—such for instance as two opposite horizontal spokes of a wheel left alone in the hub—and with equal weights at the ends, will stay in whatever position it is turned to. If set whirling, it will instantly begin to go slower from the resistance of the air and the friction of the axle, and in time will stop. It cannot gain force, because it takes exactly the same quantity of power to carry one weight up as the other weight exerts in going down; and further than this, it also loses by the constant resistance of air and friction, as just stated. If these were removed, it would keep whirling; but if any work were required of it, *that* would stop it in time, as the other resistance would.

This supposed balanced bar with two weights is really the whole story of the wheel perpetual motions, and indeed of all the gravity perpetual motions; it perfectly exemplifies the law under which they all stand still with such uniform obedience. For a place of the deadest and utterest stillness, indeed, a collection of perpetual motions would be the most motionless and the deadest of all. The law in question is this, as stated just above: To lift a weight any distance requires exactly the power (or momentum or force) accumulated by the same weight in dropping that same distance.

Thus in the case of the balanced bar with weighted ends, suppose the bar is three feet long and the weights are a force when moving of one hundred pounds each. Now the descending one must more than raise its ascending equal in order to keep up its speed and prevent stopping at last, since it must—

First. Lift the other ball;

Second. Overcome axle friction;

Third. Overcome air friction.

If it does not do this, it must after a while stop. Even if it could do this, it could not do a particle of work without being sooner or later stopped. But it could do the three tasks, and no matter how little more, then it could lay up an infinite store of force ready to use, as was said of the pendulum. Now to consider the modification of our balanced bar, which has been used in so very many different forms for an ever-turning wheel.

First. It is sufficient to consider two opposite spokes or radii, instead of a whole wheel; for the wheel is only made up of a certain number of such couples. If a wheel of a hundred spokes will turn in consequence of mechanism at the end of each couple of spokes, then exactly the same can be done with any single couple of opposite spokes. Indeed, so far as perpetual motion is concerned, *one* spoke without any opposite one is as good as a million. Let it hang straight down from its hub, as it would naturally do, with its weight at the end; it is just as likely to send itself round and round perpetually as if its

opposite were added. It is only the pendulum in fact; and the pendulum is only a modification of the lump of stone lying on the floor.

But let us allow our perpetual motionist not merely the weight, not merely the pendulum, not merely the balanced pair of spokes. Allow also the whole additional mechanism which, in one or another modification, contains the whole of the gravitation schemes for perpetual motion. This is *the carrying of the descending weight to a further distance from the axle of the wheel than its distance while it ascends.*

This, it will be observed, amounts to a lengthening of one of the spokes or halves of the balanced bar, so as to outweigh the other half and lift it over to the point where it may lengthen in its turn, while the first shortens, and so on. This has been most commonly accomplished by a joint with a stop, permitting the extensible part of the spoke or radius to fall out into the same line with the inner part, but no further; while of course it would permit the weight to hang down during the ascent on the opposite side of the wheel. Sometimes the

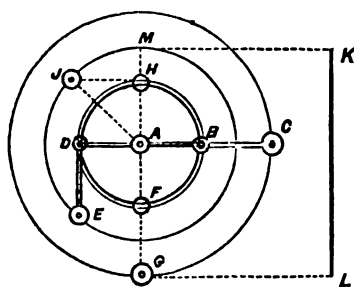


Fig. 7.

A is the centre of the perpetual motion wheel B F D H; A B and A D are the two fixed spokes, jointed at B and D, so that when the position A B is reached, B C falls into the line of A B, but no further; and so that when the spoke thus extended has passed the position A F G, the outer half may hang as at D E and proceed through A H J, until it returns and falls out again at A B C.

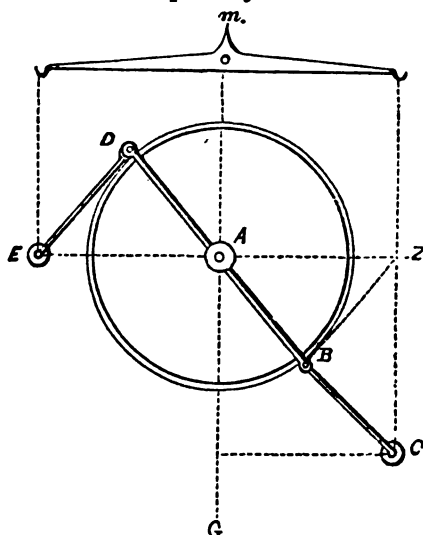


Fig. 8.

lengthening has been by an arrangement of springs; or by "lazy tongues," i. e., crossed diagonals hinged to each other so as to be extensible; or by one or more eccentrics, with a double wheel or sub-wheels, or combinations of levers or springs, or wheel gearing, or some of them together. The object, however, was always one and the same—to keep the descending weight further from the centre than the ascending counterweight.

During all the upper portion of the turning of the wheel, the line A J is the radius of the circle that the weight on the shortened spoke describes. Accordingly, the line K L, or M G, which is of the same length as K L, is the whole perpendicular height through which each weight must ascend on one side and descend on the other.

Now the force acquired by any given weight C in falling through K L (or M G) is exactly equal to that expended in raising C, or its equal E, through L K (or G M).

Moreover, the fact that this weight moves *sideways* more or less in either direction, neither increases nor diminishes the result of its perpendicular move-

ment; since the sideways motion does nothing either to prevent the weight from being pulled in a straight line toward the centre of the earth, or to add to this pull. It is absolute approach on the direct line toward the centre of the earth (viz., in this instance the distance KL), and nothing else, which shows the total momentum of the descending weight, and of course the total expenditure to carry up the ascending one. These are equal. Therefore, this joint-spoked wheel will gradually stop just like a common wheel, in consequence of axle friction and air friction. Moreover, the place where it will come to rest can be accurately determined, and can be pretty nearly judged of. See diagram, fig. 8. It will be with the long arm ABC just half-way down toward A , G , which will bring the weight C just as far to the right of the perpendicular mg as the weight E will be to the left of it. Thus placed, the long arm and the short arm will become equivalent to equal arms. See fig. 8, in which the letters denote the same parts as in the last figure except Z . Here an imaginary balance is hung across m , and dotted lines which may indicate suspension cords suspend the two weights C and E .

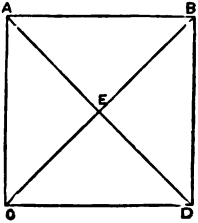
The geometrical proof of this balance is easy; it is thus: Take a square, say fig. 9, $A B C D$, and quarter it by two diagonals.  The square is thus bisected into two right-angled triangles, each of which is bisected into two others. The hypotenuse of either small triangle, say $A B$, is one of the shorter sides of the larger triangle $A B D$. Now in figure 8, it is evident on inspection, and by the construction of the wheel, that the triangle $A D E$ equals $A B Z$, or $B Z C$, and that they are all right-angled triangles. Accordingly, $A E$, the hypotenuse of the triangle $A D E$, must equal $A Z$, a short side of the triangle $A Z C$, which is double of $A D E$, which was the thing to be shown. That is, if a perpetual motion wheel have two spokes jointed in the middle so that the outer half of each may fall out to a horizontal right line with the inner half while descending on one side of the wheel, and may hang while ascending on the other side, until the inner half of the spoke is horizontal, and shall thence lift at right angles to that inner half until it passes over and falls out to a horizontal again, and if such wheel be set going—

Fig. 9.

First. It will not keep on going forever, but will stop, because whatever force is gained by the descent of a weight on one side has to be lost by carrying up the same weight through an equal ascent on the other; and the axle friction and air friction are therefore left unchecked to gradually stop the wheel.

Second. The wheel will stop at its natural place of balance, where one weight is just as far to one side of the centre of the wheel as the other to the other; and in the wheel here described that position will be with the descending arm 45 deg. below a horizontal line, and the ascending one as much above it.

Now, these principles apply to any number of couples of spokes.

And to a wheel with an odd number of spokes; for the total of all the weights will act all together exactly like one couple whose place and size can be mathematically determined.

And to any other proportion in the jointed parts of the spokes; for such other proportion would merely vary the details of the diagram already given.

And to any other plan of pushing the weight at the rim of a wheel further out on the descending than on the ascending side.

And, lastly, to any plan for making a weight (as of sand, mercury, balls, etc.) weigh more as it goes down than as it goes up.

In conclusion: It is useless, for many people, to take so much pains to prove

that a thing cannot be heavier than itself. Most persons are satisfied of it already; and inveterate perpetual motionists become, there is no doubt, mentally affected by their pursuit, so as to be unable to comprehend reasonings against it. But there are others working at it who are not too far gone to be cured. Besides, it is well to know how to specifically refute a delusion, even if you don't believe it; and it is believed that the demonstration above given is a clear and practical one, handy enough, for instance, to be used by any intelligent journeyman carpenter. And it is not the best way to answer a mistaken belief with jeers. It is kinder and more effective to show that there is a mistake, and what it is.

F. B. PERKINS.

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

[AFTER SCHILLER.]

SADLY a youth, beside the stream reclining,
 Watched the quick dancing of the joyous wave,
 And from the dewy buds bright garlands twining,
 Their morning freshness to the waters gave.
 "And thus," he said, "depart my summer hours,
 With all their happy dreams of hope and light;
 The stream of Time these days, sweet as the flowers,
 Unheeding bears forever from my sight.

"Ah! never ask why thus in early morning
 The rosy splendor from my sky has fled,
 And the bright blossoms once my path adorning
 Now fade around me, scentless, pale, and dead.
 Kind Nature, with her bounteous hand, will ever
 Create new beauties when the old depart;
 But all in vain I sigh, for never, never
 Can come a second springtime to my heart.

"Autumn will come, and heap with richest treasure
 The hands that hold the promise of the spring;
 But to my heart what joy, what hope, what pleasure
 Can the returning seasons ever bring?
 For she whose image fills my soul forever
 Only in blissful dreamings can be mine:
 Praying, I stretch my hands with vain endeavor
 To where the vision stands with smile divine.

"Come to me, thou! my only love! my blessing!
 Leave the proud castle with its hearts of ice;
 Only to see thee, and thy smile possessing,
 Will make the earth to me a paradise.
 List to the waves in light and beauty flowing,
 The music of the singing leaves above.
 A cottage home is large where hearts are glowing
 With the pure sunshine of a mutual love."

MARY L. RITTER.

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK.

OUTCAST CHILDREN.

TEN thousand human beings under the age of fourteen years are adrift in the streets of New York. Four-fifths of them are confirmed vagrants, and the majority are growing up in ignorance of everything but the depravity which is gleaned from the city slums, and all of them are being pushed by the relentless force of untoward circumstances into the criminal practices in which many have become adepts in the dawn of their blighted lives. The major portion are boys rapidly preparing for the almshouses, prisons, and gallows; but hundreds are girls, who have before them the darker horror of prostitution as well as those appliances of civilization for the care or repression of the pauperism and lawlessness which it creates. It is this juvenile army of vagabondage and crime hanging upon the flanks of society, and occasionally startling it from its propriety by manifestations of an immeasurable capacity for mischief, which is a prominent peril and the most sorrowful of the nether aspects of the city.

"Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," is the most woful declaration of friendless homelessness ever uttered on earth. To-day in the Western metropolis ten thousand defaced images of the Creator are as friendless, as homeless, as abandoned to the wrath of man. However hardened he may have become, no one can encounter this phase of metropolitan life without a fervent hope that the experience may not be repeated. Policemen who, it might be supposed, are indurated to callousness by long attrition with human suffering and degradation, are frequently unmanned by casual meetings with little castaways wailing in the agony of hunger or homelessness, or in the anguish of detected crime; and the mere amateur in such scenes cannot be blamed if he avoids rather than seeks them. For the reason that the facts are so repulsive, they have been collated with extreme difficulty, and no task which I have undertaken has been more onerous than that of presenting the juvenile wretchedness of the city in trustworthy and intelligible shape.

At the beginning of the undertaking I discovered that notwithstanding the many earnest agencies at work among these outcasts to ameliorate their condition, very few precise facts concerning them were known. The intelligent and sympathetic agents of the Children's Aid Society, the Howard Mission, the Catholic Protectory, and other organized charities, were constantly among them; yet no one of them could give any exact data as to the number, haunts, or habits of the outcast children of New York, nor did the reports of any of these institutions contain such information in manageable shape. The moral and physical destitution of these child-vagrants, and the causes which produced them, are the topics chiefly discussed by these societies; but the statements of facts are almost entirely confined to the means of reclamation which they so constantly and unselfishly exert. But by combining information obtained from widely differing sources with personal observations, I have avoided conjecture, although it is of course impossible to give exact statistics where none ever have been or can be collated. The only positive statement I have seen is that "the vagrant and neglected children of the city, if placed in double file three feet apart, would make a procession eight miles long." In this estimate are included the neglected children as well as the true nomads of the streets, and it is under rather than above the truth.

In this army of sorrow there are gradations in misery, but only few resources for its alleviation. The child who is naked has the odds against him who is both hungry and naked, but neither has the advantage of the other in means for the relief of either the one or the other. The first and most natural recourse of the outcast who has just passed from a neglected babyhood into a vagrant childhood, is beggary. It is these forlorn creatures whose naked feet smear the gutter ice with blood, whose hands eagerly search the garbage barrels for morsels of refuse food which the homeless dogs will not touch, but which they devour; it is they whose eyes have the frightful glare only privation can give, and whose voices are often so weakened by want that they cannot audibly articulate their needs at area doors; it is they who are found at night under stoops, in wagons, in lumber yards, or timidly asking for lodging at the police stations. I am fully aware that all this means that there are homeless children who are actually starving in the streets of New York, and I am also conscious that I have not exaggerated nor set down aught in malice. There are such children, and hundreds of them. Despite the constant and systematic efforts made by organized charities, there are constantly in the streets fifteen hundred fragile boys and girls under the age of ten years, who have no conception of the meaning of the word home, and who are dying by inches for the want of sufficient nutriment. These are grave statements, but those noble laborers of every Christian creed, who are working with such unwearying and unselfish zeal to rescue the human drift annually cast up in increasing quantities, know that they are rather below than above the truth.

But these hapless waifs that, living or dead, are rebukes of civilization, do not constitute all of the infantile street beggars. There are half as many more who are less than they pretend to be, but still having a perfect right to be classed as outcast children. They, in common with other classes to be noted, are the victims of debauched and brutal parentage. Born of misery, nurtured by penury, cradled in the filth and degradation of such tenements as that I have described at Gotham Court, having blasphemy and drunkenness as constant companions, there is nothing on earth more pitiful or more painfully suggestive of social ulceration than the child-vagrants of New York.

Crowding all the narrow streets and courts of the lower portion of the city, swarming about the markets and piers, haggard, filthy, the foul blasphemy of experienced depravity constantly on their lips, they at once declare their appalling numbers and their unutterable degradation. They are the *enfants terribles* of civilization, and many of those now specially considered are forced to add hypocrisy to their vices. They are the children of parents who, sunken by liquor below the beasts of the fields, strip their progeny of nearly all their scanty clothing and drive them forth from the kennels which are their homes, to beg for them the means of further indulgence. It is this class which infests the doors of theatres, concert-saloons, and other places of public resort, and which is found in the streets at the latest hours of the night and is most importunate in demanding charity. One special case which happened to come under my personal observation will perhaps fully illustrate this class. A boy was dragged into a police station for the heinous offence of begging at the doors of Wallack's Theatre. It appeared that with two brothers younger than himself—and he was only twelve years of age—he was driven out by his drunken mother every night to beg, and that she compelled them, before beginning their task, to remove their shoes under the stoop of a house near by. Not only were they thus exposed to the bitter cold of an extreme winter, but the beastly mother hovered near to urge them to increased importunity by significant ges-

tures, and regularly rewarded them with brutal beatings if their gains were not commensurate with her desires. It was ascertained that this was the practice of a large number of bestial parents colonized upon the east side of the city, whose children escaped from them when they could to become veritable vagrants and beggars upon their own account. There are others of these child beggars who are still less entitled to sympathy, for their homes are abodes of comparative comfort and they readily obey their parents—who themselves are beggars—and sturdily demand the charity to which they are not rightfully entitled. But the phases of street beggary are as manifold as the shapes taken by human depravity stimulated by greed, and I cannot pretend to do more than make mention of general facts.

Juvenile delinquents are infantile mendicants ripened by time and circumstances. Foremost among them are the boy-burglars and thieves who have become at least a grave annoyance of metropolitan life. There is nothing too trivial to escape the attention of these young marauders, and their physical insignificance is to their advantage in their work of depredation. They go with nonchalant ease where bolder spirits would fear to tread and larger bodies fail to penetrate. Having none of the caution of experience, and able to crawl into the crevices of buildings, all the vagaries of theft are laid to their charge. I could not have an apter illustration than a case which occurred on the day I reached this page in my writing. Three boys, each twelve years of age, having glided in unnoticed during business hours, easily secreted themselves in the premises at the corner of West Broadway and Franklin street until the house was closed; that being done they began operations while it was still daylight, by ransacking the office, where they were in plain view from the neighboring houses. Of course they were discovered, but so small were they that Capt. Petty searched an hour before he found them stowed away in a coal-hole under the sidewalk. Boy-burglars always commit some such blunder as this in their operations, but in spite of blundering are often so favored by circumstances that their enterprises are successful. Their particular depredation is to enter unoccupied houses and strip them of whatever they can conveniently carry away. The summer months, when large numbers of families go into the country for weeks, leaving their homes entirely unprotected, offer an opportunity to burglars which is never neglected, and very few of these houses escape pillage. Sometimes a clean sweep of everything portable is made, which is satisfactory evidence that adults have been at work; and sometimes only a few trifling articles are missing, but much wanton damage is done to what is left, which is sure proof that boys have been about. But the especial field of juvenile burglars is found in houses which are to let, and are therefore left to care for themselves by the police. The boys easily gain entrance, and once in are secure in the intrusion, however protracted it may be. There is nothing to operate upon apparently but the bare floors and walls, but the boys find portable plunder in the gas and water fixtures. Not only do they wrench off faucets and burners, but they pull the pipes out of the walls, and frequently do a damage of hundreds of dollars in obtaining plunder for which they get only a few cents from the junkmen. The water is very rarely cut off at the street from vacant houses; and where it is not, this breakage of the pipes causes the flooding of the houses, which is often the first intimation obtained of the robbery. While this spoliation of such houses is always done by boys, and cases of it are occurring every day, it by no means absorbs the attention of all juvenile delinquents. There are others who are engaged in breaking show-cases incautiously left on the sidewalks at night and robbing them of their contents.

There are some who loiter about the doors of the smaller shops watching an opportunity to slip behind the counter and rob the till. This also is an everyday occurrence, and the small size of the thieves peculiarly adapts them to the crime and renders them remarkably successful in it; where a man or half-grown boy would be sure to be seen or heard, the urchin of eight or ten years glides noiseless and invisible. These same advantages are apparent in his depredations upon the property exposed at the doors of shops where he lingers unsuspected to snatch up a pair of shoes, a jacket, or something of like nature which he can easily carry off.

The principal methods of thievery employed by boys have been stated, but no pretence is made that the list is complete. Every case of crime develops some distinctive features which tend to remove it from the class to which it seems to belong, and the means of robbery are therefore almost as varied as the peculiarities of cases. This is especially true of the depredations of vagrant girls, and I have not therefore attempted to do more than generalize concerning them. They never commit burglary and rarely street robberies or from stores, and they principally confine themselves to what is called "the domestic lay." Gaining access to dwellings by pretence of begging or selling matches carried in a large basket, they snatch up and secrete whatever is presented by opportunity, if it is nothing better than a handkerchief or a pewter spoon. But almost the only method of robbery which is peculiar to vicious street girls is that practised by the flower girls, who are about twelve years of age, rather handsome in features and modest in demeanor. Sufficiently attractive to make the story probable, and having enough adroitness to give it the further probability of an opportunity having been had, they boldly demand hush money of gentlemen for alleged improper liberties taken with them. There are scores of these girl blackmailers, and they are the most dangerous and profligate of all juvenile offenders. It is to the credit of the city that, although yet in existence, they are much less numerous than they were a couple of years ago, when Police Captain Thorne discovered a regularly organized band of them. Such incredible youthful depravity was so clearly shown on that occasion that the story is worthy of brief recital. A gentleman of irreproachable character and extensively engaged in business called upon Captain Thorne and frankly stated that he was the victim of one of these flower girls, who had already despoiled him of large sums of money, and whose persecutions were actually killing him. It appeared that she always came to his counting-house on particular days and, watching until he was alone, went boldly into his private office. In police parlance, they "put up a job on her." Captain Thorne was secreted in a closet in the office the next time she called, and the gentleman talked to her as previously arranged. He began by asking her why she persisted in her demands upon him, for, said he, "you know I never had anything to do with you, never said an improper word to you." The young analyst of human nature answered unabashed, "I know that; but who'll believe you if I say you did?" Captain Thorne, dressed in full police uniform, stepped from the closet with, "I will for one, Mary!" The girl, young as she was, had enough experience in devious ways to see that her game had escaped, and readily, although sullenly, promised to cease exacting tribute in that particular quarter. The gentleman would go no further, and to the earnest entreaties of Captain Thorne to prosecute the girl, both for her own good and that of society, returned an absolute refusal. Captain Thorne was therefore obliged to let her go with a warning not to attempt her operations again anywhere. He also remonstrated with her upon her way of living, and asked her why she did such things. The

hardened girl morosely answered that all the other girls did them, and thus gave a clue which was followed until it developed the gang of feminine black-mailers of tender years, working in concert, which has been referred to. Although the band was then dispersed, the method of robbery it employed survived, and is yet extensively used by scores of girls under the cover of selling not only flowers, but apples and other fruits.

It is impossible to give the exact numbers of the juvenile thieves of all classes to be found at all times in New York. All outcast children are so liable at any moment to pass the line between vagrancy and crime, that the two classes are practically only one. But there are two phases of infantile misfortune presented in the streets which are distinguishable from all others, and from each other. One is the children temporarily lost, who are outcasts for a few hours, and crowd into that brief time unnecessary but unutterable misery. In the past ten years 66,809 children have come into the hands of the police as lost, which is an average of 6,680 per year, and of nearly 19 per day. Most of the cases, however, occur in the summer months, when the children, getting into the street to play, wander off a few rods, are unable to find their way home, and soon attract attention by their lusty lamentations at the discovery. They are then handed over to the first patrolman who is met, who takes them to his precinct station. They are retained until nightfall, when they are sent from all portions of the city to Police Headquarters, No. 300 Mulberry street, where a large dormitory has been prepared for their reception on the top floor of the building. They are kept there in charge of a judicious matron until claimed by the parents; but if this does not occur within three days, an accurate description of the children is taken and they are sent to the Commissioners of Charities. But this rarely happens, and if the children are not claimed at the stations, as many are, they are so generally sought by the parents at Police Headquarters, that very few remain even through one night.

The foundlings have a far different fate. During the past ten years 939 of the waifs on the sea of sin, who are outcasts from the moment of their birth, have been picked up in the streets; and it is a notable fact, upon which I do not care to moralize, that 161 of these foundlings were picked up by the police in 1870, and 178 in 1869, although the Foundling Asylum was in full operation during 1870, and for that reason a large diminution in the police cases had been expected. Formerly, when these castaway babes were found in the streets, it was the custom to transfer them as soon as possible to the care of the Commissioners of Charities, by whom they were placed in one of the public asylums, where most of them speedily, and as a matter of course, died. Being now committed to the more careful charge of the new Foundling Asylum, a larger proportion of them survive to become public burdens during the years of infancy, and to be in after life whatever chance may determine for a child who never had a home. It does not come within the scope of the present article to deal with the causes of infant abandonment nor with its effects either upon its subjects or the community. I give now only the bare record of the number of these castaways as sufficient for my purpose.

There are other juvenile outcasts who are self-helpful, and therefore less painful to the observer than the classes which have been mentioned. These are the thousands of boys and girls who are in great part friendless and homeless, but scour the streets for a livelihood to such good purpose that few of them actually suffer for the necessities of life. Chiefly newsboys and boot-blacks, they are the gamins of an advanced civilization, and could exist only

where the undue aggregation of humanity has produced the poverty which inevitably attends such herding. Generally ragged, often hatless or shoeless, or both, unclean in person and language, the newsboys are a class by themselves. Nowhere else, and among no other human beings, is there so much energy, independence, effrontery, cunning, shiftlessness, and contentedness with the lot fortune sends. Out at four o'clock in the morning to crowd the folding-rooms of the morning newspapers, they can be seen from then until late at night, when they are vending the evening journals, scouring every part of the city and heard everywhere shouting their wares into the general ear. Each sale they make yields only a cent or a fraction of a cent profit, and it can be readily seen that they must make many sales, involving hours of time and a terrible strain upon youthful muscles, for them to gain even a scanty subsistence. If a boy sells one hundred papers per day, he is doing more than an average business, but his profits amount only to about fifty cents; so that three dollars per week is more than the general reward of an occupation that consumes fourteen hours per day and requires a daily capital almost equal to the weekly profits. Out of these scanty earnings, got at such a great cost, the newsboy can, if he will, live cleanly and comfortably. Although as a class improvident in the last degree, hundreds of the newsboys take the benefits of the practical philanthropy of the Children's Aid Society, which has established the Newsboys' Lodging House at No. 49 Park Place, where a boy can obtain wholesome meals and a clean bed at a cost of six cents each. Less than half his petty profits therefore suffices for his sustenance and shelter, leaving him twenty-six cents per day to provide him clothing and other necessities. Human thrift has never had a more extreme example than that out of such gains as these a fund of \$2,433 60 has accumulated in the savings bank attached to the lodging house, from deposits made by 1,104 boys of their surplus pennies. But cheering as this fact is, when others are considered, the improvidence of the mass and the vast total of homeless boys remain uncontradicted. During the last year 8,655 different boys were inmates for differing periods of the lodging house, and of this number 3,122 were orphans, 3,651 were half-orphans. Of the whole number 33 per cent. were received at the lodging house gratuitously, because they were destitute; and we are thus brought face to face with the appalling fact that during 1870 2,500 boys under the age of fourteen years sought in vain in the streets of New York for the subsistence that costs only twenty-four cents per day. That this is a misery that is forced upon and not sought by its victims, is shown by the fact that during the year only 713 of those admitted to the lodging house were found to be truants who had fled from comfortable homes from an uncontrollable spirit of adventure. All the others were actually homeless, nor did they constitute the total of the infantile privation of the year. All those admitted to the lodging house do not sell newspapers, nor do all who do seek its comforts. There are hundreds, many of whom are girls, who are suffering the martyrdom of profligate parentage. Less fortunate than their orphaned comrades who can find refuge in the sanctuaries provided by a wise beneficence, these outcasts must go at night to brutal parents in foul tenement dens, to be kicked, cursed, and despoiled of every penny of their earnings for the benefit of the rumseller. Taken altogether, the newsboys are subjected to great privations and terrible temptations. Among them are many who, surviving the one and proving superior to the other, are to emerge from this shrouded infancy into an honorable manhood. But among them are many others who are to escape all evil in a pauper grave before childhood is passed, or failing this beatitude are to become confirmed vagrants and thieves.

Akin to the newsboys in many respects are the bootblacks, who are, however, a much smaller class, as their calling has of late years greatly decreased as a street pursuit. It has now become a common thing for a boy to have a number of customers whom he serves every morning at their places of business, at a fixed rate per week; and some of them make more money than unskilled adults, as their gains amount to \$12 or \$15 per week. But these are not common cases, and the average is about \$8 per week for those having regular customers. The nomads who roam the streets or lounge in the public parks, depending upon chance patrons, do not average more than \$5, and many of them glean much less from the many hours of the day and night which they devote to their calling. Nor is the meagreness of its rewards the only hardship of their avocation. Of all street children seeking an honest livelihood, the bootblacks are most liable to temptation. Necessarily having much time unemployed by their trade, they use it in penny-pitching or other methods of petty gambling. They learn to chew tobacco and to smoke by picking up the ends of cigars which have been cast into the gutters. They become more proficient in profanity than the Water street roughs, and rival the most degraded in obscenity. The rivalry of an overdone trade makes them adepts in lying. Brought in contact with all classes of men, they are reached by the burglars, who so often need a "kid" in their nefarious enterprises, and thus lead these hapless boys to deadly familiarity with crime. Keeping in mind these general facts, I have not been surprised to find so many of the bootblacks passing so readily into criminal practices. In their homes these Arabs of the street are no better and no worse off than their comrades of all classes of outcast children. When their hours of seeking for labor are brought to a close by the thoroughfares becoming solitudes, they must kennel like dogs in some area, must go to the foulness of some tenement, or must seek some one of the lodging houses which the charity of New York has provided for the little wanderers in its streets.

The army of juvenile vagabondage has been briefly reviewed in its leading divisions, and the sources of its recruitment can be briefly and distinctly stated. Liquor is at the bottom of all of it. If not the immediate cause, the traffic in alcoholic liquors is remotely responsible for the casting adrift from the anchorage of home of every juvenile outcast found in the streets. Years ago I read in an English periodical the short, sad story of Elsie, a St. Giles child. The father died, and

'Twas hard upon his death, I think,
That Elsie's mother took to drink,
And harder still on Elsie.

That told the whole story. The St. Giles unfortunate became an outcast and worse. In New York and in London the same causes produce the same effects. Only the rum traffic could make the tenements of Greenwich and Cherry streets possible, and only the profligate debauchery produced by it could cast ten thousand children out of a million of people, in such a country as this, homeless upon the world. Every agent of every organized charity engaged in the labor of saving these children will bear witness that he has found the parents, if living, drunken wrecks, or if dead, the victims of intemperance. Ordinary prudence and industry will enable any adult in the United States to earn sufficient to keep those dependent upon him from want, and I dare affirm the same of a place so exceptional to the country at large as New York. But there is not ordinary industry and prudence in the mass of the population of a city which has 7,500 grog-shops, or one to every one hundred and twenty-six of its people. At least \$15,000,000 are swallowed up every year by these grog-

shops, and three dollars in every ten come out of the pockets of the tenement classes. The \$5,000,000 thus wasted, if legitimately used, would more than provide a comfortable home for every vagabond child in New York.

Talking upon this subject with Mr. Charles L. Brace, the accomplished Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, he held that orphanage was a leading cause of juvenile vagrancy; but when I came to inquire as to the orphanage, it was found to be caused in almost every case, directly or indirectly, by intemperance. Of course people would continue to die if there were not a drop of alcoholic liquor in the world, and would die at all ages; but fewer of them would die in middle life, and still fewer leaving their families totally unprovided for. Alcohol, therefore, as found in intoxicating liquors, if not immediately, is remotely chargeable with the mass of misery which I have presented. Of the immediate causes the figures of the Newsboys' Lodging House show that orphanage is a principal one, and conversation with the outcasts proves that parental profligacy is another. "They beat me so I couldn't stay," or "Father and mother fought so much I run away," are common excuses of the children who are found wandering destitute in the streets; but in every one of these cases which has been fully probed, whiskey has been found to be at the bottom of it.

There are some of these outcasts, however, who cast themselves upon the world from a spirit of adventure. Every year many boys and a few girls are picked up in the streets who have drifted into the city from the surrounding country. There is a delusion that New York is an El Dorado to every one who can reach it, and the delusion draws thither hundreds of children as well as thousands of adults. The former come in during the summer months by the canals, as helpers, or on foot, begging or filching their food *en route*, and reach the city, where they expect to find money as easily as thistles on their native heaths. Hundreds of such cases are picked up in the streets every year, and in the majority of them it is found that the boys left good homes, impelled by an uncontrollable desire to make their fortunes in the metropolis or see its wonders, foremost among which the theatres are always found. Nor do the theatres lure country boys alone, for the sensational drama as found in the Bowery has enticed shoals of city boys from their homes and into criminal practices. That I may show that this is no mere assertion, it is proper to state that a leading laborer for juvenile reformation recently conversed with fifty young convicts picked at random from the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and found that all of them, with very few exceptions, had become criminals when small boys, by the theft from their parents, or wherever else they could find them, of the few cents required to secure admission to the pit of the theatre. One of the exceptions had done this also, but he rather prided himself upon being a natural thief, for he boasted that when only four years of age he had stolen two cents from his mother, and the cunning and delight with which he hid it seemed to be still one of his chief pleasures.

Vast as it is, the evil would be much greater but for the constant and intelligent efforts which are made for its amelioration. The saving and reformatory agencies which have been at work for many years in the gutters of the city, have left behind them, as we have seen, a terrible total of juvenile misery and depravity; but without the work they have done the criminal and pauper classes would be twentyfold what they are. It is almost painful to contemplate what would be the condition of the city if these classes had been dealt with by the law alone. It requires considerable patience to look upon the law

dealing with any class of offenders, but Job himself would have been unequal to the task of viewing its proceedings with children.

If any one desires illustrations of the stupid carelessness of the law in dealing with juvenile delinquents, they can be found any day in the proceedings of the police courts. Taking a most common case, I will however cite that of the two boy-burglars caught coming from a store in Greenwich street, to which they had made burglarious entrance through the skylight, which they had reached from the roof of the adjoining tenement. These facts being stated in the fewest possible words to the magistrate, without the slightest inquiry as to their past history, they were sent to a cell in the Tombs. But they had been attendants for a short time of one of the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society, were searched for by its agents, rescued from prison, and although many months have since elapsed, neither has again transgressed, and there is a chance of saving both of them. I must also tell of the experience of Dr. Elisha Harris, Secretary of the New York Prison Association, with a boy of fifteen years whom he found in jail, and who had spent three years of his brief life in penal confinement for petty thefts. Anxious to know what effort had ever been made to reclaim the boy, Dr. Harris asked him what the Judge had said to him when he was arraigned. It appeared that it had been his misfortune to encounter the same magistrate on the occasion of each transgression. The first time he was asked if he were not ashamed of himself, the second time was told that he was an incorrigible young rascal, and the third time was informed that he was sure to be hanged. The boy, who had been more thoughtless than criminal, speedily became a believer in his own total depravity; but the words of kindly advice addressed him by Dr. Harris had such effect, that he was anxious to know if he could have a chance to learn a trade when he got out, and do something besides steal. There is at least a chance that, despite the strenuous efforts of the law to make him a confirmed criminal, the boy will find more remunerative employment than petty thievery. These cases might be multiplied endlessly, but the mass would only be cumulative evidence that the law as administered in New York, and (so far as I have seen or read) everywhere else, is either criminally careless in dealing with juvenile delinquencies, or is a devout believer in original sin and compelled to meet children in the spirit of the theology that dooms babes to perdition.

Nor has the institutionizing—if I may be allowed to coin a needed word—of outcast children done much better than the law. Space will not permit the citation of facts, much less an argument against the huddling of children in public reformatories, and I must be content with stating that Dr. Wichern's paradox, "The strongest wall is no wall," has been signally illustrated in the Indiana House of Refuge and the Ohio Reform Farm, where the "family plan" of dealing with juvenile delinquents has been found a vast improvement upon the old semi-penal system yet in use in New York. The city has, however, many private charities working on the same plan with the most beneficent results. The Children's Aid Society and the Howard Mission herd children as little as possible, and do the work of salvation by transplanting them to homes which are found for them in the Western States. During the last year the former took to the West, where they were scattered among the thrifty farmers, 2,757 persons, nearly all of whom were children; and since 1854 it has in like manner rescued and transplanted 21,829. This is God's work. No agency is to-day doing a higher service to mankind; none is doing half so much for the city of New York, where to-day but for it all these thousands would be paupers or criminals.

EDWARD CRAFTSEY.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BLACKBALLED.

A LIBERAL handful of active envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness does undoubtedly leaven every human community. And still it is but a handful. The majority, the careless, forward-pressing majority of the world are indifferent toward every man and woman who does not actually jostle their elbow or tread on their toes in the crowd. Let Jews, Turks, heretics, unvisited people of all grades and degrees, take what comfort they may from the thought.

During the past five days Rawdon Crosbie's audacity in proposing Mrs. Theobald as a member of the Liddington Croquet Club, the laxity of the Reverend Samuel Smylie in becoming her seconder, have been canvassed with angry heat by some few persons, intimate friends mostly of the Crosbie family. Society at large has felt only a mild and lukewarm interest in the subject. "Rawdon Crosbie running after this young Mrs. Theobald—not very much to be wondered at, is it?"

"Ah, well, I don't know. Miss Marsland is a very amiable girl, and over head and ears in love with him."

"Yes, but her freckles! And Mrs. Crosbie's way of bringing him up has been so sadly ill-judged. You really cannot keep a young man forever in leading strings."

"Some one told a lady, who told the rector, who spoke of it to my sister, that Mrs. Theobald stands a good chance of being blackballed."

"Not very flattering to the Miss Theobalds. But pride, even spiritual pride, deserves a fall."

"And not very flattering to Mr. Smylie. By the by, have you heard that he is decidedly ritualistic?"

"And engaged to this Miss Childers. She looks old enough to be his mother, and fast. Why, if one may believe half one hears——"

And so on. Some people have heard vaguely that Jane stands a chance of being blackballed; one or two may have made up their minds how they shall indi-

vidually vote. A few old women of both sexes have daily cackled at unofficial meetings called together by Mrs. Pippin. The world at large has not taken the trouble to think on the subject; perhaps if closely questioned would tell you that blackballing of its very nature is a mistake, and that of two evils, to admit a doubtful candidate to a croquet club—particularly as croquet is an out-of-door game—may be the less.

Such is the inchoate or jelly-like state of public feeling when Mrs. Crosbie and Emma reach home on Friday night. By noon next day—Mrs. Pippin, Mrs. Crosbie, and other notabilities having met in the interval—public feeling has become organized, uncertainty nourished into determination.

Rawdon Crosbie committed a grievous act of folly, no doubt about that—a grievous act of folly in nominating such a person at all; but Mrs. Crosbie distinctly states that he did it under *undue pressure*. And Rawdon Crosbie is but a boy! Now the thing to decide is, what will be right (putting all small feeling aside) for the club to do? Christian charity. Ah, it will be much more really charitable to exclude her, poor thing; she would never have a creature to speak to on the ground. And one must draw a line—that's the real fact, my dear Mrs. Grundy—one must draw a line somewhere. If you admit one candidate of the stamp of this Mrs. Francis Theobald, whom will you not admit?

On Thursday night the chances were about twenty-five to one in Jane's favor. By noon of Friday they were even. As the afternoon draws on it is no longer a matter of uncertainty at all.

Only for the Miss Theobalds' sake, and considering the circumstances of the nomination, a clergyman's name mixed up in it, too, let there be no blackballing! This is Mrs. Crosbie's advice. As the hour for the ballot approaches let every member of the club, by tacit understanding, have an engagement elsewhere, and leave the field. Mrs. Pippin has kindly volunteered a five o'clock tea with music. Charming! Let us all be engaged to Mrs. Pippin's five

o'clock tea. The ballot will fall through, simply from want of balloting members, and Mrs. Theobald can be apprised in a perfectly polite note, not that she has been blackballed, but that from unforeseen circumstances the field was empty and her election did not take place. Depend upon it, she will never seek to put herself forward again.

And Mrs. Crosbie being a really popular woman as well as a clever tactician, it is decided that her advice shall be acted on.

Most of the Lidlington ladies, young and old, are sure, now that they have seriously thought it over, that they would sooner banish Jane's pretty face from their own hunting-grounds than not. At the same time they would rather do it by a covert than by an open blow. Who would not sooner despatch an enemy by Sydney Smith's plan—ring a nice, clean-handled little bell which shall cause him to drop down dead in Japan—than by such disgusting, open-handed means of destruction as a pistol or poison? No blackballing; only a five o'clock tea, with music, at Mrs. Pippin's; and a polite note to tell the victim her fate. It must be acknowledged that Mrs. Crosbie has lighted upon a most delicate and ladylike way of helping the club and its members out of their difficulty.

But whosoever in Lidlington society acts without Mrs. Coventry Brown, acts without his host. Driving majestic through the town in her gorgeous carriage, with its gorgeous liveries, a gorgeous parasol uplifted over her big white face and rose-decked bonnet—driving majestic, I say, as is her Saturday afternoon wont, through the town of Lidlington, Mrs. Coventry Brown is stopped by some stragglers from the croquet ground, on their way to Mrs. Pippin's high tea and music, and learns what is going on.

"An excellent idea of Mrs. Crosbie's: exclude a person not generally visited from the club, and yet spare the members the painful onus of blackballing!"

Mrs. Coventry Brown looks upon the idea as contemptible. Why, pray, should a club more than an individual shirk a positive dooty? Nothing in a case of this kind like striking one good, decisive blow—taking the bull by the 'orns. As for Mrs. General Pippin putting herself forward to give an impromptu five o'clock tea, all Mrs. Coventry Brown has to say

is that she considers it in the light of a direct impertinence. The Pippins have been invited to her house to dinners, luncheons, evening parties, times out of mind. Well, she expects no return. She knows what the Pippins' means are. An Indian general's widow, and only two female servants kept, and the Miss Pippins make their own dresses. Still, when the Pippins do give an entertainment, however inexpensive, not to go through the form—the form of inviting their best friends—is to display their own ignorance. Mrs. Coventry Brown would not have gone had she been asked. Nothing more painful to her than to feel that you are depriving a family of *necessities* with every mouthful of cake you eat. Oh dear, no, not for worlds would she have gone; but for the Pippins' sakes—for the Pippins' sakes—she wished they had shown the good taste and common gratitude to have asked her. What she will do is, drive to the croquet ground, and with her own hand put in a blackball for Mrs. Theobald. Mrs. Crosbie and every other member of the Lidlington Croquet Club may hold their shilly-shally opinions as to right and wrong; Mrs. Coventry Brown holds hers, and acts upon them. She goes to the croquet ground, with a sense of pleasure tingling to her very finger-ends, performs her dooty, and actually walks twice up and down the hot pavement of Lidlington High street for the sake of publishing what she has done afterward.

And so when Jane and her husband return home that evening, Jane learns her fate. No cards, no invitations lie on her table, as might be the case were she a visited woman, after a six days' absence; only a business-looking envelope directed in Mrs. Crosbie's clearest hand, and containing a short but civil account of the result of the ballot.

"She must have been a little goose ever to put herself in the power of all those old dragonesses! But she is a goose. These pink and white sort of women always are. You should have had more discretion, Mr. Smylie, than to become her second."

Lady Rose Golightly speaks; Loo Childers and Mr. Smylie listen. It is nine o'clock in the evening; the hour, this July time, for coffee on The Folly terrace. Lady Rose and Loo in their Charles

the Second dinner dresses look extremely picturesque in the becoming half-light, reclining back in the easiest of all garden chairs, and each with a porcelain coffee-cup in her hand. A heightened tint (of rouge or emotion, which?) is on Lady Rose's sallow cheeks; she has her chair placed so that she can watch the side entrance to the gardens, the entrance at which any one walking over from the direction of Theobalds, to pay an evening visit, would be sure to ring.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Smylie," adds Loo. "And after making yourself her seconder, not to vote for her! So like a parson—I beg your pardon. You know I never did care for anything ecclesiastical before you. Honestly, now, why did you not brave all the bigotry and virtue of Lidlington, and go and vote for poor Mrs. Theobald this afternoon?"

Mr. Smylie answers, looking rather foolish, that he thought it right to listen to the opinions of his friends. Mrs. Pippin, a very motherly person—Mrs. Pippin warned him that he had gone too far already. The rector advised him to spend the afternoon by visiting some of his outlying parishioners across the common.

"And you listened to them! Well, well, 'he who fights and runs away.' No doubt you showed your prudence," says Lady Rose Golightly. "I wonder, if the Lidlington croquet people had us in their power, Loo, whether Mr. Smylie would have moral courage enough to save us from being blackballed?"

"There would be so much chance of Lady Rose Golightly's being blackballed!" says the curate, rather subversively. "The complaint of the Lidlington Croquet Club is that they have never yet had the honor of putting Lady Rose's name at the head of their list of members."

"Next to the venerable the archdeacon's lady, and two above Mrs. Coventry Brown. No, I don't aspire so high. When I come into the country it is for quiet meditation, not social distinction. Social distinction!" repeats Lady Rose, in a tone that 'tis pity none of the Chalkshire magnates can hear. "Yes, to think of the absurd presumption of these people in blackballing any one! I should say Mr. Theobald's wife is just as good in every respect, social or otherwise, as any of the rest."

"She certainly is better-looking," remarks the vacillating Smylie.

"Mr. Smylie, I am shocked and surprised at your levity," cries Loo, with an air of admonition. "I was talking to a lady to-day—I mention no names, your own conscience may tell you who it was—and she told us, did she not, Rose? that the parishioners think seriously of writing about you to the bishop. A horrid whisper is abroad that Miss Marsland's engagement to that poor artillery boy is broken off, apropos of Mrs. Theobald. The next thing we shall hear is that you are sequestered—I believe that is the right term?—for a like cause."

"Yes, I think so much of Mrs. Theobald, of anything but—"

Mr. Smylie gets into such an agony of blushing that Loo, out of sheer compassion, comes to his relief.

"Of anything but paying visits to The Folly, I suppose? You certainly don't do much besides. Well, I am not sure that that betters your condition. Scylla or Charybdis, The Folly or Theobalds! Which should you say was the less dangerous for Mr. Smylie, Rose?"

A ring comes at the garden gate as Miss Childers speaks; a deeper color (it cannot have been rouge after all) rises to Lady's Rose's cheek. Loo Childers puts down her coffee-cup on the small garden table that stands between the two ladies, and discovers suddenly that she feels chilly and must return to the drawing-room for her shawl.

The curate accompanies her. (They are lovers, lawfully plighted, let me hasten to explain; Mr. Smylie's conduct is above suspicion. "When you are made a bishop, I promise solemnly to marry you," Loo has told him. "Indeed, when you become dean, if you are a very rich dean, I don't say that we may not begin to buy our furniture.") Another minute, and Francis Theobald is at Lady Rose's side.

He has been absent six days, and she is glad, eagerly glad to see him, and shows it. Mr. Theobald takes the chair left vacant by Miss Childers. Fresh coffee, with its attendant "chasse," is brought out; and then, at Lady Rose's bidding, he lights his cigarette and begins gradually to feel happy.

When he left home, Jane, not yet recovered from Mrs. Crosbie's note, was in one of her fine, hot, outspoken, bad tempers; Blossy fractious; the cook, only half expecting them, had given them greasy mutton chops for dinner, and nothing un

hinges Francis Theobald's moral nature like greasy mutton chops; the old house, unduly shut up during the past week, was smelling more like a mushroom-bed than ever. What a contrast with everything about Lady Rose's well-appointed, quiet, luxurious household! Theobald feels fonder of Lady Rose herself than he has ever felt since the renewal of their acquaintance, out of pure gratitude for his own personal comfort.

"You and Barty have become fast friends again, I hear." The lawfully engaged lovers show no disposition to reappear; so Theobald and his hostess are forced into one of those dual solitudes, which, of a summer's night, and with a cigarette and good coffee and an easy chair, are really not unpleasant. "You will see Arthur soon. He will be in Chalkshire for the races; at least I conclude he will. Arthur never writes; but our friend Mrs. Crosbie tells me the stewards have taken the liberty of advertising 'his Grace's patronage.' By the by, Mr. Theobald, how glad I am that you are to be one of the party on board the *Lais*."

"Am I to be one of the party on board the *Lais*?" asks Mr. Theobald.

"So Barty says. I got one of his scrawls to-day, and as far as I can decipher it I make out that you have promised to join us at Cowes the first week in August."

"Lord Barty was kind enough to ask me," answers Theobald; "but as to my promising, Lady Rose, I never promise anything. All my views of life are short. I hold that for a married man there is no such thing as a future. He may propose——"

"But his wife disposes," interrupts Lady Rose, with her little bitter laugh. "So I am told. My own experience of marriage is too limited to allow me to generalize. Without promising, then, as promising is against your principles, you have some weak and vacillating intention of joining our party on board the *Lais*, at Cowes?"

Mr. Theobald holds his cigarette at arm's length, and looks at it attentively through his short-sighted, handsome gray eyes. He knows pretty clearly what poor Jenny's notions are as to married men entering society into which their wives do not enter. In his heart he more than half believes poor Jenny to have right on her side. Still, Mr. Theobald is a man

of tolerably strong selfishness; and the thought of the *Lais*, and of the kind of people Lord Barty Beaudesert will be likely to collect together on board the *Lais*, hold forth strong temptations to his fancy.

"I can understand a wife not liking her husband to go to ladies' parties without her," cries Lady Rose, divining his thoughts, divining the cause of his hesitation. "If I—if I," pathetically, "had married differently, I dare say I might have felt the same. My life has put me out of the way, alas! of all common jealousy. But a thing I cannot understand is a wife quarrelling with bachelor parties, and Barty's are purely bachelor parties; Loo and I come across them sometimes, by accident. What can a woman expect who won't let her husband associate with men—that he shall sit at home and embroider slippers, or what?"

"I have never embroidered slippers yet," says Mr. Theobald placidly, "but I dare say it would be nice employment for wet days. I must ask Jenny to look me out some."

That one word "Jenny," the tone in which it is spoken, makes Lady Rose Glightly quiver as with an actual wound. Can it—can it be possible that this man, with his refined tastes, his remembrance of better things, can be faithful at heart to the low-born girl whom he degraded himself by marrying? Faithful! Lady Rose has been nurtured in a school that knows not the meaning of the word in connection with the love of man for woman. Francis Theobald has sufficient pride to speak with kindness of his wife, and to seem, at least, to defer to his wife's wishes. Well, the weakness is amiable! Lady Rose shifts her tactics.

"I half hoped Mrs. Theobald would have walked round with you this evening; But I did not ask her to do so in my note." My note. Then the call is not unpremeditated. "I know Mrs. Theobald hates cards, and some of the people from the fort are coming in to have a little *écarté* by and by. I mean to have a party expressly for Mrs. Theobald, with no gambling permitted. Talking of gambling, if you do go down to Cowes, beware of Barty's loo and lansquenet! Harry Desmond and little Lord Verreker are to be there, and I know what that means. The very atmosphere of the *Lais* is a demoralization to people of gambling propensities."

The suggestion is well-timed, the bait cleverly thrown out. Curious with what aptitude some of these shallow but tortuous women—and when you pierce through her veneer of artificial liveliness, artificial sentiment, artificial everything, Lady Rose is radically shallow—curious, I say, how the shallowest woman can cleverly gauge and play upon every weakness of the man who moves her fancy for the hour. Straightforward, full-hearted Jane, with the intuitions of love itself to guide her, cannot make the same good use of her husband's foibles that Lady Rose can. Imagine Jane, even to keep him out of a rival's reach, allying herself to the seductions of loo and lansquenet!

"The best thing for me, then, is to keep as clear of lansquenet and the Lais as I can," says Theobald. "Unless, indeed, you undertake to look after me, Lady Rose?"

Lady Rose's hand, her one beauty untouched by time, happens to rest on the arm of Mr. Theobald's chair. He turns toward her as he speaks, and his lips are only a few inches away from the soft little white fingers, and the rings that sparkle in the uncertain light.

"And if I do promise," she asks, almost in a whisper, "if I do undertake the tremendous responsibility of looking after you, you will go?"

"Well, the question is, would Lady Rose's presence on board the Lais or anywhere else make my safety certain?" says Mr. Theobald, in his half-tender, half-sarcastic voice, the voice which, after all, reader, has been the one true note of music in this woman of fashion's hideously unmusical life.

She hesitates, she gives a quick-drawn sigh. To sigh effectively is an accomplishment requiring much experience and much practice. Lady Rose Golightly has had both, and does it well. She falters, "Yes—no. Everything depends, does it not, upon what one means by safety?"

And then her tone softens abruptly, the diamonds on the small white hand flash closer before Francis Theobald's near-sighted eyes, and both are silent.

"We must take the world as we find it," said Emma, with wisdom learnt from an Adonis Herve. "Every one in the county knows Lady Rose Golightly, and no one in the county knows Mrs Theo-

bald. What has abstract justice got to do with people's visiting lists?"

Not very much, it must be confessed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALONE.

A FORTNIGHT passes on; and the blow struck by Mrs. Coventry Brown has proved, as she predicted it would prove, a decisive one. "The bull has been taken by the 'orns" to some effect. There had been a vague feeling before that Francis Theobald's wife must be blackballed because she was not visited. There is a settled conviction now that she must not be visited because she has been blackballed!

Blackballed, and by the Lidlington Croquet Club! How sad for those worthy ladies the Miss Theobalds; how much the husband is to be pitied! But this is the Nemesis that overtakes men who fly in the face of Providence by making such dreadful marriages. They say he spends his time almost entirely with Lady Rose Golightly. Well, can you wonder at it? Lady Rose is a charming woman, refined, sympathetic, accomplished. And to a man in the position of Francis Theobald what—what can home be like!

Home, I must say, has been rendered pretty warm to Francis Theobald ever since the evening of his return from London, the evening when Lady Rose's diamonds sparkled on The Folly terrace. There are wives, chiefly in fiction, who endure the vagaries of truant husbands, and nurse their own jealousy in silence; patient Griseldas of the earth, who by continuous, sullen long-suffering, the "constant dripping" of injured eyes and tear-stained cheek, do frequently bring their husbands to grief and desperation in the end. And there are wives who rebel passionately under neglect, speak their minds out, take reprisals, and not unfrequently come to desperation and grief themselves.

Jane is one of these. Concealment of any kind is a physical impossibility to her. If she suspects, she gives broadest utterance to her suspicion. If she means to retaliate, she tells you so. The tell-tale, blushing cheek, the lucid eyes, the rash, frank tongue, the transparent, passionate spirit—all about Jane is in accord, and all just as the great fashioner, Nature, made it! She knows no laws but those of impulse; never in her life did a prudent

thing—your Griseldas are miracles of prudence—and up to the present time never a dishonest one. Now, her future lies a good deal at Mr. Theobald's disposition. This girl of nineteen, with all her strong capabilities for good and for evil, stands, as it were, at the junction of two cross-roads, and stands there hesitating; wanting but a touch to push her either way, so long as the hand that gives the touch be Theobald's.

"Do as you like—go on with this intimacy till you have brought things to their bitter end; but remember, whatever comes of it, Theobald, 'twill be your doing. I'm not a woman to watch and waylay, to quarrel, to make up. I love or I hate. Go on as you are going on with Lady Rose, and leaving me and the child alone, and by the Lord that made me I'll leave you. Now, I give you fair warning."

It is in the breakfast room of Theobalds that Jane makes this pleasant speech. Mr. Theobald, outstretched in his easy chair—a little like the husband's figure in Hogarth's Breakfast Scene—is drinking his penitential cup of tea after a late bachelor party at The Folly the night before. (The Duke of Malta is staying with his sister; there are legitimate bachelor parties at The Folly now.) Jane, fresh and fair as the summer morning itself, is seated on a low stool nearly at his feet. Nothing very tragic in the external of the scene; but are not all real tragedies, the social tragedies that go on about us in our every-day life, enacted like comedies until just the last moment when the curtain falls and all is dark?

"You are certainly the most unreasonable woman in the world, Jenny," says Theobald as he stirs his tea. "I wonder how many times since we have been married I have had the same thing said to me!"

"I never said yet, because I never thought yet, that it would be possible for me to leave you," answers Jane.

"And you don't think so now, my dear. I was talking of scoldings, lectures, declarations of hatred, et ceteras. Leave!" Theobald looks really amused. "*You leave me!* Come and give me a kiss, Jane, and don't be a little fool. We shall have Blossy threatening to run away, on strike, if she doesn't get all she wants next."

"Poor Blossy! How much better it would have been for me if I had never had a child!"

Such a speech from Jane, still more the tone in which it is made, startles Mr. Theobald a little from the calmness, real or assumed, with which up to the present moment he has been sipping his tea.

"Better for you if you had never married Blossy's father, you mean. Out with it, Jenny! You know that is what you are burning to say."

"If I was burning to say it, I should say it. No, I can never wish I hadn't married you. The years before we came to this hateful place are too good, all of them!" Her tone changes; her blue eyes, flashing a second ago, soften now, as only blue eyes can soften, into tears.

"And Blossy is the sole impediment, then, that you want removed?"

"What wicked words for you to speak! Poor baby—she is the only thing I've got to live for, the only thing I'm sure that keeps me here!"

"You wish no one gone at all, then?" Mr. Theobald asked, not without a smile.

"I wish Lady Rose Golightly was dead. You hear me? Dead. Be as shocked as you like!"

"I am not in the least shocked, Jenny. If fate obeyed the kindly wishes of women in this respect, I don't believe there would be a hundred of you left, under eighty at all events."

"What would you do—I ask myself that often, in this atrocious life of ours—what would you do if there was no Lady Rose Golightly? And you, who used to say you were bored by ladies' society. I know now what truth there was in that little parable."

Jane by this time has risen. She walks up and down the room, her hands clasped behind her; she gets angrier and angrier as she walks.

"Shall I tell you exactly how often you have been to The Folly during the past fortnight, Theobald?"

"Three or four times at most, Jenny, and each time you know Lady Rose would have been only too glad if you would have gone too."

"Me! Yes, I'm so likely to try another taste of society, to put myself in the power of ladies any more. You have been there, in fourteen days, exactly seven times, to my knowledge. Seven times, since I came back from London, I have spent my evenings alone."

"I dined on Friday with Mauleverer, my dear Jane—"

"With an adjournment, as you call it, to The Folly afterwards."

Theobald is silent; I will do him the justice to say that he is really taken aback at the extent of his own misdeeds, as set before him by his wife. Whatever Francis Theobald does, he does with the eyes of his conscience shut, neither counting up the cost nor measuring the risk; and then, it must be remembered, married men at all times are apt to diverge with an unconscious simplicity that no woman, certainly no wife, can understand, towards the paths wherein they should not walk! Either our social by-laws make the downward road smoother to men's feet, or the stakes to be forfeited on their side the game are less tremendous, or the weakness born of selfishness lays them more open to the wiles of the enemy. Certain it is, that no woman could drift inch by inch towards the goal whither Francis Theobald is innocently drifting now, and not know it!

To the utmost extent that his temperament allows him to love anything, he loves Jane and Jane's child. For Lady Rose (I do not say for the mistress of The Folly) he cares not a straw, and still it has got already to his spending seven evenings out of fourteen—with morning and afternoon visits unreckoned—at Lady Rose's side.

One of three things, passion, vanity, or solid self-interest, must be present before a woman will risk the shattering of her household gods. A French cook, admirable wines, loo, écarté, and the easiest arm-chairs in the world are sufficiently potent to lead astray the facile Rip Van Winkle nature of Francis Theobald.

He is silent, and Jane pursues her advantage. "Yes, seven evenings out of fourteen. When Blossy is gone to bed, and the rats begin to get about, do you know that this ancestral abode of yours is not cheerful, Theobald?"

"I never thought it was cheerful, my dear. If you remember, my advice was to sell it, let it, get rid of it in any way we could, and live abroad as we had always done; only——"

"Only I, like a fool, proposed that we should try to make a home and turn respectable," cries Jane with bitterness. "I thought, living a country life, you would be less likely to gamble away your last inheritance than you would be at the kind of places we lived in abroad. I

thought the child would be brought up better. I thought——"

"You thought Mrs. Grundy was not such a brute as she is," says Theobald kindly; and rising, he comes to his wife's side and puts his arm round her waist. "If you had only listened to me, Jenny, you would have been wise in time! Do you remember my telling you we should never get on among society of which all the members were better off than ourselves, both as regards this world and the next?"

"Oh, I'm not talking of such rubbish as society now. Every fine lady in Cheshire might have blackballed me, refused to visit me—though as to the next world," in fiery parenthesis this, "*you* may think as you like, but I would back my chance against most of theirs—yes, I say every fine lady in this county might have turned her back upon me, and I should have only laughed at them. What have ladies ever had to do with me, or with my life? But you—you——"

He whispers a tender, a perfectly sincere assurance of his unchanged love; he would kiss her, but she snatches herself from his arms. She stands flushing, trembling, eager—oh, how eager!—to return to their shelter, but with her jealous heart holding her aloof. "I like reality, Theobald. Sham made-up speeches have no effect upon me. Swear to me never to set your foot within The Folly again, and I will believe that you care for me as you used."

"Don't inveigle me into rash vows, Jane," says Theobald good-humoredly. "You know how often I've been made to swear I would never touch a card again, and you know how all the oaths have ended"

"And you are afraid your new passion will prove as much too strong for you as the old one did, I suppose?"

"Passion! Jane, what a silly girl you are. When will you learn that life is life, not a melodrama? I feel a passion for any woman, for Lady Rose Golightly most of all!"

"Then," says Jane with admirable swiftness of reasoning, "why do you spend seven evenings out of fourteen at her house?"

"We do a great many things without any particular reason, and certainly without any particular gratification, Jenny."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear you say that." Jane retreats a step further off and looks

hard at her husband's face. "I'm glad to hear The Folly dinners give you so little gratification. You'll be the less angry with me for what I'm going to do. Theobald," taking a couple of envelopes from her pocket, "I got a note this morning from Lady Rose Golightly. You know its contents probably? Well, and I've written my answer. Shall I read it to you?"

"It might make things clearer to my understanding, my love, if you were to let me hear the question first; but just as you like."

"Do you mean to say, on your honor, you don't know what her note is about?"

"Have I ever shown symptoms of possessing the gift of clairvoyance, Jenny?"

"Do you, or do you not?"

Mr. Theobald puts up his eye-glass to look at nothing in particular, and stands the picture of a bullied, innocent husband.

"Do I or do I not? Jenny, if I were to be killed for it at this moment, I couldn't answer you. Do I or do I not—what?"

"I will save you the trouble of thinking. It would be a pity for you to fatigue your brains about such a trifle. This is her note—though in spite of all you say, yes, and if you were to say fifty times as much, I will never believe, intimate as you are, that you have not read it already, perhaps dictated it. I believe you dictated it:

"My dear Mrs. Theobald:

'Will you and Mr. Theobald dine with me on Monday at eight? We shall be quite a small party, and knowing your predilections, I mean the rule of the evening to be, "No cards."

'I am yours truly,

'ROSE GOLIGHTLY."

"It is a very friendly note in its way," says Francis Theobald.

"And here is my answer:

"Mrs. Theobald does not accept Lady Rose Golightly's invitation to dinner."

For a moment Theobald stands like a man who has had a blow. His nonchalance, his look of innocence both take flight; an ominous, deep flush spreads gradually over his face. "You have no intention of *sending* that note, I presume, Jane?"

"What should I have written it for else? I shall walk over to Lidlington and post it with my own hands this afternoon."

"You will commit the unwise action of your life if you do. Refuse Lady Rose's invitation if you like—the only woman "

adds Mr. Theobald, actually beginning to lose his temper, "the only woman in this blanketed neighborhood who has shown you a civility—but refuse it with common politeness. Why, that note is the note of a mad woman."

Never since she was married has Jane seen such energy on Theobald's face, heard such energy in his voice.

"Mad, you think me mad, do you? Then all I have to say is, I prefer my own madness to the society of other people."

"Jenny, you are a foolish, hot-headed girl, but you will never do such a thing as this. I don't want you to accept Lady Rose's invitation. Stay away—I'll stay away too—but put your refusal into decent terms. That is all I ask of you."

Now a woman, jealous though she might be, who possessed tact, discretion, the commonest worldly prudence, would certainly have yielded the point to the extent urged by Mr. Theobald. But tact, discretion, prudence are not among Jane's qualities. She sees how deeply Theobald, usually so indifferent on all subjects, is in earnest, and forms her own deductions as to the earnestness of his regard for Lady Rose.

"You are wonderfully anxious to spare her feelings, it seems. How much have you thought of mine during the past fortnight?"

"All this is simple childishness, Jane. We were not married yesterday, that you should cry if you lose me out of your sight. Besides," goes on Theobald, losing his coolness more and more, "you are really the last woman living who should be touchy on such small matters. When did I find fault with your intimacy with De Lansac, Brabazon, young Crosbie—with the scores of other men you have had dangling in attendance upon you at different times?"

Jane colors over brow, cheek, and neck; then she turns white with passion. "Rawdow Crosbie, Brabazon! And you dare, you dare liken my intimacy with them, with any man, to yours with Lady Rose? Do you degrade me, even in your own mind then, to the level of fine ladies? Oh, I have looked into Lady Rose's eyes, I have heard her and her friend Miss Childers talk, I know what sort of people fine ladies are! Do you degrade me, even in your own mind I say, to such a level as that?"

In truth he does not. The shot dis-

charged at random has struck home. In this poor ballet-girl whom he took at sixteen to be his wife—this ballet-girl with “her unromantic style, her ungrammatical lips”—Theobald has trust most absolute, trust such as men do not always have, it may be, in far better born, more highly educated wives. Jane unfaithful! Jane, with all her tempers, and jealousies, and ignorance, upon a level with Loo Childers and Lady Rose!

“As to De Lansac,” she goes on, “I blush—I blush for you that you should bring his name into such a discussion. Why, but for his generosity——”

“Yes, I know, I know,” cries Theobald, not looking by any means at his ease. “For heaven’s sake, Jane, don’t let us have any theatre scenes of ‘powerful domestic interest.’ You know quite well I meant nothing serious by what I said. The whole thing is preposterous. Lady Rose Golightly sends us an invitation; you decline it, and I suggest that you should make use of the common, stereotyped phrases of civilized life in doing so.”

“Civilized life! I don’t belong to civilized life. My note expresses what I mean, neither more nor less.”

“Exactly. But you forget it will expose me to ridicule as well as yourself.”

“I should have thought nothing could make you ridiculous in Lady Rose’s eyes.”

“Once and for all, Jane, do you mean to send that note or not?”

“I do. I will not stoop to be civil to any one I hate. I mean to post the note with my own hands this afternoon.”

“It is not a note—you force me into saying so—that a lady could ever, under any circumstances, write to another lady.”

“But I am not a lady. You seem to forget that.”

“By God, I wish I could forget it!” cries Theobald, exasperated past all self-control. “Unfortunately, your actions give me no chance of that.”

They are the cruellest words he ever spoke to her in his life, and when he has spoken them he turns—a curious passing likeness to his sister Charlotte upon his handsome blonde face—to leave the room.

“Theobald!” she exclaims quickly. “Are you going? I shall see you again this afternoon?”

“I cannot say at all,” he answers with cold deliberation. “Very likely you will not see me. I have engagements that may keep me away till late.”

“You are not—you are not going to The Folly?”

“Most undoubtedly I am going to The Folly. Such an insane note as you have written shall not arrive quite without explanation on my part.”

And so he leaves her.

The die is cast, the turning at the cross-roads taken. From this moment on until she finish with Chalkshire and with “respectability” forever, Jane must stand or fall alone.

Alone! Reader, do you know the fullest meaning of that word?

CHAPTER XXIX.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MALTA.

As soon as Theobald is clear of the house, Jane bursts into a flood of tears; but they are tears of passion, thunder-showers of wrath, not the soft and wholesome rain of repentance, and spend themselves quickly.

By constitution she is the least lachrymose of women; cries, as Blossy would, when any passing storm of temper forces her into such exhibition of weakness, but knows nothing of tears as a science, never uses them as weapons against her husband, or as a source of strength to herself. Fool that she is—the thought comes across her suddenly now—fool that she is to do anything to spoil her face, the best friend she has left her in the world! Will swollen eyes bring Theobald home a moment the quicker, or a red nose make him likelier to stay at home when he does come? She goes up stairs to her room, bathes her face with cold water till it glows like any fresh-gathered rose; by and by, when Blossy’s one o’clock dinner is over, spends an hour or so before her glass, dressing, and then, the child for her companion, starts away to the town of Liddington to post her letter.

The Saturday before the races is always considered one of the gay days of the year by the good people of Liddington, and this afternoon the shops and pavement of the High street are really—if one compares them to Liddington in its normal state—hilarious. As Jane walks along slowly, and with her slender throat erect, as she has learnt to carry it of late, she meets Mrs. Coventry Brown’s carriage, the Pippin family on foot, her sis-

ters-in-law in their brougham; presently, at no very great distance, describes the approaching figures of Mrs. Crosbie and Emma, Major Hervey beside them in the road, for the ladies' voluminous silks and muslins do not give the poor little Adonis room to keep upon the pavement. It is the first opportunity Jane has had of confronting Mrs. Crosbie since the blackballing business, and with the well-balanced step, the composed mechanical smile early learnt in her profession, she advances steadily and bravely to the rencontre.

Jane advances steadily, but Mrs. Crosbie and Emma are not, it would seem, quite so well nerved for the meeting. At all events they shirk it, by turning into the Lidlington Circulating Library just when they are about half a dozen steps away, Major Hervey remaining at the door, preparing to give "our young Rawdon's friend" a superciliously admiring stare as she passes along.

Adonis, who has been staying for some days with the Crosbies, is in excellent spirits, excellent temper with himself, although naturally bored at being so long away from St. James's street, and, as he stands pulling his jewelled white fingers through his long purple whiskers, really looks almost young enough for the part of ardent lover which, ever since the morning of Rawdon's dismissal in Bolton Row, he has been enacting.

Of his ultimate success with Emma Marsland Major Hervey has now little doubt. Her engagement to Rawdon is broken off definitely; the letter formally announcing the news of the rupture has been despatched to her guardian in Jamaica; and she spends any number of hours a day in Major Hervey's society, and listens patiently to any number of Major Hervey's twaddling stories about his own conquests, and does not draw her hand away if he chances to hold it over-long in his—does not resent it even if her hand is sometimes raised, among the shady walks and plantations around The Hawthorns, to Major Hervey's thin lips.

How should this middle-aged Adonis, enveloped in the thick fumes of his own self-worship, doubt of poor Emmy's growing affection for him—I mean of the growing certainty of his marrying poor Emmy's thirty thousand pounds? It is not a very great match for a man in his position, if one consider over it! After being courted by marchionesses and Lady Caro-

linas all one's life, only to marry thirty thousand pounds, and a girl whose family is not mentioned among the Landed Gentry, in the end! But Major Hervey has a sort of delicate suspicion that his honor, his *honor* is engaged; or so he writes to his mother. For whether they be conscious or unconscious jugglers to their own hearts, these Herveys always keep on the mask scrupulously before each other. Through his advice in some manner, her foolish entanglement with young Rawdon was brought to an end; the poor little girl has learned to look to him for counsel and support, and it is too late—his conscience really tells him so—too late in the day to draw back now!

He remains caressing his whiskers at the door of the Lidlington Library, but does not obtain his anticipated stare at our young Rawdon's friend; Mrs. Theobald's parasol opportunely interposing itself not very many inches from Major Hervey's nose, just as she passes him. For the disappointment, however, he is more than compensated a minute later by a sight sweeter to the Hervey heart than the sight of the prettiest woman in Europe—his Grace the Duke of Malta, on foot, alone, and evidently approaching with the intention of speaking to *him*!

As the face of his mistress to a lover, as gold to a Jew, as fame to a poet, as the sun to the earth, is a duke, and a duke who will condescend to toss him a nod or a word, to Alfred Hervey.

"How are you, Mr.—Hervey, to be sure, Hervey." The labors of a lifetime have mined Alfred Hervey into three or four of the best London clubs, just as patience, long-suffering, indifference to rebuff have brought him upon nodding terms with most of their members. "Thought I remembered seeing you somewhere. Can you tell me who that girl is who has just passed, the girl in white and blue? There, she is crossing over the road to the post-office."

Before Major Hervey can recover from his delight at being recognized sufficiently to answer, Mrs. Crosbie, attracted by the all-powerful magnetism of the ducal voice, has fluttered forward, with Emma, to the door.

His Grace's reception of them is admirable in its brief simplicity. The Duke of Malta is one of the leaders of a school whose manners toward the other sex are not formed upon the exploded model of a

De Grammont or a Chesterfield. Such women as poor Mrs. Crosbie and Emma are intolerable bores to him, neither more nor less. His pleasures, associates, sympathies, all belong to a different world from theirs; a world where cautious mammas and marriageable daughters are not; a world, perhaps, where insolence of manner, coming from a youthful Duke, with an ample fortune still to get through, is leniently regarded. Though, for that matter, the Duke of Malta seldom finds himself treated with extraordinary severity anywhere.

Once a year, at the race time generally, the Duke spends about a week with Lady Rose Golightly, and during this week what avalanches of cards—cards from the whole Chalkshire society, lay and clerical, worldly and other-worldly—pour in through The Folly doors!

"Mr. Crosbie has not yet had the honor of waiting on your Grace," says Mrs. Crosbie, his Grace having bestowed upon herself and Emma a nod like a groom's. "We were not aware until last night that your Grace had arrived in Chalkshire, but Mr. Crosbie will at once——"

"Thanks. Can you tell me who the girl is who has just passed—good-looking, fair girl, in white and blue? There, she has just crossed over the road by the post-office."

Emma colors to the roots of her hair. Mrs. Crosbie puts up her double eye-glasses, clears her throat, thinks perhaps of dear old Canon Hervey's infallible receipt for virtuous human conduct, then informs his Grace that the lady's name, to the best of her belief, is Mrs. Theobald, "a lady only recently come into the neighborhood, and——"

"Oh, *that's* Mrs. Theobald, is it?" his Grace cuts her short. "Just introduce me to her as she goes by. Not know her? I always thought everybody in the country knew everybody. Mr.—Hervey, yes, Hervey," he turns to Adonis again, "just introduce me, will you, to Mrs. Theobald?"

Mrs. Crosbie and Emma fall back into the obscurity of the shop, not enlivened by this new proof of the innate depravity of men's hearts. Major Hervey prepares himself with zest for his favorite employment of character-blasting.

"Mrs. Theobald is the wife of a Mr. Francis Theobald; your Grace may have met the man?"—his Grace nods—"but

is not visited in the neighborhood. Belongs, ah, rather to the demi-monde, er."

"So I thought," says the Duke, with his usual habit of frank interruption. "She hasn't much of the heavy Chalkshire cut about her. Who was she, do you know? I don't remember seeing her face about in town."

"She was," says Major Hervey, lowering his voice and preparing to withdraw his subject-matter—are not numbers of people passing and repassing, and must they not all behold him in this delightful, confidential proximity to the Duke of Malta?—"she was till her marriage, since for aught I know, in——"

"Hallo, Brabazon! Stop!" cries his Grace, as little Captain Brabazon at this moment passes down the street. They have met already at The Folly; and Major Hervey remarks with disgust that the Duke does not address Brabazon with the prefix of "Mister" which he so scrupulously accords to himself. "Just the man I want. Can *you* introduce me to Mrs. Theobald?"

Captain Brabazon can and will, and launches forthwith into warm praises of Mrs. Theobald's grace and beauty.

"Mr. Hervey was just telling me some story or other about her as you came up," says his Grace. "I'm sure I don't know what it was all about."

"I was merely telling your Grace what Mrs. Theobald was," Major Hervey observes in answer to this pleasantly turned little speech.

"Oh, and what was she then? We shall have time for the story, I suppose, before she returns."

"She was," says Adonis, glancing out from the corners of his cynical old eyes, "in the leg business, your Grace."

His Grace looks stolidly incomprehensive. It is a well-known joke among a certain set of men in London, that Adonis Hervey will take any impertinence that any man with a title may choose to offer him, and this on a sliding scale: the higher the title, the grosser the impertinence. The Duke of Malta, who recollects "Mr. Hervey" perfectly, recollects the joke too, and being at all times given to humor of a quiet and practical nature, himself resolves to play upon Mr. Hervey's little peculiarity now.

"Leg business! What on earth do you mean by that? I've heard a man called a leg, Mr. Hervey, and I dare say you

have, but I never knew the term applied to a woman before."

Major Hervey gives a sickly laugh, but he turns yellow. I will do him the justice to say that he turns yellow.

Years ago, twenty, twenty-five years ago, it must have been, a dark story gained currency in the world about Alfred James Hervey, then, as now, nicknamed the Adonis. Was the story true or false? I who write do not know. A gambling scene, a Grif of seventeen beggared and driven to suicide, a court-martial (Adonis was in the army then), some officer of the same regiment, *not* Alfred Hervey, cashiered—these were about as many facts as ever became positively known to the public at large. The circumstance occurred the other side the line, and regiments, like families, have a knack of keeping their untoward secrets to themselves. But from that day forth Hervey's was a name with a cross against it. Women shrank from him; men of unblemished honor avoided, though they might not drop his acquaintance. He did not leave the army; his enemies—stay, I think it was his friends—said he had shown finer feeling had he done so. Alfred Hervey possessed the courage that can brave deserved contempt, the moral elasticity that can rebound from open coldness or veiled insult, like india-rubber. He did not leave the army. In a certain sense he lived down the story of his youth. And still the story has never died outright. Still his name is a name with a cross against it. "Alfred Hervey? Ah, yes—the Alfred Hervey, you know, who was in that bad card business years ago. Wrong man cashiered. Hervey, it was said, had interest—just the kind of underhand fellow who could wriggle his way through anything."

This, though he belongs to the best clubs in London, is the way men speak of him even now. From this you may perceive the drift of the Duke of Malta's little pleasantry.

The poor wretch, I repeat, turns yellow. He bites the end of one of his long, dyed whiskers, as though for a moment he were minded to choke himself upon that savory morsel. Then he gets back all his coolness, all his presence of mind, and is Adonis Hervey again, in familiar conversation with his friend the Duke of Malta, observed and envied by all this

provincial herd who are passing and re-passing, upon their vulgar business or vulgarer pleasure, along the High street of Liddington.

"Excellent—upon my soul, excellent! Don't know when I've heard a better thing. I was alluding to the ballet, Mrs. Theobald's former business, but—ha, ha, ha!—your Grace gave it the wittiest turn in the world. And apropos, too, the shoe that does not fit the wife may fit the husband. Your Grace, it seems, has met this Mr. Francis Theobald?"

"Theobald is one of the best fellows in the world," cries Captain Brabazon. Every acquaintance honest little Brabazon possesses is sure to be one of the best fellows in the world. "You require to know him certainly, but it's surprising what sterling good there is under all that lazy, Dundreary exterior of his."

"Very surprising, I should say," sneers Adonis. "Well, I am not acquainted with the man personally, but I was in Paris at the same time he was once, and I know what used to be said of him there."

Mark, admire the boldness of this, reader! Could any one but a Hervey come thus to the front again after what has just passed?

"Pleasant person in his way, it was said, but a little too lucky. Turns the king a little too often toward the small hours of the morning. However, this was only *on dit*. I should be the last man to say anything to Mr. Francis Theobald's disadvantage now that he has come into a new neighborhood."

The Duke of Malta stares full into Major Hervey's face. He has eyes like Lady Rose's; those opaque-looking, leaden-gray orbs which more than any other human eyes seem endowed with the faculty of hard staring. "I believe you thoroughly, Mr. Hervey. I'm quite sure if this Francis Theobald was what you say, you would——"

"I should?" asks Adonis, all smirks and courtesy as the Duke pauses.

"Why, hold your tongue and back him, to be sure. Now, Brabazon, is our time."

And away walks the Duke, Captain Brabazon at his side, toward the graceful white-and-blue figure now not many yards distant, leaving Adonis alone in his glory: on the library doorstep.

I must have given the reader a very poor and superficial idea of the Hervey na-

ture if I need add that Adonis is in still better temper and spirits with himself than he was five minutes ago. Did not the Duke jest with him in the most affable and familiar manner, a credible witness listening? "Have you heard the last good thing the Duke of Malta said to Adonis Hervey?" people will ask. People! Why, he will himself repeat the impertinence with honorable pride to

every soul he meets when he gets back to London. If the toe of the Duke's boot were by accident to propel him over hastily, I believe the construction of Major Hervey's brain would allow him to twist the slight mischance into a compliment.

And whether we ourselves happen to admire his character or not, we must confess that such a man goes a very long way indeed toward being a philosopher.

SLAIN AT GETTYSBURG.

FROM AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR.

THE cannon were roaring their last
O'er the field where the routed were flying,
And shouting pursuers strode fast
Over heaps of the dead and the dying.

War's rage was beginning to wane,
The fierce cared no longer to strike,
And the good stopped to soften the pain
Of the victors and vanquished alike.

A delicate Southern lad
Lay at length on a shot-riven bank.
He was neatly and daintily clad
In the dress of an officer's rank.

His foes approached where he was laid,
To bear him in reach of their skill;
But he murmured, "Give others your aid.
By our country! Oh, let me lie still!"

At dawn they came searching again,
To winnow the quick from the dead;
But the boy was set free from his pain,
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

When they lifted his limbs from the ground
To hide them away out of sight,
Lo! under his bosom they found
The flag he had borne through the fight.

He had folded the silk he loved well,
Lest a shred might be seen by his side.
To wave it in triumph he fell,
And to save it from capture he died.

The head of the sternest was bared
As they gazed on that shot-torn rag,
And the hand of the hardest spared
To make prey of that Southern flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed
With a prayer for a spirit so brave;
And they gave his flag for a shroud
In his narrow and nameless grave.

B. T.

PEARL-HUNTING IN THE POMOTOVS.

THE Great Western ducked in the heavy swell, shipping her regular deck-load of salt water every six minutes. Now the Great Western was nothing more nor less than a seventeen-ton schooner, two hours out from Tahiti. She was built like an old shoe, and shovelled in a head sea as though it was her business.

It was something like sea life, wading along her submerged deck from morning till night, with a piece of raw junk in one hand and a briny biscuit in the other; we never *could* keep a fire in *that* galley, and as for hard tack the sooner it got soaked through the sooner it was off our minds, for we knew to this complexion it must shortly come.

Two hours out from Tahiti we settled our course, wafting a theatrical kiss or two toward the gloriously green pyramid we were turning our backs on, as it slowly vanished in the blue desert of the sea.

A thousand palm-crowned and foam-girdled reefs spangle the ocean to the north and east of Tahiti. This train of lovely satellites is known as the Dangerous Archipelago, or, more commonly in that latitude, the Pomotov Islands. It's the very hot-bed of cocoa-nut oil, pearls, half-famished Kanakas, shells, and shipwrecks. The currents are rapid and variable; the winds short, sharp, and equally unreliable. If you would have adventure, the real article and plenty of it, make your will, bid farewell to home and friends, and embark for the Pomotovs. I started on this principle, and repented knee-deep in the deck-breakers, as we butted our way through the billows, bound for one of the Pomotovs on a pearl hunt.

Three days I sat in sackcloth and salt water. Three nights I swashed in my greasy bunk, like a solitary sardine in a box with the side knocked out. In my heart of hearts I prayed for deliverance: you see there is no backing out of a schooner unless you crave death in fifty fathoms of phosphorescent liquid and a grave in a shark's maw. Therefore I prayed for more wind from the right quarter, for a sea like a boundless mill-pond—in short, for speedy deliverance on the easiest terms possible. Notwith-

standing, we continued to bang away at the great waves that crooked their backs under us and hissed frightfully as they enveloped the Great Western with spray until the fourth night out, when the moon gladdened us and promised much while we held our breath in anxiety.

We were looking for land. We'd been looking for three hours, scarcely speaking all that time. It's a serious matter raising a Pomotov by moonlight.

"Land!" squeaked a weak voice about six feet above us. A lank fellow with his legs corkscrewed around the shrouds, and his long neck stretched to windward, where it veered like a weather-cock in a nor'wester, chuckled as he sung out land, and felt himself a little lower than Christopher Columbus thereafter. "Where, away," bellowed our chunky little captain, as important as if he were commanding a grown-up ship. "Two points on the weather-bow," piped the look-out with the voice of one soaring in space, but unhappily choked in the last word by a sudden lurch of the schooner that brought him speedily to the deck, where he lost his identity and became a proper noun, second person, singular, for the rest of the cruise.

Now, "two points" is an indefinite term that embraces any obstacle ahead of anything; but the "weather-bow" has been the salvation of many a craft in her distress; so we gave three cheers for the "weather-bow," and proceeded to sweep the horizon with unwinking gaze. We could scarcely tell how near the land might lie; fancied we could already hear the roar of surf-beaten reefs, and every wave that reared before us seemed the rounded outline of an island. Of course we shortened sail, not knowing at what moment we might find ourselves close upon some low sea-garden nestling under the rim of breakers that fenced it in, and being morally averse to running it down without warning.

It was scarcely midnight; the moon was radiant; we were silently watching, wrapped in the deep mystery that hung over the weather-bow.

The wind suddenly abated; it was as

though it sifted through trees and came to us subdued with a whisper of fluttering leaves and a breath of spice. We knew what it meant, and our hearts leaped within us as over the bow loomed the wave-like outline of shadow that sank not again like the other waves, neither floated off cloud-like, but seemed to be bearing steadily down upon us, a great whale, hungry for a modern Jonah.

What a night it was! We heard the howl of waters now; saw the palm boughs glisten in the moonlight, and the glitter and the flash of foam that fringed the edges of the half-drowned islet.

It looked for all the world like a grove of cocoa-trees that had waded out of sight of land, and didn't know which way to turn next. This was the Ultima Thule of the Great Western's voyage and she seemed to know it, for she behaved splendidly at last, laying off and on till morning in fine style, evidently as proud as a ship-of-line.

I went below and dozed, with the low roar of the reef quite audible; a fellow gets used to such dream-music, and sleeps well to its accompaniment.

At daybreak we began beating up against wind and tide, hoping to work into smooth water by sunrise, which we did easily enough, shaking hands all around over a cup of thick coffee and molasses as three fathoms of chain whizzed overboard after a tough little anchor that buried itself in a dim wilderness of corals and sea-grass.

Then and there I looked about me with delighted eyes. The Great Western rode at anchor in a shallow lake, whose crystal depths seemed never to have been agitated by any harsher breath than at that moment kissed without ruffling its surface. Around us swept an amphitheatre of hills, covered with a dense growth of tropical foliage and cushioned to the hem of the beach with thick sod of exquisite tint and freshness. The narrow rim of beach that sloped suddenly to the tideless margin of the lake was littered with numberless slender canoes drawn out of the water like so many fish, as though they would navigate themselves in their natural element, and they were, therefore, not to be trusted alone too near it. Around the shore, across the hills, and along the higher ridges waved innumerable cocoa-palms, planted like a legion of lances about the encampment of some barbaric prince.

As for the very blue sky and the very white scud that shot across it, they looked windy enough; moreover we could all hear the incoherent booming of the sea upon the reef that encircled our nest. But we forgot the wind and the waves in the inexpressible repose of that armful of tropical seclusion. It was a drop of water in a tuft of moss, on a very big scale; that's just what it was!

In a few moments, as with one impulse, the canoes took to water with a savage or two in each, all gravitating to the schooner, which was for the time being the head-centre of their local commerce; and for an hour or more we did a big business in the exchange of fish-hooks and fresh fruit.

The proportion of canoes at Motu Hilo (Crescent Island) to the natives of said fragment of Eden was as one to several: but the canoeless could not resist the superior attraction of a foreign invader, therefore the rest of the inhabitants went head-first into the lake, and struck out for the middle where we peacefully swung at anchor.

The place was sharky, but a heavy dirk full twenty inches tall was held between the teeth of the swimmers; and if the smoke-colored dorsal of any devil of a shark had dared to cut the placid surface of the water that morning, he would speedily have had more blades in him than a farrier's knife. A few vigorous strokes of the arms and legs in the neighborhood, a fatal lunge or two, a vermillion cloud in a sea churned to a cream, and a dance over the gaping corpse of some monster who has sucked human blood more than once probably, does the business in that country.

It was a sensation for unaccustomed eyes, that inland sea covered, littered, I might say, with woolly heads, as though a cargo of cocoanuts had been thrown overboard in a stress of weather. They gathered about as thick as flies at a honey-pot, all talking, laughing; and spouting mouthfuls of water into the air like those impossible creatures that do that sort of thing by the half dozen in all high-toned and classical fountains.

Out of this amphibious mob one gigantic youth, big enough to eat half our ship's crew, threw up an arm like Jove's, clinched the dirk with lithe fingers, and took a rest, swinging there with the utmost satisfaction.

I asked him aboard, but he scorned to

forsoke his natural element—water is as natural as air to those natives. Probably he would have suffered financially had he attempted boarding us, for his thick back hair was netted with a kind of spacious nest and filled with eggs on sale. It was quite astonishing to see the ease with which he navigated under his heavy deck-load.

This colossal youth having observed that I was an amateur humanitarian, virtue received its instant reward (which it doesn't in all climates), for he at once offered me three of his eggs in a very winning and patronizing manner.

I took the eggs because I like eggs, and then I was anxious to get his head above water if possible; therefore I unhesitatingly took the eggs, offering him in return a fish-hook, a ten-penny nail, and a dilapidated key-ring.

These tempting *curios* he spurned, at the same moment reaching me another handful of eggs. His generosity both pleased and alarmed me. I saw with joy that his chin was quite out of water in consequence of his charity, even when he dropped back into the sea, floating for a few moments so as to let the blood circulate in his arm again; but whether this was his magnanimous gift, or merely a trap to involve me in hopeless debt, I was quite at a loss to know, and I paused with my hands full of eggs, saying to myself, There is an end to fish-hooks in the South Pacific, and dilapidated key-rings are not my staple product!

In the midst of my alarm he began making vows of eternal friendship. This was by no means disagreeable to me. He was big enough to whip any two of his fellows, and one likes to be on the best side of the stronger party in a strange land.

I reciprocated!

I leaned over the stern-rail of the Great Western in the attitude of Juliet in the balcony scene, assuring that egg-boy that my heart was his if he was willing to take it at second hand.

He liked my sentiments, and proposed touching noses at once (a barbarous greeting still observed in the most civilized countries with even greater license, since with Christians it is allowable to touch mouths).

We touched noses, though I was in danger of sliding headlong into the sea. After this ceremonial he consented to board the Great Western, which having accom-

plished with my help, he deposited his eggs at my feet, offered me his nose once more, and communicated to me his name, asking in the same breath for mine.

He was known as Hua Manu, or Bird's Egg. Every native in the South Sea gets named by accident. I knew a fellow whose name was "Cockeye;" he was a standing advertisement of his physical deformity. A fellow that knew me rejoiced in the singular cognomen of "Thrown from a horse." Fortunately he doesn't spell it with so many letters in his tongue. His christening happened in this wise: A bosom friend of his mother was thrown from a horse and killed the day of his birth. Therefore the bereaved mother reared that child, an animated memorial, who in after years clove to me, and was as jolly as though his earthly mission wasn't simply to keep green the memory of his mother's bosom friend sailing through the air with a dislocated neck.

I turned to my new-found friend. "Hua Manu," said I, "for my sake you have made a bird's-nest of your back hair. You have freely given me your young affections and your eggs. Receive the sincere thanks of yours truly, together with these fish-hooks, these ten-penny nails, this key-ring." Hua Manu smiled and accepted, burying the fish hooks in his matted forelock and inserting a ten-penny nail and a key ring in either ear, thereby making himself the envy of the entire population of Motu Hilo, and feeling himself as grand as the best chief in the archipelago.

So we sat together on the deck of the Great Western, quite dry for a wonder, exchanging sheep's-eyes and confidences, mutually happy in each other's society. Meanwhile the captain was arranging his plans for an immediate purchase of such pearls as he might find in possession of the natives and for a fresh search for pearl oysters at the earliest possible hour. There were no pearls on hand. What are pearls to a man who has as many wives, children, and cocoanuts as he can dispose of? Pearls are small and colorless. Give them a handful of gorgeous glass beads, a stick of sealing-wax, or some spotted beans, and keep your pale sea tears, milky and frozen and apt to grow sickly-yellow and die if they are not cared for.

Motu Hilo is independent. No man has squatted there to levy tax or toll. We were each one of us privileged to hunt for

pearls and keep our stores separate. I said to Hua Manu, "Let's invest in a canoe, explore the lagoon for fresh oyster-beds, and fill innumerable cocoanut shells with these little white seeds. It will be both pleasant and profitable, particularly for me." We were scarcely five minutes bargaining for our outfit, and we embarked at once, having agreed to return in a couple of days for news concerning the success of the Great Western and her probable date of sailing.

Seizing a paddle, Hua Manu propelled our canoe with incredible rapidity, out of the noisy fleet in the centre of the lake, toward a green point that bounded it, one of the horns of the crescent. He knew a spot where the oyster yawned in profusion; a secret cave for shelter, a forest garden of fruits, a never-failing spring, etc. Thither we would fly and domesticate ourselves. The long, curved point of land soon hid the inner waters from view. We rose and sank on the swell between the great reef and the outer rim of the island, while the sun glowed fiercely over head and the reef howled in our ears. Still on we skimmed, the water hissing along the smooth sides of the canoe, that trembled at every fierce stroke of Hua Manu's industrious paddle. No chart, no compass, no rudder, no exchange of references, no letter of introduction, yet I trusted that wild Hercules who was hurrying me away, I knew not whither, with an earnestness that forced the perspiration from his naked body in living streams.

At last we turned our prow and shot through a low arch in a cliff, so low we both ducked our heads instinctively, letting the vines and parasites trail over our shoulders and down our backs.

It was a dark passage into an inner cave lit from below—a cave filled with an eternal and sunless twilight that was very soothing to our eyes as we came in from the glare of sea and sky.

"Look!" said Hua Manu. Overhead rose a compressed dome of earth, a thick matting of roots, coil within coil. At the side innumerable ledges, shelves and seams lined with nests, and never a nest without its egg, often two or more together. Below us, in two fathoms of crystal, sunlit and luminous bowers of coral, and many an oyster asleep with its mouth open, and many a prismatic fish poisoning itself with palpitating gills, and gauzy fins fanning the water incessantly.

"Hua Manu!" I exclaimed in rapture, "permit me to congratulate you. In you I behold a regular South Sea Monte Christo, and no less magnificent title can do you justice." Thereat Hua Manu laughed immoderately, which having run out we both sat in our canoe and silently sucked eggs for some moments.

A canoe-length from where we floated a clear rill stole noiselessly from above, mingling its sweet waters with the sea; on the roof of our cavern fruits flourished, and we were wholly satisfied. After such a lunch as ours it behooved us to cease idling and dive for pearls. So Hua Manu knotted his long hair tightly about his forehead, cautiously transferred himself from the canoe to the water, floated a moment, inhaling a wonderfully long breath, and plunged under. How he struggled to get down to the gaping oysters, literally climbing down head-first! I saw his dark form wrestling with the elements that strove to force him back to the surface, crowding him out into the air again. He seized one of the shells, but it shut immediately, and he tugged and jerked and wrenched at it like a young demon till it gave way, when he struck out and up for air. All this seemed an age to me. I took full twenty breaths while he was down. Reaching the canoe, he dropped the great, ugly-looking thing into it, and hung over the out-rigger gasping for breath like a man half hanged. He was pale about the mouth, his eyes were suffused with blood, blood oozed from his ears and nostrils; his limbs, gashed with the sharp corals, bled also. The veins of his forehead looked ready to burst, and as he tightened the cords of hair across them it seemed his only salvation.

I urged him to desist, seeing his condition and fearing a repetition of his first experience; but he would go once more; perhaps there was no pearl in that shell; he wanted to get me a pearl. He sank again and renewed his efforts at the bottom of the sea. I scarcely dared to count the minutes now, nor the bubbles that came up to me like little balloons with a death-message in each. Suppose he were to send his last breath in one of those transparent globes, and I look down and see his body snared in the antlers of coral, stained with his blood? Well, he came up all right, and I postponed the rest of my emotion for a later experience.

Some divers remain three minutes un-

der water, but two or three descents are as many as they can make in a day. The ravages of such a life are something frightful.

No more pearl-hunting after the second dive that day; nor the next, because we went out into the air for a stroll on shore to gather fruit and stretch our legs. There was a high wind and a heavy sea that looked threatening enough, and we were glad to return after an hour's tramp. The next day was darker, and the next after that, when a gale came down upon us that seemed likely to swamp Motu Hilo. A swell rolled over the windward reef and made our quarters in the grotto by no means safe or agreeable. It was advisable for us to think of embarking upon that tempestuous sea, or get brained against the roof of our retreat.

Hua Manu looked troubled, and my heart sank. I wished the pearl oysters at the bottom of the sea, the Great Western back at Tahiti, and I loafing under the green groves of Popoto, never more to be deluded abroad.

I observed no visible changes in the weather after I had been wishing for an hour and a half. The swell rather increased; our frail canoe was tossed from side to side in imminent danger of upsetting.

Now and then a heavy roller entirely filled the mouth of our cavern, quite blinding us with spray; having spent its fury it subsided with a concussion that nearly deafened us, and dragged us with fearful velocity toward the narrow mouth of the cave, where we saved ourselves from being swept into the sea by grasping the roots overhead and within reach.

"Could I swim?" asked Hua Manu. Alas, no! That we must seek new shelter at any risk was but too evident. "Let us go on the next wave," said Hua, as he seized a large shell and began clearing the canoe of the water that had accumulated. Then he bound his long hair in a knot to keep it from his eyes, and gave me some hasty directions as to my deportment in the emergency.

The great wave came. We were again momentarily corked up in an air-tight compartment. I wonder the roof was not burst open with the intense pressure that nearly forced the eyes out of my head and made me faint and giddy. Recovering from the shock, with a cry of warning from Hua, and a prayer scarcely articula-

ted, we shot like a bomb from a mortar into the very teeth of a frightful gale.

Nothing more was said, nothing seen. The air was black with flying spray; the roar of the elements more awful than any thing I had ever heard before. Sheets of water swept over us with such velocity that they hummed like circular saws in motion.

We were crouched as low as possible in the canoe, yet now and then one of these, the very *blade* of the wave, struck us in the head or shoulders, cutting us like knives. I could scarcely distinguish Hua's outline the spray was so dense, and as for him, what could he do? Nothing, indeed, but send up a sort of death wail, a few notes of which tinkled in my ear from time to time, assuring me how utterly without hope we were.

One of those big rollers must have lifted us clean over the reef, for we crossed it and were blown into the open sea, where the canoe spun for a second in the trough of the waves, and was cut into slivers with an avalanche of water that carried us all down into the depths.

I suppose I filled at once, but came up in spite of it (almost every one has that privilege), when I was clutched by Hua Manu and made fast to his utilitarian back-hair. I had the usual round of experiences allotted to all half-drowned people. A panoramic view of my poor life crammed with sin and sorrow and regret. A complete biography written and read through inside of ten seconds. I was half strangled, call it two-thirds, for that comes nearer the truth; heard the water singing in my ears, which was *not* sweeter than symphonies, nor beguiling, nor in the least agreeable. I deny it! In the face of every corpse that ever was drowned I emphatically deny it!

Hua had nearly stripped me with one or two tugs at my thin clothing, because he didn't think that worth towing off to some other island, and he was willing to float me for a day or two, and run the risk of saving me.

When I began to realize anything I congratulated myself that the gale was over. The sky was clear, the white caps scarce, but the swell still sufficient to make me dizzy as we climbed one big, green hill, and slid off the top of it into a deep and bubbling abyss.

I found Hua leisurely feeling his way through the water, perfectly self-possessed

and apparently unconscious that he had a deck passenger nearly as big as himself. My hands were twisted into his hair in such a way that I could rest my chin upon my arms, and thus easily keep my mouth above water most of the time.

My emotions were peculiar. I wasn't accustomed to travelling in that fashion. I knew it had been done before. Even there I thought with infinite satisfaction of the Hawaiian woman who swam for forty hours in such a sea, with an aged and helpless husband upon her back. Reaching land at last she tenderly drew her burden to shore and found him—dead! The fact is historical, and but one of several equally marvellous.

We floated on and on, cheering each other hour after hour; the wind continuing, the sea falling, and anon night coming like an ill omen—night, that buried us alive in darkness and despair.

I think I must have dozed, or fainted, or died, several times during the night, for it began to grow light long before I dared to look for it and then came sunrise; a sort of intermittent sunrise that gilded Hua's shoulder whenever we got to the top of a high wave, and went out again as soon as we settled into the hollows.

Hua Manu's eyes were much better than mine; he seemed to see with all his five senses, and the five told him that *there was sand not far off!* I wouldn't believe him; I think I was excusable for questioning his infallibility then and there. The minute he cried out "land!" I gave up and went to sleep or to death, for I thought he was daft, and it was discouraging business, and I wished I could die for good. Hua Manu, what a good egg you were, though it's the bad that usually keep atop of the water, they tell me!

Hua Manu was right! he walked out of the sea an hour later and stood on a mound of coarse sand in the middle of the ocean, with my miserable, water-logged body lying in a heap at his feet.

The place was as smooth and shiny and desolate as anybody's bald head. That's a nice spot to be merry in, isn't it? Yet he tried to make me open my eyes and be glad.

He said he knew the Great Western would be coming down that way shortly; she'd pick us off the shoal and water and feed us.

Perhaps she might! Meantime we hungered and thirsted as many a poor castaway had before us. That was a good hour for Christian fortitude: beached in the middle of the ocean; shelterless under a sun that blistered Hua's tough skin; eyes blinded with the glare of sun and sea; the sand glowing like brass and burning into flesh already irritated with salt water; a tongue of leather cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and no food within reach, nor so much as a drop of fresh water for Christ's sake!

Down went my face into the burning sand that made the very air *hop* above it. . . . Another night, cool and grateful; a bird or two flapped wearily overhead, looking like spirits in the moonlight. Hua scanned earnestly our narrow horizon, noting every inflection in the voices of the wind and waves—voices audible to him, but worse than dumb to me—mocking monotonous reiterated through an agonising eternity.

A wise monitor was Hua Manu, shaming me to silence in our cursed banishment. Toward the morning after our arrival at the shoal an owl fluttered out of the sky and fell at our feet quite exhausted. It might have been blown from Motu Hilo and seemed ominous of something, I scarcely knew what. When it had recovered from its fatigue it sat regarding us curiously. I wanted to wring its short, thick neck, and eat it, feathers and all. Hua objected; there was a superstition that gave that bland bird its life. It might continue to ogle us with one eye as long as it liked. How the lopsided thing smirked! how that stupid owl face, like a rosette with three buttons in it, haunted me! It was enough to craze any one; and, having duly cursed him and his race, I went stark mad and hoped I was dying for good. . . .

There are plenty of stars in this narrative. Stars, and plenty of them, cannot account for the oblivious intervals, suspended animation, or whatever it was, that came to my relief from time to time. I cannot account for them myself. Perhaps Hua Manu might; he seemed always awake, always on the lookout, and ever so patient and painful. A dream came to me after that owl had stared me into stone—a dream of an island in a sea of glass; soft ripples lapping on the silver shores; sweet airs sighing in a starlit grove; some one gathering me in his arms, hugging me

close with infinite tenderness; I was consumed with thirst, speechless with hunger; like an infant I lay in the embrace of my deliverer, who moistened my parched lips and burning throat with delicious and copious draughts. It was an elixir of life; I drank health and strength in every drop; sweeter than mother's milk flowed the warm tide unchecked, till I was satisfied and sank into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The Great Western was plunging in her old style, and I swashed in my bunk as of yore. The captain sat by me with a bottle in his hand and anxiety in his countenance.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Two hours out from Tahiti, inward bound."

"How! What! When!" etc.; and my mind ran up and down the record of the last fortnight, finding many blots and some blanks.

"As soon as I got into my right mind I could hear all about it," and the captain shook his bottle and held on to the side of my bunk to save himself from total wreck in the lee-corners of the cabin.

"Why, wasn't I right minded? I could tell a hawk from a hennshaw; and, speaking of hawks, where was that cursed owl?"

The captain concluded I was bettering, and put the physic into the locker so as to give his whole attention to keeping right side up. Well, this is how it happened, as I afterward learned: The Great Western suffered somewhat from the gale at Motu Hilo, though she was comparatively sheltered in that inner sea. Having repaired, and given me up as a deserter, she sailed for Tahiti. The first day out, in a light breeze, they all saw a man apparently wading up to his middle in the sea. The fellow hailed the Great Western, but as she could hardly stand up against the rapid current in so light a wind, the captain let her drift past the man in the sea, who suddenly disappeared. A consultation of officers followed. Evidently some one was cast away and ought to be looked after; resolved to beat up to the rock, big turtle, or whatever it might be that kept that fellow afloat, provided the wind freshened sufficiently; wind immediately freshened; Great Western put about and made for the spot where Hua Manu had been seen hailing the schooner. But when

that schooner passed he threw himself upon the sand beside me and gave up hopping at last, and was seen no more.

What did he then? I must have asked for drink. He gave it me from an artery in his wrist, severed by the finest teeth you ever saw. That's what saved me. On came the little schooner, beating up against the wind and tide, while I had my lips sealed to that fountain of life.

The skipper kept banging away with an old blunderbuss that had been left over in his bargains with the savages, and one of these explosions caught the ears of Hua. He tore my lips from his wrist, staggered to his feet, and found help close at hand. Too late they gathered us up out of the deep and strove to renew our strength. They transported us to the little cabin of the schooner, Hua Manu, myself, and that mincing owl, and swung off into the old course. Probably the Great Western never did better sailing since she came from the stocks than that hour or two of beating that brought her up to the shoal. She seemed to be emulating it in the home run, for we went bellowing through the sea in a stiff breeze and the usual flood-tide on deck.

I lived to tell the tale. I should think it mighty mean of me not to live after such a sacrifice. Hua Manu sank rapidly. I must have nearly drained his veins, but I don't believe he regretted it. The captain said when he was dying his faithful eyes were fixed on me. Unconsciously I moved a little; he smiled, and the soul went out of him in that smile, perfectly satisfied. At that moment the owl fled from the cabin, passed through the hatchway, and disappeared.

Hua Manu lay on the deck, stretched under a sail, while I heard this. I wondered if a whole cargo of pearls could make me indifferent to his loss. I wondered if there were many truer and braver than he in Christian lands. They call him a heathen. It was heathenish to offer up his life vicariously. He might have taken mine so easily, and perhaps have breasted the waves back to his own people, and been fêted and sung of as the hero he truly was.

Well, if he is a heathen, out of my heart I would make a parable, its rubric livid with his sacrificial blood, its theme this glowing text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

LESE-AMOUR.

“NOW, my friend, when we get into the room, make a choice among the flowers, and I'll give you a chance to pluck one. In plain French, I'll introduce you to any woman you fancy.”

“Suppose I don't want an introduction to any one?”

“Do you mean you prefer a more unconventional beginning to your acquaintance?”

“Not quite so romantic as that, old fellow. These are the days of fact, not fable, and the closer one sticks to the conventional forms the better chance one always has of getting what one wants. No; the tone of society is Anglo-Saxon, even on the Continent; women all admire superficial self-control.”

“Well here we are, Gaston. I'll leave you for ten minutes after I've presented you to Mme. de Neuville, and then I'll keep my promise.”

In a few moments more the two young men had made their bows to their hostess, a pretty little woman who seemed created to stand under a chandelier and utter gracious *banalités* by the score, so naturally did she do it, and without any suggestion of its being inadequate to fill her soul to its utmost limits of expansion. To be fitted for an employment is a great deal, but to seem fitted for nothing else is far more, and may be nature or the highest effect of art.

Alfred de Chamont turned into the crowd, and threaded his way toward a point which seemed a centre of magnetic attraction, while Gaston drew aside from the current of incoming guests and lazily watched them stream by him. As his eyes grew used to the glitter about him, and his ears to the buzz and clatter, he began to look for some face that should attract him sufficiently to induce him to claim the fulfilment of Alfred's promise. His eyes roved restlessly and carelessly over the room. Pretty women enough, and some graceful ones. Ah! there was a look of breeding, and he bent forward to gain a better view of the woman who had just entered the room; but a second glance showed him that what he had thought was distinction of appearance was merely

style, and between the two Gaston knew well there is a great gulf fixed. By this time our hero is set down as a coxcomb of the first water, but he was not one—he was merely an admirable specimen of the upper class in his country, not the technical upper class, but the real result of the civilization of the nineteenth century, wanting perhaps in vigor and virility, at least as those words would be interpreted in the light of a baron of the Middle Ages or a viking of old. That is, he never ate voraciously nor drank till he was heavy with wine, was as sensitive to collision with an unsympathetic nature as a woman, and yet with a will of iron—a will which had not lost in strength because it never served to swell the tide of his coarser emotions, but seemed enthroned above them, with perhaps too much subtlety of sentiment for a man, too much fastidious imagination for a fine domestic character, and yet capable of an ideal sentiment, and even thirsting to embody it. Such was Gaston de Mortemart.

But ten minutes of his allotted fifteen have gone by, and he has not yet made his choice. Already he could see Alfred's blonde head making its way toward him, and he was smiling to himself at the thought of the contemptuous objurgations his friend would address to him at his absurd *pocourante* affectation, for so Alfred always called Gaston's indifference, when his eyes fell upon a woman's profile seated within a few feet of him. She was talking to a man on her other side, and Gaston could fix his eyes on her with impunity. It was a face to arrest one's thoughts at first glance rather than one's feelings. No beauty, properly so called, and certainly no bloom either of coloring or spirit, delicate in all senses of the word, it was a remarkable rather than a striking face, but as Gaston knew afterward it was a face which never lost by study of its lineaments. Its refinement and elevation were so absolute and radical that one might pore over it for years and never see come out on it one discordant shade or line. All this he dimly felt, but at the moment he only grasped at the first suggestion of interest for his evening, and as

Alfred reached him he seized his arm and whispered:

"I have found her. You see that tea rose in the corner? She is the woman."

"What! Mme. de Parny? A faded rose, my friend."

"That may be, but it's a great thing to bear fading, and I'm not sure that I don't like a tint better than a color. Anyhow introduce me."

"I will at once; but, Gaston, she won't reward you. She is utterly indifferent and cold. No one has ever seen her cheek flush or her eye sparkle, and she is not brilliant either. A thoroughbred creature, I admit, but one can't live on manners."

"Come," said Gaston laughing, "and spare me your crudities."

In a second more Alfred had presented his friend, and Gaston had taken the seat relinquished by the gentleman who had been talking to Mme. de Parny and who seemed not loth to leave her. For one moment Gaston paused before speaking. She lifted her eyes slowly, and they met his fixed upon her. She smiled slightly and coldly. He felt himself color.

"Were you thinking of something to say?" she said.

"No," he answered, recovering himself, slightly nettled not by her words but by the absolute coldness of her manner. "I was looking at you."

"How odd people's faces are, are they not?" she said. "I often think if no one would misunderstand it, how much pleasanter it would be to study their faces instead of listening and answering the tiresome stuff they talk."

"That is very well for you who don't let your soul get into your face, but for common mortals, who are emotional and excitable, it would tell tales."

"How do you know that I have a soul if it never gets into my face?" she said languidly, "and how do you know I keep it out of my face if I have one, and why should I?"

"Which question shall I answer first?"

"Begin at the beginning if you please."

"Well, then, I know you have a soul because although I don't see it now I see that it has been in your face and left its traces. I am sure you keep it back because you have about you that indescribable and unmistakable atmosphere that always makes one feel that the door is shut and that one doesn't know the sesame.

And of course, I know that you do it because some one, I for instance, might see or touch it if you don't."

He said this eagerly and quickly, and she looked at him again. He could not help his own soul looking out of his eyes and asking for something, he knew not what. But hers were still and cold, and she said:

"Shall we talk of something else? I am afraid even talking to me of myself does not flatter me nowadays."

"That is not fair. You are cruel."

"Cruel! But how can that be unless you fell in love with me at first sight?" with a slight, almost imperceptible sneer.

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be impertinent. You see I'm in earnest and you are not."

"Are you indeed," she said, looking at him quite steadily. "Well I won't doubt the assertion, but permit me to say that I'm not sure you know what it means."

"I'll prove to you that I do," said Gaston, with a fervor that annoyed him with himself as soon as the words had escaped his lips.

"And how," she said, half closing her eyes and leaning back in her chair.

There was not an atom of voluptuousness in her eyes, not a suggestion, however remote, of sensuality in her attitude; she was simply quietly, languidly interested *au bout des ongles*. This he felt and knew; but as he looked at her exquisitely chiselled nostrils and lips, at her noble brow, and saw the rose-leaf tint of refinement and hauteur over all, his soul stirred within him and he felt the influence of her individuality rolling like a wave toward him. She could not help conveying the impression of power; utterly unwilling as she might be, undesirous as she certainly was to attract him, she could no more help it than a magnet can refuse to sway the needle that nears it.

"How?" he said slowly and dreamily, his eyes riveted to her face; "I don't know yet, but I will."

She smiled again, radiantly this time, and showed a beautiful set of teeth; it was like an illumination of her face, but only a momentary one. "I feel as if you ought to be told what a wretch I am," she said. "I should never reward you for any effort however slight—very likely I should, unintentionally of course, wound and mortify you; and I am really, after

all, a very unsatisfactory person ; besides, I require a great deal and give very little. You see I am frank ; I never should answer your purpose."

This she said with an indescribable mixture of good nature and arrogance, unmistakably sincere. Gaston paused an instant, then leaned forward and said in a low tone without looking at her :

"You have forgotten, Madame, one possibility which, if it came to pass, would reward me."

"What is that?" she said calmly, and yet with a slight accession of interest in her voice :

"You might learn to love me," he said, flushing a deep red and raising his eyes to hers. Was it a reflection from his face? No; she was pink with a flush that spread from her rosy ears to her white brow. He did not drop his eyes, but drank in her color until her lids dropped before the eager look that seemed to claim for its own the emotion she had evinced. But his triumph lasted but a moment; the color faded, and she looked now absolutely wan and tired.

"You forget that we are but acquaintances, Monsieur," she said with slight haughtiness, "and I am not a woman for a ball-room flirtation."

"Nor I, Madame, a man to be treated like a flower, smelled once and then flung away. I was not aware that I had said a word that could be construed into an attempt at flirtation; homage is never an impertinence, Madame, and I offered you nothing but homage."

"I am tired," she said. "I must go away. Will you take me to Mme. de Neuville?"

He offered her his arm silently, and led her toward their hostess. When she had made her adieu she took his arm again, and as he bowed gravely at the foot of the stairs, smiled on him and said, "I did not mean to hurt you; will you come and see me."

"I will come," he said, with a gleam of pleasure in his eyes, and she left him. He did not return to the ball-room, but walked home to his hotel, musing and dreaming.

She was unlike any woman he had ever cared for; there was less of earth about her than about any creature he had ever known. Her hands were so slender, and her long fingers seemed more like those of a muse to guide and point upward and on-

ward than of a mistress to press and kiss and play with. Gaston had very positive ideas about what a woman must be to be attractive, and his ideas were not of a strictly spiritual type—indeed, he rather affected to care for flesh and color in a woman, and talked about the old Greek ideas with great warmth, deprecated any union but that of beauty and strength, and thought a Bacchante beauty one of the best female types. You could only say of Mme. de Parny that her soul had a body, and beyond that there was no suggestion of earth; yet somehow he felt vaguely as if her eyes could kindle a hotter flame than any eyes into which he had ever looked—as if flesh would fade and shrink in the molten flood of her soul's ardor, if it were awakened. But she was an ideal creature and must create her own world. "Ah," he thought, "were it not better to be born fitted for the world one can command than destined to wander homeless, seeking to find the enchanted gardens where once one breathed and lived? How tired she looked! What a pathos there is in those involuntary signs of weariness about a woman! That woman was so *sure* no one could interest her. She had spent so many years first in looking for what she wanted, and since then she has resigned herself to be tired and consume her heart with longing. How I must have bored her. But she colored when I said 'If you loved me.' I would rather have seen that pink flush go over her pale cheeks than have kissed the lips of any other woman there; it was an intoxication." So he reached home and went to bed, to dream of "faint auroral flushes" and of the sweet, slow, cold sound of her voice.

CHAPTER II.

Two months after, Gaston stood in the drawing-room of Mme. de Parny awaiting her appearance. He was gloomy and restless in his mood that evening, and he paced his own room for an hour before starting for Mme. de Parny's house, reviewing the months just over and his intercourse with her during that time. From that first evening he had devoted himself to her; had bent himself toward securing at least a foothold of intimacy with her, and had in a measure succeeded in doing so; that is, he had come to be regarded by other people as Mme. de

Parny's property, as her cavalier on public occasions, and when they met at dinner-parties he generally found himself assigned to take her into dinner, and always found his place by hers. Her servants knew him and answered his ring at her door with alacrity and graciousness. Her little dog no longer snarled at his approach, and in society the puppies of a "larger growth" conceded to him the seat by her side with an apparent recognition of his claim to it. So far, so well; but was this enough? Surely not. It was not for this that he had allowed himself to be absorbed and dominated by an attraction which had now grown to sway his life. And yet this was all he had gained; a superficial position, a facility for seeing her, a nominal intimacy; but what essential difference was there between his position on that first night and now? Gaston stamped with desperate impatience as he thought "none." And how was it all? There seemed an impenetrable wall between her and him, as slight as gossamer, as impalpable as the air, but it answered its purpose as well as triple bars of steel. He almost felt as if he had been the victim of an enchantment when he recalled the numberless occasions in those months when the words that would have—if spoken—left him either on the crest of the wave or stranded on the shore had trembled on his lips and been repressed. She had not made use of common weapons; she had disdained evasion or management; she had let him pass hours alone with her, had never broken up a *tête à tête* with "admired disorder"—no, she had kept him where he was, where he had been from the first moment, straining in a leash. He could not bear it: no woman in the world should treat him as she had done unless she loved him, and there had been no betrayal of an under-current with her. No, no; he had been a fool. She did not care for him, and never could care for him. He was weary of barren longings, of emotions that rolled back on themselves and died away in silence unfulfilled, of all this fruitless love, for love it was; he did love her even now without an atom of response; and for a moment his heart leaped, and he drew a long, sobbing breath of passion as he thought of how he would have loved her had she loved him. But it must end, and end to-night. He could not live thus any longer, and he would break the spell

that very evening; he would turn the statue to a woman or shatter it to fragments. In a few moments more she would be with him, and the same thing that had happened a thousand times would happen again. He would meet her with his soul in his eyes, and ready to fall at her feet, while she would be, as always, colder than ice and as impervious as adamant, locked and barred and yet sweet and gracious. And then the old sickening feeling of hope deferred came over him, and he said to himself once more, "This shall be the end or the beginning;" and as he said these words and said them aloud the door opened and she entered. She had heard his voice, and as he rose and bowed she said:

"What were you saying as I came in? I thought I heard you speak."

"I was conjuring," said Gaston with a smile, as he took her hands in his and kissed them, not as a salutation which he was wont to do, but passionately and eagerly as if he would warm them in spite of her.

She did not resent his doing so, but drew them slowly away and looked at him inquiringly. His eyes were bright and his cheeks flushed.

"What ails you," she said; "you look ill?"

The unfeigned interest and gentleness of the question unmanned him and disarmed him. He was strung up to a point at which he could bear nothing calmly. All his resolutions vanished; all his sternness and determination to be inexorable and self-contained melted. He only knew that she was there and alone with him, and that he loved her. He flung himself at her feet and seizing her dress he cried, "Oh, have pity on me! have mercy! I am not strong enough to wait any longer; see, I have loved you all this time, and am tired and faint; give me something to live on or kill my love. You are inaccessible and invulnerable, I admit it, but I have not tried to conquer you; I have only loved you and dreamed that love begat love. I do not know if I ever had any power with women, and I do not know what I should do to win you. I am helpless; I am powerless. You cannot make me live in this way any longer. You must tell me now, to-night, that you love me; that you can love me, if not now, in the future, or you must let me go. No, no, do not speak; do not say that you have never tried to hold me, that it has all

been my own doing. I know that, but surely the involuntary power one exercises brings with it some responsibility. You cannot treat me as if I did not truly love you."

He looked up into her eyes; she had covered them with her hand, and seemed as if thinking deeply. "Let me sit down," she said.

He rose and offered her a chair, into which she sank; he stood before her as if awaiting his sentence. The words came soon, slowly and clearly spoken, with an evident effort at self-control.

"I think it will be best for you to go away. I see no other remedy—if indeed it is not too late for cure now—but you must leave me. I am so sorry, so sorry. I think you will acquit me of any intention of making you so miserable."

"I go away! Why must I go? Is it impossible for me to make you love me? What good will it do me to leave you now? What good does it do to know that you have never dreamed of my feeling more or differently than any other moth, whose wings being singed, renew themselves in a season? None, Adelaide, none. Can you do no more for me than send me away? Why, I can do that for myself; wounded to the heart as I am, I can still drag myself out of your sight without your help; but that is not what I came here for. I will not leave you thus. I prayed for eloquence when I came, that my words might convince you of love. I will not let you go thus. For God's sake, do not turn away and hide your face; tell me to wait, tell me to serve, put any probation between me and my love, subject me to any test, but do not cast away my love; Adelaide, no one can love you as I do."

She turned toward him, and fixing her eyes on him said with a smile like moonlight, so cold and faint was it, "And in what does your love differ from the love of other men? Why should I build on your faith or truth more than on that of any other man who tells me that he loves me?"

"Because I love you as I cannot fall to any woman's lot to be loved often; as few men ever love; and because I believe that a great passion lifts the meanest soul of us into a different atmosphere, and endows it with far different powers."

"Yes," she said, her eyes sparkling with unwonted animation. "Yes, Gas-

ton, and it is just because it is *not* your native air that you men cannot long breathe on the Alps of Passion, but descend to the beaten paths again. You have chosen the right road. You are 'lifted' above yourselves for a moment, and you are, I admit it, divine and capable of giving a divine happiness for the time, but it all passes like every mood which is not the result of the essential attributes of the nature to which it belongs, and a woman again finds herself alone. And, Gaston, *that* solitude I will never inhabit. No, no, a thousand times no. I am alone and lonely. You divined me truly on that first evening when we met; but my solitude now is without echoes, is not haunted with memories and shadows of a past which has gone forever. I can bear my own company now, but could I bear that of the ghosts of my own joys when they had fled? I may be sad now, I may be incomplete, but the sadness is softened and the incompleteness is vague and shadowy. How would it be if I loved you as I could love, and six months, a year hence when you will some day find me here alone, sad, but no longer with a softened sadness, with a mild, bitter longing in my heart, incomplete as mutilation leaves one, never really alone with my old, sober, sweet twilight musings, but thronged forever by mocking ghosts of dead passion and broken faith and murdered illusions. No, you shall leave me," she went on, rising and walking up and down the room, her whole form quivering with emotion, seemingly forgetful or careless of his presence. "I will never love any man. I am sorry for you, but you were warned. I owe you nothing, and you have no right to tempt me, and it is to no purpose. If you knew the story of my life, you would know that this struggle is futile. See how sure I am. I can look into your eyes now," and she paused before him and gazed earnestly into his eyes, which were burning with concentrated fire, "and say I could love you. I am not a self-deceiver. I will not; I will not; I will not. I say it with all my soul and strength. I will never love any man."

"Why not?" he said, bravely riveting his eyes on hers.

"Why not?" she answered, beginning again her excited walk, "because I am a woman made only for a great passion. I have no possibility of other love in me.

There is but one channel for strong feeling with me ; it is as deep as my soul, as wide as my heart, and if I once turned my nature into it every thought and power would rush to swell the stream. And this being so, I should be mad to love, for there is not a man alive that can love a woman as a man must love me to make our relations, after the first bloom has gone, anything but torture to me. No man loves as a woman desires to be loved, when that woman is as unfortunately put together as I am. Do you know that I could never forget, surmount, blot out, the smallest infidelity, disloyalty in a man whom I loved ; that belongs to a different nature from mine. I should love him still, but I should never be happy in loving him again. In other words, I am the only woman I have ever known who was capable of a mad, wild, overwhelming passion for a man, and who at the same time required from him that he should not destroy her ideal—should in no way disappoint her. You see it is an impossibility, and I fortunately have learned enough to see that it is before proving it. Gaston, I hoped you would be like the rest ; that my coldness and inaccessibility would deter you from a pursuit which is so fruitless. As it is, you will leave me, and your heart will ache, but time has medicine for that, and when we meet again I shall hope to prove to you that I am your loyal friend."

His eyes were fixed on the ground, and he did not see her hand which she held out to him. She gently touched his bent head. He started, looked up, and said quietly, "Listen to me for a moment. You say 'you will not love me.' If you believed that I could give you what you would require, you *could* love me, and would."

His voice trembled and his cheek flushed as he said these words, but hers was quite calm and her manner composed as she replied, "Yes, if I believed it possible for you not to disappoint me, I could and would love you."

"Then I shall try to convince you," he said.

"It is useless," she said gently.

"I mean to try," he repeated. "I will never have it to torture me hereafter that there was a chance I had knowingly foregone. I will try for it as for my soul's salvation, and first, I shall leave you now for one year. I will go hopeless and with-

out help except what comes from myself. You know I am a man like other men, no saint, and I hold the world's creed about women and live substantially by its code. No sense of obligation will control me, no principle of loyalty ; I will be as free as air. And I will impose no bonds on myself. I shall have every temptation to betray my love for you. You know it is a far different thing to go forth so—empty, eager, hungry—from leaving you steeped to the lips in all the sweet fulfilments of love. Of course you believe my word is good?"

She bowed her head mutely to his question, which he put haughtily and yet uneasily.

"Well, then," he went on, "I shall return and tell the truth to you. If I have turned my eyes from your image but once, I will confess it. Or no, I will not return to tell of failure. You shall never see me again of my own free-will if I fail. But if I return I shall have a right to speak to you of love and faith, and whether you will listen—of that I will not let myself think."

"Remember," she said, "I impose no test on you. I do not know that even a year's fidelity will have any effect on my conviction."

"I understand. You have nothing to do with it. I choose to spend a year of life in an experiment on myself. That is all. I do not think that, in truth, such a test is any proof of love—as you mean love—but I have an inward conviction that it will affect your decision, and you know I will win you by any means in my power. My mind is made up and fixed, and whatever sways you I shall seek, careless of what it may or may not mean to me. I shall not think I love you better a year from now, but that is not the question. I love you for always, and a year more or less, what can it matter ? But I am thinking of your love, and feel as if this year of test might influence you. You see I am very frank. I have nothing to lose by frankness ; if I had I would, I think, try to deceive you."

"This conversation had better end," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I will go away at once. Only one word more. If I come back to you a year from now, you will know, you will be sure, that my heart, my soul, my senses, have never wavered for one moment in their allegiance ; that I

have been single-minded, and that, whether it be worth much or little, I have been absolutely yours, without constraint or restraint, for one year's time."

"I will *believe* it, I will *know* it," she said earnestly.

He raised her hand to his lips, looked long and fixedly at her, turned, and in a moment more she heard the door close upon him for—a year.

"Perhaps forever," she thought. "There is but little chance that he can keep such a compact in good faith, and in no other way will he attempt to keep it. No, Gaston will not palter with words; he will do as he has said, and how is it possible that he can ever see me again?" She closed her soliloquy with a heavy sigh.

CHAPTER III.

How slowly and monotonously that year went by to Mme. de Parny it would have been hard to guess. Her outward life seemed much the same as usual; perhaps if there was any change it might have been seen in her more frequent acceptance of invitations which led her into the great world and an almost complete dropping of the slight veil of seclusion which she had still about her life when she first met Gaston. Then she went into society at rare intervals, and, although bidden everywhere, was almost proverbial for caprice and fitfulness. Formerly no one had ever counted on her appearance, although she seemed always to add an indescribable something, a perfume and a grace to any company of which she formed a part, and so was eagerly welcomed; now she went everywhere and never seemed to flag or tire, although the pace was hard in ——— that winter, and many a rosy-cheeked damsel lost bloom and briskness in the pursuit of pleasure. Mme. de Parny's pale face and slight figure seemed to belie their looks, as her delicate little hands gripped and held steadily the bowl from which she sought by long draughts to gain excitement—distraction—anything—even oblivion. For she was not happy. She had boasted to Gaston that she would, if alone, still have no ghosts to trouble her solitude; and ghosts indeed there were none, but spirits haunted her that seemed more difficult to exorcise than any spectre of a past joy. Those

two months that had passed so swiftly with Gaston forever by her side seemed transfigured in the light that now fell on them. And these present days were dull and lifeless in the light of ordinary life. She could not be at rest; she could not keep her thoughts from flying to him "a thousand in an hour." Nay, more than that: she found herself building, as the weeks went by, on his words and pledges, and hard as she struggled to prevent herself from doing this, she felt conscious in her inmost soul that the battle was already lost; that her words to him had been in a great measure dictated by a momentary impulse of despair and an instinct of self-protection, that already too much depended to her on the result of his self-imposed trial. And yet she was still loth to acknowledge this to herself; but an accidental circumstance brought her wavering struggle to an end—that accidental circumstance which always comes to us all at the inevitable moment and acts as a spark to kindle our ready-prepared fire. She was standing one evening at a ball, just starting in a waltz, her partner's arm about her waist, when, as they swung off down the room, she heard three words spoken behind her by a young man, passing in the waltz, to his partner. They were but three words, and yet they made her head swim and her feet falter. By a supreme effort of will—that will which always had answered her demand when its end was outward self-control—she regained her steadiness and continued the dance; but as soon as possible, without attracting observation, she escaped from the ball-room, and making some trivial excuse went home, knowing that her still unfaded reputation for moodiness and caprice would stand her in stead to account for her sudden disappearance. Once at home, she threw herself on her sofa and burying her face in her hands, tried to bring order to her thoughts which were whirling through her brain in utter confusion. "So De Mortemart is engaged!" That was what the man had said. Could it be true? No—no; her whole soul rose in denial; she knew Gaston too well. And yet why should it not be true? and a weary sigh escaped her. "I am not very young nor very beautiful, and have been hard and cold to him, and why should not some other woman——?" She did not finish the sentence, but the hot tears that

trickled between her fingers told her—and her heart could find no denial—that she loved Gaston. The shock had forced her to face the truth and broken the flimsy bulwark which remained to protect her from the incoming tide—now it rolled over her very soul.

Yes, she loved him; that sharp pain about her heart had told her so, but not more than the dull ache that she had tried so vainly to drive away for months and that had never left her since that fatal night. But why fatal? He would come again and come victorious over her and over himself. Oh, what a fearful experiment she had tried! would it not have been better to be contented with a man not ideal but real, and surely loving her? But the Psyche drop was strong in her nature, and she shook her head. "No—no; my lover must not be as other men. I will love him as other women do not know how to love. But O Gaston!" she murmured, "I will not try you further when you come to me again;" and all her coldness melted, all her pride vanished before the thought that he *would* come, and soon now—only three months left of that endless year. She would make the time go as quickly as possible, and at least he should know that it had been as hard a probation for her as for him.

Calmly and sweetly she slept that night; her uncertainty had gone and a serene, deep, brooding sense of love seemed to fill her nature. The next morning she easily ascertained the falseness of the casual remark she had heard the night before, and which would have been mere idle breath had it not chanced to meet her ear and so bring about a crisis in her feelings. And she set herself to wait.

And how had the year gone with Gaston? Will it seem unnatural and strange to say that for the first few months he had never been so happy in his life? But so it was. The passion which had been born within him for Adelaide de Parvy seemed to give him at last an aim in life. Every power of his nature roused itself to the task before him; his imagination was fixed, his native romance kindled. He was eager to enter the lists against the old habits of his life, the poorer part of his nature, and do battle for the ideal element within him now first dominating his soul. He was what the French call "*exalté*" (I know of no equivalent Eng-

lish word), and trod upon air, although he altered his outward life in no way, for he meant to meet his trial fairly and squarely. Yet for a while he seemed surrounded by an impalpable but impenetrable wall, within which nothing penetrated that could threaten his ideal. He felt as if he carried about with him a talisman which rendered him invulnerable to any weapon contained in a woman's armory. And perhaps it was rather that he was uplifted above the world in which he moved by the truth and reality of his passion, that he did not so much resist them as that they failed to reach him; he was no longer within their range. But it was only for a time that he was so full of joy and hope; soon the days stretched drearily and monotonously before him, and he set himself to walk across the desert between him and her with dogged resolution and pertinacity. It was not that he was tempted to be untrue to Adelaide. Other women grew daily of less importance to him and went for less in his life; but he was often sad and sometimes bitter. "*Cui bono?*" he would say to himself; "she must have lacked the intuition that love gives, or she would have known that I can never love her better than now. No, she does not love me and never will, and when I go to her and the year is over, her belief in my loyalty will only make her more unwilling to accept what she will feel herself incapable of returning."

No thought of relinquishing his purpose ever crossed his mind, still less any possibility of failure in this self-imposed test. He never dreamed of effecting a permanent or essential alteration in his way of looking at or dealing with women; that was not his idea. But for one year he would do this thing. He would give nothing, offer nothing to any other woman alive; not a word of homage, not a glance of tenderness, not a spark of passion, and he would not do it because the doing of it would carry conviction of some sort to her. What was it to him whether it were worthless in his eyes or not? whether he radically disbelieved in the whole theory of the relation of men to women on which it was based? what to him was the reaction that would come? He was careless and reckless of it all. He cared only for success, to win her love, have it, and hold it and her together.

And after that he did not look or care to look.

CHAPTER IV.

It lacked yet a month of the allotted year, when Gaston de Mortemart found himself in a railroad car bound for one of the most charming country houses in France. As the train flashed through village after village and the hours went by, he found himself lazily wondering whom he should meet at Chateau Beurepaire. He had been told the women's names, but his memory had let them slip and he could only recall that Alfred de Chamont would be there—had gone down a few days before, M. de Boisny had written him; and he had thought to himself, "Well, I shall have Alfred to chat and smoke with," and this had decided him to accept the invitation so cordially given. He was met at the station and whirled away to the chateau by his hostess herself, who discoursed him of everything by turns and nothing long, and at last wound up by saying, "We have a very pretty girl staying with us—woman I should say; but she has seen so little of the world she seems like a girl—Mlle. de Rochefort." "Pretty, is she?" answered Gaston carelessly. "That is charming," and they drew up at the entrance. Before dinner was announced Alfred had found his way to Gaston's apartment and greeted him, as always, with enthusiasm and warmth. They had been boys together and always intimate and dear friends, and his admiration for Gaston was unvarying and thorough. Perhaps Gaston sometimes thought Alfred a little of a bore, but on the other hand he always missed his ready sympathy and eager support when he was away from him, and cared for him *au fond*, truly and deeply.

"Well, old fellow, who is here?" said Gaston, as he tied his cravat before the glass.

"No one much, I'll spare you the catalogue, only one woman in the house worth looking at or speaking to, and she dislikes being looked at, and is bored by conversation?"

"Who is that?"

"Mlle. de Rochefort, young, rich, and pretty; more than that I do not know of."

A year before Gaston would have said, "we shall see," and then quietly appropriated to himself the one attractive woman of the party as his "*droit de seigneur*;" but now he did not think again of what Alfred said, but finished dressing in silence and then the two young men went downstairs together. In the course of the evening, Gaston was presented to Mlle. Rochefort, who struck him as being singularly shy and reserved; he talked to her for a few minutes and finished the evening at the card-table. He thought no more of her until two days after; when one morning as they were all discussing the plans for the day, Mme. de Boisny said, "M. de Mortemart, I hope you will go with us to the views. I mean to drive over with Mlle. de Rochefort and I wanted you to be our escort." Gaston hesitated; he had meditated a solitary ride, for he was moody of late and eschewed society; but as he raised his eyes he caught the reflection of Mlle. de Rochefort's face in the mirror; her eyes were bent on his face as if her fate depended on his reply; her whole face was instinct with an unmistakable expression of eagerness and anxiety. He flushed involuntarily, and rising said "I am at your service, Madame."

"Then I will give orders for the carriage," said Mme. de Boisny; "we will start in half an hour. Agathe, you will be ready?"

"Yes," replied Mlle. de Rochefort with a vivid blush. Gaston had turned toward her as Mme. de Boisny spoke and his eyes met hers. For his soul's sake he could not have kept a look of interrogation from coming into his face; she answered it by a still deeper blush, and left the room.

Agathe de Rochefort belonged to that large division of the sex who may be called instruments of pleasure or vehicles of emotion, meant only to be used by men, and never rising to an individuality of their own, never impressing their own personality upon a relation; but being what they are wanted to be, content to stand as a lay figure and be draped according to a man's fancy, ready to be filled as if they were mere empty receptacles for the overflow of another's nature, or drained as if they had been created to quench some other creature's thirst. So she, crossing Gaston's path in his present mood, reflected every fitful gleam of his nature, and the

almost savage egotism that possessed him now made the temptation irresistible to make her the victim of his waywardness. So it went on day by day, she gradually surrendering her whole nature into his hands, and he, careless of her, desperate and restless, finding a fascination in being constantly with a woman who seemed to exist only to mirror back to him the reflection of his own soul. When he was gay—and he was gay at times—no bird on the bough ever twittered more joyfully than she, and when he was gloomy she said nothing, did nothing, it is true, but he saw the shadow over her nature as clearly as the bosom of a lake is seen to darken as it gives back the clouds that float above it. It could not last long, and the end came one afternoon when they were sitting alone at the foot of a gigantic elm, watching the sun sink in the west. They had been walking for an hour, and Gaston, who had been very silent and moody, had suddenly proposed that they should stop to rest. As they sat there together, he gazing into the far-off golden clouds, she with her eyes bent on his face, he turned to her as if by a swift and overpowering impulse, and looking into her face said:

"I want to tell you a story, and I want to know what you think of it; it is the story of a friend of mine. Will you listen?"

"Yes," she said almost eagerly. "Oh, yes, you know I will," and then he told her his own story; began it at first with some calmness, and then as he went on forgot not only her—for what was she but the canvas on which he was painting the image of his heart?—but forgot himself, and poured out the whole pent-up torrent of his passion, his hopes, his trial, and his bitterness, in words that came thick and fast and which he did not stop to choose. His voice was hoarse, his whole frame quivering with emotion; he spoke to her as if she were Adelaide herself—no, not that, for he gave her none of the love that, had he been speaking to Adelaide, would have told its tale in every tone and compensated for all his harshness and bitterness. She was to him the momentary embodiment of womanhood, and, like many another woman, she was the vicarious victim for another's fault. Surely if the theologians had preached that a woman had died for the sins of the world, there

are some of us who could believe it and yet not need to think her divine.

When he had ended, and he did not speak very long, he turned to her and said: "Speak to me; you are a woman, do you think she loved him?"

"No, she never loved you, Gaston!" the girl cried. "No, she never loved you. It was not love, but pride; no woman who loved you could drive you from her so cruelly."

She had answered the spirit of his words, not their letter. He had said it was another's story; but he had spoken for himself, and that she should so instinctively and unhesitatingly have read his heart smote him with a pang of tenderness. He looked at her long and searchingly, till her eyes fell, and then her loveliness and her love seemed to envelope him. He leant forward, drew her to him, and stooping down held her very close for a moment and pressed his lips to hers.

"You would not treat me so!" he said.

He needed no answer. In another moment a cloud seemed to pass over his face, and he said quickly: "It is growing late, come home;" and they walked home without many words, and the few spoken were quiet ones, no lovers' words. She was walking in a dream, her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and the air was golden about her. She reached her room, and throwing herself on her knees poured forth those broken, incoherent words of joy and gratitude which if they ascend to God's throne must blend with the song of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the babbling of the brooks as they reach His ears—incense as innocent and as spontaneous as theirs. While he, would she have known him could she have seen him as, once alone, he now paced the floor, his hands clenched, his face set and dark with pain, now flinging himself on his knees, uttered broken groans of misery, wild words of regret? could she have heard the passionate cry come from his lips, "Oh, my God, my God, have mercy on me! I have lost her, lost her! Was I mad? And I had been so true! I had fought so well and so nearly reached—Only one week more—Adelaide, Adelaide! forgive, forgive?"

But surely great grief and great joy should always be painted with veils upon their faces, and when our great agonies

are upon us, the strong hours that conquer us, do we not all go out into the wilderness as did He who is the type of our humanity? So let us leave him there alone.

"Mme. de Parny to Gaston de Mortemart."

"It was two days ago, Gaston, that I thought you would come. I think I must have been sure of it, but you did not come. It was not because I counted so confidently on your success in your experiment that I thought you would surely come. It seemed to me impossible that the day I had lived for from the moment you left me could dawn and die into darkness and not bring you to me. I have forgotten why you went except that it was my fault, my folly, but I have suffered enough to expiate it. Is it not strange, I thought. I cared infinitely that you should come and say 'I have kept my word,' and now—Oh, Gaston, my love, my love. I know that what I cared for was that you should come faithful or faithless, it did not matter how so that I had you once again. I have been so miserable, so unutterably wretched, and of late it has seemed to me that when you came there would be a new heaven and a new earth. I never let myself think that you might fail, and now I do not even know whether you will care to get this letter, whether it will be more to you than an unfortunate memory. But the day that I knew I loved you I laid my pride at your feet, and so I tell you that I love you though you may no longer love me. I seek you, though it may be that you will turn away from me. I ask, I implore you to come to me, and I offer you my soul, my heart, myself, unconditionally. Ah, Gaston, I was mad when I sent you from me, but God will not punish me by depriving me of you forever! You will come and forgive me and I shall be happy. Oh, my love, come quickly. I grudge the moments as they fly past. Have I not already lost a year? I will not even think that I have lost you. It is impossible; you will come and say that you love me.

"YOUR OWN

"ADELAIDE DE PARNY."

"Gaston de Mortemart to Mme. de Parny."

"At last I am alone, the door is shut on all of them and I can speak to you. But what can I say? That I love you, that I never loved you as now, now that we are irretrievably separated on earth; that as I sit here, hopeless and desperate, I know that I love you as you would have had me love you, and that I can never, never say so to you in this world. Do you know what I have done? All the world will know to-morrow. I have asked a woman to marry me and she has promised herself to me. I am bound to her tight and fast. I will tell you how it all was: I forgot you for a moment—no, not forgot, but remembered you bitterly, and I wronged my love. I failed to keep my vow, and then I was desperate and wild. All was silence between us, and I had said that I would not break it to tell of failure. Oh, God, why did not some angel tell you, Adelaide, to write before that fatal day? I said to myself I will wait till the day comes and goes, and then if no word comes to me I will ask this woman who loves me, whom I have made to love me, to take my wrecked life as the only poor compensation I have to give her. So it came. And now you write and bid me come. I had thought once that I would go to you from out the portals of heaven; that I would seek you in hell; but it is I who am in hell, and may not leave it. Even now as this soft evening breeze blows in your lattice, you are thinking of me, waiting for me, perhaps listening to hear my step on the stairs. You hold out your arms and I must turn away. Oh, you were wrong and cruel, Adelaide. You have killed my heart, but why should I reproach you? I who love you so, who must always be yours. But I cannot write to you. I am mad with misery and pain. How often I have dreamed in the long nights of this past year that some day, some blessed day, you would say 'Come, for I love you.' And now you say it and I cannot move, I am tied hand and foot. May God have mercy on us both.

"GASTON DE MORTEMART."

ERNEST ROLAND.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

LIZZIE GREYSTOCK.

IT was admitted by all her friends, and also by her enemies—who were in truth the more numerous and active body of the two—that Lizzie Greystock had done very well with herself. We will tell the story of Lizzie Greystock from the beginning, but we will not dwell over it at great length, as we might do if we loved her. She was the only child of old Admiral Greystock, who in the latter years of his life was much perplexed by the possession of a daughter. The Admiral was a man who liked whist, wine—and wickedness in general we may perhaps say, and whose ambition it was to live every day of his life up to the end of it. People say that he succeeded, and that the whist, wine, and wickedness were there, at the side even of his dying bed. He had no particular fortune, and yet his daughter, when she was little more than a child, went about everywhere with jewels on her fingers, and red gems hanging round her neck, and yellow gems pendent from her ears, and white gems shining in her black hair. She was hardly nineteen when her father died and she was taken home by that dreadful old termagant, her aunt, Lady Linlithgow. Lizzie would have sooner gone to any other friend or relative, had there been any other friend or relative to take her possessed of a house in town. Her uncle, Dean Greystock, of Bobsborough, would have had her—and a more good-natured old soul than the dean's wife did not exist, and there were three pleasant, good-tempered girls in the deanery, who had made various little efforts at friendship with their cousin Lizzie—but Lizzie had higher ideas for herself than life in the deanery at Bobsborough. She hated Lady Linlithgow. During her father's lifetime, when she hoped to be able to settle herself before his death, she was not

in the habit of concealing her hatred for Lady Linlithgow. Lady Linlithgow was not indeed amiable or easily managed. But when the Admiral died, Lizzie did not hesitate for a moment in going to the old "vultress," as she was in the habit of calling the countess in her occasional correspondence with the girls at Bobsborough.

The Admiral died greatly in debt—so much so that it was a marvel how tradesmen had trusted him. There was literally nothing left for anybody; and Messrs. Harter & Benjamin of Old Bond street condescended to call at Lady Linlithgow's house in Brook street, and to beg that the jewels supplied during the last twelve months might be returned. Lizzie protested that there were no jewels—nothing to signify, nothing worth restoring. Lady Linlithgow had seen the diamonds, and demanded an explanation. They had been "parted with," by the Admiral's orders—so said Lizzie—for the payment of other debts. Of this Lady Linlithgow did not believe a word, but she could not get at any exact truth. At that moment the jewels were in very truth pawned for money which had been necessary for Lizzie's needs. Certain things must be paid for—one's own maid for instance—and one must have some money in one's pocket for railway-trains and little nicknacks which cannot be had on credit. Lizzie when she was nineteen knew how to do without money as well as most girls; but there were calls which she could not withstand, debts which even she must pay.

She did not, however, drop her acquaintance with Messrs. Harter & Benjamin. Before her father had been dead eight months, she was closeted with Mr. Benjamin, transacting a little business with him. She had come to him, she told him, the moment she was of age, and was willing to make herself responsible for the debt, signing any bill, note, or document

which the firm might demand from her to that effect. Of course she had nothing of her own, and never would have anything. That Mr. Benjamin knew. As for payment of the debt by Lady Linlithgow, who for a countess was as poor as Job, Mr. Benjamin, she was quite sure, did not expect anything of the kind. But —. Then Lizzie paused, and Mr. Benjamin, with the sweetest and wittiest of smiles, suggested that perhaps Miss Greystock was going to be married. Lizzie, with a pretty maiden blush, admitted that such a catastrophe was probable. She had been asked in marriage by Sir Florian Eustace. Now Mr. Benjamin knew, as all the world knew, that Sir Florian Eustace was a very rich man indeed; a man in no degree embarrassed, and who could pay any amount of jewellers' bills for which claim might be made upon him. Well, what did Miss Greystock want? Mr. Benjamin did not suppose that Miss Greystock was actuated simply by a desire to have her old bills paid by her future husband. Miss Greystock wanted a loan sufficient to take the jewels out of pawn. She would then make herself responsible for the full amount due. Mr. Benjamin said that he would make a few inquiries. "But you won't betray me," said Lizzie, "for the match might be off." Mr. Benjamin promised to be more than cautious.

There was not so much of falsehood as might have been expected in the statement which Lizzie Greystock made to the jeweller. It was not true that she was of age, and therefore no future husband would be legally liable for any debt which she might then contract; and it was not true that Sir Florian Eustace had asked her in marriage. Those two little blemishes in her statement must be admitted. But it was true that Sir Florian was at her feet, and that by a proper use of her various charms, the pawned jewels included, she might bring him to an offer. Mr. Benjamin made his inquiries, and acceded to the proposal. He did not tell Miss Greystock that she had lied to him in that matter of her age, though he had discovered the lie. Sir Florian would no doubt pay the bill for his wife without any arguments as to the legality of the claim. From such information as Mr. Benjamin could acquire, he thought that there would be a marriage, and that the speculation was on the whole in his favor.

Lizzie recovered her jewels and Mr. Benjamin was in possession of a promissory note purporting to have been executed by a person who was no longer a minor. The jeweller was ultimately successful in his views, and so was the lady.

Lady Linlithgow saw the jewels come back, one by one, ring added to ring on the little taper fingers, the rubies for the neck, and the pendent yellow earrings. Though Lizzie was in mourning for her father, still these things were allowed to be visible. The countess was not the woman to see them without inquiry, and she inquired vigorously. She threatened, stormed, and protested. She attempted even a raid upon the young lady's jewel-box. But she was not successful. Lizzie snapped and snarled and held her own, for at that time the match with Sir Florian was near its accomplishment, and the countess understood too well the value of such a disposition of her niece to risk it at the moment by any open rupture. The little house in Brook street—for the house was very small and very comfortable—a house that had been squeezed in, as it were, between two others without any fitting space for it—did not contain a happy family. One bedroom, and that the biggest, was appropriated to the Earl of Linlithgow, the son of the countess, a young man who passed perhaps five nights in town during the year. Other inmate there was none besides the aunt and the niece and the four servants, of whom one was Lizzie's own maid. Why should such a countess have troubled herself with the custody of such a niece? Simply because the countess regarded it as a duty. Lady Linlithgow was worldly, stingy, ill-tempered, selfish, and mean. Lady Linlithgow would cheat a butcher out of a mutton-chop, or a cook out of a month's wages, if she could do so with some slant of legal wind in her favor. She would tell any number of lies to carry a point in what she believed to be social success. It was said of her that she cheated at cards. In backbiting no venomous old woman between Bond street and Park lane could beat her—or, more wonderful still, no venomous old man at the clubs. But nevertheless she recognized certain duties, and performed them, though she hated them. She went to church, not merely that people might see her there—as to which in truth she cared nothing—but be-

cause she thought it was right. And she took in Lizzie Greystock, whom she hated almost as much as she did sermons, because the Admiral's wife had been her sister, and she recognized a duty. But, having thus bound herself to Lizzie—who was a beauty—of course it became the first object of her life to get rid of Lizzie by a marriage. And though she would have liked to think that Lizzie would be tormented all her days, though she thoroughly believed that Lizzie deserved to be tormented, she set her heart upon a splendid match. She would at any rate be able to throw it daily in her niece's teeth that the splendor was of her doing. Now a marriage with Sir Florian Eustace would be very splendid, and therefore she was unable to go into the matter of the jewels with that rigor which in other circumstances she would certainly have displayed.

The match with Sir Florian Eustace—for a match it came to be—was certainly very splendid. Sir Florian was a young man about eight and twenty, very handsome, of immense wealth, quite unencumbered, moving in the best circles, popular, so far prudent that he never risked his fortune on the turf or in gambling-houses, with the reputation of a gallant soldier, and a most devoted lover. There were two facts concerning him which might, or might not, be taken as objections. He was vicious, and—he was dying. When a friend, intending to be kind, hinted the latter circumstance to Lady Linlithgow, the countess blinked and winked and nodded, and then swore that she had procured medical advice on the subject. Medical advice declared that Sir Florian was not more likely to die than another man—if only he would get married; all of which statement on her ladyship's part was a lie. When the same friend hinted the same thing to Lizzie herself, Lizzie resolved that she would have her revenge upon that friend. At any rate the courtship went on.

We have said that Sir Florian was vicious; but he was not altogether a bad man, nor was he vicious in the common sense of the word. He was one who denied himself no pleasure let the cost be what it might in health, pocket, or morals. Of sin or wickedness he had probably no distinct idea. In virtue, as an attribute of the world around him, he had no belief. Of honor he thought very

much, and had conceived a somewhat noble idea that because much had been given to him much was demanded of him. He was haughty, polite, and very generous. There was almost a nobility even about his vices. And he had a special gallantry of which it is hard to say whether it is or is not to be admired. They told him that he was like to die—very like to die, if he did not change his manner of living. Would he go to Algiers for a period? Certainly not. He would do no such thing. If he died, there was his brother John left to succeed him. And the fear of death never cast a cloud over that grandly beautiful brow. They had all been short-lived—the Eustaces. Consumption had swept a hecatomb of victims from the family. But still they were grand people, and never were afraid of death.

And then Sir Florian fell in love. Discussing this matter with his brother, who was perhaps his only intimate friend, he declared that if the girl he loved would give herself to him, he would make what atonement he could to her for his own early death by a princely settlement. John Eustace, who was somewhat nearly concerned in the matter, raised no objection to this proposal. There was ever something grand about these Eustaces. Sir Florian was a grand gentleman; but surely he must have been dull of intellect, slow of discernment, blear-eyed in his ways about the town, when he took Lizzie Greystock—of all the women whom he could find in the world—to be the purest, the truest, and the noblest. It has been said of Sir Florian that he did not believe in virtue. He freely expressed disbelief in the virtue of women around him—in the virtue of women of all ranks. But he believed in his mother and sisters as though they were heaven-born; and he was one who could believe in his wife as though she were the queen of heaven. He did believe in Lizzie Greystock, thinking that intellect, purity, truth, and beauty, each perfect in its degree, were combined in her. The intellect and beauty were there; but for the purity and truth, how could it have been that such a one as Sir Florian Eustace should have been so blind!

Sir Florian was not indeed a clever man: but he believed himself to be a fool, and believing himself to be a fool, he de-

sired, nay painfully longed, for some of those results of cleverness which might, he thought, come to him from contact with a clever woman. Lizzie read poetry well, and she read verses to him, sitting very near to him, almost in the dark, with a shaded lamp throwing its light on her book. He was astonished to find how sweet a thing was poetry. By himself he could never read a line, but as it came from her lips it seemed to charm him. It was a new pleasure, and one which, though he had ridiculed it, he had so often coveted! And then she told him of such wondrous thoughts, such wondrous joys in the world which would come from thinking! He was proud, I have said, and haughty; but he was essentially modest and humble in his self-estimation. How divine was this creature, whose voice to him was that of a goddess!

Then he spoke out to her with his face a little turned from her. Would she be his wife? But before she answered him, let her listen to him. They had told him that an early death must probably be his fate. He did not himself feel that it must be so. Sometimes he was ill, very ill; but often he was well. If she would run the risk with him he would endeavor to make her such recompense as might come from his wealth. The speech he made was somewhat long, and as he made it he hardly looked into her face.

But it was necessary to him that he should be made to know by some signal from her how it was going with her feelings. As he spoke of his danger, there came a gurgling little trill of wailing from her throat, a soft, almost musical sound of woe, which seemed to add an unaccustomed eloquence to his words. When he spoke of his own hope the sound was somewhat changed, but it was still continued. When he alluded to the disposition of his fortune, she was at his feet. "Not that," she said, "not that!" He lifted her, and with his arm round her waist he tried to tell her what it would be his duty to do for her. She escaped from his arm and would not listen to him. But—but—! When he began to talk of love again, she stood with her forehead bowed against his bosom. Of course the engagement was then a thing accomplished.

But still the cup might slip from her lips. Her father was now dead but ten months, and what answer could she make

when the common pressing petition for an early marriage was poured into her ear? This was in July, and it would never do that he should be left, unmarried, to the rigor of another winter. She looked into his face and knew that she had cause for fear. Oh, heavens! if all these golden hopes should fall to the ground, and she should come to be known only as the girl who had been engaged to the late Sir Florian! But he himself pressed the marriage on the same ground. "They tell me," he said, "that I had better get a little south by the beginning of October. I won't go alone. You know what I mean—oh, Lizzie?" Of course she married him in September.

They spent a honeymoon of six weeks at a place he had in Scotland, and the first blow came upon him as they passed through London, back from Scotland, on their way to Italy. Messrs. Harter & Benjamin sent in their little bill, which amounted to something over £400, and other little bills were sent in. Sir Florian was a man by whom all such bills would certainly be paid, but by whom they would not be paid without his understanding much and conceiving more as to their cause and nature. How much he really did understand she was never quite aware; but she did know that he detected her in a positive falsehood. She might certainly have managed the matter better than she did; and had she admitted everything there might probably have been but few words about it. She did not, however, understand the nature of the note she had signed, and thought that simply new bills would be presented by the jewellers to her husband. She gave a false account of the transaction, and the lie was detected. I do not know that she cared very much. As she was utterly devoid of true tenderness, so also was she devoid of conscience. They went abroad, however; and by the time the winter was half over in Naples, he knew what his wife was;—and before the end of the spring he was dead.

She had so far played her game well, and had won her stakes. What regrets, what remorse she suffered when she knew that he was going from her, and then knew that he was gone, who can say? As man is never strong enough to take unmixed delight in good, so may we presume also that he cannot be quite so weak as to find perfect satisfaction in evil. There must have been qualms as she looked at

his dying face, soured with the disappointment she had brought upon him, and listened to the harsh querulous voice that was no longer eager in the expressions of love. There must have been some pang when she reflected that the cruel wrong which she had inflicted on him had probably hurried him to his grave. As a widow, in the first solemnity of her widowhood, she was wretched and would see no one. Then she returned to England and shut herself up in a small house at Brighton. Lady Linlithgow offered to go to her, but she begged that she might be left to herself. For a few short months the awe arising from the rapidity with which it had all occurred did afflict her. Twelve months since she had hardly known the man who was to be her husband. Now she was a widow—a widow very richly endowed—and she bore beneath her bosom the fruit of her husband's love.

But, even in these early days, friends and enemies did not hesitate to say that Lizzie Greystock had done very well with herself; for it was known by all concerned that in the settlements made she had been treated with unwonted generosity.

CHAPTER II

LADY EUSTACE.

THERE were circumstances in her position which made it impossible that Lizzie Greystock, or Lady Eustace, as we must now call her, should be left altogether to herself in the modest widow's retreat which she had found at Brighton. It was then April, and it was known that if all things went well with her she would be a mother before the summer was over. On what the Fates might ordain in this matter immense interests were dependent. If a son should be born he would inherit everything, subject, of course, to his mother's settlement. If a daughter, to her would belong the great personal wealth which Sir Florian had owned at the time of his death. Should there be no son, John Eustace, the brother, would inherit the estates in Yorkshire which had been the backbone of the Eustace wealth. Should no child be born, John Eustace would inherit everything that had not been settled upon or left to the widow. Sir Florian had made a settlement immediately before his marriage, and a will immediately afterwards. Of what he had

done then, nothing had been altered in those sad Italian days. The settlement had been very generous. The whole property in Scotland was to belong to Lizzie for her life, and after her death was to go to a second son, if such second son there should be. By the will money was left to her—more than would be needed for any possible temporary emergency. When she knew how it all was arranged, as far as she did know it, she was aware that she was a rich woman. For so clever a woman she was infinitely ignorant as to the possession and value of money and land and income, though, perhaps, not more ignorant than are most young girls under twenty-one. As for the Scotch property, she thought that it was her own forever, because there could not now be a second son, and yet was not quite sure whether it would be her own at all if she had no son. Concerning that sum of money left to her, she did not know whether it was to come out of the Scotch property or be given to her separately, and whether it was to come annually or to come only once. She had received, while still in Naples, a letter from the family lawyer, giving her such details of the will as it was necessary that she should know, and now she longed to ask questions, to have her belongings made plain to her, and to realize her wealth. She had brilliant prospects; and yet, through it all, there was a sense of loneliness that nearly killed her. Would it not have been much better if her husband would have lived, and still worshipped her, and still allowed her to read poetry to him? But she had read no poetry to him after that affair of Messrs. Harter & Benjamin.

THE has, or will have, but little to do with these days, and may be hurried on through the twelve, or even twenty-four months which followed the death of poor Sir Florian. The question of the heirship, however, was very grave; and early in the month of May Lady Eustace was visited by her husband's uncle, Bishop Eustace, of Bobsborough. The bishop had been the younger brother of Sir Florian's father, was at this time about fifty, very active and very popular, and was one who stood high in the world, even among bishops. He suggested to his niece-in-law that it was very expedient that, during her coming hour of trial, she should not absent herself from her husband's

family, and at last persuaded her to take up her residence at the palace at Bobsborough till such time as the event should be over. Lady Eustace was taken to the palace, and in due time a son was born. John, who was now the uncle of the heir, came down, and, with the frankest good-humor, declared that he would devote himself to the little head of the family. He had been left as guardian, and the management of the great family estates was to be in his hands. Lizzie had read no poetry to him, and he had never liked her, and the bishop did not like her, and the ladies of the bishop's family disliked her very much, and it was thought by them that the dean's people—the Dean of Bobsborough was Lizzie's uncle—were not very fond of Lizzie since Lizzie had so raised herself in the world as to want no assistance from them. But still they were bound to do their duty by her as the widow of the late and the mother of the present baronet. And they did not find much cause of complaining as to Lizzie's conduct in these days. In that matter of the great family diamond necklace, which certainly should not have been taken to Naples at all, and as to which the jeweller had told the lawyer and the lawyer had told John Eustace that it certainly should not now be detained among the widow's own private property, the bishop strongly recommended that nothing should be said at present. The mistake, if there was a mistake, could be remedied at any time. And nothing in those very early days was said about the great Eustace necklace which afterwards became so famous.

Why Lizzie should have been so generally disliked by the Eustaces it might be hard to explain. While she remained at the palace she was very discreet, and perhaps demure. It may be said they disliked her expressed determination to cut her aunt, Lady Linlithgow; for they knew that Lady Linlithgow had been, at any rate, a friend to Lizzie Greystock. There are people who can be wise within a certain margin, but beyond that commit great imprudences. Lady Eustace submitted herself to the palace people for that period of her prostration, but she could not hold her tongue as to her future intentions. She would, too, now and then ask of Mrs. Eustace and even of her daughter an eager, anxious question about her own property. "She is dying to

handle her money," said Mrs. Eustace to the bishop. "She is only like the rest of the world in that," said the bishop. "If she would be really open, I wouldn't mind it," said Mrs. Eustace. None of them liked her, and she did not like them.

She remained at the palace for six months, and at the end of that time she went to her own place in Scotland. Mrs. Eustace had strongly advised her to ask her aunt, Lady Linlithgow, to accompany her, but in refusing to do this Lizzie was quite firm. She had endured Lady Linlithgow for that year between her father's death and her marriage; she was now beginning to dare to hope for the enjoyment of the good things which she had won, and the presence of the dowager-countess, "the Vultureess," was certainly not one of these good things. In what her enjoyment was to consist, she had not as yet quite formed a definite conclusion. She liked jewels. She liked admiration. She liked the power of being arrogant to those around her. And she liked good things to eat. But there were other matters that were also dear to her. She did like music, though it may be doubted whether she would ever play it or even listen to it alone. She did like reading, and especially the reading of poetry, though even in this she was false and pretentious, skipping, pretending to have read, lying about books, and making up her market of literature for outside admiration at the easiest possible cost of trouble. And she had some dream of being in love, and would take delight even in building castles in the air, which she would people with friends and lovers whom she would make happy with the most open-hearted benevolence. She had theoretical ideas of life which were not bad, but in practice she had gained her objects, and she was in a hurry to have liberty to enjoy them.

There was considerable anxiety in the palace in reference to the future mode of life of Lady Eustace. Had it not been for that baby-her, of course there would have been no cause for interference; but the rights of that baby were so serious and important that it was almost impossible not to interfere. The mother, however, gave some little signs that she did not intend to submit to much interference, and there was no real reason why she should not be as free as air. But did she really intend to go down to Portray Castle all alone—that is, with her baby and

nurses? This was ended by an arrangement, in accordance with which she was accompanied by her eldest cousin, Ellinor Greystock, a lady who was just ten years her senior. There could hardly be a better woman than Ellinor Greystock, or a more good-humored, kindly being. After many debates in the deanery and in the palace, for there was much friendship between the two ecclesiastical establishments, the offer was made and the advice given. Ellinor had accepted the martyrdom on the understanding that if the advice were accepted she was to remain at Portray Castle for three months. After a long discussion between Lady Eustace and the bishop's wife the offer was accepted, and the two ladies went to Scotland together.

During those three months the widow still bided her time. Of her future ideas of life she said not a word to her companion. Of her infant she said very little. She would talk of books, choosing such books as her cousin did not read; and she would interlard her conversation with much Italian, because her cousin did not know the language. There was a carriage kept by the widow, and they had themselves driven out together. Of real companionship there was none. Lizzie was biding her time, and at the end of the three months Miss Greystock thankfully, and, indeed, of necessity, returned to Bobsborough. "I've done no good," she said to her mother, and "have been very uncomfortable." "My dear," said her mother, "we have disposed of three months out of a two years' period of danger. In two years from Sir Florian's death she will be married again."

When this was said Lizzie had been a widow nearly a year, and had bided her time upon the whole discreetly. Some foolish letters she had written, chiefly to the lawyer about her money and property; and some foolish things she had said, as when she told Ellinor Greystock that the Portray property was her own forever, to do what she liked with it. The sum of money left to her by her husband had by that time been paid into her own hands, and she had opened a banker's account. The revenues from the Scotch estate, some £4,000 a year, were clearly her own for life. The family diamond necklace was still in her possession, and no answer had been given by her to a postscript to a lawyer's letter in which a little advice had been given respecting it. At the end of

another year, when she had just reached the age of twenty-two, and had completed her second year of widowhood, she was still Lady Eustace, thus contradicting the prophecy made by the dean's wife. It was then spring, and she had a house of her own in London. She had broken openly with Lady Linlithgow. She had opposed, though not absolutely refused, all overtures of brotherly care from John Eustace. She had declined a further invitation, both for herself and for her child, to the palace. And she had positively asserted her intention of keeping the diamonds. Her late husband, she said, had given the diamonds to her. As they were supposed to be worth £10,000, and were really family diamonds, the matter was felt by all concerned to be one of much importance. And she was oppressed by a heavy load of ignorance, which became serious from the isolation of her position. She had learned to draw cheques, but she had no other correct notion as to business. She knew nothing as to spending money, saving it, or investing it. Though she was clever, sharp, and greedy, she had no idea what her money would do, and what it would not; and there was no one whom she would trust to tell her. She had a young cousin, a barrister, a son of the dean's, whom she perhaps liked better than any other of her relations, but she declined advice even from her friend the barrister. She would have no dealings on her own behalf with the old family solicitor of the Eustaces, the gentleman who had now applied very formally for the restitution of the diamonds, but had appointed other solicitors to act for her. Messrs. Mowbray & Mopus were of opinion that as the diamonds had been given into her hands by her husband without any terms as to their surrender, no one could claim them. Of the manner in which the diamonds had been placed in her hands no one knew more than she chose to tell.

But when she started with her house in town—a modest little house in Mount street, near the park—just two years after her husband's death, she had a large circle of acquaintances. The Eustace people, and the Greystock people, and even the Linlithgow people, did not entirely turn their backs upon her. The countess, indeed, was very venomous, as she well might be; but then the countess was known for her venom. The dean and his

family were still anxious that she should be encouraged to discreet living, and, though they feared many things, thought that they had no ground for open complaint. The Eustace people were forbearing, and hoped the best. "D—the necklace," John Eustace had said, and the bishop unfortunately had heard him say it! "John," said the prelate, "whatever is to become of the bauble you might express your opinion in more sensible language." "I beg your lordship's pardon," said John, "I only mean to say that I think we shouldn't trouble ourselves about a few stones." But the family lawyer, Mr. Camperdown, would by no means take this view of the matter. It was, however, generally thought that the young widow opened her campaign more prudently than had been expected.

And now as so much has been said of the character and fortune and special circumstances of Lizzie Greystock, who became Lady Eustace as a bride, and Lady Eustace as a widow and a mother, all within the space of twelve months, it may be as well to give some description of her person and habits, such as they were at the period in which our story is supposed to have its commencement. It must be understood in the first place that she was very lovely; much more so, indeed, now than when she had fascinated Sir Florian. She was small, but taller than she looked to be, for her form was perfectly symmetrical. Her feet and hands might have been taken as models by a sculptor. Her figure was lithe, and soft, and slim, and slender. If it had a fault it was this, that it had in it too much of movement. There were some who said that she was almost snake-like in her rapid bendings and the almost too easy gestures of her body; for she was much given to action and to the expression of her thought by the motion of her limbs. She might certainly have made her way as an actress, had fortune called upon her to earn her bread in that fashion. And her voice would have suited the stage. It was powerful when she called upon it for power; but, at the same time, flexible and capable of much pretence at feeling. She could bring it to a whisper that would almost melt your heart with tenderness, as she had melted Sir Florian's, when she sat near to him reading poetry; and then she could raise it to a pitch of indignant wrath befitting a Lady Macbeth when her husband ven-

tured to rebuke her. And her ear was quite correct in modulating these tones. She knew—and it must have been by instinct, for her culture in such matters was small—how to use her voice so that neither its tenderness nor its wrath should be misapplied. There were pieces in verse that she could read, things not wondrously good in themselves, so that she would ravish you; and she would so look at you as she did it that you would hardly dare either to avert your eyes or to return her gaze. Sir Florian had not known whether to do the one thing or the other, and had therefore seized her in his arms. Her face was oval—somewhat longer than an oval—with little in it, perhaps nothing in it, of that brilliancy of color which we call complexion. And yet the shades of her countenance were ever changing between the softest and most transparent white and the richest, mellowest shades of brown. It was only when she simulated anger—she was almost incapable of real anger—that she would succeed in calling the thinnest streak of pink from her heart, to show that there was blood running in her veins. Her hair, which was nearly black, but in truth with more of softness and of lustre that ever belong to hair that is really black, she wore bound tight round her perfect forehead, with one long lovelock hanging over her shoulder. The form of her head was so good that she could dare to carry it without a chignon or any adventitious adjuncts from an artist's shop. Very bitter was she in consequence when speaking of the head-gear of other women. Her chin was perfect in its round—not over long, as is the case with so many such faces, utterly spoiling the symmetry of the countenance. But it lacked a dimple, and therefore lacked feminine tenderness. Her mouth was perhaps faulty in being too small, or, at least, her lips were too thin. There was wanting from the mouth that expression of eager-speaking truthfulness which full lips will often convey. Her teeth were without flaw or blemish, even, small, white, and delicate; but perhaps they were shown too often. Her nose was small, but struck many as the prettiest feature of her face, so exquisite was the moulding of it, and so eloquent and so graceful the slight inflations of the transparent nostrils. Her eyes, in which she herself thought that the lustre of her beauty lay, were blue and clear, bright as cerulean

waters. They were long, large eyes, but very dangerous. To those who knew how to read a face, there was danger plainly written in them. Poor Sir Florian had not known. But, in truth, the charm of her face did not lie in her eyes. This was felt by many even who could not read the book fluently. They were too expressive, too loud in their demands for attention, and they lacked tenderness. How few there are among women, few perhaps also among men, who know that the sweetest, softest, tenderest, truest eyes which a woman can carry in her head are green in color. Lizzie's eyes were not tender, neither were they true. But they were surmounted by the most wonderfully pencilled eyebrows that ever nature unassisted planted on a woman's face.

We have said she was clever. We must add that she had in truth studied much. She spoke French, understood Italian, and read German. She played well on the harp, and moderately well on the piano. She sang, at least, in good taste and good tune. Of things to be learned by reading she knew much, having really taken diligent trouble with herself. She had learned much poetry by heart, and could apply it. She forgot nothing, listened to everything, understood quickly, and was desirous to show not only as a beauty but as a wit. There were men at this time who declared that she was simply the cleverest and the handsomest woman in England. As an independent young woman she was perhaps one of the richest.

CHAPTER III

LUCY MORRIS.

ALTHOUGH the first two chapters of this new history have been devoted to the fortunes and personal attributes of Lady Eustace, the historian begs his readers not to believe that that opulent and aristocratic Beckie Sharpe is to assume the dignity of heroine in the forthcoming pages. That there shall be any heroine the historian will not take upon himself to assert; but if there be a heroine, that heroine shall not be Lady Eustace. Poor Lizzie Grey-stock! as men double her own age, and who had known her as a forward, capricious, spoiled child in her father's lifetime, would still call her. She did so many things, made so many efforts, caused

so much suffering to others, and suffered so much herself throughout the scenes with which we are about to deal, that the story can hardly be told without giving her that prominence of place which has been assigned to her in the last two chapters.

Nor does the chronicler dare to put forward Lucy Morris as a heroine. The real heroine, if it be found possible to arrange her drapery for her becomingly, and to put that part which she enacted into properly heroic words, shall stalk in among us at some considerably later period in the narrative, when the writer shall have accustomed himself to the flow of words, and have worked himself up to a state of mind fit for the reception of noble acting and noble speaking. In the meantime, let it be understood that poor, little Lucy Morris was a governess in the house of old Lady Fawn when our beautiful young widow established herself in Mount street.

Lady Eustace and Lucy Morris had known each other for many years—had indeed been children together—there having been some old family friendship between the Greystocks and the Morrises. When the admiral's wife was living, Lucy had, as a little girl of eight or nine, been her guest. She had often been a guest at the deanery. When Lady Eustace had gone down to the bishop's palace at Bobsborough, in order that an heir to the Eustaces might be born under an auspicious roof, Lucy Morris was with the Greystocks. Lucy, who was a year younger than Lizzie, had at that time been an orphan for the last four years. She too had been left penniless, but no such brilliant future awaited her as that which Lizzie had earned for herself. There was no countess-aunt to take her into her London house. The dean and the dean's wife and the dean's daughter had been her best friends, but they were not friends on whom she could be dependent. They were in no way connected with her by blood. Therefore at the age of eighteen she had gone out to be a child's governess. Then old Lady Fawn had heard of her virtues—Lady Fawn who had seven unmarried daughters running down from seven-and-twenty to thirteen, and Lucy Morris had been hired to teach English, French, German, and something of music to the two youngest Misses Fawn.

During that visit at the deanery, when

the heir of the Eustaces was being born, Lucy was undergoing a sort of probation for the Fawn establishment. The proposed engagement with Lady Fawn was thought to be a great thing for her. Lady Fawn was known as a miracle of Virtue, Benevolence, and Persistency. Every good quality she possessed was so marked as to be worthy of being expressed with a capital. But her virtues were of that extraordinary high character that there was no weakness in them; no getting over them; no perverting them with follies, or even exaggerations. When she heard of the excellencies of Miss Morris from the dean's wife, and then, after minutest investigation, learned the exact qualities of the young lady, she expressed herself willing to take Lucy into her house on special conditions. She must be able to teach music up to a certain point.

"Then it's all over," said Lucy to the dean with her pretty smile—that smile which caused all the old and middle-aged men to fall in love with her.

"It's not over at all," said the dean. "You've got four months. Our organist is about as good a teacher as there is in England. You are clever and quick, and he shall teach you."

So Lucy went to Bobsborough and was afterwards accepted by Lady Fawn.

While she was at the deanery there sprung up a renewed friendship between her and Lizzie. It was indeed chiefly a one-sided friendship; for Lucy, who was quick and unconsciously capable of reading that book to which we alluded in a previous chapter, was somewhat afraid of the rich widow. And when Lizzie talked to her of their old childish days, and quoted poetry, and spoke of things romantic—as she was much given to do—Lucy felt that the metal did not ring true. And then Lizzie had an ugly habit of abusing all her other friends behind their backs. Now Lucy did not like to hear the Greystocks abused, and would say so. "That's all very well, you little minx," Lizzie would say playfully, "but you know they are all asses." Lucy by no means thought that the Greystocks were asses, and was very strongly of opinion that one of them was as far removed from being an ass as any human being she had ever known. This one was Frank Greystock the barrister. Of Frank Greystock some special—but, let it be hoped, very short—description must be given by and by. For the present

it will be sufficient to declare that, during that short Easter holiday which he spent at his father's house in Bobsborough, he found Lucy Morris to be a most agreeable companion.

"Remember her position," said Mrs. Dean to her son.

"Her position! Well, and what is her position, mother?"

"You know what I mean, Frank. She is as sweet a girl as ever lived, and a perfect lady. But with a governess, unless you mean to marry her, you should be more careful than with another girl, because you may do her such a world of mischief."

"I don't see that at all."

"If Lady Fawn knew that she had an admirer, Lady Fawn would not let her come into her house."

"Then Lady Fawn is an idiot. If a girl be admirable, of course she will be admired. Who can hinder it?"

"You know what I mean, Frank."

"Yes, I do; well. I don't suppose I can afford to marry Lucy Morris. At any rate, mother, I will never say a word to raise a hope in her—if it would be a hope——"

"Of course it would be a hope."

"I don't know that at all. But I will never say any such word to her, unless I make up my mind that I can afford to marry her."

"Oh, Frank, it would be impossible," said Mrs. Dean.

Mrs. Dean was a very good woman, but she had aspirations in the direction of filthy lucre on behalf of her children, or at least on behalf of this special child, and she did think it would be very nice if Frank would marry an heiress. This, however, was a long time ago—nearly two years ago; and many grave things had got themselves transacted since Lucy's visit to the deanery. She had become quite an old and an accustomed member of Lady Fawn's family. The youngest Fawn girl was not yet fifteen, and it was understood that Lucy was to remain with the Fawns for some quite indefinite time to come. Lady Fawn's eldest daughter, Mrs. Hiltaway, had a family of her own, having been married ten or twelve years, and it was quite probable that Lucy might be transferred. Lady Fawn fully appreciated her treasure, and was, and ever had been, conscientiously anxious to make Lucy's life happy. But she thought that a gov-

erness should not be desirous of marrying, at any rate till a somewhat advanced period of life. A governess, if she were given to falling in love, could hardly perform her duties in life. No doubt, not to be a governess, but a young lady free from the embarrassing necessity of earning bread, free to have a lover and a husband, would be upon the whole nicer. So it is nicer to be born to £10,000 a year than to have to wish for £500. Lady Fawn could talk excellent sense on this subject by the hour, and always admitted that much was due to a governess who knew her place and did her duty. She was very fond of Lucy Morris, and treated her dependent with affectionate consideration; but she did not approve of visits from Mr. Frank Greystock. Lucy, blushing up to the eyes, had once declared that she desired to have no personal visitors at Lady Fawn's house; but that, as regarded her own friendships, the matter was one for her own bosom. "Dear Miss Morris," Lady Fawn had said, "we understand each other so perfectly, and you are so good, that I am quite sure everything will be as it ought to be." Lady Fawn lived down at Richmond, all the year through, in a large old-fashioned house with a large old-fashioned garden, called Fawn Court. After that speech of hers to Lucy, Frank Greystock did not call again at Fawn Court for many months, and it is possible that her ladyship had said a word also to him. But Lady Eustace, with her pretty little pair of gray ponies, would sometimes drive down to Richmond to see her "dear little old friend" Lucy, and her visits were allowed. Lady Fawn had expressed an opinion among her daughters that she did not see any harm in Lady Eustace. She thought that she rather liked Lady Eustace. But then Lady Fawn hated Lady Linlithgow as only two old women can hate each other; and she had not heard the story of the diamond necklace.

Lucy Morris certainly was a treasure—a treasure though no heroine. She was a sweetly social, genial little human being whose presence in the house was ever felt to be like sunshine. She was never forward, but never bashful. She was always open to familiar intercourse without ever putting herself forward. There was no man or woman with whom she would not so talk as to make the man or woman feel that the conversation was remarkably pleasant, and she could do the same with

any child. She was an active, mindful, bright, energetic little thing to whom no work ever came amiss. She had catalogued the library, which had been collected by the late Lord Fawn with peculiar reference to the Christian theology of the third and fourth centuries. She had planned the new flower-garden, though Lady Fawn thought that she had done that herself. She had been invaluable during Clara Fawn's long illness. She knew every rule at croquet, and could play piquet. When the girls got up charades they had to acknowledge that everything depended on Miss Morris. They were good-natured, plain, unattractive girls, who spoke of her to her face as one who could easily do anything to which she might put her hand. Lady Fawn did really love her. Lord Fawn, the eldest son, a young man of about thirty-five, a peer of Parliament and an Under-Secretary of State, very prudent and very diligent, of whom his mother and sisters stood in great awe, consulted her frequently and made no secret of his friendship. The mother knew her awful son well, and was afraid of nothing wrong in that direction. Lord Fawn had suffered a disappointment in love, but he had consoled himself with blue books, and mastered his passion by incessant attendance at the India Board. The lady he had loved had been rich, and Lord Fawn was poor; but nevertheless he had mastered his passion. There was no fear that his feelings toward the governess would become too warm; nor was it likely that Miss Morris should encounter danger in regard to him. It was quite an understood thing in the family that Lord Fawn must marry money.

Lucy Morris was indeed a treasure. No brighter face ever looked into another to seek sympathy there, either in mirth or woe. There was a gleam in her eyes that was almost magnetic, so sure was she to obtain by it that community of interest which she desired, though it were but for a moment. Lord Fawn was pompous, slow, dull, and careful; but even he had given way to it at once. Lady Fawn, too, was very careful, but she had owned to herself long since that she could not bear to look forward to any permanent severance. Of course Lucy would be made over to the Hittaways, whose mother lived in Warwick Square, and whose father was Chairman of the Board of Civil Appeals. The Hittaways were the only grandchil-

dren with whom Lady Fawn had as yet been blessed, and of course Lucy must go to the Hittaways.

She was but a little thing; and it cannot be said of her, as of Lady Eustace, that she was a beauty. The charm of her face consisted in the peculiar, watery brightness of her eyes, in the corners of which it would always seem that a diamond of a tear was lurking whenever any matter of excitement was afoot. Her light-brown hair was soft and smooth and pretty. As hair it was very well, but it had no speciality. Her mouth was somewhat large, but full of ever-varying expression. Her forehead was low and broad, with prominent temples, on which it was her habit to clasp tightly her little outstretched fingers, as she sat listening to you. Of listeners she was the very best, for she would always be saying a word or two, just to help you—the best word that could be spoken—and then again she would be hanging on your lips. There are listeners who show by their mode of listening that they listen as a duty, not because they are interested. Lucy Morris was not such a one. She would take up your subject, whatever it was, and make it her own. There was forward just then a question as to whether the Sawab of Mygawb should have twenty millions of rupees paid to him and be placed upon a throne, or whether he should be kept in prison all his life. The British world generally could not be made to interest itself about the Sawab, but Lucy positively mastered the subject, and almost got Lord Fawn into a difficulty by persuading him to stand up against his chief on behalf of the injured Prince.

What else can be said of her face or personal appearance that will interest a reader? When she smiled there was the daintiest little dimple on her cheek. And when she laughed, that little nose, which was not as well-shaped a nose as it might have been, would almost change its shape and cock itself up in its mirth. Her hands were very thin and long, and so were her feet—by no means models as were those of her friend Lady Eustace. She was a little, thin, quick, graceful creature, whom it was impossible that you should see without wishing to have near you. A most unselfish little creature she was, but one who had a well-formed idea of her own identity. She was quite resolved to be somebody among her fellow-

creatures—not somebody in the way of marrying a lord or a rich man, or somebody in the way of being a beauty, or somebody as a wit, but somebody as having a purpose and a use in life. She was the humblest little thing in the world in regard to any possible putting of herself forward or needful putting of herself back; and yet, to herself, nobody was her superior. What she had was her own, whether it was the old gray silk dress which she had bought with the money she had earned, or the wit which nature had given her. And Lord Fawn's title was his own, and Lady Fawn's rank her own. She coveted no man's possessions, and no woman's; but she was minded to hold by her own. Of present advantages or disadvantages—whether she had the one or suffered from the other—she thought not at all. It was her fault that she had nothing of feminine vanity. But no man or woman was ever more anxious to be effective, to persuade, to obtain belief, sympathy, and coöperation—not for any result personal to herself, but because by obtaining these things she could be effective in the object then before her, be it what it might.

One other thing may be told of her. She had given her heart, for good and all, as she owned to herself, to Frank Greystock. She had owned to herself that it was so, and had owned to herself that nothing could come of it. Frank was becoming a man of mark, but was becoming a man of mark without much money. Of all men he was the last who could afford to marry a governess. And then, moreover, he had never said a word to make her think that he loved her. He had called on her once or twice at Fawn Court, as why should he not? Seeing that there had been friendship between the families for so many years, who could complain of that? Lady Fawn, however, had not complained; but just said a word. A word in season, how good is it? Lucy did not much regard the word spoken to herself; but when she reflected that a word must also have been spoken to Mr. Greystock—otherwise how should it have been that he never came again—that she did not like.

In herself she regarded this passion of hers as a healthy man regards the loss of a leg or an arm. It is a great nuisance, a loss that maims the whole life, a misfortune to be much regretted. But because

a leg is gone, everything is not gone. A man with a wooden leg may stump about through much action, and may enjoy the keenest pleasures of humanity. He has his eyes left to him, and his ears, and his intellect. He will not break his heart for the loss of that leg. And so it was with Lucy Morris. She would still stump about and be very active. Eyes, ears, and intellect were left to her. Looking at her position, she told herself that a happy love could hardly have been her lot in life. Lady Fawn, she thought, was right. A governess should make up her mind to do without a lover. She had given away her heart, and yet she would do without a lover. When, on one dull, dark afternoon, as she was thinking of all this, Lord Fawn suddenly put into her hands a cruelly long printed document respecting the Sawab, she went to work upon it immediately. As she read it, she could not refrain from thinking how wonderfully Frank Greystock would plead the cause of the Indian prince, if the privilege of pleading it could be given to him.

The spring had come round, with May and the London butterflies, at the time at which our story begins, and during six months Frank Greystock had not been at Fawn Court. Then one day Lady Eustace came down with her ponies, and her footman, and a new dear friend of hers, Miss Macnulty. While Miss Macnulty was being honored by Lady Fawn, Lizzie had retreated to a corner with her old dear friend Lucy Morris. It was pretty to see how so wealthy and fashionable a woman as Lady Eustace could show so much friendship to a governess. "Have you seen Frank lately?" said Lady Eustace, referring to her cousin the barrister.

"Not for ever so long," said Lucy with her cheeriest smile.

"He is not going to prove a false knight?" asked Lady Eustace, in her lowest whisper.

"I don't know that Mr. Greystock is much given to knighthood at all," said Lucy, "unless it is to being made Sir Francis by his party."

"Nonsense, my dear; as if I didn't know. I suppose Lady Fawn has been interfering, like an old cat as she is."

"She is not an old cat, Lizzie! and I won't hear her called so. If you think so, you shouldn't come here. And she hasn't interfered. That is, she has

done nothing that she ought not to have done."

"Then she has interfered," said Lady Eustace, as she got up and walked across the room with a sweet smile to the old cat.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK GREYSTOCK.

FRANK GREYSTOCK the barrister was the only son of the Dean of Bobsborough. Now the dean had a family of daughters—not quite so numerous indeed as that of Lady Fawn, for there were only three of them—and was by no means a rich man. Unless a dean have a private fortune, or has chanced to draw the happy lot of Durham in the lottery of deans, he can hardly be wealthy. At Bobsborough the dean was endowed with a large, rambling, picturesque, uncomfortable house, and with £1,500 a year. In regard to personal property, it may be asserted of all the Greystocks that they never had any. They were a family of which the males would surely come to be deans and admirals, and the females would certainly find husbands. And they lived on the good things of the world, and mixed with wealthy people. But they never had any money. The Eustaces always had money and the Bishop of Bobsborough was wealthy. The dean was a man very different from his brother, the admiral, who had never paid anybody anything. The dean did pay; but he was a little slow in his payments, and money with him was never plentiful. In these circumstances it became very expedient that Frank Greystock should earn his bread early in life.

Nevertheless he had chosen a profession which is not often lucrative at first. He had been called to the bar, and had gone, and was still going, the circuit in which lies the cathedral city of Bobsborough. Bobsborough is not much of a town, and was honored with the judges' visits only every other circuit. Frank began pretty well; getting some little work in London, and perhaps nearly enough to pay the cost of the circuit out of the county in which the cathedral was situated. But he began life after that impecunious fashion for which the Greystocks have been noted. Tailors, robemakers, and booksellers gave him trust, and did believe that they would

get their money. And any persistent tradesman did get it. He did not actually hoist the black flag of impecuniosity, and proclaim his intention of preying generally upon the retail dealers, as his uncle the admiral had done. But he became known as a young man with whom money was "tight." All this had been going on for three or four years before he had met Lucy Morris at the deanery. He was then eight-and-twenty, and had been four years called. He was thirty when old Lady Fawn hinted to him that he had better not pay any more visits at Fawn Court.

But things had much altered with him of late. At the time of that visit to the deanery he had made a sudden start in his profession. The corporation of the city of London had brought an action against the Bank of England with reference to certain alleged encroachments, of which action, considerable as it was in all its interests, no further notice need be taken here than is given by the statement that a great deal of money in this cause had found its way among the lawyers. Some of it penetrated into the pocket of Frank Greystock; but he earned more than money, better than money, out of that affair. It was attributed to him by the attorneys that the Bank of England was saved from the necessity of reconstructing all its bullion cellars, and he had made his character for industry. In the year after that the Bobsborough people were rather driven into a corner in search of a clever young Conservative candidate for the borough, and Frank Greystock was invited to stand. It was not thought that there was much chance of success, and the dean was against it. But Frank liked the honor and glory of the contest, and so did Frank's mother. Frank Greystock stood, and at the time in which he was warned away from Fawn Court had been nearly a year in Parliament. "Of course it does interfere with one's business," he had said to his father; "but then it brings one business also. A man with a seat in Parliament who shows that he means work will always get nearly as much work as he can do." Such was Frank's exposition to his father. It may perhaps not be found to hold water in all cases. Mrs. Dean was of course delighted with her son's success, and so were the girls. Women like to feel that the young men belonging to them are doing something in the world, so that a reflected glory may be theirs. It was

pleasant to talk of Frank as member for the City. Brothers do not always care much for a brother's success, but a sister is generally sympathetic. If Frank would only marry money, there was nothing he might not achieve. That he would live to sit on the woolstack was now almost a certainty to the dear old lady. But in order that he might sit there comfortably it was necessary that he should at least abstain from marrying a poor wife. For there was fear at the deanery also in regard to Lucy Morris.

"That notion of marrying money, as you call it," Frank said to his second sister, Margaret, "is the most disgusting idea in the world."

"It is as easy to love a girl who has something as one who has nothing," said Margaret.

"No, it is not; because the girls with money are scarce, and those without it are plentiful—an argument of which I don't suppose you see the force." Then Margaret for the moment was snubbed and retired.

"Indeed, Frank, I think Lady Fawn was right," said the mother.

"And I think she was quite wrong. If there be anything in it, it won't be expelled by Lady Fawn's interference. Do you think I should allow Lady Fawn to tell me not to choose such or such a woman for my wife?"

"It's the habit of seeing her, my dear. Nobody loves Lucy Morris better than I do. We all like her. But, dear Frank, would it do for you to make her your wife?"

Frank Greystock was silent for a moment, and then he answered his mother's question. "I am not quite sure whether it would or would not. But I do think this: that if I were bold enough to marry now, and to trust all to the future, and could get Lucy to be my wife, I should be doing a great thing. I doubt, however, whether I have the courage." All of which made the dean's wife uneasy.

The reader who has read so far will perhaps think that Frank Greystock was in love with Lucy as Lucy was in love with him. But such was not exactly the case. To be in love as an absolute, well-marked, acknowledged fact, is the condition of a woman more frequently and more readily than of a man. Such is not the common theory on the matter, as it is the man's business to speak, and the woman's busi-

ness to be reticent. And the woman is presumed to have kept her heart free from any load of love till she may accept the burden with an assurance that it shall become a joy and a comfort to her. But such presumptions, though they may be very useful for the regulation of conduct, may not always be true. It comes more within the scope of a woman's mind than of a man's to think closely and decide sharply on such a matter. With a man it is often chance that settles the question for him. He resolves to propose to a woman, or proposes without resolving, because she is close to him. Frank Greystock ridiculed the idea of Lady Fawn's interference in so high a matter as his love—or abstinence from love. Nevertheless, had he been made a welcome guest at Fawn Court, he would undoubtedly have told his love to Lucy Morris. He was not a welcome guest, but had been banished; and, as a consequence of that banishment, he had formed no resolution in regard to Lucy, and did not absolutely know whether she was necessary to him or not. But Lucy Morris knew all about it.

Moreover, it frequently happens with men that they fail to analyze these things, and do not make out for themselves any clear definition of what their feelings are or what they mean. We hear that a man has behaved badly to a girl, when the behavior of which he has been guilty has resulted simply from want of thought. He has found a certain companionship to be agreeable to him, and he has accepted the pleasure without inquiry. Some vague idea has floated across his brain that the world is wrong in supposing that such friendship cannot exist without marriage or question of marriage. It is simply friendship. And yet were his friend to tell him that she intended to give herself in marriage elsewhere he would suffer all the pangs of jealousy, and would imagine himself to be horribly ill-treated. To have such a friend—a friend whom he cannot or will not make his wife—is no injury to him. To him it is simply a delight, an excitement in life, a thing to be known to himself only and not talked of to others, a source of pride and inward exultation. It is a joy to think of when he wakes, and a consolation in his little troubles. It dispels the weariness of life, and makes a green spot of holiday within his daily work. It is indeed death to her; but he does not know it. Frank Greystock did

think that he could not marry Lucy Morris without making an imprudent plunge into deep water, and yet he felt that Lady Fawn was an ill-natured old woman for hinting to him that he had better not, for the present, continue his visits to Fawn Court. "Of course you understand me, Mr. Greystock," she had said, meaning to be civil. "When Miss Morris has left us—should she ever leave us—I should be most happy to see you." "What on earth would take me to Fawn Court if Lucy were not there?" he said to himself, not choosing to appreciate Lady Fawn's civility.

Frank Greystock was at this time nearly thirty years old. He was a good-looking, but not a strikingly handsome man, thin, of moderate height, with sharp, gray eyes; a face clean shorn, with the exception of a small whisker; with wiry, strong dark hair, which was already beginning to show a tinge of gray—the very opposite in appearance to his late friend, Sir Florian Eustace. He was quick, ready-witted, self-reliant, and not over scrupulous in the outward things of the world. He was desirous of doing his duty to others, but he was specially desirous that others should do their duty to him. He intended to get on in the world, and believed that happiness was to be achieved by success. He was certainly made for the profession which he had adopted. His father, looking to certain morsels of Church patronage which occasionally came in his way, and to the fact that he and the bishop were on most friendly terms, had wished his son to take orders. But Frank had known himself and his own qualities too well to follow his father's advice. He had chosen to be a barrister, and now at thirty was in Parliament.

He had been asked to stand for Bobsborough in the Conservative interest, and as a Conservative he had been returned. Those who invited him knew probably but little of his own political beliefs or feelings—did not, probably, know that he had any. His father was a fine old Tory of the ancient school, who thought things were going from bad to worse, but was able to live happily in spite of his anticipations. The dean was one of those Old-World politicians—we meet them every day, and they are generally very pleasant people—who enjoy the politics of the side to which they belong without any special belief in them. If pressed hard, they will almost

own that their so-called convictions are prejudices. But not for worlds would they be rid of them. When two or three of them meet together, they are as free-masons, who are bound by a pleasant bond which separates them from the outer world. They feel among themselves that everything that is being done is bad, even though that everything is done by their own party. It was bad to interfere with Charles, bad to endure Cromwell, bad to banish James, bad to put up with William. The House of Hanover was bad. All interference with prerogative has been bad. The Reform bill was very bad. Encroachment on the estates of the bishops was bad. Emancipation of Roman Catholics was the worst of all. Abolition of corn-laws, church-rates, and oaths and tests were all bad. The meddling with the Universities has been grievous. The treatment of the Irish Church has been Satanic. The overhauling of schools is most injurious to English education. Education bills and Irish land bills were all bad. Every step taken has been bad. And yet to them old England is of all countries in the world the best to live in, and is not at all the less comfortable because of the changes that have been made. These people are ready to grumble at every boon conferred on them, and yet to enjoy every boon. They know, too, their privileges, and, after a fashion, understand their position. It is picturesque, and it pleases them. To have been always in the right and yet always on the losing side; always being ruined, always under persecution from a wild spirit of republican-demagoguism, and yet never to lose anything, not even position or public esteem, is pleasant enough. A huge, living, daily increasing grievance that does one no palpable harm is the happiest possession that a man can have. There is a large body of such men in England, and, personally, they are the very salt of the nation. He who said that all Conservatives are stupid did not know them. Stupid Conservatives there may be—and there certainly are very stupid Radicals. The well-educated, widely-read Conservative, who is well assured that all good things are gradually being brought to an end by the voice of the people, is generally the pleasantest man to be met. But he is a Buddhist, possessing a religious creed which is altogether dark and mysterious to the outer world. Those

who watch the ways of the advanced Buddhist hardly know whether the man does believe himself in his hidden god, but men perceive that he is respectable, self-satisfied, and a man of note. It is of course from the society of such that conservative candidates are to be sought; but, alas, it is hard to indoctrinate young minds with the old belief since new theories of life have become so rife!

Nevertheless Frank Greystock, when he was invited to stand for Bobsborough in the Conservative interest, had not for a moment allowed any political heterodoxy on his own part to stand in the way of his advancement. It may, perhaps, be the case that a barrister is less likely to be influenced by personal convictions in taking his side in politics than any other man who devotes himself to public affairs. No slur on the profession is intended by this suggestion. A busy, clever, useful man, who has been at work all his life, finds that his own progress toward success demands from him that he shall become a politician. The highest work of a lawyer can only be reached through political struggle. As a large-minded man of the world, peculiarly conversant with the fact that every question has two sides, and that as much may often be said on one side as on the other, he has probably not become violent in his feelings as a political partisan. Thus he sees that there is an opening here or an opening there, and the offence in either case is not great to him. With Frank Greystock the matter was very easy. There certainly was no apostasy. He had now and again attacked his father's ultra Toryism, and rebuked his mother and sisters when they spoke of Gladstone as Apollyon, and called John Bright the Abomination of Desolation. But it was easy for him to fancy himself a Conservative, and as such he took his seat in the House without any feeling of discomfort.

During the first four months of his first session he had not spoken, but he had made himself useful. He had sat on one or two committees, though as a barrister he might have excused himself, and had done his best to learn the forms of the House. But he had already begun to find that the time which he devoted to Parliament was much wanted for his profession. Money was very necessary to him. Then a new idea was presented to him.

John Eustace and Greystock were very

intimate, as also had been Sir Florian and Greystock. "I tell you what I wish you'd do, Greystock," Eustace said to him one day, as they were standing idle together in the lobby of the House. For John Eustace was also in Parliament.

"Anything to oblige you, my friend."

"It's only a trifle," said Eustace.

"Just to marry your cousin, my brother's widow."

"By Jove, I wish I had the chance!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't. She is sure to marry somebody, and at her age so she ought. She's not twenty-three yet. We could trust you—with the child and all the rest of it. As it is, she is giving us a deal of trouble."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"I know she's fond of you. You were dining there last Sunday."

"And so was Fawn. Lord Fawn is the man to marry Lizzie. You see if he doesn't. He was uncommonly sweet on her the other night, and really interested her about the Sawab."

"She'll never be Lady Fawn," said John Eustace. "And to tell the truth, I shouldn't care to have to deal with Lord Fawn. He would be infinitely troublesome; and I can hardly wash my hands of her affairs. She's worth nearly £5,000 a year as long as she lives, and I really don't think that she's much amiss."

"Much amiss! I don't know whether she's not the prettiest woman I ever saw," said Greystock.

"Yes; but I mean in conduct, and all that. She is making herself queer; and Camperdown, our lawyer, means to jump upon her; but it's only because she doesn't know what she ought to be at, and what she ought not. You could tell her."

"It wouldn't suit me at all to have to quarrel with Camperdown," said the barrister, laughing.

"You and he would settle everything in five minutes, and it would save me a world of trouble," said Eustace.

"Fawn is your man; take my word for it," said Greystock, as he walked back into the House.

Dramatists, when they write their plays, have a delightful privilege of prefixing a list of their personages; and the dramatists of old used to tell us who was in love with whom, and what were the blood relationships of all the persons. In such a narrative as this, any proceeding of that

kind would be unusual, and therefore the poor narrator has been driven to expend his four first chapters in the mere task of introducing his characters. He regrets the length of these introductions, and will now begin at once the action of his story.

CHAPTER V.

THE EUSTACE NECKLACE.

JOHN EUSTACE, Lady Eustace's brother-in-law, had told his friend Greystock, the lady's cousin, that Mr. Camperdown the lawyer intended to "jump upon" that lady. Making such allowance and deduction from the force of these words as the slang expression requires, we may say that John Eustace was right. Mr. Camperdown was in earnest, and did intend to obtain the restoration of those jewels. Mr. Camperdown was a gentleman of about sixty, who had been lawyer to Sir Florian's father, and whose father had been lawyer to Sir Florian's grandfather. His connection with the property and with the family was of a nature to allow him to take almost any liberty with the Eustaces. When therefore John Eustace, in regard to those diamonds, had pleaded that the heir in his long minority would obtain ample means of buying more diamonds, and of suggesting that the plunder for the sake of tranquillity should be allowed, Mr. Camperdown took upon himself to say that he'd "be — if he'd put up with it." "I really don't know what you are to do," said John Eustace.

"I'll file a bill in Chancery if it's necessary," said the old lawyer. "Heaven on earth! as trustee how are you to reconcile yourself to such a robbery? They represent £500 a year forever, and she is to have them simply because she chooses to take them!"

"I suppose Florian could have given them away. At any rate he could have sold them."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Camperdown. "I have not looked as yet, but I think that this necklace has been made an heirloom. At any rate it represents an amount of property that shouldn't and couldn't be made over legally without some visible evidence of transfer. It's as clear a case of stealing as I ever knew in my life, and as bad a case. She hadn't a farthing, and she has got the whole of the Ayrshire property for her life. She goes

about and tells everybody that it's hers to sell to-morrow if she pleases to sell it. No, John,"—Mr. Camperdown had known Eustace when he was a boy, and had watched him become a man, and hadn't yet learned to drop the name by which he had called the boy,—"we mustn't allow it. What do you think of her applying to me for an income to support her child, a baby not yet two years old?" Mr. Camperdown had been very adverse to all the circumstances of Sir Florian's marriage, and had subjected himself to Sir Florian's displeasure for expressing his opinion. He had tried to explain that as the lady brought no money into the family she was not entitled to such a jointure as Sir Florian was determined to lavish upon her. But Sir Florian had been obstinate, both in regard to the settlement and the will. It was not till after Sir Florian's death that this terrible matter of the jewels had even suggested itself to Mr. Camperdown. The jewellers in whose custody the things had been since the death of the late Lady Eustace had mentioned the affair to him immediately on the young widow's return from Naples. Sir Florian had withdrawn, not all the jewels, but by far the most valuable of them, from the jewellers' care on his return to London from their marriage tour to Scotland, and this was the result. The jewellers were at that time without any doubt as to the date at which the necklace was taken from them.

Mr. Camperdown's first attempt was made by a most courteous and even complimentary note, in which he suggested to Lady Eustace that it would be for the advantage of all parties that the family jewels should be kept together. Lizzie, as she read this note, smiled, and said to herself that she did not exactly see how her own interests would be best served by such an arrangement. She made no answer to Mr. Camperdown's note. Some months after this, when the heir was born, and as Lady Eustace was passing through London on her journey from Bobsborough to Portray, a meeting had been arranged between her and Mr. Camperdown. She had endeavored by all the wiles she knew to avoid this meeting, but it had been forced upon her. She had been almost given to understand that unless she submitted to it, she would not be able to draw her income from the Portray property. Messrs. Mowbray & Mopus had ad-

vised her to submit. "My husband gave me a necklace, and they want me to give it back," she had said to Mr. Mopus. "Do nothing of the kind," Mr. Mopus had replied. "If you find it necessary, refer Mr. Camperdown to us. We will answer him." The interview had taken place, during which Mr. Camperdown took the trouble to explain very plainly and more than once that the income from the Portray property belonged to Lady Eustace for her life only. It would after her death be rejoined, of necessity, to the rest of the Eustace property. This was repeated to Lady Eustace in the presence of John Eustace; but she made no remark on being so informed. "You understand the nature of the settlement, Lady Eustace?" Mr. Camperdown had said. "I believe I understand everything," she replied: Then, just at the close of the interview, he asked a question about the jewels. Lady Eustace at first made no reply. "They might as well be sent back to Messrs. Garnett," said Mr. Camperdown. "I don't know that I have any to send back," she answered; and then she escaped before Mr. Camperdown was able to arrange any further attack. "I can manage with her better by letter than I can personally," he said to John Eustace.

Lawyers such as Mr. Camperdown are slow, and it was three or four months after that when he wrote a letter in his own name to Lady Eustace, explaining to her, still courteously, that it was his business to see that the property of the Eustace family was placed in fit hands, and that a certain valuable necklace of diamonds, which was an heirloom of the family, and which was undeniably the property of the heir, was believed to be in her custody. As such property was peculiarly subject to risks, would she have the kindness to make arrangements for handing over the necklace to the custody of the Messrs. Garnett? To this letter Lizzie made no answer whatever, nor did she to a second note, calling attention to the first. When John Eustace told Greystock that Camperdown intended to "jump upon" Lady Eustace, the following further letter had been written by the firm, but up to that time Lizzie had not replied to it:

"62 New Square, Lincoln's Inn,

"5 May, 186—.

"MADAM: It is our duty as attorneys acting on behalf of the estate of your late

husband, Sir Florian Eustace, and in the interest of your son, his heir, to ask for restitution of a certain valuable diamond necklace which is believed to be now in the possession of your ladyship. Our senior partner, Mr. Camperdown, has written to your ladyship more than once on the subject, but has not been honored with any reply. Doubtless had there been any mistake as to the necklace being in your hands we would have been so informed. The diamonds were withdrawn from Messrs. Garnett, the jewellers, by Sir Florian soon after his marriage, and were, no doubt, intrusted to your keeping. They are appanages of the family which should not be in your hands as the widow of the late baronet, and they constitute an amount of property which certainly cannot be alienated from the family without inquiry or right, as might any trifling article either of use or ornament. The jewels are valued at over £10,000.

"We are reluctantly compelled, by the fact of your having left unanswered three letters from Mr. Camperdown, Senior, on the subject, to explain to you that if attention be not paid to this letter, we shall be obliged, in the performance of our duty, to take legal steps for the restitution of the property.

"We have the honor to be, Madam,
"Your ladyship's most obedient servants,
"CAMPERDOWN & SON.

"To Lady Eustace," etc., etc.

A few days after it was sent, old Mr. Camperdown got the letter-book of the office and read the letter to John Eustace.

"I don't see how you're to get them," said Eustace.

"We'll throw upon her the burden of showing that they have become legally her property. She can't do it."

"Suppose she sold them?"

"We'll follow them up. Ten thousand pounds, my dear John! God bless my soul! it's a magnificent dowry for a daughter—an ample provision for a younger son. And she is to be allowed to filch it, as other widows filch china cups and a silver teaspoon or two! It's quite a common thing, but I never heard of such a haul as this."

"It will be very unpleasant," said Eustace.

"And then she still goes about everywhere declaring that the Portray property

is her own. She's a bad lot. I knew it from the first. Of course we shall have trouble." Then Mr. Eustace explained to the lawyer that their best way out of it all would be to get the widow married to some respectable husband. She was sure to marry sooner or later, so John Eustace said, and any "decently decent" fellow would be easier to deal with than she herself. "He must be very indecently indecent if he is not," said Mr. Camperdown. But Mr. Eustace did not name Frank Greystock the barrister as the probable future decent husband.

When Lizzie first got the letter, which she did on the day after the visit at Fawn Court of which mention has been made, she put it by unread for a couple of days. She opened it; not knowing the clerk's handwriting, but read only the first line and the signature. For two days she went on with the ordinary affairs and amusements of her life, as though no such letter had reached her; but she was thinking of it all the time. The diamonds were in her possession, and she had had them valued by her old friend Mr. Benjamin, of the firm of Harter & Benjamin. Mr. Benjamin had suggested that stones of such a value should not be left to the risk of an ordinary London house; but Lizzie had felt that if Mr. Benjamin got them into his hands, Mr. Benjamin might perhaps not return them. Messrs. Camperdown and Garnett between them might form a league with Mr. Benjamin. Where would she be, should Mr. Benjamin tell her that under some legal sanction he had given the jewels up to Mr. Camperdown? She hinted to Mr. Benjamin that she would perhaps sell them if she got a good offer. Mr. Benjamin, who was very familiar with her, hinted that there might be a little family difficulty. "Oh, none in the least," said Lizzie; "but I don't think I shall part with them." Then she gave Mr. Benjamin an order for a strong box, which was supplied to her. The strong box, which was so heavy that she could barely lift it herself, was now in her London bedroom.

On the morning of the third day she read the letter. Miss Macnulty was staying with her, but she had not said a word to Miss Macnulty about the letter. She read it up in her own bedroom and then sat down to think about it. Sir Florian, as he had handed to her the stones for the

purpose of a special dinner party which had been given to them when passing through London, had told her that they were family jewels. "That setting was done for my mother," he said, "but it is already old. When we are at home again they shall be reset." Then he had added some little husband's joke as to a future daughter-in-law who should wear them. Nevertheless she was not sure whether the fact of their being so handed to her did not make them her own. She had spoken a second time to Mr. Mopus, and Mr. Mopus had asked her whether there existed any family deed as to the diamonds. She had heard of no such deed, nor did Mr. Camperdown mention such a deed. After reading the letter once she read it a dozen times; and then, like a woman, made up her mind that her safest course would be not to answer it.

But yet she felt sure that something unpleasant would come of it. Mr. Camperdown was not a man to take up such a question and let it drop. Legal steps! What did legal steps mean, and what could they do to her? Would Mr. Camperdown be able to put her in prison, or to take away from her the estate of Portray? She could swear that her husband had given them to her, and could invent any form of words she pleased as accompanying the gift. No one else had been near them then. But she was, and felt herself to be absolutely, alarmingly ignorant, not only of the laws but of custom in such matters. Messrs. Mowbray & Mopus and Mr. Benjamin were the allies to whom she looked for guidance; but she was wise enough to know that Mowbray & Mopus and Harter & Benjamin were not trustworthy, whereas Camperdown & Son and the Messrs. Garnett were all as firm as rocks and as respectable as the Bank of England. Circumstances—unfortunate circumstances—drove her to Harter & Benjamin and to Mowbray & Mopus, while she would have taken so much delight in feeling the strong honesty of the other people to be on her side! She would have talked to her friends about Mr. Camperdown and the people at Garnetts' with so much satisfaction! But ease, security, and even respectability may be bought too dearly. Ten thousand pounds! Was she prepared to surrender such a sum as that? She had, indeed, already realized the fact that it might be

very difficult to touch the money. When she had suggested to Mr. Benjamin that he should buy the jewels, that worthy tradesman had by no means jumped at the offer. Of what use to her would be a necklace always locked up in an iron box, which box, for aught she knew, myrmidons from Mr. Camperdown might carry off during her absence from the house? Would it not be better to come to terms and surrender? But then what should the terms be?

If only there had been a friend whom she could consult—a friend whom she could consult on a really friendly footing!—not a simply respectable, off-handed, high-minded friend, who would advise her as a matter of course to make restitution. Her uncle the dean, or her cousin Frank, or old Lady Fawn, would be sure to give her such advice as that. There are people who are so very high-minded when they have to deal with the interests of their friends! What if she were to ask Lord Fawn?

Thoughts of a second marriage had, of course, crossed Lady Eustace's mind, and they were by no means the worst thoughts that found a place there. She had a grand idea—this selfish, hard-fisted little woman, who could not bring herself to abandon the plunder on which she had laid her hand—a grand idea of surrendering herself and all her possessions to a great passion. For Florian Eustace she had never cared. She had sat down by his side, and looked into his handsome face, and read poetry to him, because of his wealth, and because it had been indispensable to her to settle herself well. And he had been all very well—a generous, open-hearted, chivalrous, irascible, but rather heavy-minded gentleman; but she had never been in love with him. Now she desired to be so in love that she could surrender everything to her love. There was as yet nothing of such love in her bosom. She had seen no one who had so touched her. But she was alive to the romance of the thing, and was in love with the idea of being in love. "Ah," she would say to herself in her moments of solitude, "if I had a Corsair of my own, how I would sit on watch for my lover's boat by the sea-shore!" And she believed it of herself that she could do so.

But it would also be very nice to be a peeress—so that she might, without any

doubt, be one of the great ladies of London. As a baronet's widow with a large income, she was already almost a great lady; but she was quite alive to a suspicion that she was not altogether strong in her position. The bishop's people and the dean's people did not quite trust her. The Camperdowns and Garnetts utterly distrusted her. The Mopuses and Benjamins were more familiar than they would be with a really great lady. She was sharp enough to understand all this. Should it be Lord Fawn or should it be a Corsair? The worst of Lord Fawn was the undoubted fact that he was not himself a great man. He could, no doubt, make his wife a peeress; but he was poor, encumbered with a host of sisters, dull as a blue-book, and possessed of little beyond his peerage to recommend him. If she could only find a peer, unmarried, with a dash of the Corsair about him! In the mean time what was she to do about the jewels?

There was staying with her at this time a certain Miss Macnulty, who was related, after some distant fashion, to old Lady Linlithgow, and who was as utterly destitute of possessions or means of existence as any unfortunate, well-born, and moderately-educated middle-aged woman in London. To live upon her friends, such as they might be, was the only mode of life within her reach. It was not that she had chosen such dependence; nor, indeed, had she endeavored to reject it. It had come to her as a matter of course—either that or the poorhouse. As to earning her bread, except by that attendance which a poor friend gives, the idea of any possibility that way had never entered her head. She could do nothing—except dress like a lady with the smallest possible cost, and endeavor to be obliging. Now, at this moment, her condition was terribly precarious. She had quarrelled with Lady Linlithgow, and had been taken in by her old friend Lizzie—her old enemy might, perhaps, be a truer expression—because of that quarrel. But a permanent home had not even been promised to her; and poor Miss Macnulty was aware that even a permanent home with Lady Eastace would not be an unmixed blessing. In her way, Miss Macnulty was an honest woman.

They were sitting together one May afternoon in the little back drawing-room in Mount street. They had dined early, were

now drinking tea, and intended to go to the opera. It was six o'clock, and was still broad day, but the thick colored blind was kept across the single window, and the folding doors of the room were nearly closed, and there was a feeling of evening in the room. The necklace during the whole day had been so heavy on Lizzie's heart that she had been unable to apply her thoughts to the building of that castle in the air in which the Corsair was to reign supreme, but not alone. "My dear," she said—she generally called Miss Macnulty my dear—"you know that box I had made by the jewellers."

"You mean the safe."

"Well—yes; only it isn't a safe. A safe is a great big thing. I had it made especially for the diamonds Sir Florian gave me."

"I supposed it was so."

"I wonder whether there's any danger about it?"

"If I were you, Lady Eustace, I wouldn't keep them in the house. I should have them kept where Sir Florian kept them. Suppose anybody should come and murder you."

"I'm not a bit afraid of that," said Lizzie.

"I should be. And what will you do with it when you go to Scotland?"

"I took them with me before—in my own care. I know that wasn't safe. I wish I knew what to do with them."

"There are people who keep such things," said Miss Macnulty.

Then Lizzie paused a moment. She was dying for counsel and for confidence. "I cannot trust them anywhere," she said. "It is just possible there may be a lawsuit about them."

"How a lawsuit?"

"I cannot explain it all, but I am very unhappy about it. They want me to give them up; but my husband gave them to me, and for his sake I will not do so. When he threw them around my neck he told me that they were my own—so he did. How can a woman give up such a present—from a husband—who is dead? As to the value, I care nothing. But I won't do it." By this time Lady Eustace was in tears, and had so far succeeded as to have produced some amount of belief in Miss Macnulty's mind.

"If they are your own, they can't take them from you," said Miss Macnulty.

"They shan't. They shall find that I've got some spirit left." Then she reflected that a real Corsair lover would protect her jewels for her—would guard them against a score of Camperdowns. But she doubted whether Lord Fawn would do much in that way. Then the door was opened, and Lord Fawn was announced. It was not at all unusual with Lord Fawn to call on the widow at this hour. Mount street is not exactly in the way from the India Office to the House of Lords; but a Hansom cab can make it almost in the way. Of neglect of official duty Lord Fawn was never guilty; but a half hour for private business or for relaxation between one stage of duty and another—can any Minister grudge so much to an indefatigable follower? Lady Eustace had been in tears as he was announced, but the light of the room was so low that the traces of them could hardly be seen. She was in her Corsair state of mind, divided between her jewels and her poetry, and caring not very much for the increased rank which Lord Fawn could give her. "The Sawab's case is coming on in the House of Commons this very night," he said, in answer to a question from Miss Macnulty. Then he turned to Lady Eustace. "Your cousin, Mr. Greystock, is going to ask a question in the House."

"Shall you be there to answer him?" asked Miss Macnulty innocently.

"Oh dear, no. But I shall be present. A peer can go, you know." Then Lord Fawn, at considerable length, explained to the two ladies the nature and condition of the British Parliament. Miss Macnulty experienced an innocent pleasure in having such things told to her by a lord. Lady Eustace knew that this was the way in which Lord Fawn made love, and thought that from him it was as good as any other way. If she were to marry a second time simply with a view of being a peeress, of having a respected husband, and making good her footing in the world, she would as lief listen to parliamentary details and the prospects of the Sawab as to any other matters. She knew very well that no Corsair propensities would be forthcoming from Lord Fawn. Lord Fawn had just worked himself round to the Sawab again, when Frank Greystock entered the room. "Now we have both the Houses represented," said Lady Eustace, as she welcomed her cousin.

"You intend to ask your question about the Sawab to-night?" asked Lord Fawn with intense interest, feeling that had it been his lot to perform that task before he went to his couch, he would at this moment have been preparing his little speech.

But Frank Greystock had not come to his cousin's house to talk of the Prince of the Mygawb territory. When his friend Eustace had suggested to him that he should marry the widow, he had ridiculed the idea. But nevertheless he had thought of it a good deal. He was struggling hard, working diligently, making for himself a character in Parliament, succeeding—so said all his friends—as a barrister. He was a rising young man, one of those whose names began to be much in the mouths of other men; but still he was poor. It seemed to himself that among other good gifts that of economy had not been bestowed upon him. He owed a little money, and though he owed it, he went on spending his earnings. He wanted just such a lift in the world as a wife with an income would give him. As for looking about for a girl whom he could honestly love, and who should have a fortune of her own, as well as beauty, birth, and all the other things—that was out of his reach. If he talked to himself of love, if he were ever to acknowledge to himself that love was to have sway over him, then must Lucy Morris be the mistress of his heart. He had come to know enough about himself to be aware of that; but he knew also that he had said nothing binding him to walk in that path. It was quite open to him to indulge a discreet ambition without dishonor. Therefore he also had come to call upon the beautiful widow. The courtship with her he knew need not be long. He could ask her to marry him to-morrow—as for that matter, to-day—without a feeling of hesitation. She might accept him, or might reject him; but, as he said to himself, in neither case would any harm be done.

An idea of the same kind flitted across Lizzie's mind as she sat and talked to the two gentlemen. She knew that her cousin Frank was poor, but she thought that she could fall in love with him. He was not exactly a Corsair, but he was a man who had certain Corsair propensities. He was bold and dashing, unscrupulous and clever—a man to make a name for himself, and one to whom a woman could endure to

be obedient. There could be no question as to choice between him and Lord Fawn if she were to allow herself to choose by liking. And she thought that Frank Greystock would keep the necklace, if he himself were made to have an interest in the necklace; whereas Lord Fawn would undoubtedly surrender it at once to Mr. Camperdown.

Lord Fawn had some slight idea of waiting to see the cousin go; but as Greystock had a similar idea, and as he was the stronger of the two, of course Lord Fawn went. He perhaps remembered that the Hansom cab was at the door, costing sixpence every fifteen minutes, and that he wished to show himself in the House of Lords before the peers rose. Miss Macnulty also left the room, and Frank was alone with the widow.

"Lizzie," said he, "you must be very solitary here."

"I am solitary."

"And hardly happy."

"Anything but happy, Frank. I have things that make me very unhappy; one thing that I will tell you if you will let me."

Frank had almost made up his mind to ask her on the spot to give him permission to console all her sorrows, when there came a clattering double knock at the door.

"They know I shall be at home to nobody else now," said Lady Eustace.

But Frank Greystock had hardly regained his self-possession when Miss Macnulty hurried into the room, and, with a look almost of horror, declared that Lady Linlithgow was in the parlor.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY LINLITHGOW'S MISSION.

"LADY LINLITHGOW," said Frank Greystock, holding up both his hands.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Macnulty. "I did not speak to her, but I saw her. She has sent her—love to Lady Eustace, and begs that she will see her."

Lady Eustace had been so surprised by the announcement that hitherto she had not spoken a word. The quarrel between her and her aunt had been of such a nature that it had seemed to be impossible that the old countess should come to Mount street. Lizzie had certainly behaved very

badly to her aunt—about as badly as a young woman could behave to an old woman. She had accepted bread, and shelter, and the very clothes on her back from her aunt's bounty, and had rejected even the hand of her benefactress the first moment that she had bread, and shelter, and clothes of her own. And here was Lady Linlithgow down-stairs in the parlor, and sending up her love to her niece! "I won't see her," said Lizzie.

"You had better see her," said Frank.

"I can't see her," said Lizzie. "Good gracious, my dear, what has she come for?"

"She says it's very important," said Miss Macnulty.

"Of course you must see her," said Frank. "Let me get out of the house, and then tell the servant to show her up at once. Don't be weak now, Lizzie, and I'll come and find out all about it to-morrow."

"Mind you do," said Lizzie. Then Frank took his departure, and Lizzie did as she was bidden. "You remain in here, Julia," she said, "so as to be near if I want you. She shall come into the front room." Then, absolutely shaking with fear of the approaching evil, she took her seat in the largest drawing-room. There was still a little delay. Time was given to Frank Greystock to get away, and to do so without meeting Lady Linlithgow in the passage. The message was conveyed by Miss Macnulty to the servant, and the same servant opened the front door for Frank before he delivered it. Lady Linlithgow, too, though very strong, was old. She was slow, or perhaps it might more properly be said she was stately in her movements. She was one of those old women who are undoubtedly old women—who in the remembrance of younger people seem always to have been old women—but on whom old age appears to have no debilitating effects. If the hand of Lady Linlithgow ever trembled, it trembled from anger. If her foot ever faltered, it faltered for effect. In her way Lady Linlithgow was a very powerful human being. She knew nothing of fear, nothing of charity, nothing of mercy, and nothing of the softness of love. She had no imagination. She was worldly, covetous, and not unfrequently cruel. But she meant to be true and honest, though she often failed in her meaning, and she had

an idea of her duty in life. She was not self-indulgent. She was as hard as an oak post, but then she was also as trustworthy. No human being liked her; but she had the good word of a great many human beings. At great cost to her own comfort, she had endeavored to do her duty to her niece, Lizzie Greystock, when Lizzie was homeless. Undoubtedly Lizzie's bed, while it had been spread under her aunt's roof, had not been one of roses; but such as it had been, she had endured to occupy it while it served her needs. She had constrained herself to bear her aunt; but from the moment of her escape she had chosen to reject her aunt altogether. Now her aunt's heavy step was heard upon the stairs! Lizzie also was a brave woman after a certain fashion. She could dare to incur a great danger for an adequate object. But she was too young as yet to have become mistress of that persistent courage which was Lady Linlithgow's peculiar possession.

When the countess entered the drawing-room Lizzie rose upon her legs, but did not come forward from her chair. The old woman was not tall; but her face was long, and at the same time large, square at the chin and square at the forehead, and gave her almost an appearance of height. Her nose was very prominent, not beaked, but straight and strong, and broad at the bridge, and of a dark-red color. Her eyes were sharp and gray. Her mouth was large, and over it there was almost beard enough for a young man's moustache. Her chin was firm, and large, and solid. Her hair was still brown, and was only just grizzled in parts. Nothing becomes an old woman like gray hair, but Lady Linlithgow's hair would never be gray. Her appearance, on the whole, was not prepossessing, but it gave one an idea of honest, real strength. What one saw was not buckram, whalebone, paint, and false hair. It was all human—hardly feminine, certainly not angelic, with perhaps a hint in the other direction—but a human body, and not a thing of pads and patches. Lizzie, as she saw her aunt, made up her mind for the combat. Who is there that has lived to be a man or woman, and has not experienced a moment in which a combat has impended, and a call for such sudden courage has been necessary? Alas! sometimes the combat comes, and

the courage is not there. Lady Eustace was not at her ease as she saw her aunt enter the room. "Oh, come ye in peace, or come ye in war?" she would have said had she dared. Her aunt had sent up her love, if the message had been delivered aright; but what of love could there be between those two? The countess dashed at once to the matter in hand, making no allusion to Lizzie's ungrateful conduct to herself. "Lizzie," she said, "I've been asked to come to you by Mr. Camperdown. I'll sit down, if you please."

"Oh, certainly, Aunt Penelope. Mr. Camperdown!"

"Yes; Mr. Camperdown. You know who he is. He has been to me because I am your nearest relation. So I am, and therefore I have come. I don't like it, I can tell you."

"As for that, Aunt Penelope, you've done it to please yourself," said Lizzie in a tone of insolence with which Lady Linlithgow had been familiar in former days.

"No, I haven't, Miss. I haven't come for my own pleasure at all. I have come for the credit of the family, if any good can be done towards saving it. You've got your husband's diamonds locked up somewhere, and you must give them back."

"My husband's diamonds were my diamonds," said Lizzie stoutly.

"They were family diamonds, Eustace diamonds, heirlooms—old property belonging to the Eustaces, just like their estates. Sir Florian didn't give 'em away, and couldn't, and wouldn't if he could. Such things ain't given away in that fashion. It's all nonsense, and you must give them up."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"That's nothing, Aunt Penelope."

"Nothing, is it? You'll see. Mr. Camperdown says so. All the world will say so. If you don't take care, you'll find yourself brought into a court of law, my dear, and a jury will say so. That's what it will come to. What good will they do you? You can't sell them; and, as a widow, you can't wear 'em. If you marry again, you wouldn't disgrace your husband by going about showing off the Eustace diamonds. But you don't know anything about 'proper feelings.'"

"I know every bit as much as you do,

Aunt Penelope, and I don't want you to teach me."

"Will you give up the jewels to Mr. Camperdown?"

"No, I won't."

"Or to the jewellers?"

"No, I won't. I mean to—keep them—for—my child." Then there came forth a sob and a tear, and Lizzie's handkerchief was held to her eyes.

"Your child! Wouldn't they be kept properly for him, and for the family, if the jewellers had them? I don't believe you care about your child."

"Aunt Penelope, you had better take care."

"I shall say just what I think, Lizzie. You can't frighten me. The fact is, you are disgracing the family you have married into, and as you are my niece——"

"I'm not disgracing anybody. You are disgracing everybody."

"As you are my niece, I have undertaken to come to you and to tell you that if you don't give 'em up within a week from this time they'll proceed against you for—stealing 'em." Lady Linlithgow, as she uttered this terrible threat, bobbed her head at her niece in a manner calculated to add very much to the force of her words. The words, and tone, and gesture combined were, in truth, awful.

"I didn't steal them. My husband gave them to me with his own hands."

"You wouldn't answer Mr. Camperdown's letters, you know. That alone will condemn you. After that there isn't a word to be said about it—not a word. Mr. Camperdown is the family lawyer, and when he writes to you letter after letter you take no more notice of him than a—dog." The old woman was certainly very powerful. The way in which she pronounced that last word did make Lady Eustace ashamed of herself. "Why didn't you answer his letters, unless you knew you were in the wrong? Of course you knew you were in the wrong."

"No, I didn't. A woman isn't obliged to answer everything that is written to her."

"Very well! You just say that before the judge! for you'll have to go before a judge. I tell you, Lizzie Greystock, or Eustace, or whatever your name is, it's downright picking and stealing. I suppose you want to sell them."

"I won't stand this, Aunt Penelope," said Lizzie, rising from her seat.

"You must stand it, and you'll have to stand worse than that. You don't suppose Mr. Camperdown got me to come here for nothing. If you don't want to be made-out to be a thief before all the world——"

"I won't stand it," shrieked Lizzie. "You have no business to come here and say such things to me. It's my house."

"I shall say just what I please."

"Miss Macnulty, come in." And Lizzie threw open the door, hardly knowing how the very weak ally whom she now invoked could help her, but driven by the stress of the combat to seek assistance somewhere. Miss Macnulty, who was seated near the door, and who had necessarily heard every word of the conversation, had no alternative but to appear. Of all human beings Lady Linlithgow was to her the most terrible, and yet, after a fashion, she loved the old woman. Miss Macnulty was humble, cowardly, and subservient; but she was not a fool, and she understood the difference between truth and falsehood. She had endured fearful things from Lady Linlithgow; but she knew that there might be more of sound protection in Lady Linlithgow's real wrath than in Lizzie's pretended affection.

"So you are there, are you?" said the countess.

"Yes, I am here, Lady Linlithgow."

"Listening, I suppose. Well, so much the better. You know well enough, and you can tell her. You ain't a fool, though I suppose you'll be afraid to open your mouth."

"Julia," said Lady Eustace, "will you have the kindness to see that my aunt is shown to her carriage? I cannot stand her violence, and I will go up-stairs." So saying she made her way very gracefully into the back drawing-room, whence she could escape to her bedroom.

But her aunt fired a last shot at her. "Unless you do as you're bid, Lizzie, you'll find yourself in prison as sure as eggs." Then, when her niece was beyond hearing, she turned to Miss Macnulty. "I suppose you've heard about these diamonds, Macnulty?"

"I know she's got them, Lady Linlithgow."

"She has no more right to them than you have. I suppose you're afraid to tell her so, lest she should turn you out; but it's well she should know it. I've done my duty. Never mind about the servant. I'll find my way out of the house." Nevertheless the bell was rung, and the countess was shown to her carriage with proper consideration.

The two ladies went to the opera, and it was not till after their return, and just as they were going to bed, that anything further was said about either the necklace or the visit. Miss Macnulty would not begin the subject, and Lizzie purposely postponed it. But not for a moment had it been off Lady Eustace's mind. She did not care much for music, though she professed to do so, and thought that she did. But on this night, had she at other times been a slave to Saint Cecilia, she would have been free from that thrall. The old woman's threats had gone into her very heart's blood. Theft, and prison, and juries, and judges had been thrown at her head so violently that she was almost stunned. Could it really be the case that they would prosecute her for stealing? She was Lady Eustace, and who but Lady Eustace should have these diamonds or be allowed to wear them? Nobody could say that Sir Florian had not given them to her. It could not, surely, be brought against her as an actual crime that she had not answered Mr. Camperdown's letters? And yet she was not sure. Her ideas about law and judicial proceedings were very vague. Of what was wrong and what was right she had a distinct notion. She knew well enough that she was endeavoring to steal the Eustace diamonds; but she did not in the least know what power there might be in the law to prevent, or to punish her for the intended theft. She knew well that the thing was not really her own; but there were, as she thought, so many points in her favor, that she felt it to be a cruelty that any one should grudge her the plunder. Was not she the only Lady Eustace living? As to these threats from Mr. Camperdown and Lady Linlithgow, she felt certain they would be used against her whether they were true or false. She would break her heart should she abandon her prey and afterward find that Mr. Camperdown would have been wholly powerless against her

had she held on to it. But then who would tell her the truth? She was sharp enough to understand, or at any rate suspicious enough to believe, that Mr. Mopus would be actuated by no other desire in the matter than that of running up a bill against her. "My dear," she said to Miss Macnulty, as they went up-stairs after the opera, "come into my room a moment. You heard all that my aunt said."

"I could not help hearing. You told me to stay there, and the door was ajar."

"I wanted you to hear. Of course what she said was the greatest nonsense in the world."

"I don't know."

"When she talked about my being taken to prison for not answering a lawyer's letter, that must be nonsense."

"I suppose that was."

"And then she is such a ferocious old termagant—such an old vultress. Now isn't she a ferocious old termagant?" Lizzie paused for an answer, desirous that her companion should join her in her enmity against her aunt; but Miss Macnulty was unwilling to say anything against one who had been her protectress, and might, perhaps, be her protectress again. "You don't mean to say you don't hate her?" said Lizzie. "If you didn't hate her after all she has done to you, I should despise you. Don't you hate her?"

"I think she's a very upsetting old woman," said Miss Macnulty.

"Oh, you poor creature! Is that all you dare say about her?"

"I'm obliged to be a poor creature," said Miss Macnulty, with a red spot on each of her cheeks.

Lady Eustace understood this, and relented. "But you needn't be afraid," she said, "to tell me what you think."

"About the diamonds, you mean."

"Yes, about the diamonds."

"You have enough without them. I'd give 'em up for peace and quiet." That was Miss Macnulty's advice.

"No, I haven't enough, or nearly enough. I've had to buy ever so many things since my husband died. They've done all they could to be hard to me. They made me pay for the very furniture at Portray." This wasn't true; but it was true that Lizzie had endeavored to palm off on the Eustace estate bills for new things which she had ordered for her

own country-house. "I haven't near enough. I am in debt already. People talked as though I were the richest woman in the world; but when it comes to be spent, I ain't rich. Why should I give them up if they're my own?"

"Not if they're your own."

"If I give you a present and then die, people can't come and take it away afterwards because I didn't put it into my will. There'd be no making presents like that at all." This Lizzie said with an evident conviction in the strength of her argument.

"But this necklace is so very valuable."

"That can't make a difference. If a thing is a man's own he can give it away;—not a house, or a farm, or a wood, or anything like that, but a thing that he can

carry about with him—of course he can give it away."

"But perhaps Sir Florian didn't mean to give it for always," suggested Miss Macnulty.

"But perhaps he did. He told me that they were mine, and I shall keep them. So that's the end of it. You can go to bed now." And Miss Macnulty went to bed.

Lizzie, as she sat thinking of it, owed to herself that no help was to be expected in that quarter. She was not angry with Miss Macnulty, who was, almost of necessity, a poor creature. But she was convinced more strongly than ever that some friend was necessary to her who should not be a poor creature. Lord Fawn, though a peer, was a poor creature. Frank Greystock she believed to be as strong as a house.

WAITING.

A LISTLESS holiday: the creaming spray
Beats upward to the sky,
And not a living dye
Relieves the lifeless day.

I sit and pant with all this summer toil
That takes from me my strength:
An unavailing length
Of years without one spoil.

And nothing have I garnered, nothing won;
Nothing hath come to me—
Nothing that I can see—
In all the work begun.

So pass the languid summers one by one,
And one by one the days—
A life of Junes and Mays—
With all I would undone.

GEORGE FLOWERDEW

DRIFT-WOOD.

RAMBLING IN MAINE.

APROPOS of the season and of my monthly task for the magazine, Poynter and I were recalling, the other day, an excursion we made, in September, 185-, among the backwoods of Maine. It was, we remember, on a delicious evening that we started by sea from our rendezvous at Boston; and long after the glimmering coastwise lights had faded, our ocean theatre was brilliant with moon and stars, while a comet, just above the horizon, added a rare gem to the beautiful sky. We recalled comparing eyesights on the comet's tail, agreeing that it was apparently a yard long; and we even had a reminiscence of the two aspiring youth who, despite the sarcasms of their hearers, sang popular airs upon the deck, and of whom one remarked, on ceasing, that a "tin hat" was needed to bring out his voice with full effect.

Daybreak found us at Portland, whence we again took steamer for Augusta, on the Kennebec. It was only the middle of September, but we shivered in the raw wind, and passed the morning in picking out deck seats in the sunshine, which shifted with each hauling of the boat's course. The Kennebec toward its mouth is very picturesque, its rocky banks being clothed and crowned with dark green firs, beautifully contrasting with the underbrush of light green. Higher up, as its shores are less rocky, the scenery is tamer, and when the wind had changed to "dead ahead" for our benefit, and the tide was ebbing, we tired even of the fine landscapes on the Kennebec.

Augusta, seen from its high hill, is a handsome city, justly the pride of its people, who are, or then were, envious of Bangor, and rather supercilious, too, toward their Penobscot rival. It is the Woodylynn of Dr. Judd's "Richard Edney," as the reader of that story can easily discern. We saw the mill where Clover worked, crossed the bridge which Richard traversed during the great snow-storm, and visited the dam which was torn away by the freshet. Little romance went to the novelist's description, as one could well imagine in seeing the water plunge twenty feet over the broad dam and boil furiously below. The arsenal, on the east bank, was under the charge of a veteran

soldier, proud of his neat yard, his magazines, his gardens and greenhouses, his stock of muskets, even then antiquated, and his pigmy ordnance, now mere pop-guns. We made the tour of the saw-mills, which, in our unprofessional eyes, seemed to be sparing of the Kennebec's lavish strength, running small saws, and even those slowly. In the State House, which was almost a counterpart of the one whose dome forms the "hub of the universe," they were holding a State fair, and the show of fruit made Doane's mouth water.

Our goal was Moosehead. We journeyed by rail from Augusta to Skowhegan, forty miles up the river. Here, in the cosy, old-fashioned tavern of Mr. Turner, we found a hearty welcome, genuine comfort, and a royal supper, including a dish of ambrosia—at least by that name, I am sure, would George Doane, our epicure, be pleased to see his Maine applesauce immortalized! A golden moon rose over the glittering dam as we walked down from the inn to view it; and when we returned, chilled by the biting air, a heap of huge logs crackled and roared in the open fireplace, lighting up a cheery bar-room, with old cronies chatting at the blazing hearth, a big dog snoring from his favorite corner, two little boys fast asleep on a settle or window-seat, and the stage-driver, ruddy and good-humored, counting his passengers for the next morning's trip to the Foot of the Lake.

Nowadays, they say, a railroad is building to Moosehead Lake. Even then there was a choice of approaches. You could reach it by taking a canoe at Augusta and paddling up the Kennebec, "carrying" occasionally around the rapids and dams, until you entered the lakes which form the headwaters of the rivers. Or you could start with your "birch" from Bangor, going up the West Branch of the Penobscot, through Chesuncook, as far as the Carry of Moosehead Lake, across which the birch is then transported and launched upon the lake. This latter is an excursion in itself, taking the traveller through a wild region. There was also a stage-coach line from Bangor to the lake, distance sixty-five miles, and another from Skowhegan, distance fifty-five miles, which latter was the one we took; but for mod-

ern information it would be well to write to Bangor or Skowhegan.

(N. B.—Never make such inquiries of postmasters; they do not answer letters. The landlord is a better venture; he will reflect that you meditate a trip and may stop with him on the way.)

At seven o'clock of a crisp September morning we climbed atop of the stage and set out from Skowhegan for Moosehead. Inside was a healthy baby with bad teeth, whom his mother stuffed tight with sweet cakes and sour apples, beginning the moment the coach started. She remarked that the child suffered somewhat from the toothache. Our team of four horses dashed merrily off, under the cracking whip. Pretty soon our nigh leader broke his harness twice, and the driver, jumping off, grabbed him by the head and gave him three kicks, saying satirically: "D—n ye, you did well." Then he skilfully repaired the broken harness. We passed through Athens, Harmony, Cambridge, Parkman, Abbot, Blanchard, and Shirley, the ride from one station to another being called a shift; and at Parkman in a shabby tavern we ate a shabbier dinner. Naturally the road was hilly and rough; but the weather was unnaturally icy, and we were chilled on reaching Greenville, generally called the Foot of the Lake, at eight o'clock. Here were a dozen houses and one or two stores. Here, too, our little party, consisting of Poynter, Doane, Acres, and myself, met our two guides, whom we may call King and Kline, each captain of his own canoe. With them Poynter forthwith held a council of war. Early next morning we began our brief preparations for the campaign. It had been decided to cross Moosehead Lake, to "carry" to the West Branch of the Penobscot, and thence to paddle down the river to a large sheet of water called Lobster Pond, there going into camp. Poynter, our Nimrod, had designs, apparently, on trout and feathered game, as well as on any four-footed beast that might incautiously come our way, and had inspected our weapons for carrying on both land and naval warfare—an apparatus of rod and reel, lines and hooks, bobs and sinkers, for lake expeditions, and powder, shot, wad-ding, caps, pouches, nipple wrenches, jack-knives, and guns, for skirmishes and slaughters in the forest. It was now Doane's turn to be active, for the question

was one of the commissariat. He soon brought us the following bill denoting the modest stock of provisions which he, under Kline's advice, had purchased from a neighboring store:

74 lbs. hard bread at 8 cts.	\$5 92
3 " tea at 62 1-2 cts.	1 88
25 " sugar at 11 cts.	2 75
3 " candles at 16 1-2 c s.	33
50 " pork at 15 cts.	7 50
1 lb. saleratus at 8 cts.	08
4 lbs. cheese at 12 1-2 cts.	50
25 " flour at 3 1-2 cts.	88
5 " butter at 18 cts.	90
4 " maple sugar at 12 1-2 cts.	50
2 bush. potatoes	1 50
1-4 gross matches	16
1 firkin and 3 boxes	58
Total	\$23 48

This matter being settled to Doane's satisfaction, we were soon off. Moosehead Lake is an irregular sheet of water, full of promontories and inlets, but in general forty miles long and fifteen broad in its widest part. It is the headwaters of the Kennebec, and a thousand feet above the level of the sea. A little steamer plied three times a week between the head and foot; but as she was not to leave till the morrow, we chartered a sail-boat, put our canoes, supplies, and precious selves aboard, and set out. Near Deer Island we got our first view of Katahdin, rising dimly in the distance. The wind dying away, we were ten hours in going sixteen miles. After nightfall, therefore, we steered for the shore, and made our way, through woods and thick darkness, to Kline's house. The Kline mansion was a square room with walls innocent of lath or plaster. In it blazed a magnificent fire of huge logs. From the boat we had brought pork and potatoes, which Mrs. Kline cooked, smoking a short pipe during the delicate process. Kline sat at the head of the table without exchanging a word. Ordinarily, he was garrulity itself; but now, being embarrassed, he kept mum. We slept soundly that night on his hospitable floor.

Next day we hailed the steamboat, and were towed to Kineo. Mount Kineo is a huge rock on the eastern shore of the lake, half-way up, rising seven hundred feet and more from the lake level. Strikingly abrupt everywhere, its best effect is not to be had from the lake, toward which it slopes, but from its reverse flank, where it is sheer and precipitous, and marvellous

stories are told of the depth of the water at its base. The mountain dominates the lake landscape everywhere; you see it before you, behind you, this side of you, and are glad to be quit of the landmark, as a token of real progress. The little steamer puffed up to the wharf and landed her party at the hotel. It was the resort of many who liked to take their hunting and fishing in instalments, with a comfortable house as a base, better than to rough it in the woods.

As Poynter scorned such inglorious luxury, we cast off our tow-line, for the steamer went no further that day; and we bade good-by to the young moose penned near the house, with some misgivings as to our ever seeing another, and to the great eagle caught in a steel-trap and caged near the moose. The wind again failing, we took to the birches. Poynter and Doane, being good oarsmen, piqued themselves on acquiring skill at the paddle: six hours' practice cooled their ambition or satisfied it. Pretty soon we discovered a large eagle circling in the sky, and when within long gunshot, Poynter dropped his paddle, seized his gun, and fired. If the small shot reached him, they had little effect upon his majesty of the clouds. Ducks flying hither and thither gave Poynter practice in shooting from a birch. We also landed occasionally and looked for moose-tracks in a country wild and dense with woods and underbrush. Enormous trunks of aged trees, prone at every step, showed how they had lived, grown to great heights, rotted, fallen, and gathered their shrouds of moss. Doane, who had borne with good temper our noon meal of salt pork, hard bread, and water, now begged us to drop the gun and try the rod for the sake of a civilized supper. Accordingly we fished at a place called "The Farm," in complimentary contrast to the forest, and caught some handsome lake trout which made Doane's eyes dance with delight.

At eight o'clock, having toiled to the head of the lake, we left the birches and most of our provisions on the shore (Kline smiling when we suggested a doubt of their safety), and walked across the Carry with our personal baggage, guns, and rods, not forgetting the trout, which Doane took under his special charge. The Carry is a rude railroad of logs, built over the marshy ground between the lake and the West Branch of the Penobscot. The road and track were two miles long,

and in such condition that the oxen which drew the heavy car sometimes fell through. The tramp was tiresome in the cold, dark night, and we were glad to reach the shanty at the other end of the Carry.

The shanty was a large roof with its eaves raised by the breadth of two huge logs (which served as walls) above the ground. The larger part was the sleeping-room for lumbermen and travellers; the rear was the kitchen and eating-room. On either side under the eaves ran a line of bedding laid upon cedar boughs. The landlady cooked our trout, and never did morsel taste sweeter to hungry youth. There was also corned moose-meat, which even Doane mistook for beef. Then all hands, including us new-comers and half a dozen lumbermen, taking off our boots, "turned in," one of the two thick blankets or beds serving as mattress and the other as coverlet. A party of moose-hunters roused us at 11 o'clock, another at 3; neither had seen any game. The room was heated like an oven by its great stove, but ice formed outside. Time, September 27.

Next morning Poynter and I, getting into a birch, were paddled by King a short distance from the shanty. As we landed, a red fox ran across a clearing 200 yards away, and quickly entered the thicket. We plunged into a horrible tangle and quagmire. Emerging from the bog to higher ground, "Moose," the dog of the Carry, treed a spruce partridge, which Poynter shot through the head. Incredible as it seemed, not a rod away a second bird sat on a branch, unmoved by the noise, and I easily brought him down, while Poynter quickly followed with a third, and so on. It was clear that the partridges were as tame as hens, allowing us to come within ten or twelve yards, and never getting up before we fired; as we shot them all sitting, it was impossible to miss. We got no ducks that morning.

The ox-car having brought the provisions across the Carry, we launched the birches on the West Branch of the Penobscot, paddled down the river two miles, turned southward into Lobster river, and two miles further entered Big Lobster pond. Three miles in Lobster pond brought us to a long rocky point tipped with a round boulder. On the point were old cedars, tall spruces, and much underbrush, and, on all sides, beautiful lake and mountain scenery. This was the common camping-ground for white men on Lobster

pond; the Indians had another. We soon made a roaring fire, and, seeing fish whirling near the shore, caught enough of them for supper.

The guides, with Poynter and Acres, started for moose. Doane and I whiled away the evening by cribbage, and were often deceived by the regular, quick splashing of the waves on the pebbly shore like paddles; but it was midnight before they returned, and though they had heard a cow moose bellow, they had not enticed her to the water. We slept on the bare ground with a log for a pillow and shawls to cover us, by the roaring fire; and when the fire occasionally went out, ooh! wasn't it cold!

Big Lobster pond is a piece of water about six miles long, averaging perhaps half a mile wide. It was a *lucus a non*—no lobsters there except spiders, almost big enough to pass for them. The guides went in a canoe to a deserted camp at the Carry of Little Lobster pond, and brought back some boards from four to six feet long and six or eight inches broad, made by splitting cedar logs. With these cedar splits they built us a camp or half-roof eight feet wide and seven feet deep, open towards the great fire. The splits were carefully lapped on a framework of crotched or notched poles, but our roof was not wholly water-tight, and the sides were still less so, while the rain often beat in from the front. These camps are almost invariably so small that the wretched tenants lie cramped and crowded every night, with their heads against the splits and their boots in the fire, while the outside members of the herring-packed party are freezing.

In this camp we passed several days, gunning, fishing, and idling. To our distress and chagrin, it was a week of constant high winds, hail, snow, and rain. There were no trout to be caught, though plenty of less toothsome fish. Occasionally, in penetrating the dense woods, we shot small game of various sorts—partridges, minks, and squirrels; the latter, however, only for use in a ragout, to vary our odious fare. Kline said the constant storm had driven the birds from the roads into the thickets; at any rate they were not very abundant. There was an old overgrown, logging road back of the camp, where we occasionally got a few fat partridges, which made us always a delicious repast. Kline cooked them with pork, potatoes, and dumplings, in a stew.

There is no æsthetic point from which to discuss partridge-shooting around Moosehead. Even Poynter confessed it was "only a question of supplying the larder," causing Doane to repeat "*only!*" with indignant emphasis. The novice, crammed with the yarns of his guide about the abundance of birds, shoulders his gun, starts off, disdainful of a dog, to knock over a dozen before breakfast, as a titbit for the camp. He wanders fruitlessly through miles of wilderness, sinking knee-deep at every step in the decaying vegetation, and climbing painfully over the prostrate trunks of huge old trees, three or four feet in diameter. The thickets tear his clothes and his flesh; he plunges one leg in a bog-hole, and, in trying to recover it, loses his balance and doubles up like a shut jack-knife, pitching among the thorns with arms, gun, and ammunition all abroad. If, after an hour of these gymnastics, he finds his way back to camp without birds but full of briers, he has a fine chance to control his temper under the sarcastic inquiries of his comrades.

The ceaseless wind and rain, which had nearly spoiled the pursuit of smaller game, ruined the moose-hunting, giving us not a single good night. At this season, moose are hunted with birches in the night-time, when they go to the water's edge and feed on the bottom-grass. The hunter paddles noiselessly to within fifty feet unless the victim starts, and usually to ten feet if possible, before he fires. He calls the males down by imitating the cry of the female, through a tunnel-shaped roll of birch-bark. We could easily distinguish the real from the sham call, but Kline said the moose could not. He had hunted moose thirty years, and killed hundreds of them, but had never seen or heard of one more than seven and a half feet high. All the conditions ought to favor for successful moose-hunting. Once, when Poynter and Kline called a moose at twilight, Acres, who was a mile away, unluckily fired at a loon, and sent the moose off. Again they got him down, when a whiff of wind carried the sound of the horn in a wrong direction, and they heard him turn to another quarter.

But after many misadventures which I will not detail, Poynter got a shot on one of our last nights at Lobster pond. Both torches went out. King and I paddled silently two miles, when he gave the call of the cow-moose, with no answer. King

said it "blowed so hard his horn couldn't be heard two rods." Finally, we paddled to a lagoon near the head of the pond, where already in the afternoon we had seen new moose signs, had heard a ranging moose call, and had hunted for him in vain. Here King called and got an answer from a bull-moose some distance off. We waited in breathless suspense, but to frequent calls there was no reply. The night was very cold and dark, and knowing that we could not land and build a fire lest a moose should see it or smell the smoke, I knelt, wrapped in a heavy blanket, and half asleep, in the bow of the birch, when a couple of shots aroused us. They came from Kline and Poynter, who had called a moose to the shore, and, though the night was pitchy dark, the sound told that he was not two rods distant, when a sudden whiff of wind gave him their scent, and he was off. As he turned they both fired at the sound, and heard him jump two or three times, and crash through the bushes at a tearing pace, as if in great pain or terror. Kline thought it useless to pursue that night; but early next morning they found where he had stood and turned, and traced his path alike by the fresh hoof-prints and the broken bushes. Once or twice he had lain down and struggled, and the steps thereafter were palpably short and feeble. "That moose," said Kline, "is dead in the woods." Unhappily the ground further on was high and hard, and the drenching rain had nearly obliterated his tracks, while other moose-tracks crossing threw them off the trail. So poor Poynter did not capture that year the horns of the moose he had shot.

Of course in this brief reminiscence of an autumn ramble, I pass over details which would besit a more elaborate and pretentious sketch—the record of each day's hunting and the amusing occupations at the camp. In the woods one takes as a joke the discomforts he would growl at elsewhere—the hard beds of cedar twigs, and the log for a pillow; the coarse fare of pork and potatoes, "flippers" or flapjacks and chub; the wood-chopping by day, and the freezing by night when the great fire burns out. I testify that the chief reminiscence through years, of the Moosehead region, is being awakened every night without exception, usually three or four times, to feed the fire: for the guides sleep the sleep of the

innocent—or of the polar bear. Kline lay down one night on a bare rock, as the shanty was too "close" for him. There came a violent rain, as usual, and pelted him for hours; he rose, smiling, in the morning, and told what a refreshing slumber he had enjoyed—he had slept through it all. Often, in a night, we burned half a cord of splendid, straight green wood, and were cold at that.

What troubled us most was to be weather-bound; for the guides would not risk their canoes in the waves, and so dense is the undergrowth in the Moosehead district that, though sometimes a logging road runs inward a short distance, or a foot-path is worn along a river, the canoe is usually necessary for transportation. At length we broke camp, and crept along the shore to a lagoon on the west side of the pond, an eighth of a mile wide. Pushing the birches into the meadow-grass as far as they would go, we waded across, slumping in the icy water to our knees. After three delightful trips of this sort, we re-launched our canoes, and safely gained the outlet of Lobster river. There, Poynter, Acres, and I tramped over the logging road to the Carry, in vain search of game, while Acres, who had gone ahead, got a couple of partridges.

At the Carry we joined the boat party, and crossed the Penobscot to the north bank, camping in the small bark shanty just vacated by the old Indian, Aunance. As usual, we passed the night in moose-hunting, but without luck. However, we caught a grateful breakfast of trout, and had very good fishing on the south side of the Carry. The sudden, violent squalls, and a snow-storm lasting four hours (the third snow-storm of our trip) caused us to land and pass the next night at Socateon Point where, at the camp of John Masterman there was bear meat and moose meat in plenty. The next day we made the Outlet (Kennebec river), and there had excellent fishing, though none of the trout weighed more than three pounds. The supply, however, seemed exhaustless, and Poynter and Doane packed and sent home some of their trout in boxes bored with holes, and lined with long, swamp moss. The homeward jaunt contained nothing remarkable, save the luxury of clean linen, clean food, and the other effeminacies of civilization. This was our ramble in Maine.

PHILIP QUILIBET

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE STUDY OF HYGIENE.

THE subject of hygiene has two aspects: that of an empirical art, the art of preserving health, which is founded upon common sense and the obvious dictates of experience; it is also to be regarded as a science which consists of a knowledge of the conditions of health and the causes of disease. Art is an affair of rules for the guidance of practice; science goes a step further back—it establishes the principles which underlie and shape the rules, and make action intelligent and effective. Art being older than science, and growing out of men's earlier and ruder strivings, historic hygiene will be the record of the first attempts of individuals and communities to carry out sanitary regulations. As an art, hygiene was carried to a high pitch by various of the older nations. The Jewish economy embodied many careful and wise directions for guarding the health. "It is to the strict observance of these sanitary regulations that one of the best known writers on hygiene of the present day, M. Michel Levy, does not hesitate to ascribe the singular immunity of the Jewish race in the midst of fearfully fatal epidemics; which immunity was so marked in the Middle Ages that it brought upon them accusations the most absurd, persecutions the most atrocious." Again, the water supply of Rome afforded an astonishing exemplification of the hygienic value attached to that agent, and of the resources by which it was made available on an immense scale by the Roman people. Frontinus, writing A. D. 92, informs us that there were nine large aqueducts by which water was brought into Rome, besides some smaller channels. These aqueducts, several of which were covered, were of great length, one being 42, one 49, and another 59 miles long. Frontinus, who was controller of the aqueducts, gives the measurements of their carrying capacity, which has been computed to be equal to a stream twenty feet wide by six feet deep, at a fall six times as rapid as that of the river Thames. The supply appears to have been equivalent to more than 332,000,000

gallons per day, or assuming Rome to have contained a million of inhabitants it was 332 gallons per head per day; certainly a luxurious allowance of this important element. The drainage system of Rome was correspondingly extensive. This was truly grand, and the ancients are entitled to large credit for reducing the little knowledge they had upon hygienic subjects to efficient practice.

But in becoming a science in modern times hygiene was greatly widened in scope and multiplied in its protective resources, for with the increasing knowledge of nature came a better understanding of the causes of disease and increasing power of prevention. Men do undoubtedly live in ignorance of the laws of life, but that is only a fraction of the truth of the case; the fatal half of it is that they also die from ignorance. Hygiene is therefore more an affair of knowledge, and of knowledge so familiar that it becomes an unconscious guide of the conduct. It is the high claim of scientific education that, if properly organized, a knowledge of the conditions of health and of the causes of disease will be its necessary outcome. Dr. Corfield, Professor of Hygiene in University College, London, in a late address thus sums up the subjects which must be understood for the efficient prevention of disease: "To this end we must study all the agents of whatever kind which modify the health of man. We must study man himself as regards his constitution, age, sex, habits, professions, etc. And again we must study all the modifications of the conditions in which man is placed, all alterations of the medium in which he lives, all the effects of various soils, of the proximity of seas, of the state of the water supply, the action of the various kinds of food and drinks, and of the narcotic stimulants used so much all over the world; of exercise, mental and bodily; and in fact all the agencies by which the health of man may be impaired and his life shortened. We must therefore call in the aid of all the physical and natural sciences; and, taking their data for axioms, proceed to the solution of the all-import-

tant and difficult problems which the study of the science of health presents to us."

PROSPECTS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

TWENTY miles an hour—no, twenty miles with each beat of the pulse! that is our speed as reported by the astronomers; while we sleep seven hours the night train makes four hundred and seventy thousand miles; and this rate of movement of the terrestrial ball is part of a grand system of movements as harmonious as they are stupendous. But can this state of things last? Laplace is believed to have proved that the harmony of the solar system is self-adjusting and eternal; but the doctrine has been more recently broached that the machinery of the solar system, like all other machinery, must at last run down. Robert Holmes is inclined to sympathize with this discouraging aspect of the case. His philosophy has the blues, and he believes that nothing can save us from ultimate eternal smash. He has made a little nightmare of a book in which he fastens ferociously on what he conceives to be evidences that the order of nature is getting old and decrepit, and must perish and dissolve in its proper time. The earth, he says, is drying up to begin with, the liquid ocean being slowly converted into the solid earth. But as there can be no vital action without water, the loss of this element will of course put a period to life. He then quotes Dr. Whewell as follows: "Changes are taking place in the motions of the heavenly bodies which have gone on progressively from the first dawn of science. Will these changes go on without limit or reaction? If so, we tend by natural causes to a termination of the present system of things." This derangement, says the author, is equivalent to a gradual increase of gravitation, as the earth becomes denser by a drying up of its waters; and as a consequence of this loss of balance among the forces of the planetary system the earth must at length be drawn into the sun. And when it makes the terrific plunge, what then? Why it of course constitutes an opacity by cooling down the heat and quenching the light; that is, it will form a dark spot, or a sun-spot. And so in learning the doom of our planet we get a solution of the vexed problem of the spots on the sun. The speculation is certainly adventurous, even if the logic

is somewhat lame; and illustrates a great deal of that crude thinking which passes for science because it assumes to deal with scientific questions.

TYNDALL'S RESPIRATOR FOR FIREMEN.

IN his celebrated address on "Dust and Disease," lately republished with additions, in a volume entitled "Fragments of Science," Professor Tyndall briefly alludes to an invention of his own, designed to enable firemen to penetrate the densest smoke and remain there, if necessary, for any length of time, without serious inconvenience. He calls it a "Fireman's Respirator," and in a discourse delivered on the 9th of June last—a portion of which has since appeared in "Nature"—he gives us a minute description of the instrument along with an interesting account of the several steps by which he arrived at its completion.

Smoke is the fireman's most dreaded enemy. It often renders him powerless at the very moment when his services might otherwise be the most effective, and not unfrequently cuts off all chance of escape from perils into which his heroic courage has impelled him. All attempts to efficiently arm him against it have hitherto turned out practical failures; and it was this circumstance, coupled as he tells us with a desire to increase the life-saving appliances of the fireman, which led Professor Tyndall to take up the question. Studying the properties of smoke, he found that it was made up of minute particles of soot or carbon floating in the gaseous or vaporous products of incomplete combustion, and the problem was to filter these from the air as it entered the respiratory passages. The cotton-wool respirator, which was found so potent in arresting the ordinary dust of the air, was tried in the case of the smoke, but proved to be only partially effective. Though soothing in certain gentle kinds of smoke, it was no match for the pungent fumes of a resinous fire. Moistening the fibres with glycerine, so that they would adhere more closely together, was found to be a great improvement, as the minute particles of carbon were thereby very effectually arrested; the vaporous and more irritating portions of the smoke, however, passed through even this, so that three or four minutes' exposure was the utmost which the wearer could tolerate.

Calling to mind the power possessed by certain bodies, such as charcoal and platinum, to condense upon their surfaces and thereby hasten the oxidation of gaseous and vaporous substances, a charcoal respirator was next tried, but with indifferent success, as like that made of cotton-wool it was found sufficient to do only a part of the required work. But this happened to be just that part which the wool was unable to do; that is, it would stop the vapors but allowed the little particles of soot to pass. The two were combined and the instrument was essentially complete.

Ready for use it consists of an outer oblong case, with one end adapted to the mouth, and the other, which hangs below the chin, closed by a piece of wire-gauze, through which the air is allowed to enter. Between the mouth and the bottom are placed alternate layers of cotton-wool moistened with glycerine, and charcoal, each of which rests upon a floor of wire-gauze. If required, a layer of caustic lime may be introduced to stop the passage of carbonic acid. Valves are so arranged at the top that only the ingoing air can pass through the respirator, that expelled from the lungs finding direct exit through an opening in the mouth-piece. Professor Tyndall thus describes the tests to which the mechanism has been exposed: "In a small cellar-like chamber down-stairs, with a stone floor and stone walls, the first experiments were made. We placed there furnaces containing resinous pine wood, lighted the wood, and, placing over it a lid which prevented too free a circulation of the air, generated dense volumes of smoke. With our eyes protected by suitable glasses, my assistant and I have remained in this room for half an hour and more, when the smoke was so dense and pungent that a single inhalation through the undefended mouth would be perfectly unendurable; and we might have prolonged our stay for hours. Having thus far perfected the instrument, I wrote to Captain Shaw, the chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, asking him whether such a respirator would be of use to him. His reply was prompt: it would be most valuable. He had, however, made himself acquainted with every contrivance of the kind in this and other countries, and had found none of them of any practical use. He offered to come and test it here, or to place a room at my disposal in

the city. At my request he came here accompanied by three of his men. Our small room was filled with smoke to their entire satisfaction. The three men went successively into it and remained there as long as Captain Shaw wished them. On coming out they said they had not suffered the slightest inconvenience; that they could have remained all day in the smoke. Captain Shaw then tested the instrument with the same result."

RELATIONS OF FORESTS TO CLIMATE.

How the climate and health of a country are affected by the removal of its forests, is a question of peculiar interest to the people of the United States, and one also on which the opinions of scientific men are widely divided. Humboldt maintained that trees by the nature of their perspiration, and the radiation from their leaves in a sky without clouds, surround themselves with an atmosphere constantly cold and misty. They influence the copiousness of springs, not as many believe by a peculiar attraction for the vapors diffused through the air, but because by sheltering the soil from the direct action of the sun, they lessen the evaporation of water produced by rain. They also tend to equalize the volume of rivers, by rendering the rainfall more uniform, and by impeding the flow of surface water into them. It therefore happens that when forests are destroyed, springs dry up or become less abundant, rains are less frequent and more severe, and floods and devastation are a not uncommon result. In India, the destruction of the forests has been followed by a very marked change in the character of the climate. At Dapoolie the climate is said to be much more hot and dry than before the timber was cut down; and streams that then flowed until April or May have since commonly dried up in December. In Coucan a similar state of things resulted from the destruction of vegetation. The long droughts now so frequent in the Cape Verd Islands, and the increased amount of disease which accompanies them, are avowedly due to the removal of their forests. In the highlands of Greece, where the timber has been cut away, the springs are said to have disappeared. During the day, trees not only shade the ground, but by the escape of vapor from their leaves mitigate the heat of the atmosphere. At night

they radiate heat and condense the vapor of the air into the form of dew, many plants being endowed with this faculty to such an extent as to collect water in large quantities from the atmosphere.

In a discussion on the subject of climate and the relation of forests thereto, which took place a few years since in the British Association, Capt. Strachy contended in opposition to the above views, that so far from the forests being the cause either of the rainfall or its fluctuations, it was more probable that rain was the cause of forests. He instanced certain districts in India, where the forest vegetation was just in proportion to the fall of rain, being scarce, stunted, and weakly where there was little rain, and abundant, gigantic, and vigorous where there was much rain. In temperate climates forests might produce an effect, but certainly not in the tropics. Several districts were named where forests did not exist, and there was much rain; and others where the forests were extensive and there was but little rain. It was remarked by Dr. Lankaster in the same discussion, that, according to the laws of vegetation, plants must be supplied with water in a liquid or vaporous form for their growth, and that all the facts which had been mentioned, and which at first sight appeared opposed to each other, might be explained. That forests did not always grow in rainy districts arose probably from the waters accumulating and forming morasses, in which forest trees would not grow. In districts where there was not much rain, there might be a great deal of moisture in the atmosphere; rain in general supplied only a very small quantity of the moisture required by plants. Vegetable physiology afforded no explanation of the effects on climate, attributed by some observers to forests.

Later testimony sustaining the views of Humboldt is contained in an interesting and important paper "On the effects of cutting down forests on the climate and health of the Mauritius" read a short time since by Mr. H. Rogers before the Edinburgh Botanical Society. It is there stated that between 1854 and 1862 vast tracts of forest had disappeared, causing a diminished amount of rainfall, an increased amount of dryness, and a proportionate elevation of temperature. The epidemic which broke out in 1865 in

the colony, previously so remarkable for its salubrity, he traced to this cause; adding that the difference in seasons is now much less marked, rains are scarce, droughts frequent and excessive; vast tracts of land formerly productive are now barren and desolate, and districts before noted for salubrity are now notoriously unhealthy. Although the amount of rainfall is much reduced, the violence of the rain is increased where it does fall, and heavy floods are the result. It was immediately after one of these inundations that the fever broke out in 1865, which proved so terribly fatal in the colony.

THE COAL SUPPLY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It will be remembered that some years ago a considerable sensation was caused in England by the circulation of the statement, said to have originated at official sources, that the coal supply of that country was rapidly approaching exhaustion; that allowing for a certain increase in the rate of consumption, it would not hold out longer than one hundred and fifty or at most two hundred years. A Royal Commission was afterward appointed to inquire into the matter, and it is stated in a late number of "Nature" that the result of their labors is the demonstration of the fact that, assuming a certain annual increase in the rate of consumption, sufficient economically attainable coal exists in Great Britain and Ireland to last from eight hundred to a thousand years.

THE SANITARY WATER-CART.

THE ordinary method of watering the streets amounts to little more than temporarily fixing the dust, with perhaps a slight cooling effect due to evaporation. The foul odors of the street are in no way lessened, but, on the contrary, are augmented by the presence of the water, as during our summer heats this supplies the only condition lacking to rapid decomposition.

A new method, which is said to be both cheaper and more effective than the old, was introduced last year in the city of London, and was found to answer so well that during the present season its application has been much extended. It consists simply in adding to the water a preparation of salts devised by a Mr. Cooper, and made up chiefly of deliquescent chlorides. A basket of this is poured

into the empty tank of the water-cart, after which the water is introduced. By the time the tank is full the preparation is all dissolved, when the solution is distributed in the ordinary way. Besides laying the dust, this solution destroys all unpleasant odors, and is itself quite odorless; and, from the attraction of the salts for moisture, evaporation is retarded and the street kept wet much longer than it can be where an equal quantity of plain water is used. The difference in this respect appears to be very great, as by actual trial it has been found that one load of the solution is equal for street-watering purposes to from three to four loads of pure water. It thus becomes cheaper than the common method, as the cost of the deodorant preparation is more than compensated by the reduced amount of cartage. If applied to macadamized roads, it is recommended that its use begin a week or two before the warm period, so that the road may become thoroughly impregnated with the salts. They are then not liable to be washed out by heavy rains, and are said to form a material part of the roadway, producing a hardening and concreting effect, which preserves the road from disintegration and waste.

NATURE OF COLORS.

WHAT is color? This is a question that may seem very simple, but it is not so easy to answer it. The question raises another question, *where* is color, or what kind of phenomena does it involve? The common notion is that it is something external to us, or objective, and is to be investigated by analyzing the rays of light or studying the principles of pigments. Yet this is not the true view. Dr. Thomas Young, in the beginning of the century, developed the doctrine that color is a sensation; its phenomena are therefore subjective and psychological, so that the "science of color must therefore be regarded as a mental science." In a late lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Mr. G. Clark Maxwell observes: "The science of color differs from the greater part of what is called mental science in the large use which it makes of the physical sciences, and in particular of optics and anatomy. But it gives evidence that it is a mental science by the numerous illustrations which it furnishes of the various operations of the mind."

The demonstrations were chiefly experimental, and during their progress Mr. Maxwell incidentally corrected a common error in regard to the production of colors, by mixing their pigments; as for example, mingling blue and yellow powders to make green. He says: "Here are two transparent solutions (exhibited). One appears yellow, it contains bichromate of potash; the other appears blue, it contains sulphate of copper. If I transmit the light of the electric lamp through the two solutions at once, the spot on the screen appears green. By means of the spectrum we shall be able to explain this. The yellow solution cuts off the blue end of the spectrum, leaving only the red, orange, yellow, and green. The blue solution cuts off the red end, leaving only the green, blue, and violet. The only light which can get through both is the green light, as you see. In the same way most blue and yellow paints when mixed appear green. The light which falls on the mixture is so beaten about between the yellow particles and the blue, that the only light which survives is the green. But yellow and blue light when mixed do not make green, as you will see if we allow them to fall on the same parts of the screen together. It is a striking illustration of our mental processes that many persons have not only gone on believing, on the evidence of the mixture of pigments, that blue and yellow make green, but they have even persuaded themselves that they could detect the separate sensations of blueness and of yellowness in the sensation of green."

THE DESERT OF TIH

LATE numbers of "Nature" contain a report by Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake, on the natural history of the Desert of Tih, wherein he gives many interesting particulars concerning a region hitherto but little known; he having penetrated in his travels through that country, districts of which other travellers have given us no account. This "wilderness of the wandering" consists of a series of limestone plateaux intersected by numerous wadies, some of which drain into the Mediterranean and others into the Dead Sea. The country is thus broken up into many districts, which, though generally similar, differ somewhat in the amount and quality of their vegetation, as well as in the ex-

tent and character of their ancient remains. The soil is made up chiefly of dust and grit, produced by the erosion of the limestone, and in many places it contains a large admixture of polished flints. Contrary to the popular notion of deserts, sand is almost entirely absent, there being but two or three small tracts, and the largest of these is undoubtedly made up of sand brought by the winds from the coast. Water is extremely scarce, and in many places only to be obtained by digging pits in the beds of the dried-up water-courses, or wadies as they are commonly called; and when thus procured, the quality of the water is frequently very poor, only tolerable to a desert traveller. In some of the districts traversed, scarcely a sign of life beyond a few stunted bushes and an occasional lizard or insect was observed. In others, however, a more abundant though parched and discolored vegetation was visible, which in the rainy season, according to the natives, took on a vigorous though temporary growth. It was also noticed that in a few localities the vine had at some former period been an object of culture, as the remains of ancient vineyards were still in existence. Animal life was very scarce, owing probably to the almost universal lack of water. Yet in spite of the existing barrenness of the country, there were many evidences in the shape of cairns, ruined structures of various kinds, and other primeval remains, that this had once been the home of a comparatively civilized people. Now, however, the wandering Arab has possession; and the account given of him, and more particularly of what was learned from him concerning the animals of this and adjoining regions, forms the most interesting part of the report. Of insects, the coleoptera or beetles most abound, but, as might be expected where there was so little vegetation, the vegetable-feeding sorts are very scarce. The reptiles are represented by tortoises, lizards, and snakes; among the latter the horned viper, one of the most deadly of poisonous serpents. Of the birds mentioned in the report, the vulture, bustard, pelican, owl, raven, pigeon, and sand-grouse are the most notable; while the mammalia are represented by the bear, leopard, hyena, jackal, and dog, as also

by the goat, deer, ibex, wild boar, camel, and horse. Concerning the camels Mr. Drake says: "They are most peevish animals, docile only from stupidity; ill-tempered, they never forget an injury. I have but once seen a camel show the slightest sign of affection for its owner, although they are always well treated. All their feelings of like and dislike, pleasure and annoyance, are expressed by a hideous sound between a bellow and a roar, to which they give utterance whether being loaded or unloaded, whether they are being fed or urged over a difficult pass; in fact, they disapprove of whatever is done. Without them, however, it would be impossible to cross the deserts, for no other animal could endure the fatigue and want of water. I have myself seen a camel refuse water after having been without any for three days. For their food they always choose the most uninviting, thorny shrubs; the *sæza* (acacia), which has thorns two or three inches long, is an especial favorite with them. Many of the Arabs subsist almost entirely upon the milk and cheese afforded by their herds of camels." The great estimation in which the horse is held by the Arabs is shown as well in their notion of his origin as in their manner of treating him. "The first man who tamed and rode a horse is said to have been Ishmael," and "The first horse appeared when Adam sneezed on first awaking into life."

KEEPING FLOUR IN BARRELS.

It has been observed that flour stored in barrels becomes impaired in quality sooner than when kept in bags. According to the researches of Dr. Poleck, a German chemist, this deterioration first becomes apparent in the shape of a peculiar musty or mouldy odor and sour reaction on the part of the flour; and where these are present the gluten will be found too have changed from an insoluble to a soluble form, whereby its capability for making a good dough is lost. The cause of these changes is ascribed to the want of a sufficient circulation of air through the mass of the flour kept in barrels, the innermost flour in which is always found to be most sour and the part which yields the strongest odor.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

STORIES, tales, and novels are not the least valuable material for determining the character of a people. What we know of the every-day life of by-gone generations is almost wholly derived from them. Religious systems and civil codes, preserved in history like fossils imbedded in rock, expose the rigid details of a national existence; story literature gives us the filling in, the passing ideas and emotions of individuals, the instincts and passions of men and women reflected in current events, and which both limit and explain civil and religious features. The former constitutes the anatomy of any intellectual cycle; the latter its flesh and blood. We have no doubt that the Egyptians were, like the rest of us, an emotional people; their lives varied with dramatic incidents the same as ours, and growing out of personal experiences; but what do we know of their social ambitions, their sorrows and their delights, through cold mural paintings and intaglios, tombs, mummy cases, and the funereal papyrus? How can we realize personal joys and sufferings without an imaginative literature to convey impressions of passing sentiments and spontaneous activity? The Egyptians are scarcely more real to us than the Aztecs, who of all extinct people are the dimmest outlines of humanity, the faintest of shadows in the Hades of oblivion. How substantial the Greeks appear—not through the *Odyssey*, which embodies so much of the supernatural, but through the dramatic episodes of Aristophanes and the vivid narrations of Plato. To come down to a later period, what would we know of the secular life of the Middle Ages but for the troubadour tales; of the Mussulman character but for the “*Arabian Nights*”; of the exuberance of the Renaissance epoch but for the tales of Boccaccio and the satirical novels of Cervantes and Rabelais? The value of stories in this respect seems the greater in laying down “*Tales of Old Japan*,” by A. B. Mitford, second secretary of the British Legation in Japan (Macmillan & Co.), a book throwing so much new light on a contemporary and

hitherto obscure phase of civilization. Mr. Mitford lived among the Japanese, acquired their language, and familiarized himself with their literature; he collates this with his own observations, and blends the two together, the result furnishing a sort of concrete picture of the social and intellectual development of the Japanese. We are impressed among other things with the superiority of the Japanese to the Chinese. They do not seem to be each in the same fixed mould. They are not so deeply and to all appearances inextricably sunk in the mire of political and religious superstition. With equal industrial capacity, they are not so puerile in sentiment, narrow in intellect, and tame in physical energy. An illustration of this is found in their lately throwing off the feudal system. Of all barbarian people they appear the best calculated for experiments in civilization according to the European standard. Mr. Mitford's book supplements what we already know of the Japanese efforts to civilize themselves, namely, the importation into their country of foreign books and manufactures, and the education of so many of their youth in foreign lands. It reveals a manly, enterprising spirit, a capacity for self-evolution, a human nature able to take care of itself, independent of the commercial and missionary enterprises of other peoples. But, as Touchstone says, “for a taste.”

Love, among the Japanese as among the Western race, is an honored and potent sentiment. The first story is that of Gompachi and Komurasaki, a kind of Romeo and Juliet, two lovers whose lives ended tragically and whose common grave is a shrine of pilgrimage for all feeling hearts. Gompachi is an adventurous youth, and happens to be staying at an inn, the haunt of robbers who have just returned there with a young girl, Komurasaki, taken along with other booty in a robbery of her father's house. During the night she overhears a plot to murder Gompachi, and contrives to make it known to him. The befriended youth puts the maiden in safety, awaits his assassins, kills them all, ten in number, and then gallantly conducts his fair savior back to

her home. The girl's delighted father wishes to adopt Gompachi, but being ambitious he declines the honor and departs loaded with money, promising, however, to return and comfort Komurasaki, who has naturally fallen desperately in love with him. Gompachi passes through many adventures and finally becomes dissipated. Entering a pleasure house one day in Yeddo to satisfy his curiosity regarding the charms of a famous beauty, he discovers before him Komurasaki. Each falls back with a cry of astonishment. She explains her situation in a sad tale of misfortunes that had happened to her parents, the result of which is the sale of "this wretched body of mine to the master of this house," to obtain money to send home to her father and mother. This is too much for Gompachi. He assures Komurasaki that she shall be tormented no more, and that he will never forsake her. He is too poor to purchase her freedom, and his beloved is kept in durance vile; but he visits her constantly and at last exhausts all his resources in her behalf. "Then it was that a wicked spirit arose within him, and he went out and murdered a man, and, having robbed him of his money, carried it to Komurasaki."

Crime like this, followed by others of the same sort, soon brings Gompachi to the scaffold. Hearing of his execution and burial, Komurasaki eludes her master, betakes herself to the grave, which lies near a neighboring temple, and then, Japanese fashion, immolates herself with a dirk. The priests, astonished at such loving faithfulness, take compassion on the girl, bury her with her lover, and place a touching inscription over their bodies. "Pious people still come to burn incense and to lay flowers before the grave," praising the beauty of Gompachi and the filial piety and fidelity of Komurasaki. Mr. Mitford takes advantage of this story to remove some of the misstatements of travellers respecting the dissoluteness of the Japanese; strangers there as in Paris see, and indeed seek apparently, only the profligate side of life. He says that the Japanese attach high importance to the marriage tie. Adultery is punished with death, while at the same time divorce is remarkably facile. "Men and women of the military class are expected," says an old authority, "to know better than to occasion disturbance; such an one breaking regulations by lewd, tri-

fling, or illicit intercourse, shall at once be punished." Agriculturists, artisans, and traders are, it must be said, not held responsible to the same degree. Polygamy and concubinage exist, and also adoption, which reminds one of the Roman custom. Maintained in a systematic form, these institutions, however, do not endanger the interests of offspring. The family is patriarchal, with modern improvements as to discipline and rights. The government (until lately) being feudal, the manners and customs of the people are those of an aristocratic régime. Personal wrongs and indignities are avenged with the sword. The sword, consequently, is a cherished instrument. Some blades are valued at from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and are handed down from father to son as precious heirlooms. Trade is regarded as degrading, but the occupation of a swordsmith is honorable. "The principal duty of a sword is to preserve tranquillity in the world by punishing the wicked and protecting the good." It would seem as if *hara-kiri*, the great disembowelling process, was specially designed to point this moral. The author's account of this mode of suicide, adopted by Japanese aristocrats when they have no alternative but to die, is, although horrible in its details, singularly fascinating. In old-fashioned families adhering to chivalrous practices, the child is instructed in the rite, which involves not only the act of self-immolation when occasion calls for it, but likewise the acting as second or executioner for a friend, it being the duty of the second to sever the head from the body at a single stroke as soon as the suicide has done his part. To show how this ceremony is still regarded, we quote the following: "In the year 1869 a motion was brought forward in the Japanese Parliament by one Ono Seigoro, clerk of the House, advocating the abolition of the practice of *hara-kiri*." It was voted down by an overwhelming majority. In the debate *hara-kiri* was called a "great ornament to the empire," a "pillar of the constitution," a "pillar of religion and a spur to virtue." "Ono Seigoro, who on more than one occasion rendered himself conspicuous by introducing motions based upon an admiration of our Western civilization, was murdered not long after this debate took place." Let us preserve and honor the name of a noble martyr. The reader may think that this does not look

very encouraging for the civilization of the Japanese, but we will turn to something that is. What sort of moralists the Japanese are may be gathered from their sermons, two or three of which are given by Mr. Mitford. Their preachers, like some of our own, are not backward in telling funny stories. Once upon a time a preacher was staying in a family in which there was a petted daughter who laid herself out to please the learned man by singing songs. He was thankful, and this so delighted the parents that they told him they had taught her to paint a little. "Of course," says the preacher, "she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learnt the art of shampooing." The conceited parents indignantly replied that they had not fallen so low as to let their daughter learn shampooing! The preacher then reads his audience a lecture on filial piety (the great Japanese virtue), in which they are told that the right path of a daughter-in-law and wife is to shampoo her parents-in-law and nurse them affectionately. "The harp and guitar are very good things," he says, "but if you train up your daughters in the manner and ways of singing-girls, they are sure to elope. What a ten million times miserable thing it is when parents make their little girls hug a great guitar, and listen with pleasure to the poor little things play an instrument big enough to climb upon, and squeak out songs in their shrill treble voices!" Some may think that the author uses the Japanese as a stalking horse for his own purposes, but we assure them the above is the sentiment of the preacher quoted. However near to us the Japanese may be in moral matters, they are sadly behind in æsthetics. Mr. Mitford's book, illustrated by Japanese artists, is significant of their deficiencies in this respect. Their drawings display animation, but with little to indicate a perception of the beautiful in form. Considering that progress greatly depends on sensibilities in this direction, that human refinement or civilization proceeds in a measure from subtle distinctions of taste and feeling, the nature and import of which art alone expresses, their art-offers but faint promise of the Japanese ultimately ranking with the European races.

"History of Florida, from its Discovery by Ponce de Leon in 1512 to the Close of

the Florida War in 1842." By George R. Fairbanks. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871. The State of Florida, which really has very little story of its own to tell, has the advantage of being able to claim the deeply interesting relations of the early Spanish explorers as forming part and parcel of its historical annals. With the permanent settlement of the country these expeditions had little or nothing to do; nevertheless the modern historian considers himself justified in appropriating them as legitimately a part of Florida's historical heritage. And so we again go over the oft-told tale of Ponce de Leon's visionary search for the Fountain of Youth; of De Ayllon, who stole a few wretched Indians; of Narvaez, with four hundred men, who nearly all miserably perished; of Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, who, in their seven years' wandering, actually crossed the continent from Florida to the Pacific Ocean; of the wonderful march of De Soto, who, in his pilgrimage for gold, found nothing so remarkable as his own grave; of the French settlements; of the Melendez massacre and its avenger De Gourgues.

As connected with the permanent settlement of Florida, there is but little to recount but the comparatively uneventful Spanish and English colonial periods and the Seminole war. With the exception of the siege of Fort Pickens, the period of the Rebellion offers but few incidents of importance, although the author appears to think, as he somewhat negatively phrases it, that they may "form the material of a chapter of no inconsiderable interest."

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Fairbanks should not have written out more fully than we find it in his pages another "chapter of no inconsiderable interest"—we mean the history of the Greek and Minorcan colony of New Smyrna. His notice of it at page 216 is meagre and unsatisfactory, and there is reason to suppose that regard for the too tender susceptibilities of the descendants of these people may have something to do with the reticence. No date is indicated for the settlement at New Smyrna, nor are we told at what time and under what peculiar circumstances it was broken up. From other sources, however, we gather that about the year 1767 Sir William Duncan and other Englishmen, among whom the Earl of Bridgewater has been named, made arrangements, through the agency of Dr. An-

drew Turnbull, to transport to Florida a colony of Greeks numbering from 1,000 to 1,500. When the period of sailing arrived, a large number of the Greeks refused to go, and the deficit in numbers was afterward made up with Minorcans when the vessels reached Port Mahon. With these people a settlement for the cultivation of indigo was established at New Smyrna. But they were overworked, treated harshly, and practically held as serfs, until, after revolting several times, they—through a few of their number who escaped—were advised that they could not be legally held, and came off in a body to St. Augustine, where they and their descendants have ever since remained.

While on a visit to the South a few years since, the writer of this article was advised that he would find an account of this colony in a work on St. Augustine by Mr. R. K. Sewall. Search was made for it in St. Augustine, and the reply was that it could not be obtained, as every copy in that city had been destroyed on account of the statements made in it concerning the Minorcans. A work that cannot be procured is, of course, the very book of all books one most desires to obtain. It could not be had in Florida. Finally, after a lapse of years and much searching, a copy of Mr. Sewall's little work has been discovered. It is entitled "Sketches of St. Augustine," published at New York in 1845 (69 pages). We anxiously read what he says of the Minorcans, but found no horrible revelations whatever. At the same time we must in candor admit that he makes an assertion to the effect that these wretched colonists were not all the sons and daughters of cavaliers and belted earls. Here is the passage—the author is speaking of a period subsequent to 1784, when after the cession of Florida to Spain the population "neglected their improvements and suffered their gardens and fields to grow up with weeds, and their fences to rot down or to be burned for fuel":

"The Minorcan population, however, it is alleged, were an exception. Their industry furnished fish and vegetables to the market. This is a peculiar people, and they compose a large proportion of the population of the city. The present race were of servile extraction. By the duplicity and avarice of one Turnbull they were taken from their homes in the Mediterranean, located at Smyrna, and forced

to till the lands of the proprietors, who had brought them into Florida for that purpose. After enduring great privation, toil, and suffering, under the most trying circumstances of a servile state, they revolted in a body, reclaimed their rights, and maintained them under English law by a decision of the King's Court at St. Augustine, whither they had fled from their oppressor, under the conduct of one of their number, a man by the name of Palbicier. A location was assigned them in the north of the city, which they occupy in the persons of their descendants to this day. Their women are distinguished for their taste, neatness, and industry, a peculiar light olive shade of complexion, and dark, full eyes. The males are less favored both by nature and habits. They lack enterprise. Most of them are without education. Their canoes, fishing lines, and hunting guns are their main sources of subsistence. The rising generation is, however, in a state of transition."

"CHIPS from a German Workshop." By Max Müller, A. M. Three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A characteristic of modern scientific thought is its tendency toward attractive forms of statement. Thus Tyndall advocates the function of "Imagination in Science" in a style to which fancy and humor lend a continual charm; Huxley's writings are the most entertaining specimens of pamphleteering since Macaulay wrote; and Darwin clothes the dry bones of our putative progenitors, the *Simiadae*, with the close-woven fabric of fascinating thought, and makes the dimmest and dustiest past iridescent with the splendid play of his imagination. The conviction that science has more to tell the world than economy, or art, or theology, or politics, gains strength in the popular mind. The culture that is evolved to meet this growing popular desire for knowledge is that of men who have, on the one hand, original thought, and have inquired deeply into the things whereof they undertake to speak; and who, on the other hand, can tell us vividly what they know, can show us, not the crude ore of wisdom's mine, but the beaten gold. The philologist undertakes to tell us in what fashion the primitive Aryans dressed and gossiped a thousand years before Sanscrit was a language; the astronomer brings the very

tail of the comet into the lecture-room for the edification of his classes.

Science is constantly making a fuller use of literary methods, and gaining an increased popularity as the result. Publications like "Nature" or "Scientific Opinion," while they present the best thought of scientific minds, yet attain a popular circulation, and attract an audience that would never care for the cleverest translation of the "Principia" or of the "Instauratio Magna."

Of this democratic drift in science the works of Max Müller are an eminent example. Müller is nothing if not popular. His volumes deal, indeed, with themes the most abstruse, remote, and dim. The origin of languages, the dispersion of the Aryan races, the primeval institutions and expressions of religion; the authenticity of the Hindoo Scriptures, their symbolisms, their interpretations, their historic and present value; the Brahmins, the Buddhists, Confucius, the Parsis, the Zend-Avesta, the Vedas, Nirvāna, Greek mythology, and the science of religions—these are among the themes to which Max Müller devotes his labors. But in their treatment all is clear, sparkling, positive, confident; there is no tone of timidity in his writings; he walks as rapidly in the dawn which still is darkness as a less confident guide would advance under the light of the moon.

These volumes are, in a word, eminently readable. More than this: they are the work of a man who has given twenty-five years to the study of ancient languages and religions, and who has brought to that study a fair degree of ability and of zeal. The "Chips" do not claim to represent the central task which Max Müller has proposed for his life—the editing of the Rig-Veda.

Their title was suggested by Bunsen, Max Müller's friend and benefactor. Having secured for Müller the East India Company's patronage of his translation of the Rig-Veda, Bunsen said: "Now you have got a work for life—a large block that will take years to plane and polish. But let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop."

These miscellaneous writings are, however, a pretty full record of the researches—a pretty fair measure of the ability of their author. If we take the name "Chips" to imply the promise of a forth-

coming literary monument of imposing proportions, in the building of which these volumes have been struck off by the abounding ardor of the architect, we shall run no small risk of disappointment. We shall advert further on to the central work which Max Müller has in hand—the translation of the Vedas.

The "Chips" are mainly made up of essays, reviews, and newspaper articles. Volume I. presents the speculations and researches which Max Müller has reproduced in his work upon the "Science of Religion." Volume II. is composed of essays on mythology, traditions, and customs. Volume III., of essays upon literature, biography, and antiquities, with a great mass of letters, here misplaced, as it seems to us, from the *Chevalier Bunsen*.

"At thirty," said Confucius, "I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubt. At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth." If we may argue from Confucius to Max Müller, he is then forty years of age, for he has no doubt. "Macaulay," said a wit of the London "Athenæum," "would be a good fellow if he were not so cock-sure of everything." Macaulay's fault is Max Müller's also. He is brilliant, dogmatic, acute; but he carries his hypotheses a little too far for the spirit of science. He illustrates them with spirit and with felicity of instance; but our imagination rather than our reason is satisfied. Thus he treats at length of "the science of religions." The very phrase is an assumption and promises too much. We have lately learned many things about the development, the history, the comparative anatomy, if we may so speak, of different systems of religious belief and practice; and Max Müller has given us an interesting account of this knowledge. But it is still very imperfect; the time for announcing a definite "science of religions" is not yet arrived. The investigation is not far enough advanced to enable us to refer to fixed principles the great movements of creed, of passion, of sentiment, and of aspiration, which constitute the religions of the world. Many scholars must toil before the "science of religions" can be announced. Max Müller pays high tribute to the positive value of diverse systems of faith, and does not commit the error of underrating the "pagan" religions which he criticises. His mastery of the art of statement is shown in the

way in which he avoids giving offence while discussing these subjects which stand on the edge of controversy. Never was more artful literary management. One hesitates whether to call the author a liberal believer or a downright heretic. There is an enjoyable flavor of the dubious about his writings. But it becomes evident upon careful perusal of them that Max Müller occupies a more advanced position than that of his master, the Chevalier Bunsen—a man who was obnoxious to the High Church of England for his scientific heresies, and who criticised the religion of the English as “being destitute of ideas.” Yet Bunsen was at heart a Christian, and incurred the dislike of his countrymen for being too orthodox. Müller is more politic than Bunsen was. Müller would not, as Bunsen did, according to Crabb Robinson’s account, “frighten a poor evangelical arch-deacon by telling him that the book of Daniel could not have been written earlier than the second century B.C.” Nothing can be more adroit than the step with which Max Müller treads the line between the debated grounds. He does not give us to understand whether, in reading him, we should supplement his caution, and add in thought to the guarded utterances of a conservative, or whether we need to take away from the words of his book as from those of a too venturesome radical. Max Müller is a little too adroit, too finessing, too self-complacent, for the best temper of investigation. Nor does he quite fulfil his promises. He is always approaching a subject, but we do not feel that he fairly enters upon it. In the pages where his translation of the *Rig-Veda* appears all is grandly planned and announced, and the text appears in the largest print; but it is the minimum of text with the maximum of commentary. The performance is but as a rivulet in comparison with the torrent of promise. The translation of a few Vedic hymns is the whole result of years of labor; and centuries would be required, at its present rate of progress, to complete the translation. Müller’s twenty-five years of work upon the *Vedas* have given us a parcel of very readable volumes. They are open to the charge, however, of some arrant *book-making*, as where he adds to the third volume of the “Chips” a mass of letters from the Chevalier Bunsen that have no possible function in this place ex-

cept to form nearly a third of the entire amount of matter in the volume. There is insufficient proof as yet that the “block” which the East India Company gave Max Müller to polish is ever to be conspicuous in the completed walls of the scientific temple.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

RIEGER, of Stuttgart, has just completed the publication of a handsomely-illustrated (serial) edition of “Don Quixote,” the immortal knight who went about the world with an idea in his head.

Germany owes its admirable version of this great work to Ludwig Tieck and the Romantic School, and the reigning tone of to-day’s German criticism finds it remarkable that the introduction of the admirable satire into Germany should have been made by the romanticists, who themselves were eminently Quixotic in seeking to revive the Middle Ages in the sunlight of the nineteenth century. These critics quite revel in what they consider the fun of the practical joke thus played by the Romantic School upon itself in reproducing the keenest satire upon its own works, the most of which, its poetry in particular, has already shared the fate of the tales of knight-errantry which so inflamed the imagination of the ingenuous cavalier of *La Mancha*.

Cervantes certainly still lives, and will long live; but that these critics have succeeded in digging the grave of the Romantic School—much less in burying it—may be seriously doubted.

The sneer is easy, but the very protest it seeks to convey against the existence of the Romantic School is one of the strongest proofs of its vitality; for it has struck deep root by the living waters of German patriotism and German piety. The success and brilliant triumph of the Romantic School was no evanescent merit of mere scholastic excellence or poetic form. It was not what the French call a *succès d’estime*, but the responsive heart-beat of a nation to the most eloquent appeal literature had ever made to a great people.

“We are frequently unjust,” says honest Wolfgang Menzel, “towards those romanticists. We forget in what age they began. The jealous love with which they embraced the antiquity of Germany,

* Works mentioned under this heading can be had of E. Steiger, 23 and 24 Frankfurt street.

and strove to inflame the patriotism of their contemporaries by appealing to its reminiscences, is worthy of the highest respect, with all their extravagances. The poetical fanaticism with which they strove to urge the marvels of the ancient Catholic world again upon our own appears very intelligible when we reflect upon the lively surprise they must have felt on the first discovery of them in the age of pig-tails, domestic novels, and Rastadt congresses. The profound disgrace of the country, which was the consequence of the modern state of affairs, justified the most glowing enthusiasm for the more ancient and honorable condition of Germany."

If the German people have the mental appreciation to admire Goethe's cold, glittering classicities, his literature of despair in "Werther," and his worship of self in "Faust," we yet hope and believe they will not be without the enlightened heart to cherish Ludwig Tieck, with his trustfulness, his pure fancy, his love of his kind and his country.

MARIA LENZEN (geborne Sebgondt) is the name of a lady novelist who has lately been much noticed in Germany. Her specialty is the so called society novel. With but one exception, all the stories she has thus far published turn on a single subject—the struggle of parentless or deserted girls with their surroundings. Her sketches of German society of the upper classes are of great merit. Her last work is entitled "Aus der Heimath."

A CERTAIN Mr. William Kyle, an English gentleman long a resident of Germany, has just published at Nuremberg a new and original commentary on Goethe's "Faust," which has made to stand on end the hair of all the German literati who have perused it. The title of the work has two parts: I. "An exposition of the symbolic terms of the second part of 'Faust.'" II. "How this part thus proves itself to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany worthy of the genius of Goethe and the life he devoted to the task. (The Prologues and First Act completely explained; the other Acts generally.)" According to Kyle, the classic Walpurgis Night portrays the literary history of Germany from the sixteenth century down to Klopstock. The three Phorcydes represent the three Aristotelian unities, and the third act the new classic poetry un-

der the inspiration of Klopstock's Messiah and the victories of Frederick the Great. Goethe's (Faust) intimacy with Schiller (Helena) results in the Romantic School (Euphorion). And so on. It is strongly suspected that the scamp Mephistopheles has had something to do with the inspiration which Mr. Kyle has received from some unknown source.

THE best guide-book for the traveller in middle Italy and the city of Rome is one just published by the Bibliographical Institute at Hildburghausen. The work, by Dr. Theodore Esell-Fells, is in two volumes. The first volume, on Middle Italy and the Roman Campagna, is illustrated with five maps, six plans, and twenty-five views, of which six are steel engravings. The second volume, on the City of Rome, has forty-nine plans, and as many views on steel and wood. The plans and views are in the best style of modern art.

MR. FREDERICK KAPP, the author of the "Life of General Steuben," "History of German Emigration to the United States," the "Life of General Kalb," and of several other works connected with American history, has, on his return to Europe after a residence of twenty years in the United States, published a work entitled "Frederick the Great and the United States of America" (Leipsic, 1871). The work sets forth the negotiations of Franklin, Deane, and Lee with Prussia, which terminated with the commercial treaty of 1785, and discusses in an appendix the question of privateers and neutral flags.

THE completion of the great work of Ferdinand Gregorovius on the history of Rome in the Middle Ages (from the fifth to the sixteenth century) is now announced by the publication of the seventh and last volume, an octavo of seven hundred and thirty-nine pages. The work is a monument of learning and research.

AMERICAN newspaper literature occasionally attracts attention among transatlantic literati. Some German critic has lately seen the gushing tribute of enthusiastic admiration paid to Christine Nilsson by an Indiana editor, to whom she appeared "like a brilliant beam of sunlight," and upon whose heart her sweet tones fell "like the swelling music of dis-

tant waterfalls on a bed of crushed roses." The editor would not have been—like unto the late lamented William Poole—"a true American" if he had not gone into ecstatic rhapsody when Miss Nilsson sang "Home, Sweet Home," for your average American is religiously of the opinion that this charming little air is the supreme test of the vocal power and musical ability of the most brilliant *prima donna assoluta* in the world. Having heard the fair Swede submitted to this crucial domestio-melodic test, from which, in his opinion, she came out victorious, our Indiana editor (whose subscriptions are mostly payable in cordwood and country produce) gives tumultuous expression to his desire straightway to erect for her "a palace of gold and alabaster, surrounded by rainbows, closed by gates of pearls and moonshine, and bathed in the incense of sweet flowers." Nor does the enthusiast stop here. He compares the *diva* to a certain object which he calls "Venice de Medici," and this is the point where our German literature comes in; for the German literary critic referred to wishes to know from some reliable American authority whether "Venice de Medici" is a statue or a town in Indiana.

. CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

ONE of the most talented and useful of the literary periodicals of France, the "Universal Bibliographical Review," in resuming publication after a forced interregnum of eight months, refers touchingly to the circumstances under which its existence was suspended—"amid disasters, when France became a vast military camp; when all social, scientific, and literary life was blotted out; while men of letters contemplated in sad silence the march and ravages of invasion, with anxiety as to the fate of our treasures of art, science, and civilization. What possibility can there be for intellectual effort on the morrow of the terrible crisis from which France now emerges bruised, disfigured, and dismembered? How can labor such as ours be resumed when the public mind, still excited and agitated by its sorrows and humiliations, cannot do otherwise than look forward uneasily with fears of fresh perils in reserve? A torrent of destruction has passed over our previous labors.

* Works noticed under this heading can be had of F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.

Our works, like the treasures of the Strasbourg library, lie buried and burned under ruins, and we have, so to speak, a resurrection to accomplish."

And the sad picture is not exaggerated. But little more has thus far been done in Paris than to make a beginning at clearing away the wreck and *débris* of the frightful ruin left by foreign attack and domestic revolution. Unfortunately, both for art and literature, not to mention interests more intimate, the Commune has been more disastrous than the Prussian army; for these soldiers of the enemy did not at least destroy monuments, sack edifices, and scatter petroleum and firebrands. Several of the public libraries have been seriously damaged, and even those left intact still remain closed, all of them being disorganized in their administration and service. Each one of these libraries, and in particular the great National Library of the Rue Richelieu, has always been in Paris a sort of huge lake or reservoir, from which authors, compilers, and translators, by a cunningly-devised system of literary irrigation, have constructed *acquas* by new books of their own, wherein to lead through arid plains a thousand threads, ribbons, and rivelets of the long-imprisoned waters made bright and sparkling by their fresh motion and contact with sunlight. Now the outlet is closed, and there is no occupation for this small army of workmen. As a consequence, publishers are without material and booksellers have little or nothing to do. One of the largest book commission houses in Paris has thus far only succeeded in filling imperfectly its New York orders up to March.

We spoke just now of the resumed publication of a leading literary periodical. The resumption was in the month of March last; but, we are sorry to say, it has not lasted, for we have since then looked in vain for another number. It was doubtless crushed by the disorders of the Commune.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" has, under the circumstances, wonderfully preserved its existence. The isolated residence of its principal contributor, George Sand, has been to it an immense advantage, but many of its other articles—such, for instance, as those on Goethe and the Siege of Mayence—have a suspicious look of old portfolios about them.

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

MOTTOES.

SYDNEY SMITH's kind readiness in suggesting mottoes for his friends is well known; for instance, when a noble lady asked for a motto for the collar of her dog Spot, he was so good as to say, "Yes, certainly. 'Out, damned Spot!'" It would seem as if the proclivity to mottoes ran in the Smith family, for James was as ready as Sydney. Mr. Jesse was one day busy in preparing for the press his "Gleanings in Natural History," when Smith unexpectedly burst in upon him. Jesse was greatly pleased. "My dear Smith," he said, "you have come in the very nick of time. I have been cudgelling my brains for a motto for my chapter on 'Crows and Rooks,' and cannot think of one. Can you?" "Certainly," said Smith, without the least hesitation; "here is one from Shakespeare for you:

It is the caws, it is the caws, my soul!"

Some one once suggested as an appropriate motto for the "Tractarians" the following, from "Love's Labours Lost":

Nath.—Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Holofer.—Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colorable colors.

And for (Anglican) "Evangelical" people, such as are mentioned in advertisements as referees of "known piety," he gave this from "Much Ado About Nothing":

Dogberry.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witnesses.

It has been reported that among the decorative carvings of the church at Hartford, Connecticut, erected in remembrance of the late Colonel Colt of revolving memory, representations of pistols are not infrequent; as if the Christian dispensation had promised "not to bring peace on the earth, but a pistol;" and the unregenerate of those parts call the edifice The Church of the Holy Revolver. Also, one of the same ungodly even suggested two mottoes from the Scripture, the one to be emblazoned on one hand of the desk and the other on the other, to wit:

Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot.—2 Kings, xiii. 17.

And:

Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times.—2 Kings, xiii. 19.

An uncle of Colt's was named Elisha, but he is not known to have suggested shooting to his nephew.

There is, moreover, an effigy of a white colt, jumpant (isn't there such a heraldic term?), upon the weathercock of the same church, being the crest, in what is technically termed "canting heraldry," of the deceased Colonel. A debate arising upon the same, one person suggested the pale horse in the Revelations; but another, a zealous son of Erin, said that it was an additional allusion to the facilities of the revolver for peppering the foe. "'Tis the White Horse of the Peppers!" he insisted.

This Club has at present no other information about that church edifice.

WE desire to conciliate a special measure of attention and interest, however, among our present series of mottoes, to our own

NEW NATIONAL CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY MOTTO.

One of our most patriotic editors is hard at work on a new motto for the United States, to be used at the centennial anniversary, July 4, 1876. He has proceeded thus far on compromise principles, and has fused several of the noblest American sentiments and one adopted one into the following splendid shout:

E Hall Erin Pluribus Yankee Go Unum Bragh Columbia Doodle!

Several additional workmen are wanted upon this great national motto. Apply at "The Galaxy Club-Room."

N. B.—Proposals will be received for a Fourth of July oration for that glorious occasion, to be spoken by thirty-six orators at once—or as many as there shall be States. It must be written in score, and the MS. must indicate throughout the points for the discharge of fifteen-inch guns, the screaming of the American eagle, and other patriotic punctuations. The successful composer will be expected

to train the speakers and lead at the performance. Machinery for enabling him to poke the eagles and touch off the guns is nearly ready.

FIGURE OF SPEECH FOR THE CENTENARY ORATION.

THERE stands Columbia with one foot on the Pacific, the other on the Atlantic, and the other on the Gulf of Mexico, girt with the great golden girdle of the Comstock vein, with Niagara for a waterfall, and the American eagle acting as a bird of paradise in her star-spangled hair.

Problem.—To get the lady comfortably out of that.

QUOTATIONS are mottoes, to all intents and purposes. At any rate, here are a couple:

There was once a Dublin theatrical amateur who was said to have remarkable original power, and to have shed new light on obscure passages. Charles Kean—either truthfully or out of a wicked prejudice against amateurs—once gave as an instance of this “new light” an emendation of “Hamlet” in a passage where Hamlet says that the devil has power

To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me!

Whereupon the original genius here proceeded to “shed,” as follows:

Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me, too—damn me!

This will remind many intelligent students of the literature of quotation of another Shakespearian emendation, which was actually printed in one of the principal New York dailies in its verbatim report of the speech of an eminent member of Congress:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
Hew them how we will.

TRAVELLING WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

MR. MELVILLE D. LONDON sends the Club-Room an account of his experiences with Artemus Ward:

I first met “Artemus Ward” (Charles Farrar Browne) in New York, just after he had penned his farewell to the readers of the Cleveland “Plain Dealer,” November 10, 1860, and before he had commenced his duties on “Vanity Fair.” The Cleveland people, after feasting on his eccentric

cities for two years, had just throned him the monarch of mirth. Again I met him in Washington in 1863, but my most intimate experience with him commenced at Memphis in the winter of 1863. I shall never forget our genial dinners at the Gayoso House, nor our suppers at a little Italian restaurant on Front street, with such talkers as Dan Rice, one of Artemus Ward's most intimate friends, and the witty General Sherman. Memphis was wild with the provincialisms of war, and strange people were thrown together. It was at one of these suppers that General Sherman told his famous chicken story. The people of Tennessee annoyed him excessively with their complaints of the petty thefts of the soldiers, and one day, when the General was particularly busy with a special service detail at headquarters, a Union woman with a husband in the rebel army intruded to complain that the soldiers had stolen her chickens. The General eyed her a moment, and remarked with an awful gravity: “Madam, the integrity of the Constitution and the unity of the Republic must be maintained if—— it takes every chicken in Tennessee!”

“These good people are like our patriots up in Waterford,” said Artemus; “they howl very loud for the old flag, but when the wind blows a hole in it, there isn't any one in the town who would buy a piece of bunting to patch it.”

I shall not soon forget our trip down the Mississippi, the visit of Artemus to my plantation, his experience among the negroes, and his Natchez lecture.

Our luggage was sent on board the John Kilgour the night before, and the morning found the passengers curiously looking at the labels on Artemus's trunks. They read thus:

A. WARD
HYS STORE CLOTHES

A. WARD
HYS
BUSINESS SUITE

A. WARD
HYS SUNDAY
CLOTHES

One moment they would eye the trunks, and then their puzzled eyes would wander toward the gang-plank to see the coming lion. Pretty soon our party, headed by Artemus, got on board. What was the matter? Not an eye turned toward

the "genial showman," but a hundred eyes seemed riveted upon me. Wherever I looked, batteries of eyes met my gaze, making me feel like a culprit—as if some huge sin was upon me, and that there were but two parties on the boat, the accusers and the accused. I turned to Artemus for solution. "Do I look peculiar—am I not dressed properly?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "you are all right, my boy, but you have a deuced *dis'ingue* look. You resemble General Forrest—that's what they are all looking at." By and by a Christian Commission man came up to me. Said he, "My friend, I beg pardon, but the ladies in the cabin would like to hear you say some of your funny things." "Oh! the scamps; they have passed me off for Artemus!" and looking around I saw Ward holding his sides. "Now you see," he said, "what 't is to be famous." Yes, I saw and felt it too, and I say positively that I would not be a famous man again for \$50 an hour.

A hundred incidents happened during the trip, but we have not space to write them. Forty hours brought us to the plantation at Lake Providence, Louisiana, and for the first time in his life Artemus found himself face to face with the good-natured plantation darkies. He found in the big, fat plantation negro occasion for any amount of humor and amusement. We could not prevail upon him to hunt, or join in any of the equestrian amusements of the neighboring planters, but a quiet fascination seemed to draw him into the society of the negroes. Strolling through the "quarters," his grave words, too deep with humor for darky comprehension, gained their entire confidence. One day he called up Uncle Jeff, an Uncle-Tom-like patriarch, and commenced in his usual vein: "Now, Uncle Jefferson," he said, "why do you thus pursue the habit of industry? Indolence is preferable. I prefer it. I am happier when I am idle. Why cannot you pursue a life of happy idleness too? Why do you not break off this habit of working at once? Why, Jefferson, you could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time feel fresh and vigorous enough to commence it again. Idleness invigorates the system; it is a sweet boon. No one should work; they should get other people to do it for them."

During this conversation Uncle Jeff re-

turned his mournful gaze with a mute admiration for the good and wise originator of the only theory which the darky mind could appreciate. "You is jes' right, Mr. Artemus," ejaculated Jeff, when the mournful humorist handed him a dollar and waved him away. As Uncle Jeff ran to tell his wonderful story to the negroes in the "quarters," holding up the dollar as material proof, Artemus would lean forward with his elbows on his knees and indulge in a chuckling laugh.

One day the negroes were grinding their hoes on an old, dilapidated grindstone, which wobbled and swayed up and down, being worn by time and hard usage to an eccentric ellipse. When the eyes of Artemus sighted the rickety grindstone, he settled into a long and hearty laugh. Then, tired of laughing, he eased himself down upon his elbows, but did not cease his intermittent chuckling. "There!" he gasped, as he wobbled his hand and arm through something meant for a parabola; "there is wit personified—or thingified. When you can express in an eccentric anti-climax instead of a rounded sentence, then you will have something funny."

"People laugh at me," the humorist once said to me, "more because of my eccentric sentences than on account of the subject-matter in them. There is no wit in the form of a well-rounded sentence. If I say Alexander the Great conquered the world and then sighed because *he could not do so some more*, there is a funny mixture."

Here is really the true key to Artemus Ward's power as a humorist. He says again, "History is full of great men, but how few, alas! would we want to *take home to supper with us*"; and it will be found that the great majority of his jokes depend upon a sudden switch off from an apparently serious beginning to an absurd ending. In England, his whole inspiration seems to have been drawn from this fountain. In his first "Punch" letter he says, "Commerce, which, as has been truly observed by a statesman, is the foundation stone onto which a nation's greatness rests. Glorious commerce was my Uncle William's fort—he sold soap. The English Government was tyrannical, but *the soap smelt pretty and easily commanded ten cents a cake*. My Uncle William disposed of his soap in America and returned to England, his native land, with a very exalted opinion of the British public.

'It is a edicated community,' said he. 'In one small village alone I sold fifty cakes of soap, including baronial halls where they offered me a ducal coronet, but I said no—*give it to the poor.*' This is the way my Uncle William went on."

In a Philadelphia lecture never published, Artemus said, pointing to Ethiopia: "Here, in the centre of the African continent, is what is called a 'howling wilderness,' but for my part I have never *heard it howl*, nor met with any one who has."

The quotations of Artemus were rendered funny by the same trait. Once on board the *Belle of Memphis*, while the lady passengers were being seated at the long dinner table, a friend opposite, looking down at the vacant chair before him, remarked musingly:

"I love it, I love it, the old arm-chair," when Artemus continued quickly,

"That hung in the well!"

While at Natchez he sent the writer a ticket to his lecture which read thus:

ADMIT THE BEARER
AND ONE WIFE
yours trooly
A. WARD.

During the lecture he said, "I love my Southern brothers—and sisters. I think I shall marry a rich young Southern widow with a plantation of *free negroes*. Then I shall settle down and return the courtesies of that band of chivalric young Southern planters from *New York* who entertained me so well at Lake Providence!"

The following "answer to a correspondent," written by him for the Cleveland "*Plain Dealer*," depends upon the same impression of grotesque incongruity for its effect. What we laugh at is the *silently implied* idea which suddenly pops into our mind at the last three words, that the "young clergyman" has seriously written to ask how to make hot rum punch:

"YOUNG CLERGYMAN: Two pints of rum, two quarts of hot water, teacup of sugar, and a lemon; grate in nutmeg, stir thoroughly, and drink while hot."

The following article was going the rounds of the religious press in 1860:

THREE.

In all ages the number *three* has had much mysterious significance, and it is said that the Arabic character 3 signifies in that language the Trinity in Unity.

However this may be, the character holds a high position in many of the secret orders of the present day, and one of their penmen has given the following deductions, principally from the ancient Scriptures:

"When the world was created we find land, water, and sky, sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. Job had three friends. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his strength. There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven, and hell. In mythology, three Graces; Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine muses sprang from three. In nature we have morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in three. There is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, fowl, and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle?"

The eye of Artemus caught the article, and he wrote the following extenuation of the same subject:

The above is going the rounds, and the "sacred historical writer" has spoken well and wisely, but has committed the sin of omission in mentioning the mystic three. There are other reasons why that character is held sacred in this country as well as in others. A man lives to the age of three score (and ten). In playing brag, three cards are dealt. In the beautiful but uncertain game of poker, three of a kind beat two pair. Three meals a day are all the Europeans or white folks eat. Three is all you can get into a bed with comfort, unless you repose spoon fashion. A female hen sets three weeks, except when she sets on goose eggs. Three persons just make a trio. Three dollars (or more) will buy a bottle of wine. Red postage stamps cost three cents, unless they are blue or green. Knives are made with three blades. On the cars you can purchase three apples for a dime. Three girls are better company than two or four; for then to the odd one you can be making love. Three parts whiskey makes the nicest of rum punch. There are three branches of government—House, Senate, and Faro Bank! Three wheels knocked out of a buggy, if you have a girl in it riding with you, causes the darned thing to upset. Three teeth knocked out of a man's upper jaw spoils his looks as a general thing. Let a strict temperance man indulge in three gin cocktails in the morning, three brandy smashes before dinner, three rum punches before tea, and three sherry cobbler prior to going to bed, and he will soon get in the habit of taking a drop too much. Then it takes three eggs to make a custard and nine tailors to make a man. Three times one make

three and three times three make nine. Funny, ain't it? Then men often have three wives. Houses have three stories and stories have three chapters. Again, some kinds of ships have three masts. Ladies often wear three hoops, have three skirts, and the same number of lovers. Duellists always count three before shooting. John Wentworth has been elected three times. Judas got thirty pieces of silver. Three pieces of silver (two quarters and a half) will make a dollar, and three babies make a triplet. Three fatal stabs in the vitals will seriously hurt an able-bodied man, and three kicks in the rear from an indignant boot will breed trouble between the lover and his proposed father-in-law.

THE MYSTERY OF HOLLOW ASH.

A MELANCHOLY BALLAD.

YOU want to know about the smash
That happened down in Holler Ash :
Wal, now, if anybody knows,
He wears about my style of clothes.

'Twas Deakin Humper's funeral,
And everything was goin' well ;
When them there Templars up in town
On an excursion train come down.

I driv the mourners, an' Joe Fresh
He driv the head of the proceess ;
An' when we made the railroad track,
We see that train a comin' back.

Joe turned around and winked at me,
An' from his vest he showed a V :
"I'll bet you those that this here hearse
'Ll cross ahead of that excourse."

The mourners they set up a yell,
An' then was missin' for a spell ;
It were amazin' how that crowd
Cavorted upwards in a cloud.

They piled them victims on the swart—
About three-quarters of a cord ;
On top they put the Deakin's ment :
But where Joe went we all was beat !

I s'arched the pieces of that train,
But all my s'archin' was in vain ;
An', to this day, it does beat me,
Where is the piece that had that V !

OUR SERIOUS DEPARTMENT.

THE rector of Wootton Bassett was the happy husband of a wife very ladylike and very lovely, but very deaf. There was a dinner party at the rector's ; the ladies had arisen and gone to the drawing-room. A Mr. Hare, one of the gentlemen, followed them before his companions, and chancing to enter the room very quietly—as a hare may be supposed to step—a lady, behind whom he stood and whom he had entertained during dinner, observed to the rector's deaf and ladylike wife (not knowing, of course, who was behind her) : "What a very agreeable man Mr. Hare is." The hostess thought it was her

room and not her company that she had heard praised. So she answered : "Yes ; and so warm and comfortable of a winter's night."

A CERTAIN parish clerk was absent one Sunday without leave. His substitute, on being asked by the rector where the clerk was gone, answered : "He had gone to the opening of a cherub." It was a seraph—*ine*.

THERE is an anecdote in Young's Memoirs about certain signs of repentance in a convicted felon about to be executed which would be laughable if it were not so grim, and which is doubtless like a good many other eleventh-hour repentances. One Maskelyne, a leather-headed chaw-bacon, such as abound in the agricultural districts of England, had shot at a farmer with intent to rob, and, if necessary, to kill. He was a parishioner of Mr. Young, who, at his urgent request, visited him in prison. "I knew," Mr. Young says, "that his soul's health was well cared for by the chaplain of the jail, and I had but little faith in my own power of making any vital impression on him in one interview." However, he went and labored faithfully with the poor fellow. The result, as he tells it, was this : "When last I saw poor Maskelyne, I was telling him that the holiest man that has ever lived, when he has come to die, has died a sinner, pardoned for his Saviour's sake alone, when he burst into a passion of tears. I caught him by the hand, supposing them to be tears of penitence, thanked God, and took courage from such evidence of sensibility. He continued to weep so bitterly that I felt hopeful that the frozen fount had thawed at last. 'These tears are a goodly sign, my friend. You sorrow, I trust, for your sins past. You seek for pardon.' Judge of my horror at his answer : 'No, sir ; I don't. I was not thinking about my sins. It is as I'm so dreadful hungry. I'd give all the world, if 'twas mine, for a good bellyful afore I die. I do assure you I feel as if I could eat a jackass.'"

QUITE a severe cut was recently inflicted upon our choir (writes a correspondent from an Eastern city) by a country clergyman who occupied our pulpit in the absence of the eminent divine who usually officiates. The congregation had gathered

for morning service, when, just as the creaking boots of the last straggler had ceased to afflict the sensitive ear and a solemn hush pervaded the assembly, the choir—which is a quartette of ambitious pretensions—suddenly broke forth into an anthem, evidently quite unexpectedly to the minister, who, at the time, was just rising to utter the invocation or brief opening prayer. The interruption would have been a slight matter in itself had the piece been a suitable one; but it was soon evident that it was one of those showy compositions much better adapted for an exercise in vocal gymnastics than for the expression of devotional feeling. Besides this, the words were so indistinctly articulated by the singers as to either be entirely unintelligible, or at best, to resemble the “pigeon English,” of which the ingenious poem in a recent number of “The Galaxy” affords such an excellent specimen. The piece was of unusual length; but finally the last swell of the organ died away, and the musicians sunk breathless into their seats. The silence which ensued was broken by the clergyman, who advanced to the desk and quietly remarked: “We will now *commence the worship of God* by singing the one hundred and thirty-third selection.”

POSSIBLY this reflection upon the nature of the performance was unintentional upon the part of the worthy dominie, and the words which seemed so severe may have been but a habitual formula. At least this supposition is strengthened by a mistake perpetrated by him upon the afternoon of the same day. The rite of baptism being about to be administered to several infants, he requested with great solemnity, that “All *children* having *parents* whom they wish to be baptized would please to present them before the altar.”

THE country parson—another one—may be excused for his levity when it is known that, having had to officiate at a number of funerals in the course of a few weeks, he was called upon at length to attend two within twenty-four hours. Being an incorrigible joker, it seems natural that under such depressing circumstances he should desire to keep his spirits up, even by means of a jest. He did so, as may be inferred from the following short dialogue:

Parishioner—They have made it rather

trying for you, sir, calling upon you twice within so short a time.

Dominie—Yes, I regard it as rather running things into the ground.

Parishioner—Why, sir! I'm surprised that you should joke about it.

Dominie—Excuse me, then. I acknowledge that it is a two grave subject for a jest. [Exit Parishioner.]

THIS same parson, who is a liberal Christian, and yet opposed to profanity, in common with all other sins, was asked by a friend to describe the doctrine of election as held by certain of the Christian sects. Having described it as well as he could, his friend remarked: “The doctrine is, then, that I am to be saved no matter how little merit I possess, and you are to be damned no matter how earnestly you endeavor to be saved. You see I have adjusted it to suit myself.” “Yes, you have,” replied the dominie, “but if you have adjusted it correctly, I'll be damned.”

THERE have been prejudices against those of various religious denominations for various reasons. None of them perhaps were more worthy of consideration than the objection brought by a farmer's wife against the Baptists. Her pastor, who was of another sect, and earnest and stringent in his views and feelings, found out, to his displeasure, that the Baptist brethren had been celebrating their rites in a pond under the jurisdiction of this old lady, and he remonstrated vigorously with her. She declared promptly that it had been done entirely without her consent or knowledge, and vowed that they should do so no more, adding for sufficient reason: “I ain't no idea of their coming and leaving all their nasty sins behind them in my water!”

EPITAPHS.

IN a grave-yard at Litchfield, Conn., veritably appears this—sometimes asserted to exist elsewhere:

Here lie two babes, side by side;
Of the small-pox both of them died.
Their ages were seven and nine—
Prepare to meet your God in time.

For further particulars inquire of Mr. Doo-little.

The italics are to point out to those ignorant of the laws of scansion the proper mode of accenting the lines.

ON a tablet to the memory of the de-

parted Jones (who had been a hosier) the bereaved Hannah caused the following to be inscribed :

He left his hose, his Hannah, and his love,
To go and sing Hos-annah in the realms above.

In the following instance of an ambiguous epitaph we are left in a state of pleasing, though doubtful, melancholy over the question, what was it that the bereaved parent of little Johnny objected to :

We can't have everything to please us—
Little Johnny's gone to Jesus !

IN Nashville, Tennessee, our valued correspondent, Browne Browning, discovered and transcribed for us the following neatly argued epitaph, which "makes it pleasant" for the deceased if there is any force in posthumous ratiocination :

If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the most of this.

We cut from a real newspaper the following powerful dish of consolation for the afflicted, which is in the nature of an epitaph carved on paper. The pen is mightier than the chisel ; and the printed inscription in an "enterprising newspaper" (that is, when multiplied through its present apotheosis into "The Galaxy") will outlast, we should imagine, great numbers of pyramids :

MARGARET ———. Died May 25, 1871, aged 25 years.

———
LINES TO THE DEPARTED.

As I sit by the bedside of little Sister Maggie,
Death will soon seal those eyes forever,
A few more hours and her poor heart will cease
Beating,
And Her sweet voice to be heard no more,
never.

Her anxious eyes will soon no more look in appeal,

For aid from our human hands
She will pass away like the dawn of day
And soar to an unknown land.

To return no more, nor again enter our door,
With step so light and free,
Her kind Joyous Heart will no more happiness
Depart,
But must be snatched away to an everlasting
Eternity.

May 30.

She is gone, the dear one, that so long to life,
Until nearly the last hour of death's joy embrace,
When She seemed calm and resigned to her fate
If God willed to her take,
And the death damp soon overcrowded her face.

Her eyes were set and immovable as her last
hours drew nigh,
And a gasp accompanied each breath,
As friends wept around She murmured, "Don't
worry,"
And sped swiftly to the arms of death.

Her form consigned to an everlasting tomb to
moulder to dust.
Her spirit joined an Angel band,
May it be a light and guide to those that must
follow,
That may greet her in a happier land.

S. G.

—
HERE is another memorial which may be called an oral epitaph. There are various standards of goodness. One of the most so (if the expression be allowed, and indeed it suits the narrative) was that applied by Mrs. Morris to the "Ladies of Llangollen." These ladies were two high-born dames of great local renown, Lady Eleanor Butler and Mrs. Ponsonby. They died ; and Mrs. Morris sounded their praises in the following neat and compact manner : "I must say, sir, after all, they was very charitable and cantankerous—they did a deal o' good, and never forgave an injury."

"The Galaxy Club-Room" will hereafter be, like the other departments of the magazine, under the direct charge of the Editor of "The Galaxy." Mr. Donn Piatt finding his time occupied by his new and successful journal, "The Capital," relinquishes his position of Presiding Officer of the "Club-Room," but will remain a member of the Club, and contribute from time to time to these pages. The Editor renews his request for contributions to this Department, and asks that they be addressed to W. C. & F. P. Church, Box 3,201, New York.

NEBULÆ.

— PUNS are, as a general rule, untranslatable; yet there are some exceptions well known to the curious in such matters. In some of these, like the Greek philosopher's about *spoiling the pupil*, the translated pun is analogous or similar to the original; in others, like Cicero's very middling joke (most of the great orator's jokes were very middling) about *cultivating the memory of one's father*, it is a direct and literal rendering. Nay, it sometimes happens that a jest improves by translation. Of this class was the retort attributed—as every good thing said in France between the first and second revolutions was attributed—to Talleyrand. An insolent officer had used the word *pekin*—a contemptuous slang term of the military for civilians, much as students in various parts of the world call honest burghers *Philistines*, *town snobs*, and *town loafers*. The diplomatist, in real or affected ignorance, asked the meaning of the expression. "Oh," says Hector, "we call all those *pekings* who are not soldiers." "*Précisément*," rejoined Talleyrand, "*comme nous autres, nous appelons tout militaire qui n'est pas civil*," meaning of course by *civil* that which has a recognized civil and social position, and thus indirectly classing soldiers with vagabonds. But the apparently literal (though incorrect) translation, "Yes; just as we call all those military who are not civil," is delicious to any one who has experienced the swash-buckler manners of most French officers.

— THE present summer, though less intolerable in point of temperature than its immediate predecessors, has been as fertile of complaints respecting the minimum of comfort at the maximum of cost afforded to the adventurous cit who has intrusted himself either to the pretentious watering-place hotel or the *not* unpretending country boarding-house. The whole system needs reformation. Bad provender, stifling rooms, ceaseless noise—any one of these is a severe trial; but worse than all of them put together is the incivility which the lodger too frequently experiences at the hands of every-

body, from the "proprietor"—*anglicé*, the landlord—down to the lowest menial of the hotel, and from which he is not altogether secure at the private farm-house. True, he has usually been in some degree prepared for it on his way by the rudeness or downright insolence of railway officials. We should be sorry to exaggerate the matter, for the simple truth is bad enough in all conscience. Impoliteness is not the *absolute* rule everywhere; you may be lucky enough to escape it for months; but you are constantly liable to it, and therefore, if possessed of such anti-democratic articles as nerves and sentiment, are in constant dread of it. An invalid once complained to his neighbor of a shanghai which the latter kept. The bird was a terrible nuisance and gave him no peace day or night. "But," said the skeptical owner, "my cock only crows four or five times a day. I don't see how that can annoy you so much." "Because," replied the sufferer, "you don't take into account all the times *when I am expecting him to crow*." So, in our locomotive summer experiences, the perpetual anticipation of insolence is almost worse than the thing itself.

— THAT eccentric author, Charles Reade, has broken out in a new place. He comes down "like a thousand of brick" (to borrow a bit of English builders' slang) on the English style of domestic architecture. Some of his bugbears have been wholly or partially remedied in our country, some offend the æsthetic more than the practical sense; but the greatest error in the construction of the Anglo-Saxon house, considering the climate for which it is intended, he leaves unnoticed. A Continental habitation is constructed with a carriage-way and courtyard, by means of which invalids, ladies in visiting or ball dresses, and, in short, all persons who find carriage conveyance a necessity, can enter and leave their vehicle *under cover*, instead of walking across a dirty, or wet, or slippery pavement, and climbing a flight of ditto steps, sometimes ten or twelve in number. Of course we are speaking of first-class dwellings; but it is precisely these which, with us, usually have the most uncomfortable

means of egress and ingress, because their front steps are generally much higher than those of smaller houses. It may be said, however, that even these first-class dwellings are mostly too narrow to admit the courtyard arrangement. But surely two contiguous houses might have a common courtyard. A still better move would be to adopt the Continental system in its completeness—large houses, subdivided into flats.

— It was a long while before our tolerably honest but comparatively slow cousin, John Bull, could understand that we Americans had anything like a distinct national character of our own. We must be a species of provincial English; all his speculations about us started from that idea. When at length convinced of the fact that we were a nation, socially as well as politically, he rushed to extremes, with the usual ardor of new converts, and declared that we were not only one nation but two! The result of the war dissipated this delusion as it did a good many others; but the advocacy of the Confederate cause by so large a portion of the English upper and educated classes, despite their ostentatious opposition to slavery, still remains, to some extent at least, a problem. The popular solution of "aristocracy," "Old World hatred of democratic institutions," etc., is everywhere inadequate, and in many cases irrelevant; for our ill-wishers were by no means confined to the ranks of Tory or Conservative politicians. Many well-known names on the Liberal side stood in a much worse position toward us than the present Lord Derby, who, if not a warm friend, certainly never displayed any open hostility. This nobleman, by the way (he was then Lord Stanley of Bickerstaff), considered the unfriendly English feeling to be the result of accumulated annoyance at anti-English Congressional speeches and newspaper articles during a series of years; while Mrs. Kemble always said that it was sheer British funkiness, based on the assumption that our Southerners represented their landed aristocracy. The partial and inadequate nature of these explanations by two persons so clever in their different ways (though, to be sure, Mrs. Kemble has Lothair's duke to back her) shows how complicated and difficult the question is. Without pretending to enter into a discussion of it, we can offer a tolerably obvious explanation of what may

be regarded either as one of its elements or as a collateral fact bearing upon it. We mean the preference which English tourists belonging to or connected, however indirectly, with the aristocratic classes, manifested before the war (and the feeling is not yet extinct) for Southern over Northern society. The former was calculated to flatter, the latter to pique the visitor. In the former, country life predominated over town life, and was, on the whole, an imitation of English country life. Plenty of room, plenty of meat and drink, less elegance and grandeur. Instead of the degraded English peasant, there was the more degraded negro slave. The men were to a great extent independent of the women for their amusements (as in England), and devoted themselves chiefly to field sports which, if not identical with, were at least analogous to, those of the English. And if the hosts ever excelled their guests in riding or shooting, the latter's *amour propre* was not necessarily wounded, for there are always plenty of excellent reasons why a man does not ride or shoot his best amid strange surroundings, and the bold Briton has always practically recognized the principle that a cock crows and ought to crow best on his own dunghill; for he will rarely travel to engage in an international athletic contest of man or beast, though ready to meet all comers at home. At the North all this was reversed. Town life was the fashionable life, and it was not conducted exclusively on Teutonic, much less on English principles. In the æsthetics of the table and the toilet, in all the minor arts of life, the American swell of the North unhesitatingly claimed superiority over his English contemporary, and entirely repudiated him as a model. Field sports were rather at a discount, and though the people were horsey enough in their way, their equestrian propensities took the line of driving, which the Briton slighted as effeminate, and of driving trotters, which he contemned as low, associating the amusement with publicans and butchers. Of course, like all broad general statements concerning a matter so complex as society, our position is subject to caveats and exceptions. The principal of these is the case of the Bostonians. It has been more than once remarked, and with justice, that the two American cities which were the opposite political poles possess many social points of contact.

Take an average Bostonian and Charlestownian of the better class: they have their differences, no doubt, but they have also marked resemblances, and *common resemblances to the Englishman*; they are more like him, for instance, than is an average New Yorker or Philadelphian of the same social position.

— TALKING of the English, there is one very contemptible bit of blatherskite about them which we are sorry to see in vogue, and apparently gaining ground. It is considered patriotic and democratic to throw doubts or more than doubts on their courage. We have not unfrequently seen of late years the Englishman represented on the American stage as a coward. This is generally done to gratify the Fenians or others of that sort, half a dozen of whom would run away from one English gentleman any day. But sometimes we see a hint of the kind thrown out in much more respectable quarters. The best critical weekly in the country lately asserted of "Guy Livingstone" Lawrence that, after uttering great boasts of what he would do in the Southern cause, he was arrested at Baltimore—the natural inference being that he had talked largely in order to get himself put out of harm's way. Here was a disparaging intimation founded on an incorrect statement. The real catastrophe of our Guy was so exquisitely ludicrous—his Bombastes-like parade of his wonderful boots (equal to the fatal boots of Thackeray), his refusal to run the blockade in the usual fashion, his defiant attempt to ride over the border knight-errant fashion, his being shot (*naturellement*, as a Frenchman would say), boots and all, and put *hors de combat* at the first fire—that we wonder how anybody that had read it could be stupid or perverse enough to misremember it. Guy is a great goose in some things, but no more a coward than that other braggadocio free lance, Heros von Borcke, who, however, was lucky enough to "get his foughten done" before he was shot. By the way, what a *fiche de consolation* for the poor French that our war and the

Austrian between them took the shine out of von Borcke; otherwise, there would not have been a French soldier left. He would have gobbled up "all to his own cheek," the *reliquias Borussorum atque immitis Bismarckè*.

— UNFORTUNATELY, that species of wanton libel which arises from gross carelessness on the part of the writer is not confined in its application to foreigners or to the stronger sex. But a few months have elapsed since the critic of one of our large dailies emitted a sweeping condemnation of a novel written by a respectable lady belonging to a well-known family. Among other grounds of censure, he charged the book with immorality, because the heroine "had a child before her marriage." The heroine *was* married and repudiated by her husband on a technicality; but because the critic had forgotten or skipped this important incident, a new author is set down at once among the advocates of "free love." The reviewer's false statement was well calculated to prejudice persons who had not seen the book against it; probably it prevented many from buying and reading it. Though strongly opposed to litigation, especially in connection with literature, we really think that an author thus slandered would have a reasonable cause of action against the offending reviewer.

— AN error occurred in the "make-up" of the article on the Mediterranean Solar Eclipse, in the last number of "The Galaxy," but it can be corrected by a few words. In changing the order of the blocks illustrating the corona as originally arranged, the printer forgot to change the words underneath also, in consequence of which Professor Watson is credited with Mr. Brothers's photograph, and Mr. Brothers with Professor Watson's drawing. The reader will please reverse them for himself. In the writer's sketch, also, the engraver has represented by a solid ring what the writer meant as a vague and cloudy indication of the fading away of the outer corona.

All communications intended for the Editorial management of THE GALAXY should be addressed to Messrs. W. C. and F. P. Church, P. O. Box 3,201, New York. Business communications should be addressed to the Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York.





ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE GALAXY.

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A CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW years ago I visited Dresden. Being busily engaged from morning till evening in running through the town, I had no occasion to make the acquaintance of any of my fellow-guests at the hotel until I one day chanced to hear that among them was a Russian who was ill. I called upon him, and found a man in the last stages of consumption. I had grown gradually tired of the town, and hence I established myself comfortably with my new acquaintance. It is undoubtedly tiresome to associate much with a sick person, but yet at times one is glad to be tired; and moreover, my invalid was always in good humor and disposed for conversation. We both did our best to pass the time as cheerfully as possible, played cards together, and made fun of the doctor. My fellow-countryman used to tell this German pedant different tales about his condition, which the latter would pretend to have long anticipated; mimicked his surprise at some unheard-of symptom, threw his medicines out of the window, with many other tricks of the same sort. I often urged upon my friend that he would do well to consult betimes some skilful physician, that his illness was no joking matter, etc.; but Alexis (his name was Alexis Petrovitch S—) would only make new jokes about doctors in general, and his own in particular, until on one rainy autumn evening he answered my repeated and urgent requests with such a hopeless glance, such a sad shake of the head, and so strange a laugh, that I was really frightened. That same night he grew worse, and the next day he died. Shortly before his death his usual cheerfulness abandoned him, he tossed uneasily upon his bed, sighed deeply, looked about him sadly, seized my hand and whispered with difficulty, "It is hard to die," let his head drop upon his pillow, and burst into tears. I did not know what to say, and sat silent by his side. He soon, however, conquered this last weakness. "I say," said he, "the doctor will come to-day and find me no longer alive. I can imagine the face he will make at this discovery;" and in this last moment he tried to imitate the astonished air of the doctor. Then he commissioned me to send all his effects to his relations in Russia, with the exception of a little packet which he gave to me as a reminiscence of himself.

In this packet were letters—letters of a young girl to Alexis and copies of his letters to her; in all there were fifteen. Alexis Petrovitch S— had known Maria Alexandrovna B— for a long time, apparently since his childhood. He had a cousin and she a sister. In their younger days they had all lived together, had afterward separated and not seen one another for a long time; later they had happened to come together at a place in the country where they were

all passing the summer, and had fallen in love—Alexis's cousin with Maria Alexandrovna, Alexis with Maria's sister. The summer passed by, autumn came, and they separated again. Alexis soon convinced himself, as a reasonable being, that he was not at all in love, and gave up his fair one very contentedly; his cousin corresponded for nearly two years with Maria Alexandrovna, but came finally to the opinion that he was deceiving both himself and her, and ceased to write.

I might, dear reader, tell you a great deal about Maria Alexandrovna, but you must make her acquaintance through her letters. Alexis wrote her his first letter soon after the breach between her and his cousin. At that time he was in St. Petersburg; he suddenly left Russia, became sick, and died, as already stated, at Dresden. I have decided to publish his correspondence with Maria Alexandrovna, and hope for the indulgence of the reader, because they are not love letters. God protect us from them! Love letters are generally only read by two persons, though to be sure thousands of times; but to any one else they are unendurable, if not absolutely ridiculous.

I.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 7, 1840.

MY DEAR MARIA ALEXANDROVNA: If I am not mistaken, I have never written to you before. Now, however, I do; but I have chosen a strange occasion, have I not? My reason for so doing is this: My cousin Theodore called on me to-day, and—how shall I express it?—and told me, under solemn vow of secrecy (he never tells me anything in any other way), that he had fallen in love with the daughter of a gentleman of this place, and had this time firmly decided to get married. He had already taken the first step in the matter and proposed. I naturally hastened to congratulate him on such a joyful event. We have long been suspecting that such was his intention, but still I could not help being somewhat surprised; for although I knew that it was all over between you and him, yet it still seemed to me—in a word, I was surprised. I had proposed to drive out to-day, but, instead, I stay at home to chat with you. If you don't want to hear me, throw this letter straight into the fire. I promise to be honest with you, and although I feel that you are perfectly right in considering me tolerably officious, I yet beg of you to be sure at least of this, that I should not have taken up my pen had I not known that your sister is not with you. Theodore told me that she is spending the summer with your aunt, Mrs. B——. God grant her all possible happiness.

So that's the end of it all. For my part I will not assure you of my friendship, for I have no fondness for high-sounding speeches and bursts of feeling, and in writing you this letter I simply follow the impulse of the moment. If there should be another cause lying hidden within me, let it keep its obscurity for a while.

Nor shall I try to console you. Generally, in consoling others, people only try to rid themselves as soon as possible of an unpleasant feeling of involuntary, selfish sympathy. Without doubt there is such a thing as genuine, warm sympathy, but we don't get it from every one. I should be very glad if you were to get angry with me, because then you would read this letter through to the end.

Yet what excuse have I for writing to you and speaking of my feelings and of consolation? None, none at all; that I must acknowledge, and hence I must rely on your indulgence.

Do you know what the beginning of my letter is like? It's just as when

Mr. X. enters the drawing-room of a lady who was not expecting him at all, though possibly another; he sees that he had chosen an unlucky moment, but yet it is too late to change. He takes a seat and begins to talk, Heaven alone knows about what—about poetry, the beauties of nature, the advantages of a good education; in a word, talks perfect nonsense. In the meanwhile the first few minutes are over, he has got comfortably settled in his chair, the lady resigns herself to her fate, and now Mr. X. recovers his composure, takes a fresh breath, and begins to talk understandingly.

But in spite of all my reasoning I am not in the best of spirits. I see before me your thoughtful, yes, almost angry face, and I feel that it is well-nigh impossible for you not to ascribe some hidden design to this letter; hence, like a Roman who has done a stupid action, I wrap myself majestically in my toga, and silently await your decision, and especially on this question, whether you will allow me to continue writing to you?

I remain yours sincerely,

ALEXIS S.

II.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, March 22, 1840.

MY DEAR ALEXIS PETROVITCH: I have received your letter, and really do not know what answer to make. I should not have replied at all had it not seemed to me that a tolerably friendly feeling lay hidden behind your jests. Your letter has made a disagreeable impression upon me. In answer to your reasoning, as you call it, let me too ask a question: Why? What interest have you in me or I in you? I am far from ascribing any evil intention to you; on the contrary, I am very grateful for your sympathy; but we are strangers to one another, and for the present, at any rate, I do not feel the slightest inclination to become more intimate with any one.

With great respect, I remain, etc.

MARIA B.

III.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

St. PETERSBURG, March 30, 1840.

My warmest thanks, Maria Alexandrovna, my warmest thanks for your letter, dry as it is. Before I received it I was in the greatest excitement. Twenty times a day I thought of you and of my letter. You cannot imagine how cynically I laughed at myself, but now I am in the happiest state imaginable, and praise myself according to my deserts. Maria Alexandrovna, I am beginning a correspondence with you. Confess that you did not expect this after your answer. I am amazed at my own boldness. But do not be alarmed, I shall speak, not of you, but of myself. To use a very common expression, I must talk with some one. To be sure, I have no right to choose you for my confidante, not a shadow of right; but I don't ask of you any answer to my letters. I don't even wish to know whether you read my "reasonings" or not, but do not, I entreat you, send my letters back. You see I stand perfectly alone in the world. In my youth I led a lonely life, although I never, as far as I remember, posed myself as a Byron. Later, circumstances rather than any taste and ability for indulging my imagination, my rather cool temperament,

my pride, my indolence, in short a number of different causes, combined to keep me aloof from society. My abandonment of the land of imagination for that of action took place late, perhaps too late; perhaps even now indeed it is not complete. So long as my own thoughts and feelings were my only business and relaxation, so long as I was able to give myself up to an empty, silent bliss, I did not complain of my loneliness. I had no comrades, only so-called friends. At times I required their society, as an electric machine needs a conductor, but only in the same way. Love—but on that subject let us for a time hold our peace. Now, however, I must confess, my loneliness oppresses me, and yet I see no escape from my position. I don't find fault with fate on that account. I alone am guilty, and am punished as I deserve. In my youth only one thing interested me, my own dear self. I mistook my good-natured conceit for shyness, I avoided society, and now I have become terribly tired of myself. What shall I turn to now? I do not love any one; all my emotions toward others are forced and cold; I have no reminiscences, because in all my past life I find nothing but myself. Do you be my saviour! To you I have never rapturously sworn my love; I have never deceived you with a flood of words. I passed you by rather coldly, and hence it is that I now feel emboldened to seek for refuge by you. Would that I had done it earlier, when you would have been free. Among all my artificial emotions, joys, and sorrows, the only genuine and sincere feeling was my involuntary inclination toward you, slight as it was—like a single flower perishing in an overgrowth of weeds. Let me look but once into another face, into another soul; my own face disgusts me. I am like a man condemned to pass his whole life in a room with mirrors for its walls. I demand no confessions from you, none at all. Grant me only the calm sympathy of a sister, or even the simple curiosity of a reader. I shall interest you, upon my word I shall interest you.

I remain your sincere friend,

A. S.

IV.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

St. PETERSBURG, April 3, 1840.

I write to you again, although I foresee that if I do not receive your consent to go on I shall soon stop. I can understand that you should nourish some distrust of me. Possibly you are right. A short time ago I should have solemnly declared to you, and perhaps have believed my own words, that I had "developed myself" since our separation—had advanced; I should have expressed myself with an indulgent, almost affectionate contempt about my past days; with moving bombast should have confided to you the mysteries of my present real life. But now, I assure you, Maria Alexandrovna, it is disagreeable and painful for me to think what a *rôle* my miserable self-love has played, and how contented I was with it. Do not be frightened; I shall not force any great truths, any deep views upon you. I don't possess any of those truths, of those views; I have become a simple, ordinary man, believe me. I suffer unendurably from ennui. That is the reason I write to you; and I think, in fact, we shall understand one another

But yet I feel unable to speak further with you until you have held out your hand to me, until I receive a letter from you with the single word, "Yes." Maria Alexandrovna, will you hear me out? "That is the question."

Yours truly, '1

A. S.

V.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, April 14, 1840.

What a strange man you are! Well, yes.

MARIA B.

VI.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 2, 1840.

Hurrah! Thanks, Maria Alexandrovna, a thousand thanks! You are a kind and generous being. According to my promise, I begin to speak about myself, and with a pleasure that might be called appetite—yes, appetite. We can talk about everything in the world with interest, with enthusiasm, with rapture, but with appetite only of ourselves.

A strange thing has recently happened to me; I have for the first time looked back upon my past life. You understand me; everybody thinks often enough of the past with regret or vexation, or simply for amusement; but to throw a cool, clear glance on all one's past life, as when a traveller looks from the top of a hill on the valley he has struggled through—that one can only do when somewhat advanced in years, and a mysterious, cold shudder seizes the heart the first time one does it. At least I experienced such a pang. As long as we are young we do not look back; but my youth is gone, and everything lies now clearly before my eyes as before the traveller on the hill. Yes, my youth is gone, irrevocably gone, and it lies before me like a picture in its frame. A sad sight. On my word, Maria Alexandrovna, I pity myself. Great God, is it possible that I have ruined my life to this extent? that I have so pitilessly racked and tormented myself? Now I have become wise, but alas, it is too late. Have you ever rescued a fly from a spider's web? If you ever have, you will remember its appearance as you placed it in the sunlight; its feet and wings are stuck together, it moves with difficulty, and does its best to remove the cobweb. After long efforts it refreshes itself somewhat, crawls a bit, and tries to stretch its wings—in vain; it can no longer fly about as before, no longer buzz merrily in the sunshine, now flying through the open window into the cool room, now flying out again into the summer air. It at any rate did not fall voluntarily into the treacherous net as I did, who was my own spider. And yet I can't take all the blame to myself; for who, pray, bears all the guilt for anything alone? Or rather, are we not all at fault, though no one dare accuse us of it? Circumstances work upon us, they drive us one way or another, and afterward they punish us accordingly. Every one has his own destiny, you see. A not very apt but rather striking analogy occurs to me. As the clouds first are formed from the vapors of the earth, from whose breast they rise, then leave it and go further and further away, and finally return bringing blessings or devastation, so a sort of—what shall I call it?—of atmosphere forms itself about every one, which comes from ourselves, and works upon us later for good or evil. In other and plainer words, every one is the cause and result of his own destiny.

Every one, then, is the cause of his own fate. Yes; but, alas! we are occasionally too much so, and that is exactly our great misfortune. Our self-consciousness awakes in us too early; we begin too soon to observe ourselves. We Russians have no other task in life than to devote our whole energy to our own personality, and we have scarcely outgrown our childhood before we be-

gin. We have no definite aim in life, we respect nothing, believe in nothing heartily, and hence we have free opportunity to make what we please out of ourselves. But we cannot expect every one to see the barrenness of such aimless self-examination; and the result is simply one more intellectual abortion, one more of those worthless existences in which the inborn thirst after truth is turned to the opposite fault through overweening self-love, in which ridiculous simplicity is found combined with contemptible slyness. These characters, consuming themselves in the impotent disquiet of perpetual thinking, never know the satisfaction of earnest activity, the pang of real suffering, or the triumph of a victorious truth of conviction. While we combine the faults of all periods of life, we never have the redeeming side of those faults. We are as stupid as children, without their honesty; we are as cold-blooded as old men, without their prudence; but to outweigh that, we are great psychologists. Only too often our psychology strays into pathology. Alas for our psychology! this over-accurate study of the laws of a diseased mental state, with which sound people have nothing to do. The main point is that we are never young, not even in our youth.

But yet, why abuse one's self in this way? As if we had never been young! As if the warm blood of life had never beaten, boiling in our veins! Oh yes, we too were born in Arcadia, we too have wandered through its fairy fields. Did you ever in going through the bushes happen to come upon one of those dark crickets which, springing up from under your feet, and spreading out noisily its fire-red wings, flies a few feet away, only to fall again into the grass? Exactly in that way did our colorless youth unfold its motley wings for its brief flight. Do you remember the silent evening walks we four used to take along the hedge of your garden after a long, interesting conversation? Do you remember those happy hours when nature kindly took us to its infinite bosom, and we sank with ebbing senses into a flood of rapture? Suddenly blazed forth the red of sunset and bathed everything in the softest purple, and from the glowing heaven, from the magically lit earth, there breathed upon us the fiery freshness of youth and immortal happiness. Like the red of the sky, our enchanted hearts would glow, and the tender leaves of the young trees trembled restlessly above us, as if moved by the waves of emotion and hope within our breasts. Recall the purity, goodness, and faith of our plans for the future, the affecting generosity of our hopes, the peace of our hearts, and tell me, were we not then worthy of a better lot than that which has since fallen to us? Why was it granted to us only to see the longed-for shore in the distance, never to reach it, never to rest upon it? "Never, line the children of Israel, to weep on the threshold of the happy land." Those lines of Fet recall the rest to my memory. Do you remember how we stood one day in the road looking at a little cloud of dust which was blown toward the setting sun by a light puff of wind? "In far-off whirling cloud," you began, while we at once stopped talking and listened:

"In far-off whirling cloud
We see the dust arise:
Is it wanderer or knight,
Who hides there from our eyes?
Yet see on prancing steed
Some one rides on that way.
O friend, my distant friend,
Be mine for ever and aye."

You were silent. We all arose as if a breath of love had touched our

hearts. Every one of us, I am sure, involuntarily turned his glance toward the distance—toward that unknown distance, where the Fata Morgana of happiness shone out from the clouds. And yet, do you understand the contradiction? What had we to seek in the distance? Were we not in love with one another? Was not happiness “so near, so possible?”* And why did we not step upon the longed-for shore? Because falsehood went hand in hand with us; because it poisoned our best feelings; because everything within us was false and artificial; because we had no real love for one another, but merely forcibly pretended to love.

But enough, enough. Why tear open old wounds? It is all now irrevocably gone. What in the past was good—the recollection of this has excited me exceedingly, and here I take my leave of you. It is besides time to close this long letter. I am going out to breathe the May air, which seems to us here like a moist warm breath of spring breaking through the dryness and fierceness of the winter. Farewell. Your

A. S.

VII.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, May 20, 1840.

I have received your letter, Alexis Petrovitch, and do you know what feeling it called up in me? Indignation! yes, indeed, indignation. And I will tell you the reason. One thing is a pity, however—that I am not skilled with the pen. I have written very seldom, and do not understand how to express my thoughts neatly and concisely. But you will, I hope, help me. You will try to understand me, even if it is only to find out why I am angry with you.

Tell me, for you are an intelligent man, have you ever asked yourself what a Russian woman is, what is her fate, her position in the world—in a word, her life? I do not know whether you have ever had time to put this question to yourself, and I cannot imagine what your answer may have been. Perhaps I might be able to tell you by word of mouth my thoughts on this subject, but on paper I shall hardly be able to do it. But yet, no matter. You will certainly acknowledge that we women, those of us at least who are not buried in the every-day cares of domestic life, receive our final education from you men. You have a strong influence over us. But what do you make of us? I am speaking principally of young girls, of those especially who, like myself, live in the retirement of the country, and of whom there are many in Russia. Yes, the others I do not know, and hence can form no judgment about them. Picture to yourself such a girl: her education is completed; she begins to live, to amuse herself; pleasure alone is not enough for her, she asks more from life; she reads, has reveries about love—and about nothing but love, you say. Granted, be it so; but this word is full of meaning for a girl (I repeat it, that I am not speaking of one who is too lazy or silly to think). She looks longingly forward into life, awaiting him for whom her soul longs. Finally he appears. She is all devotion. She is like wax in his hands. Everything, happiness, love, reflection, everything comes with his arrival. All sadness is gone, all doubts he removes; truth itself appears to speak from his lips. She feels awe before him, is ashamed of her happiness, learns from him, loves him. His power over her is boundless. Were he a hero, he could rouse her

* A common quotation, from Pushkin's "Onegin."—*TR.*

to enthusiasm, he could persuade her to sacrifice herself, and she would gladly offer every sacrifice! But nowadays there are no more heroes. Still he leads her where he pleases; she interests herself in his affairs. Every word of his moves her soul; she does not know yet how vain, how empty and false a word can be, how little it costs the speaker, what slight faith it deserves. After these first hours of happiness and hope, circumstances (for circumstances get all the blame) bring about, only too often, a separation. There are examples of indissoluble union between two loving souls; but these unions are not always happy—so at least I have heard, but I shall not speak of what I have not myself experienced. But that the pettiest calculations and the warmest rapture can live together in a young heart—alas! that I have seen in my experience. Well, as I was saying, separation follows. Happy is the girl who learns then that all is over, who does not give herself up to visions of his return. But you, strong, righteous men—you as a rule have not the heart, nor even the wish, to tell us the truth. It is easier for you to deceive us, although I must still believe that you deceive yourselves at the same time. So a separation! To endure this may be either easy or hard. If her confidence in her lover were firm, she could easily master the pang of separation; indeed, I might say that now in her solitude she could first learn the bliss of loneliness, which is full of sweet reminiscences; she could begin to understand and strengthen her own character, finding a consolation in the letters of her distant lover, expressing herself perhaps for the first time fully in her own.

Like two people who start from the head waters of a river and walk along its different shores—at first their hands can touch, then they shout to one another from a distance, and finally are lost to one another's sight—like them, I say, two beings are often torn apart by separation. You will reply, "What then? They were not destined to go together." Ah, for a man it is easy enough to begin a new life, to shake off all the past; a woman cannot do it. No, she cannot throw away the past, she cannot tear herself loose from the place where she once has taken root. A thousand times no! And what is the mournful end of this drama? Gradually losing all hope and belief in herself—but how hard that is, you can never understand—she fades away, clinging firmly to the memories of the past; and turning from everything which the present offers her. And he? See what his fate is. Does he consider it worth his while to pause even for a moment and to cast a glance back? For him what lies behind is finished. At times, it is true, he is seized with a sudden wish to meet the object of his former love; perhaps he seeks her out intentionally, but, heavens, from what petty motives! One sees from his polite sympathy, from his would-be friendly advice, from his condescending explanation of the past, only his consciousness of his superiority. It is so pleasant and gratifying to him to confess to himself continually how wise and good he is, and how little he comprehends what he has done. How well he knows how not to understand what goes on in the woman's heart, and in what an offensive way he pities her if he does perchance understand it. Where shall she get the force to endure all this? Remember that a girl who is of a thoughtful nature, and so much the worse for her, when she begins to love, and is under the influence of a man, holds herself involuntarily for the most part aloof from her family and friends. It is true, she found before no complete satisfaction in her intercourse with them, but she lived in the wonted path and concealed all her secrets in her own breast. Now, however, the breach is noticeable. They no longer understand the maiden, and are ready to suspect all her actions. At first she is not at

all affected, but later, when she is again alone, when that for which she struggled and was ready to give up everything, when her whole heaven is lost, and everything near, everything already attained is remote in the past, what is there left her then by which she can uphold herself? Ill-natured jests and allusions, the barren triumph of a rude, so-called healthy understanding, she still endures; but what shall she begin, to what take refuge, when an inner voice begins to whisper to her that they all were right, that she alone was mistaken; that an actual life, of whatever sort, is better than a world of fancy, as health is better than illness; when her favorite occupations, her favorite books are odious to her? How can she in such a case keep up? How can one help yielding in such a struggle? How live on in such loneliness? To acknowledge one's self beaten, and, like a beggar, stretch out one's hand to indifferent strangers, entreating at least their sympathy, which the proud heart once fancied it would never need, all that one might endure; but to find one's self ridiculous at the very moment one is shedding hot, scalding tears—ah, God, protect every one from that fate!

My hands are trembling and I am in a fever. It is time to close. I shall send this letter off as soon as possible, before I grow ashamed of my weakness. But for heaven's sake, not one word—do you hear?—not one word of sympathy in your answer; if there is, I shall not write again. You understand me. I don't want you to consider this letter as the outpouring of an unappreciated soul lamenting its own fate—but it makes no difference. Farewell.

M.

VIII.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

St. PETERSBURG, May 28, 1840.

Maria Alexandrovna, you are a noble being. You—your letter has finally disclosed the truth to me. Heavens, what agony it is! Man often thinks he has finally reached the truth, that he is not playing a false part, not pretending, not lying; on a closer examination he appears even worse than before. And alas, so long as he deliberates by himself, he fails to learn this, whatever trouble he may take about it; he is unable to see his own faults, just as the dulled eye of the type-setter cannot detect the misprints; for that a fresh eye is necessary. I thank you, Maria Alexandrovna. You see I speak to you of myself; I do not dare to speak of you. How ridiculous my last letter seems, so bombastic and sentimental! Continue your confession, I beg of you most earnestly; it seems to me that you will ease your own heart and do me good. The proverb is true, "One woman's sense is better than the counsel of a thousand men," and how much truer this is of a woman's heart. If women knew how much better, nobler, and wiser, especially wiser, they were than men, they would become vain and worthless; but fortunately they don't know it. They don't know it because their thoughts are not accustomed to be busy about themselves, as is the case with us; they think very little about themselves. That is at once their weakness and their strength. That is the whole secret, I will not say of our superiority, but of our power. They lavish their soul as a prodigal heir does the paternal gold, while we ask interest for every trifle. How can they expect to win against us? All this is not mere compliment, but the simple truth founded on experience. I beg of you again, Maria Alexandrovna, to continue writing to me. If you knew everything that moves my heart—but I

shall not now speak, I will listen to you. My time for speaking will come too.
Write, write.

Yours truly,

A. S.

IX.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, June 12, 1840.

I had hardly sent off my last letter, Alexis Petrovitch, before I repented of it, but it was too late. One thing consoled me somewhat. I am sure that you understood under the impulse of what long pent-up emotions it was written, and that you excused me. I did not read over what I had written, but I remember that my heart was beating violently and my pen was trembling in my hand. Besides, I have not wished to call back either the words or feelings which, as I understand it, I confided to you, although I should probably have expressed myself differently if I had taken time for reflection. To-day I am calmer and have more control over myself.

If I remember aright, I spoke at the end of my last letter of the burdensome position of a girl who feels lonely even with her own family. I shall say nothing more on that subject, but will rather tell you something about my own circumstances, and I hope in this way to tire you less.

In the first place, you must know that in all the neighborhood I am only known as "the Philosopher." The ladies especially give me this title. Some declare that I sleep with a Latin book in my hand and a pair of spectacles on my nose; others, that I know how to extract a cube root. None doubt but that in private I wear men's clothes, and instead of "Good day" say absent-mindedly "George Sand." And the dislike for the philosopher grows from day to day. We have a neighbor, a man of about fifty, a great wit, at least such is his reputation, and for his jokes I am an inexhaustible butt. He has a story about me, that as soon as the moon is risen I cannot take my eye from it, and he imitates my way of looking at it. He says that I don't take cream in my coffee, but moonshine; that is, I place my cup in the moonlight. He swears solemnly that I use such phrases as "That is easy because it is difficult, although, on the other hand, it is difficult for the very reason that it is easy." He says that I am always seeking a word, am always striving "thitherward," and with comic zeal he asks: "Whitherward? whitherward, whitherward?" He has also spread the report that I ride by night along the river, singing a serenade of Schubert, or simply muttering "Beethoven, Beethoven"; that I am just such a crazy old maid, and a great deal more of the same sort. Naturally it soon reaches my ears. You are perhaps surprised, but do not forget that four years have passed since you were in these parts. Remember how askant they looked at us then: it is now their turn. But all that is nothing. I hear things occasionally which wound my heart much more deeply. I will not speak of my poor, good mother, who can never forgive your cousin's indifference; but my whole life is running the gauntlet, as the children say. All the time I must hear, "Well, how could we expect to be good enough for you? We are simple people and act according to our own plain common sense, and we can't help wondering how much good all your studying, and books, and acquaintance with scholars has done you!" You perhaps remember my sister—not the one toward whom at one time you were not indifferent, but the other, the older and married one. Her husband is, as you will remember, only a plain, harmless man, to be sure, over whom you used to continually make merry; but she is

happy, a mother, loves her husband, and her husband loves her above everything. "I am like every one else," she says to me sometimes, "but you?" And she is right. I envy her.

But yet I feel that I would not exchange with her. People can call me a philosopher, cracked, or what they please. I shall always remain true—to what? To an ideal; why not?

Yes, to an ideal. Yes, I shall remain true to the last to that for which my heart first began to beat, to that which I acknowledged and still acknowledge to be true and good. If my force will only not fail me; if my idol will only not prove a lifeless, dumb image.

If you really have any friendship for me, if you have really not forgotten me, you must help me; you must scatter my doubts and strengthen my belief.

But, in fact, what help can you give me? "This is all foolishness, perfect nonsense," my uncle said to me yesterday. You don't know him, I think. He is a sensible naval officer, here on leave. "A husband, children, a tureen of soup: to tend one's husband and the children, to look after the bread and butter—that is what a woman needs to do." Tell me, is he right?

In case he should be right, I can still make the past good and fall into the beaten track. What can I expect now? what can I hope for? In one of your letters you spoke of the wings of youth. How often and for how long they wear heavy fetters! But then there comes a time when the fetters fall off; but we are then no longer able to rise from the earth and fly toward heaven.

Write to me. Your

M.

X.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

St. PETERSBURG, June 19, 1840.

I hasten, my dear Maria Alexandrovna, to answer your letter. I acknowledge that if—I can't say my business, for I haven't got any—but if stupid habit did not chain me to this place, I should pay you a visit and tell you all I have to say; on paper everything appears so dead and cold.

Maria Alexandrovna, I repeat it, women are better than men, and you prove it in your life. One of us may throw aside his convictions like a worn-out coat, may exchange them for a piece of bread, or quiet them into an eternal sleep, and set up a gravestone over them as over a dead friend, where he seldom goes to pray; one of us men may do all that, but you women, you are never untrue to yourselves—to your ideal. This word "ideal" is laughed at nowadays, but to fear ridicule is not to love the truth. It often happens that the silly jest of some stupid fellow restrains even good people from doing much—as for example, from defending an absent friend. I must acknowledge myself guilty of this. But, I repeat, if you women are better than we men, I will give you neither advice nor help; where can I get them? Besides, you don't need them. But I wave my hand to you and call out, "Have patience, struggle to the end, and remember that the feeling of an honorable, persistent fight is nobler than the triumph of victory. The victory does not depend upon us."

Your uncle is undoubtedly right from a certain point of view. Family life is everything for woman; for her there is no other life. But what does that prove? Only Jesuits imagine that the ends sanctify the means, and that is not true, that is not true! It is wrong to enter the pure sanctuary with dust-stained feet.

At the end of your letter is an expression which does not please me: you say that you wish to get into the beaten track. Only be careful that you do not make a false step! Do not forget that it is impossible to wipe out the past so thoroughly that no trace is left, and that however you may exert yourself you will never be able to become like your sister. You have reached a higher standpoint than she; but your heart is wounded, it bears a scar, while hers is whole. You can descend, can lower yourself to her; but nature always insists upon her rights, and a wounded spot does not heal without leaving a mark. You are afraid, to speak bluntly, of becoming an old maid. I know you are already twenty-six. In fact, the position of an old maid is not an enviable one. Every one is so ready to make fun of her, and thoughtlessly to observe her peculiarities and weaknesses. But if we examine a bachelor who is getting on in years, we find he deserves ridicule as well. There is plenty of material for laughter about him. What is to be done about it? Happiness is not to be violently won. We should never forget that not happiness, but moral worth, is the great aim of life.

You describe your position with a great deal of humor. I comprehend very well all its bitterness; it might almost be called tragic. But, believe me, you are not alone in it; there is scarcely a human being living who has not been in the same position. To be sure, you will say that your lot is no easier to bear on that account; but I think it is an entirely different thing, suffering along with thousands, from suffering alone. In such a case it concerns, not the individuality of each separate one, but the feeling of common necessity.

All that is very fine, you say, perhaps, but not really practicable. I have always thought, and I hope I shall never cease to think, that in God's world everything honorable, good, and true is practicable, and sooner or later may be realized, and not only will be, but already is, every day. Only let every one stand firm at his post, never lose patience, nor demand what is impossible, but do that which he has the strength to do. But I see that I am wandering from the subject. I spare you the continuation of my views till another letter, but I cannot close without heartily, heartily pressing your hand, and wishing you with all my soul every blessing. Your

A. S.

P. S.—Apropos, you say that you have nothing more to expect, nothing more to hope for; allow me to ask, how do you know that?

XI.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, June 30, 1840.

How grateful I am, Alexis Petrovitch, for your letter! how much good it has done me! I see you are really a good, trustworthy man, and hence I shall conceal nothing from you. I have confidence in you. I know that you will not abuse my frankness, and will give me friendly advice. So listen. I used at the end of my last letter an expression which did not please you; my reason for so doing I shall explain to you to-day. We have a neighbor—at the time of your stay here he was absent, and hence you have never seen him; he—I could marry him if I chose. He is still young, educated, and well-to-do. There is no objection on the part of my relations to such a union; on the contrary, they desire it very much, as I happen to know. He has an agreeable exterior, and loves me, I believe; but he is so slow, so dull, all his aims are so limited,

that I cannot help feeling my superiority to him. He notices that, and is to a certain extent glad of it, and that is the very thing which repels me from him; in spite of his excellent heart, I cannot love him. Advise me what I shall do. Think it over and give me your honest opinion.

How grateful I am to you for your letter. Believe me, at times such sad thoughts get the mastery over me! Yes, it had got so far that I was ashamed of every feeling, I will not say of happiness, but of confidence; that I pettishly closed every book that spoke of hope and happiness; that I turned away from the cloudless sky, from the fresh green of the trees, from everything happy and joyous. What a terrible state that was! I say *was*, as if it had passed. And has it passed? I do not know; but so much I do know, that, if it does not return, I am indebted to you therefor. See, Alexis Petrovitch, how much good you have done, without suspecting it. Apropos, do you know that I pity you very much? It is now the most beautiful time of the summer; we are enjoying lovely days, blue, clear skies—the sky of Italy cannot be finer—and you stay in the sultry, dusty town, and stroll up and down the blistering pavement. What pleasure can you take in that? At any rate you ought to go into the country. They say there are charming country-places behind Peterhof, on the sea-shore.

I should like to write more, but I cannot; such delicious odors enter from the garden that I can't sit in the room any longer. I shall put on my hat and go out walking. More soon, my dear Alexis Petrovitch.

Your affectionate

M. B.

P. S.—I have forgotten to tell you. Only think of it, the wit of whom I wrote to you the last time has—imagine it—declared his love to me recently and in the most extravagant way. At first I thought he was making fun of me, but he finished with a formal proposal, and that after all his backbiting. But he is at any rate too old. Last evening, to vex him, I sat at my piano before the open window and played by moonlight a sonata of Beethoven. How refreshing it was to me to feel the cool moonlight upon my face; so pleasant to fill the odorous night air with the delicious strains of music, which from time to time were drowned by the song of the nightingale. It's a long while since I have been so happy. Write to me without fail on the subject I spoke of at the beginning of this letter; it is very important.

XII.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 8, 1840.

My dear Maria Alexandrovna, here is my opinion in two words. As for the old bachelor and your youthful adorer, overboard with them both. There is no use considering. Neither of them is worthy of you; that's as clear as that twice two is four. Your young neighbor may be an excellent person, still good-by to him. I am convinced that there is nothing in common between you and him; hence you can imagine how pleasant living with him would be. And what need of haste? Is it possible that a woman like you—but I shall utter no compliments, and hence carry that subject no further—can find no one who knows how to value her? No, Maria Alexandrovna, listen to me, if you really believe that I am your friend, and that my advice is of any use to you. Confess that it would be pleasant for you to see your old calumniator at your feet.

If I were in your place, I should compel him to look at the moon and sing Beethoven's "Adelaide" the whole night through.

But let us leave them, let us leave your adorers. I have something else to speak about to you to-day. I find myself, in consequence of a letter which I received yesterday, in a very peculiar state, half irritated and half excited. I send you a copy of it. It is from one of my old friends and colleagues, an amiable but rather narrow-minded man. Two years ago he set out upon his travels, and this is the first time he has written. Here is his letter.

N. B.—He is very good-looking.

"CHER ALEXIS: I am at Naples, and am sitting at the window of my room on the Chiaja. The weather is magnificent. I had been looking out on the sea for a long time when I became impatient, and suddenly the capital idea seized me of writing to you. Heaven knows that I have always had a strong feeling of affection toward you, and now it has compelled me to pour out my heart to you, for that is the proper expression, I believe, in your lofty language. I grew impatient because I am waiting for a certain lady. We are going to drive together to Baïæ, to eat oysters and oranges there, to see the dark-brown shepherds with red caps dance the Tarantella, to let ourselves bask in the sun like lizards—in a word, enjoy life thoroughly. My dear friend, I cannot tell you how happy I am. Were I as skilled a writer as you are, ah, what a picture I could unfold. But unfortunately I am, as you know, no writer. This lady whom I am expecting, and who has been letting me start up and turn continually toward the door for more than an hour, loves me; but the way I love her I fancy that even your eloquent pen could not express.

"I must tell you that I made her acquaintance three months ago, and that from the very first day of our acquaintance my love rises, ever *crescendo*, like a chromatic scale, and at the present moment has risen above the seventh heaven. I am joking, but in fact my dependence on this sweet creature is something unusual, unnatural. Think of it, I hardly ever speak to her, only look at her all the time and laugh like a fool. I fall at her feet and feel that I am fearfully stupid and happy, really unwarrantably happy. It sometimes happens that she places her hand on my head; then I say—but you can't understand it; you are a philosopher and always have been a philosopher. Her name is Nina, also Ninetta, and she is the daughter of a rich merchant of this place. She is beautiful. What are all your Raphaels in comparison with her? As excitable as powder, cheerful, clever—so wonderfully clever that it is really astounding that she has been able to fall in love with such a stupid fellow as I am; she sings like a bird in the tree, and her eyes—Excuse the involuntary dash, I thought I heard her at the door; no, she is not there, the heartless one! You will ask how it is all going to end, what my plans are, and how long I intend to remain here. I don't know anything about that, nor do I want to know. Let what will come. Oh, who would want to stop continually for reflection!

"She's coming—she's coming up the stairs singing. She is here. Now, my friend, farewell. I have no more time for you. Your pardon, she has stained all the letter; she threw a wet bouquet on the paper. At first she thought I was writing to a lady, but having found out it is to a friend, she sends her love to you and wants to know whether there are flowers where you are, and whether they are fragrant? Well, farewell. If you had heard her laugh! No silver has such a ring, and what good-nature in every sound! I should like to cover her feet with kisses. But we are going out, going out! Farewell. Do not be angry at my tiresome raving, and envy your

M."

The letter was in fact all covered with marks of water, and smelled of orange-blossoms. Two white petals of the flowers stuck to the paper. This letter aroused me. I thought of my own stay at Naples. Then, too, the weather was superb; it was at the beginning of May. I had just passed my twenty-second birthday, but I did not know any Ninetta. I wandered about alone, and was perishing from thirst after happiness—a thirst which is both agonizing and sweet—yes, so sweet that it closely resembles happiness. How strange youth is! I remember one night, when I rowed out upon the bay. There were two of us, the boatman and I—yes, the boatman; did you expect something different? What a night that was; what a sky, what stars; how they trembled and beamed upon the waves; how the water rolled like liquid fire, and splashed beneath the strokes of the oars; what a rich odor covered the whole sea! It is impossible for me to describe all that, however “eloquent” my pen may be. In the harbor there lay a French ship-of-war. It was all ablaze with lights, and the reflection of the bright windows lay almost motionless on the dark waters in long lines of red. The captain was giving a ball. Separate waves of the dancing music reached me. I remember especially the trill of a little flute between the heavy tones of the trumpets; this trill seemed to quiver about my boat like a butterfly. I made the man row me toward the ship, and twice around it. Women flew by the windows, borne in the wild whirl of the waltz. I bade the boatman pull away into the distance, into the deepest darkness. I remember that the music followed me for a long time, as if it would never leave me; finally it died away. I arose in my boat and in mute agony of longing stretched out my arms over the water. Oh, how heavy my heart was then! How dreary my loneliness! With what rapture I should then have given myself up wholly, wholly, if there had been any one there to whom I could have given myself. With what bitterness of heart I threw myself head-foremost into the bottom of the boat. I wanted to go further, no matter where, only away from there.

My friend, however, has experienced nothing of that sort. And why should he? He has managed it much more sensibly than I did. He lives, and I—he was not wrong in calling me a philosopher. Extraordinary—you too are called a philosopher. Why has such a misfortune been the lot of both?

I do not live, but who is to blame for it? Why do I remain here in Petersburg? What do I do here? Why do I simply kill one day after another? Why don't I go into the country? Can't one live on our Russian steppes? Is there not room and air enough on them? What madness to depend on empty fancies, when one perhaps needs only to stretch out one's hand to secure happiness! It is settled. I am going, going to-morrow if it is possible. I am going home—that is, to you; it's the same thing, for we live only five miles from one another. What is the use of wasting away here? Why did I never think of this before? Dear Maria Alexandrovna, we shall see one another soon. I can't understand why it never occurred to me before. I ought to have gone a long time ago. *Au revoir*, Maria Alexandrovna.

July 9.

I have purposely taken twenty-four hours for reflection, and have now finally made up my mind that I cannot stay here. The dust in the streets is so dense that my eyes are smarting. To-day I begin to pack; day after to-morrow I shall probably leave here, and in about ten days I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you will receive me as kindly as in the old times.

Apropos, your sister is still visiting your aunt, is she not?

Maria Alexandrovna, allow me to press your hand heartily, and to say to you with all my soul, "To our speedy meeting." I had already formed this plan, but that letter hastens my movements. Granted that it proves nothing; yes, even granted that Ninetta would not please another—me, for example; still I am off; that is now irrevocably fixed. *Au revoir.* Your

A. S.

XIII.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, July 16, 1840.

You are coming here, Alexis Petrovitch; you will soon be with us: is it true? I do not attempt to conceal from you that this news makes me both happy and uneasy. How shall we see one another again? Will this intellectual bond, which it seems to me has grown up between us, last? Will it not be rent by our meeting? I don't know why I feel so anxious. I shall not answer your last letter, although I have a great deal to say. I put it all off until we meet. My mother is very glad that you are coming; she has known that we corresponded. The weather is perfect. We will take long walks; I will show you new places which I have discovered. Especially beautiful is a certain long, narrow valley; it lies between wooded hills, concealed between their windings. A little brook flows through it, which can hardly make its way between the thick grass and flowers—but you will see it yourself. Only come, perhaps you will not find it tiresome.

M. B.

P. S.—I think you will not see my sister; she is still with my aunt. I believe (but this is strictly between ourselves) that she will soon marry a very amiable young man, an officer. Why did you send me that letter from Naples? The life here appears so sad and tame in comparison with that richness and splendor. But Mlle. Ninetta is wrong: flowers do grow here, and sweet ones too.

XIV.

MARIA ALEXANDROVNA TO ALEXIS PETROVITCH.

—, January, 1841.

I have written to you several times, Alexis Petrovitch, but you have never answered. Are you still alive? Or have you grown tired of our correspondence? Perhaps you have found some other more agreeable relaxation than such as the letters of a country girl can offer you. You undoubtedly only remembered me by way of passing the time. If that is so, I wish you every happiness. If you do not answer me this time, I shall not torment you any more. In that case there is nothing left for me but to regret my thoughtlessness, to regret that I let myself be disturbed out of my calmness so unnecessarily, to regret that I stretched out my hand toward another, and let myself abandon my loneliness if even for a moment. I have no right to abandon it. I must keep myself behind bolt and bar; that is my lot, the lot of all old maids. I must accustom myself to these thoughts. One has no right to step out into the free, bright world of God, and long for fresh air, when one is too weak to endure it. Fortunately we are buried beneath deep snow-drifts. In future I shall be wiser. No one dies from ennui, but it is easy to die from grief. If I am mistaken, prove it to me. It appears to me, however, that I am not mistaken. At any rate, farewell. I wish you every happiness.

M B

XV.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH TO MARIA ALEXANDROVNA.

DRESDEN, September, 1842.

I write to you, dear Maria Alexandrovna, because I am unwilling to die without taking leave of you, without bringing myself back to your memory. I have been given up by the physicians—yes, and I feel myself that my hours are numbered. On my table stands a rose-bush; before it's faded it will be all over with me. However, this comparison is not very apt; the rose-bush is far more interesting than I am.

As you see, I am not in Russia. For the last six months I have been staying in Dresden. I received your last letters, I am ashamed to confess it, more than a year ago. I have lost some of them, and have answered none. I will at once tell you why not. But, believe me, you have been ever dear to me. Except you, there is no one to whom I should care to say good-by; perhaps there is no one else to whom I could. Soon after my last letter to you (I had already got everything in readiness for my departure to your neighborhood, and in anticipation formed various plans) an event came to pass which, I must to my grief confess, has been of the greatest influence upon my fate—so great indeed that I am dying in consequence of it. I went, namely, to the theatre to see a ballet. I have never been fond of the ballet; I have rather had a secret distaste for everything about singers, actresses, or ballet-dancers. But man does not escape his destiny; no one knows himself, or is able to see into the future. Only what is unexpected happens in life, and in all our lifetime we do nothing except adapt ourselves to circumstances. But I believe I have got into philosophy—my old habit. In a word, I fell in love with a ballet-dancer.

This was so much the more inexplicable because no one could call her a beauty. It is true, she had ash-colored hair, with a gleam of gold, and great, bright eyes, with a mysterious and, at the same time, bold look. Oh, how well I know the expression of that look, for I pined and languished a whole year in its power.

She was beautifully shaped, and when she danced her national dance the spectators used to stamp and shout from enthusiasm. It appears that no one else was in love with her—no one, that is, as much as I. From the very moment I first saw her (believe me, I need only shut my eyes and at once I see the theatre, the almost empty stage, representing the interior of a wood; she comes out on the right from behind the scenes, a wreath of vine-leaves on her head, a tiger-skin on her shoulders), from that fatal moment I belonged to her completely, as a dog belongs to his master; and if I now, dying, do not belong to her, it is only because she has cast me from her.

In fact she never cared a great deal for me; she hardly took any notice of me, although she used to spend my money most good-naturedly. For her I was, as she used to say in her broken French, "*mon Rousse, mon enfant*," and nothing more. But I—I could not live away from her. I tore myself at once from everything that was dear to me, even from my home, and followed that woman.

You think perhaps she was intelligent. Not she! One only needed to look at her low brow, to hear but once her lazy, meaningless laugh, to be convinced of her empty-mindedness. Nor did I ever deceive myself a moment in that respect; but that did not help me. However little I esteemed her when I was away from her, yet in her presence I only felt the most passionate adoration. In German stories the knights often fall into just such a strange fascination. I could not turn my eyes from her face, could never hear enough of her voice,

never admire sufficiently every one of her movements, and only breathed again when she was gone. In other respects she was good, harmless, and natural, and wholly without the affectation which such people generally have. In her was life, that is, blood—that generous, boiling blood into which the Southern sun seems to have poured some of its rays. She slept nine hours a day, had a good appetite, and never read a printed line with the single exception of the newspaper articles in which she was mentioned. Perhaps the only deep emotion she had was her dependence on il Signore Carlino, a little avaricious Italian, who was her secretary, and whom she has since married. And with such a woman have I fallen in love—I, intellectual connoisseur, after I have tasted such different, higher pleasures, and that too when somewhat advanced in years. Who could have expected it? I myself least of all. Indeed, I never expected to play such a part; never imagined that I should linger about during rehearsals, freeze and tire myself out behind the scenes, breathe the smoky atmosphere of the stage, and make the acquaintance of different and scarcely respectable people. What do I say—make their acquaintance?—rather become their friend. I never dreamed that I should hold a ballet-dancer's shawl, buy her new gloves, clean her old ones with bread crumbs (a fact, I have done even that), send her bouquets, frequent the antechambers of journalists and theatre managers on her account, fling away my money, procure serenades, ruin my health by exposure, and bring on myself this illness. I never imagined that I should finally in a little German town get the nickname of "Art Barbarian." And all in vain—in the fullest sense of the word, in vain. That is the very thing. Remember how much we have talked and written about the nature of love, and how subtle we were on this subject. In fact, however, it is clear that true love is an emotion that does not in the least resemble the picture we form of it. Love is indeed not an emotion, but a disease, a peculiar condition of body and soul; it does not grow gradually—it is there! One cannot doubt about its existence, and play at hide-and-seek with it, although it does not always appear in the same form. Generally it seizes a person unsought, suddenly, against his will, for life or death, like the cholera or a fever. It grasps its victim, as a hawk a chicken, and carries it off wherever it will, in spite of all resistance. In love there is no equality, no so-called free union of souls, and all the rest of the abstractions which German professors think out in their leisure moments. No; in love, one person is slave, the other master; and truly enough do the poets sing of the chains of love. Yes; love is a chain, and the strongest of all chains. At least I have come to this opinion, and by my own experience. I have purchased this conviction with the price of my own life, for I die a slave.

So that is my fate! In my early youth nothing would do for me but to storm heaven. Then I was satisfied with visionary plans for the good of humanity, of home; this too lasted its time. Finally I thought of establishing domestic happiness; I stumbled over an ant-hill and fell to the ground, aye, into my grave. We Russians understand so well how to end in this way.

But it is time to shuffle off everything—yes, high time. May the burden of these reminiscences fall from me with my life. I should like to enjoy for the last time, were it only for a moment, the sweet, delicious feeling which falls so gently on me as often as I think of you. Your image is now doubly dear to me. With it appears that of my home, and I send you and it my final farewell. May your life be long and happy. And remember one thing: whether you remain in the loneliness of the country on the steppes where now you are

at times so sad, but where I would gladly have passed my last hours, or whether you are in any other place—everywhere remember this, that life never deceives him who does no ponder over it, who asks nothing from it, quietly accepts its modest gifts, and enjoys them contentedly. Go forward as long as you can, but when your feet fail you, halt, and look at those who pass you without annoyance, without envy; they too cannot go much further. Formerly I did not speak in this way, but death is a good schoolmaster. Who can tell us after all what is life, what is truth? Remember him who could not answer even this last question. . . . Farewell, Maria Alexandrovna, for the last time farewell, and do not think in anger of your poor

ALEXIS.

IVAN TURGENEFF.

LOVE'S CHOICE.

THE stroller in the pensive field
 Doth many a wildering glower descry:
 Sometimes to him the Roses yield,
 Sometimes the Lilies feed his eye;
 Sometimes he takes delight in one,
 Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

But when, in dusky woodland ways,
 He sees, beside some dreaming stone,
 The fresh, untutored Violet raise
 Her pleading eyes for him alone,
 Then makes his heart its final choice,
 And Nature speaks in Passion's voice.

The stroller beauty's garden through,
 By many a wayward impulse led,
 Sometimes is charmed by gold and blue,
 Sometimes by brown and mantling red;
 Sometimes proud dame and maiden small
 Please just the same, or not at all.

But when, remote from pleasure's whirl,
 He sees, at home's sequestered shrine,
 The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
 Of mortal mould, but soul divine—
 Too good, too beautiful to know
 How fair her worth and beauty show—

Then all his roving fancies pause,
 Entranced by this o'erwhelming grace:
 It rules him by celestial laws;
 It lights a splendor in his face.
 'Tis the best good that Heaven can give;
 He wins it—and begins to live.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEGRO.

THERE has been a Lost Theory as well as a "Lost Cause" for the South in the late war. Before that great modern event and its consequences, the popular and almost universally received theory in the South was that the negro if ever freed was bound to retrograde, and that, after having proved a misery to himself and a nuisance to others, he would by providential interposition be extinguished, doomed to altogether disappear; as Carlyle, "maker of books," hath it, "to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world, and be hunted home to Chaos by the due watch-dogs and due hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as never were seen before!" This theory was generally accepted in the South, *nem. con.*; it not only involved the present writer—he was even its zealous advocate. "Lo, the poor negro," was the common *decan-tatum*, whenever anything had to be said in deprecation of the cruel abolitionists. Since the war there have been persons in the South, not to be entirely classed as ignoramuses, who have looked from day to day for the gradual extinction of the negro, for the stages of his disappearance from sublunary affairs in this hemisphere. It is not unusual in Southern companies to hear such snatches of conversation as follow: "The niggers are dying out. Dr. Asinine tells us that in the circuit of his practice they are dying like rotten sheep. Maybe they have diseases which are not incident to the whites, and that they are thus doomed to perish. What do you think of what our newspapers tell us of 'the great toe disease' of San Domingo?" (Though whether the editor, who thus entitled his news from "Dr. Vinton's Sanitarium," meant that the disease was "great," or that it was the afflicted toe that was so, is a mystery unsolved.) "Then, you know, there is infanticide, their common crime. Why, I am told that in the ditches and sloughs back of Crowtown, it is common to see little dead niggers lying like drowned puppies. Did you hear what a Louisiana gentleman told at the Virginia Springs last summer? He wanted a cook, and a negro woman applied to him for the place, with strong recommendations. But she had incumbrances, children, and on this account alone he told her she wouldn't suit, and rejected her. The next morning he was surprised to find her returned with a very cheerful and animated face, when she said, 'I'se all right now, sah; got no 'cumbrances no more. I'se put dem out de way; de picaninnies done dead!'"

Those who have been looking for the providential riddance of the negro, and have been constructing mortality tables to suit themselves, must have been rather surprised, waking up some morning not long since, to read in the newspapers an outgiving from the United States Census, our *ne plus ultra* of statistical information. We are there given to know that since 1860 the negroes of the South, despite the experiences of the war, have increased nearly ten per cent. (or more exactly speaking, 9.7 per cent.), and that in the United States of to-day there are not less than five millions of black people! We can no longer shut our eyes to what we may be unwilling to believe. The day for prophesying for the black man of America a fate similar to that of its red man is past. The fact, welcome or unwelcome, must be accepted that this race, in numbers already a considerable nation, of characteristics different from the white man's, is being mixed into the society and political system of America, and is working out there an experiment attended by the circumstances of a peculiar

romance. A comparatively small number of Africans, brought across seas from their native wilds, grown up into a people of millions, trained in the harsh school of slavery, but a school whose benefits are that the negro is brought to his present capacity for an experiment more hopeful than has ever yet been made for his true civilization, are to be displayed to the world not only as a new test of the social and political system of America, but as a last supreme effort to take off a reproach that has lain for ages on the African, and to meet the prejudices against him in a new arena, and under auspices that have never been offered before. It is the apparition of a new figure and actor in the civilized world; a great historical and ethnological problem to be solved anew; a condition of things sprung out of the dramatic circumstances of a great war; a sudden transformation that exceeds the surprise of fiction; a new prospect dawned on what had been before supposed the most hopeless and melancholy outlook of history—the regeneration of the African; an intense study already commenced of this hitherto hopeless race, as of one suddenly become interesting; the *discovery*, so to speak, of the negro as a unique, poetical character, issued out of circumstances the most unpromising, yet already displaying capacities and virtues that have captured the observation and interest of the world. In this romance the writer desires a share, as in a great event of history that has happily occurred in his times and generation, a crisis and a scene with which Providence has allowed him to be contemporary, and of which he is scarcely content to be an idle spectator.

It is astonishing how little the slaveholders of the South, despite their supposed knowledge of the negro, really knew of what was in him; what little idea or anticipation they had of capacities he is now exhibiting. The difficulty was that slavery was a perpetual barrier to an intimate acquaintance with the negro; it regarded him as a *thing*, and was never concerned to know what was in the sodden and concealed mind of a creature that represented only so much of productive force, and was estimated, body and soul, in dollars and cents. If one, even of Southern gentlemen, with the best intentions, sought knowledge of the negro, and made opportunities to converse with him, he ran the danger of being suspected as an abolitionist in disguise, or at least of being condemned as a “low person.” Yet, despite the difficulties of the subject, this writer had in the period of slavery commenced the study of the negro *as a man*; he was already persuaded that there might be found in him virtues very peculiar, and even greater than what Northern authors, who had written novels and romances in his behalf, had ascribed to him; and his discoveries he had entitled “Black Diamonds.” The negro had suddenly become as a new book to one who had been many years a slaveholder, and as such profoundly ignorant of the barbarian who did his pleasure.

The tenderness of the negro was a beautiful virtue of character; there was not a more affectionate nature in the world. His humor (he has no wit) was a study of itself; a rich and genial humor in which there was, remarkably, never a trace of vulgarity, and coupled with which was the apparently opposite tendency to a tender and poetical melancholy. His religious hymns offered a unique literary collection that has not yet been made. Here was a creature wholly uncultivated, his ignorance guarded in slavery (it being a misdemeanor in many of the Southern States to teach him to read or write), yet, after all deliberate efforts to crush out of him the character of man, and make him a mere laboring animal, exhibiting traits of character to reward the scholar, and virtues to assign him a high place on the roll of humanity. Slavery did not even deprive him of the virtue of courage; having somehow not proved in his ease

what it has so often been in the history of the world, an emasculator, to the degree that *slave* has stood as the synonyme for *coward*.

Let no one doubt the courage of the negro, although he wore the badge of an ownership on his body and his life was one long submission. There are even black heroes and martyrs in the unknown graves of Virginia. An incident of the war was related the other day by a friend, Dr. White of the Alleghany Springs; and none of his hearers ventured to reflect upon his manhood or to joke upon his sensibility, when they saw his eyes fill with generous tears as he related the simple story. He had served as a major in the Confederate army, and was attended there by a favorite slave. On the eve of one of the great battles of Virginia he called the slave to him and said, "George, there's to be a battle to-morrow. You have nothing to do with the fighting, and you can keep out of the way during the day." "No, sir," replied the boy, speaking slowly and thoughtfully; "I'll go with you. Ole missis made me promise before I left the home place that I would stay with you all the time, and bring back her chile 'live or dead. I must be by you to-morrow; don't ask me not to, Mas'r Isaac." "But, George," remonstrated his master, "you can't shoot." "You gi' me a gun, sir," was the reply, "and" (argumentatively) "I reckon I can kill as many of them as they can of me!" The next day the poor fellow fell, shot through the head, and died instantly at the feet of his master. His body sleeps in a grave which the affection of that master has adorned, and where his memory has often kept vigil as over one who had "laid down his life for his friend."

In years before the war this writer had proposed, as a singular ambition, a mission of his life, to attempt the amelioration of slavery. He then thought "the peculiar institution" a very good thing, so good that he was anxious to have other poor, breechless barbarians brought over from Africa to participate in its benefits; but he was also deeply sensible that there were drawbacks, that there was a necessity for much legislation, to guard the negro from unnatural punishments, and to soften a lot which, though often tolerable or even happy, yet had this against it, that it was constantly dependent on the accident of a good master or a bad one. But while the writer meditated the war came, and an institution which he, in common with his Southern countrymen, thought as firmly fixed as the pillars of the soil, and of which he never could have imagined any reform except to the extent of amelioration, was wiped away with an ease and suddenness and completeness that struck dumb all theories, and left Southern philosophy confounded.

Of slavery, as a thing of the past, there is a view which has not been developed by controversial ingenuity, and which is chiefly valuable as affording an admirable ground of reconciliation between parties which have so long and bitterly discussed the peculiar institution. There is nothing more remarkable of the present disposition of the negro than the kindness of his reference to his former condition of slavery, and the utter absence of any disposition to retaliate upon his former taskmasters and to exact revenge for the past. The negro is seldom heard referring with any bitterness to his antecedent experiences as a slave; on the contrary, the colored speaker has frequently a pleasant reminiscence to tell of this former part of his history. An explanation of this temper is possibly to be found in some dim, imperfect consciousness of the negro that slavery was not without benefits to him in the past, and may have done a providential part in making him what he is to-day—a hopeful experiment of civilization. The Northern politician who insists that the negro is already capable of discharging the full offices of citizenship and suffrage logically implies a

tribute to the beneficence of slavery even greater than many of its most zealous Southern advocates ever claimed for it. The negro himself seems to have a sense of this logical necessity in his case, and is not near so busy in reproaches of his former subjection as a slave as some of his would-be Northern friends are for him. The proposition that underlies these phenomena, and that will explain them, is this: Slavery may have done a providential part, now but dimly perceived and imperfectly acknowledged, in educating the negro to that point whence he was likely to advance rather than to retrograde and fall back into comparative barbarism (as was the case in the experiment of West Indian emancipation, which may have been a failure on account of the short or imperfect apprenticeship of the negro there as a slave); and, having in the South thus educated the African to a safe point, to the full condition of ripeness for freedom, it may be that the slavery of the South, its mission performed, was removed by act of God, in the same manner of providence in which we see in history many institutions overthrown which were at first aids in the cause of human progress, and afterward came to be stumbling-blocks and oppressions, as that progress overgrew its early necessities and demanded new and larger opportunities. Here is a most happy ground of accommodation for the two parties that have long been engaged in discussing the deserts of negro slavery in the South. We may acknowledge an indebtedness to it in the past, and at the same time allow that its abolition was timely and fortunate, as that of a harsh school that had done its work and could have existed no longer but as a superfluity and injustice. Let the Northern man on his side confess that slavery did improve the negro in the past, and has made him presently capable of civilization; and let the Southern man, with equal candor and generosity on his side, admit that the negro since released from slavery has continued to improve, and has shown that he deserved his freedom and is able to use it with discretion and to increase. The negro himself joins in his own person to-day both arguments, and testifies to each—his past indebtedness to slavery and his present worthiness of freedom; the two facts perfectly reconcilable, and the slavery question accommodated at once, swept forever, as this writer fervently prays and hopes, from the arena of discussion.

No candid person in the South will deny that the general experience of the negro since emancipation has been progress; that in nearly every respect of his life he exhibits some improvement from that date. Southern men are not very ready to advertise this to the world; they would probably confess it with reluctance to a Northern commission of inquiry; but in private conversations among themselves, where no pride of controversy interposes, they freely admit it and wonder at it. The negro moves. He is showing the greatest eagerness for knowledge and education; attested by the fact, for which examination is challenged, that in the free schools of the South, where he has equal admission, there are more black children than white ones in proportion to the population of each race in the given community. So far from becoming the idle vagabond that the pessimist theorizers would have him after emancipation, he is exemplarily industrious; attested by the fact that to-day the negro represents nearly all the labor of the South, and admitting this test, that of persons in equal condition of poverty and of necessity of work, there are far more poor whites than negroes who are idle in the South. Of the vices that were to assail and destroy the negro in his new estate of freedom there are no proofs; quite the contrary. The terrible vice of intemperance, which has been the usual scourge of weak races, and the almost unfailing incident of a precocious civilization, is comparatively unknown among the Southern freedmen. So far from being improvi-

dent, the wonder is how the negro economizes, gets so many good clothes and real comforts out of his very scanty wages. As a voter he has shown a discretion and independence that have nonplussed the wisest of our politicians. There were white wiseacres who, some time ago, supposed that the negro's vote might be procured by the merest solicitation, a mere wink from his employer; and a common joke in the South on the Fifteenth Amendment was that the disfranchised white man might buy some cheap old negro to do his voting for him. Never was such disappointment. The spectacle has not been uncommon in the South of a negro who paid a deference to the white man scarcely less than he had shown in the days of slavery, who possibly yet said "Mas'r," who did his work in all humility and with all subjection, yet going openly to the polls and casting his vote there against the party of his employer. Such an instance of self-respect and moral courage is to be admired even by those against whom it acts. A distinguished Virginia politician recently assured the writer that he had not known of one single instance in the State of a negro selling his vote for money; and yet the same gentleman remembered, in the days of the old hustings, not unfrequently seeing a white man approach a knot of politicians, saying with the greatest composure, "Gem'men, what'll you give me for my vote?"—and a half-dollar or a pint of whiskey generally concluded the bargain. In the jury-box the virtue and fidelity of the negro are remarkable, to the extent that it has already been observed that the worst negro criminals prefer to be tried by white juries rather than by peers of their own color. In fine, in most of the conduct of the negro is to be perceived the evidence of his deep sense of being on probation, a condition in which much will be exacted of him by either the hostility or the incredulity of criticism, and in which he can justify himself only by the most undoubted proofs of his worthiness; and indeed it is this visible impression upon the negro, as of one watched, that affords the best assurance of his continued improvement and progress.

Of the many interesting points of the negro, it is proposed here to select one especially for examination, and to make it the particular text of some reflections. It is a subject that will repay investigation. It is the Eloquence of the Negro. Here is a kind of genius that has often been found in uncultivated races, and the peculiarity of which is that it is not an affair of learning, not a creature of books, and, though the highest and dearest form of art, yet one in which the artist is least indebted to education or to professional training. It is of the phenomenon of such a genius that the negro has already aroused expectations. His universally admitted gifts of imagination, his extraordinary faculty of language, his delight in rhetorical exercise, afford reason to believe that there may yet be in reserve a development of negro character to astonish the world, and to confer upon him an interest new and altogether romantic.

The command of language which even the uneducated negro shows is singular; almost marvellous when we consider that, unable to write, he has only had the means of acquiring words by the ear, and that in a limited intercourse with the white man such as was allowed him in slavery. A language obtained without the assistance of books, picked up by the sense of hearing, is ordinarily a villanous compound (witness the "pigeon English" of the Chinaman); the vocabulary acquired is small; and there is a characteristic absence of selection, a habitual use of the first words that occur to the memory. What is remarkable of the negro's acquisition is the extent of his vocabulary; the pains he takes to select words; the fewness of his solecisms, his strong aversion to slang, and, on the whole, the purity with which he speaks a tongue that he has obtained only by the ear, and in a very limited practice. The abominable

lingo ascribed to him by novel-writers and paragraphists in the newspapers is often an absurd caricature, a mode of speech that is heard neither in Virginia nor in Demerara. His faculty of selection in the use of words is his most remarkable gift; he has an ambition for polysyllables; and even in the former days of slavery there was not a negro who had ever the advantage of listening to educated white persons but might command on occasion not a few words of "learned length."

Of course, some ludicrous mistakes are the consequences of this ambition; the wonder is that they are so few, and that the negro speaks an English so pure and ample. It will be found on studious examination that most of these mistakes are incident to the negro's method of acquiring language by the ear, that he has been betrayed by some likeness of sound, a phonetic imitation. Jack Averett, the negro orator of Virginia, had doubtless heard from the pulpit the story of Esau's silly bargain for "a mess of pottage." So the next time he mounted the rostrum, he was heard to declare that he "would never—no, never—sell his birthright" (i. e., the new vote Jack has) "for a nest of partridges." (And yet, by the way, the figure, as of a trifling consideration, was not altogether unapt; the practice having been in the harvest fields of Virginia, that if a slave in reaping was so fortunate as to discover a partridge's nest, he carried it and its contents to his young master or mistress, who usually rewarded him with fourpence 'apenny, or some equivalent dole of sugar or molasses.)

But eloquence does not depend upon the extent of a vocabulary, nor is it wholly, not even principally we dare to say, an affair of words. Even with his necessarily limited mastery of language, the negro sometimes speaks with a power that astonishes the best educated of his white listeners; and it is not unfrequent that the black preacher in his log meeting-house finds among white auditors or intruders that those "who came to scoff, remain to pray."

In the pulpit the negro is in his best element. Here he is a born orator, and without those embarrassing necessities which want of education imposes upon him in other callings. Wherever the address is to the passions, where it is not incumbered by reasoning or calculation, the negro speaks with most freedom and effect; illustrating the cardinal rule of eloquence, that the orator himself must feel to make others feel, and that, no matter how imperfect the language, yet, if spoken out of the consciousness, it has a power which no rules can explain, which no art can approach, and for which nothing will account but that sympathy of souls which is the unsolvable mystery of our common humanity.

Bishop Doggett of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who lately presided over a colored Conference in Tennessee, was struck by the eloquence displayed in this body, as well as by the fact that more than half of them had since the war taught themselves to read, and were able to refer to the Bible and to the discipline book with all the readiness of their white brethren. The good Bishop tells of the occasion a pleasant incident. "There were several remarkable characters," he writes, "among the members of Conference. One was named Willis. He was a presiding elder, as rotund as a hogshoad, and somewhat resembling one. He was advanced in years, of deep piety, without education, of decided ability, and perfectly black. He arose on my left, and said, 'Bishop, may I speak?' Knowing the prevalent penchant for speaking, I replied, 'That depends upon the nature of the subject.' He replied, 'It is in order.' I added, 'Proceed, then.' He commenced by saying, 'I want to open a daguerreotype.' I was equally amazed and amused. It was a most indefinite and enigmatical exordium. As ludicrous as it appeared, it was really well conceived. His meaning was that he wished to present an affecting pic-

ture to the contemplation of the audience. That picture was the relation in which the Rev. Thomas Taylor had stood to them for the last three years. He delineated his theme with force and beauty, melting into tenderness as he proceeded, great pearly tears rolling down his dusky cheeks. His tribute was positively eloquent. He concluded by offering a resolution that Brother Taylor be requested not to dissolve his relation with this colored Conference. I forgot and forgave what I thought the ignorant blunder of his first sentence. He did 'open a daguerreotype' most effectually, and maintained his credit as an original orator."

The negro has a singular fondness for public speaking, and amiable Bishop Doggett refers to the difficulty he had in presiding over a Conference more than half of whose several hundred members were ready and desirous to speak on all occasions. In political discussions the negro, as has been intimated, is not so happy or forcible as in the religious meeting-house, partly from the want of knowledge to furnish him with illustrations. Yet in legislative assemblies and on political occasions, despite his necessary ignorance in such arenas, the black man is sometimes found astonishing his auditors and putting to confusion the scoffers. There is a cheap school of humor become fashionable in some Southern newspapers, which consists of fictitious reports of negro speeches made after some grotesque inventions in grammar and rhetoric. The caricature has been overdone; it wounds the negro, is a perpetual thorn in his side, a source of bad blood; and it disgusts those educated readers who can see nothing but a wanton pleasantry of self-conceit in this stupid persecution of the negro by reporters and would-be wits of rural newspapers, and but little real humor in easy accumulations of bad spelling and the invention of a senseless jargon. Such charcoal sketches have had their day, and can no longer be practised upon the credulity of readers. The black man has had an opportunity to speak in Congress, to command audiences too large and notorious to admit the facility of misrepresentation. It was testified by the late Reconstruction Committee of Congress that the best speech made before them in behalf of the admission of Virginia was that of a young negro named Bland, who until the date of emancipation had been a slave; and it is remarkable that on this occasion Bland spoke in behalf of what was then called "the white man's party" in Virginia, and stood in company with some of the most distinguished old politicians of that State, whose oratorical efforts he surpassed. He was only twenty-five years old, and the promise of his genius was cut short by his untimely death in the Capitol disaster at Richmond.

The writer had the fortune to hear this sable orator but a little while before his death. He was a brown-colored negro, slightly formed, dressed with scrupulous neatness, and had an ease and modesty of behavior that made a graceful combination, and at once conciliated his audience. The occasion was a political convention at Lynchburg, in which it was stated that a certain white man had obtained a *quasi* independent nomination for Congress, and threatened to divide the Radical vote with the regular nominee. Bland expostulated, but to no purpose; the white candidate had evidently made up his mind to follow Mr. Sumner's advice to Secretary Stanton in the matter of office-holding, and to "stick." Bland at last had recourse to denunciation. It was a spectacle not to be forgotten, one indeed that epitomized a great social revolution, and was worthy of historical distinction. A negro, elate with passion, pointing the finger of scorn and of command at a white man, who a few years ago might have bought him as cattle in the shambles, and held a lash over his body; abashing one of his former masters or drivers by a superior virtue, and pre-

suming to rebuke him in the name of a great political party! He spoke for twenty or thirty minutes, sometimes in really choice language, and with a fluency in which there was not a single break. No report of the exact words can be attempted from memory; but the substance of the speech was well defined and connected. He said that office-seeking had "been alleged as a reproach of his race; it was an honorable ambition to serve the public (and here he quoted a sentiment from Daniel Webster's funeral oration on Calhoun); "but" (and here he is reported literally) "it needed not Holy Writ to enforce the lesson that the last should be first, and that he only was fit to govern who was able to obey." He concluded eloquently, but the negro's characteristic fondness for big words stuck in at the last. He would fasten upon the refractory white candidate "the worst name that the great Republican party had for its worst enemies, those who were enemies in disguise; a name that would follow him to his political grave—the name *dis-or-gan-i-zer!*" The weight of the last word, with the emphasis and deliberation bestowed upon it, was crushing. The best test of eloquence is its effect; and the conclusion was that the white aspirant got up, and said in a very whining, mendicant tone that he "begged leave to say, after the address of Mister Bland, that he begged leave to withdraw his name as that of a candidate for Congress."

It is worth while to attempt to determine what are the characteristics of the negro's eloquence, and to investigate its effects. There is a common popular notion that the black orator is disposed to *rant*, that he has great physical energy of delivery, and that his discourse is loud and colicky. This is a mistake. The forte of the negro orator is decidedly the pathetic; he is most effective in the low tones. In his melancholic cast of speech, he has the habit of sometimes chanting or half-singing his words—what his race very characteristically knows as "moaning"; and it has occasionally the most weird and touching effects.

Another common imputation on the negro's oratory is that he is excessively fond of tropes; hence a suspicion of tawdriness of rhetoric. Now, although the imagination of the negro leads him into figurative language, it is remarkable that his favorite, almost exclusive figure is the simplest one in the rhetorician's repertoire—allegory; and so fond is he of this figure that often his whole speech on a given occasion is nothing more than one extended allegory. "Speaking in parables," as he calls it, is his favorite rhetorical pastime. There is a great fondness for Biblical illustrations. But few instances of abstract ideas occur in the negro's discourse. His strong imagination leads him to personify nearly every object of his discourse, and this produces a vividness and reality that are his peculiar virtues as an orator.

Indeed, regarding eloquence as a very profound problem of the consciousness, instead of an art to be objectively taught, the unlearned negro may claim an eminence past dispute. The intense realization of what he says is the peculiarity of the negro's speech, rather than any number or mode of figures of speech; and in this respect it must be insisted that his eloquence is of the purest and severest school. His faculty of illusion is what strikes one most in observing the negro speaker. He seems able to transport himself into the scene he describes, or into the emotion he has summoned; and it is this faculty which, beyond all accomplishments of language and structures of art, is simply and surpassingly the thing called eloquence. The starting eyes, looking over and beyond his audience; the unheeded perspiration of the brow; the large, clumsy hands, trembling with emotion, and raining down from the air in which they are raised an impalpable influence, attest that the negro speaker is *feeling*

what he says, when he is in the full tide of exhortation, when, perchance, he sees his favorite religious phantasm, "the old ship of Zion," far away on the stormy waves, or sings, as of a longing spectator, the hymn of "Swing low, Chariot," one of his characteristic visions of the sky. Art might take its lessons from many of the rude but impassioned scenes that are to be found in a negro meeting-house; and to study the black man as an orator is an employment that remains to reward the adventure of the scholar in a new and unbeaten path of discovery.

The subject is one to be investigated, and worth investigation. Surely not the least of the romances attaching to the negro in his recent introduction to the interest and curiosity of the world is that in what has heretofore been considered the unsightly and unpromising son of Africa may yet be found the type of a being long lost in æsthetic history—a true orator. Who knows, indeed, but that "the forest-born Demosthenes" may yet prove to be a black man?

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

FRIENDSHIP.

A TINY, slender, silken thread
Is friendship, and we make it
Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives;
But e'en a breath may shake it,
And oft it takes but one wee word—
But one wee word—to break it!

It draws the lips in smiling shape,
It draws the look of pleasure
From eye to eye when hands touch hands,
When two hearts beat one measure;
And draws a meaning from a word
Which makes that word a treasure.

Like string of a tuneful harp or lute
Between glad souls 'tis holden,
And love's fond fingers on the thread
Make music rare and golden—
Make music such as tender hearts
Could live, and ne'er grow old, in.

But if a breath may shake it, let
That breath come near it never;
And never spoken be that word
Which friendship's tie might sever;
But let the cord grow stronger till
The dawning of Forever.

FRED. W. WEBBER.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

UNDER the most favorable circumstances the public affairs of a constitutional (or free) government cannot be managed without much expenditure of time and talk. By the most favorable circumstances I mean when the persons who administer the government, as well as those who direct or largely influence popular opinion, are at the same time well-informed and honest. The public affairs, under our modern system of civilization, are so complicated and many-sided, that we may say broadly no man has either the knowledge or the intellectual and moral capacity to make adequate decisions on them before comparing his views largely with those of others. Various irrelevant and subordinate considerations must be successively eliminated by written or *viva voce* discussion. A vast deal of rubbish must be cleared away before we can lay the foundation. This must be the case (let us repeat it) under the most favorable circumstances. But our circumstances are not usually the most favorable. Partisanship, notoriety, the illegitimate use of wealth, a number of influences, frequently elevate very ignorant, incapable, or dishonest men to positions of authority. This, of course, largely increases the amount of irrelevancy introduced into any discussion, sometimes in ignorance of its inappropriateness, sometimes wittingly, for the purpose of throwing dust into men's eyes. Hence wastes and delays, which have occasionally led political philosophers on the other side of the Atlantic to take a very gloomy view of the prospects of constitutional government.

Which being the case, it has seemed to me that anything which tends, however slightly and indirectly, to abridge superfluity of discourse, is so far a public benefit. And I have thought that if more attention to the nature of the various kinds of current popular fallacies could be excited, it might prove some check to the circulation of fallacious arguments. Such is the motive of this paper.

I am not so young or so sanguine as to hope for it any general approval or wide popularity. As to politicians and newspaper writers, the very last things which a majority of them care about are logic and truth. Terse and coherent reasoning is generally unacceptable to them, because it affords the best opportunities for unmasking falsehood and trickery. Of many influential and, after a fashion, able writers, it may most truly be said that they have no real conception of what is meant by the terms truth and falsehood; the former is to them whatever tells for their side, the latter whatever tells against it. The popular speaker or lecturer in his best form, and when not merely the paid tool of an organization, is somewhat differently situated. His principal aim is to say what will please his audience, and put them in a good humor with themselves and him. His next is usually to startle them with very round assertions, sometimes proposing to rest on a statistical basis but rarely arrived at by even a pretence of reasoning. In short, to most of our professional speakers and writers (we cannot even make a universal exception in favor of the clergy) the investigation of truth is rather an unpleasant subject, while anything which tends to diminish the expenditure of verbiage deprives them of a potent instrument to deceive. If I advertised a book teaching people how to delude one an-

other, and "make the worse appear the better reason," it would probably sell well, as Barnum's books do.

There are, however, some honest students and thinkers anxious to attain truth for its own sake, and to assist the public in attaining it. To these, and especially to the younger portion of our educated classes, the author looks for appreciation and sympathy.

A very critical or skeptical mind may ask, *At quid est veritas?*—may suggest that there is no such thing as objective truth. We have many followers (unwitting mostly) of Horne Tooke's philological vagary when he declared that *truth* was what each one *troueth* or *believeth*; a modification of the old Protagorean idea that man is the measure of all things to himself. According to this rule, if an individual believes that wine is poison, it is poison to him; and he has a right to draw his inferences accordingly, to the extent of perverting the plainest passages of Scripture and principles of medicine. If I believe that individual or any other individual to be an ass, he is an ass to me; and I have a right to draw my inferences accordingly, to the extent of holding that it is impossible he should emit an opinion on any subject worth attention. The slight objection to this mode of procedure is that it substitutes our passions, fancies, and caprices for reason and argument, and gives us as a rule of life either the most selfish interests or the most bigoted conceits. One thing is pretty certain: whether we can lay hold of pure objective truth or not, we can detect a great deal of very positive error, and it is at helping this detection that the present paper aims. Although the idea of the work was suggested by Bentham's "Book of Fallacies," I do not admit that it is in any respect a copy or imitation of him. Many persons, I suspect, know his book only through Sydney Smith's dexterous panegyric, and are therefore inclined to overrate its merits. His treatment of some fallacies, *e. g.*, the *noscitur a sociis*, which has manifold and delicate ramifications, strikes me as very narrow and inadequate. Moreover, he attacks only political fallacies, and the political fallacies of one party.

I.

ASSUMPTION.

ALL syllogisms cannot be enunciated in a simple form. A very complicated argument may be put into the syllogistic form, each premise being successively proved by a separate syllogism. Yet even in these cases the involved secondary syllogisms must start from a basis of fact. We may say roughly and broadly that facts are the premises from which we draw conclusions.

In almost every question of practical utility (whether directly such or indirectly in principle), as distinguished from questions merely æsthetic, we have to investigate first the facts and then the application of them. Thus it happens that we frequently have to do with two independent lines of argument; the second may come after the first has been disposed of, or it may be chosen without reference to the first.

Thus we may suppose an Englishman or other European attacking the democratic institutions of America, on the ground that they do not produce eminent men in certain departments of intellectual greatness. To this an American might take one of two lines of reply. He might dispute the assertion, and show or endeavor to show by examples that our country does produce as superior men in those branches as that of his antagonist or any other European country; or he might admit the assertion and deny the implied infer-

ence, either maintaining that the production of individual celebrities was not the most important function of a government, and that the chief merits of political and social institutions were to be sought elsewhere, or arguing that the deficiency was owing to causes independent of governmental influence. Conversely, we may suppose an American assailing the political institutions of a European country, on the ground that they did not sufficiently promote the material welfare of the masses; and a European, in reply, either denying the assertion or disputing the inference.

It is clear, then, that in all discussions one of our first precautions should be to make sure, so far as is possible, of the fundamental facts, and to guard against the imposition of untrue statements upon us. This imposition is usually accomplished in one of two ways. The first (more common perhaps in speaking than in writing, and with a comparatively ignorant rather than a more refined audience) is to make the erroneous statement roundly and boldly, as if it were an acknowledged truth about which there could be no doubt.* Such effrontery often succeeds even with educated persons, because (as has been well observed in an analogous case) it seems more probable that a somewhat startling assertion should be true than that a man should deliberately and unblushingly emit an outrageous falsehood. The second and more common method is to slip the falsehood in among a number of truths, or allude to it casually as if it were a truth.†

As the matters of fact at issue frequently come up in the form of statistics, we here see the importance of that branch of study. The value of statistics for purposes of discussion I conceive to be chiefly negative. As Carlyle says, we are to study them, "not in the vain hope of acquiring knowledge, but to prevent the ignorance of others from being thrust upon us." But even the most accurate statistics may be put to very unfair use, as we shall see in the next chapter.

One very common form of assumption is to state a loose and hasty *inference* as if it were a fact, sometimes even calling it so. Thus, suppose a person has a theory against the propriety of protecting one's self by extra clothing in winter; suppose him further to have ascertained that Washington was not in the habit of wearing an overcoat; then, in declaiming on his favorite hobby, he will say, "George Washington never wore an overcoat. The *fact is*, he could not have been George Washington if he had worn one." The writings of Mr. Parton are full of such substitutions of inference for fact.

II.

FALLACIES OF NUMBER.—THE FALLACY OF ACCUMULATION.—THE FALLACY OF DIVISION.—THE FALLACY OF UNEQUAL RATIOS.

THE results of the great commercial activity of our age require for their expression large arrays of figures, positively astounding to those unfamiliar with commercial statistics. And the effect is peculiarly striking in our own country, which has grown up within the memory of those still living from small beginnings to its present greatness. It is therefore in the sophist's power to

* E. g.: "Alcohol is the cause of nine-tenths of the crime and disease and misery in the world." See the so-called temperance lecturers and writers *passim*.

† See Whately's "Logic," Book III., paragraphs on "Long Discussion" and "Indirect Assumption."

bring a huge mass of statistics to bear on any question which affects a number of persons, and, insisting on the large dividend without taking into account the corresponding largeness of the divisor and the necessary smallness of the quotient, he will convey a false impression through a strictly accurate statement. We can see this exemplified in matters which are comparatively very small indeed. The aggregate annual consumption of "wines, liquors, and cigars" in a club has a formidable sound, though the individual amount may be very small. Suppose five hundred members (no extraordinary number); then an average expenditure of \$5 a head gives \$2,500. When we rise to the outlay of a whole nation, figures pile up rapidly to enormous totals. The number of kid gloves imported yearly into the United States (leaving out of consideration all that are manufactured at home) might afford a sensational text to any preacher against extravagance. These crude statements of large amounts are not only deceptive in themselves, but (as we shall see further on*) dangerously prone to combine with the *fallacy of the single alternative*, thus doubly misleading the hearer or reader.

The only conclusion that can with strict correctness be drawn from the large importation and consumption of articles not of prime necessity, is that the nation importing and consuming them advances in wealth and material prosperity, otherwise it could not afford to pay for such an amount of luxuries. Nay, even this proposition is subject to some qualification; thus, a country containing a small class of very wealthy persons might make an inordinate consumption of some articles of pure luxury, though the country on the whole was poor and retrograding.

The next most common fallacy of number is the opposite of the fallacy of cumulation, namely, the *fallacy of division*. Here the sophist, looking only at the quotient (sometimes only at a quotient of quotients, so to speak), while he neglects dividend and divisor, makes a large quantity or sum appear small by its minute subdivision. Thus, a tax on salt is defended by saying that it makes only a few cents' difference on a barrel of salted meat. Thus, whenever the Corporation of New York shall vote a round sum of money to erect a statue of Ignatius Loyola or Cæsar Borgia in Central Park, or an image of Our Lady of the Forty Thieves in the City Hall, they may possibly condescend to explain that only a few dollars will be taken from the pocket of each Protestant tax-payer for this particular purpose. The largeness of the aggregate sum unjustly raised, and the repetitions of the exaction in each individual case, are carefully left out of sight.

A third fallacy of number may be called the *fallacy of unequal ratios*. Let there be two classes of persons or things, A and B. Out of class A let a certain number (x) of individuals have the quality y ; out of class B only one-fourth as many ($\frac{x}{4}$); then it is argued that A is more favorable to the production of y than B is. But this argument is founded on the assumption that A and B are numerically equal. If they are not—if, for instance, the individuals of A are eight times less numerous than the individuals of B—then, so far from A being more productive of y than B is, B is twice as productive as A.

(This fallacy is exemplified in the well-known schoolboy riddle, Why do white sheep give more wool than black ones?)

Thus, it is often said that poverty sharpens a man's intellect and energy, because the majority of distinguished men were born poor. But as the majority of all men are born poor, the supposed proof amounts to nothing.

III.

THE FALLACY OF IMPERFECT GENERALIZATION.

IMPERFECT, or, as it is sometimes called, hasty generalization is perhaps the commonest form of the fallacy so well known to logicians as the *undistributed middle*.

The non-distribution of the middle term in its naked and simple type can impose on no one; it is even ludicrous from its absurdity, as in the following examples:

The elephant is an animal;

Some animals fly;

Therefore the elephant flies.

Some newspapers habitually tell the truth;

The "Herald" and the "Tribune" are newspapers;

Therefore the "Herald" and the "Tribune" habitually tell the truth.

The same absurdity and harmlessness attach to imperfect generalization in its cruder forms; as when the cockney on a visit to Calais, being waited on by a landlady who had red hair and cross eyes, inscribed in his note-book, "All the French landladies have red hair and squint." But it constantly comes up in complicated, concealed, and indirect ways, so as to deceive men of intelligence and honesty.

Thus, one of the arguments not unfrequently urged by members of the Free-Trade League some years ago in favor of direct over indirect taxation, was the superior economy of collecting the former; and this argument was founded on the experience of nearly all the principal countries in Europe. But the free-traders had overlooked two circumstances which made our condition different from that of most European countries, namely, our great extent of territory and our thinly scattered population; and these two circumstances were sufficient to reverse the rule in our case. It does not appear that there was any systematic intention to deceive;* the error sprang from a hasty and therefore imperfect generalization.

Such cases show the desirableness, the necessity indeed, if we wish to arrive anywhere near the truth, of extending our observations of individual facts as widely as possible before we undertake to draw general inferences from them. Bacon fancied that all the possible phenomena of nature could be observed and a perfect philosophy thus created. The attempt would probably be as vain in morals and politics as in physics; yet we must always strive to make our observation very extensive, though we cannot hope that it will be universal and exhaustive. If we cannot "survey mankind from China to Peru," we can at least look beyond our native town or village.

The case given above is one of many where a generalization which holds good for Europe will not include us, and the number of such cases has produced a popular imperfect generalization in the opposite direction, namely, a persuasion that no European precedents, whether of government, society, finance, or political economy, should have any weight under our different circumstances. This error is probably fostered and furthered by the theories of a fragment and

* "It seems by most persons to be taken for granted that a fallacy is to be dreaded merely as a weapon fashioned and wielded by some skilful sophist; or if they allow that a man may with honest intentions slide into one unconsciously in the heat of argument, still they seem to suppose that where there is no dispute there is no cause to dread fallacy; whereas there is much danger even in what may be called solitary reasoning," etc.—Whately's "Logic," book III., sec. 5.

faction of the utilitarian school, who profess that there is no such thing as political finality, and that government ought to be a series of experiments. We shall not be rash in saying that the most delicate questions for the student, the statesman, or the reformer to deal with, are those which come to us with marked European precedents. The important and often difficult point is to ascertain whether there is anything in the peculiar circumstances of our country which weakens and destroys the force of the Old World antecedents.

It must be remembered, however, that institutions and customs, be they political, legal, commercial, or social, which have come down to us with a general endorsement from the civilized world, have a certain *prima facie* evidence in their favor. The prestige may not be very important; only a moderate amount of evidence may be required to overset and dispel it, but it is sufficient to throw the burden of proof on the objector. Thus, it is the custom all over Europe for all persons who can afford it to drink some variety of fermented liquor at the principal meal of the day, and the medical faculty of the different countries do not disapprove of the practice. Here we are told by a numerous and powerful sect that it is equivalent to drinking poison and that therefore the sale of such liquors ought to be suppressed by penal legislation, or only allowed under the same restrictions as the sale of other poisons. And certainly it is not impossible that our climate or our mode of life may produce this extraordinary result; but an exception to the experience of nations so strange and marked requires positive proof, and is not to be lightly assumed.

The longer we continue our search, the more frequent and pervading shall we find the fallacies of this class. They often appear under circumstances which make it difficult at first to see the connection. Thus, there is a loose idea very popular and prevalent, that anything which is decried by a bad man must be good. This feeling is very common among people of more imagination than judgment, the Beecher family for instance. And strenuous partisans often improve upon it by viewing any active and formidable opponent as a typical bad man, condemnation by whom connotes the merit of the person or thing condemned. Spurgeon, the preacher, once told his congregation that "he always felt satisfied when he had the favor of God and the disapproval of the 'Saturday Review.'" The idea evidently predominating in his own mind, and which he wished to impress on his audience, was that the disapproval of the "Saturday Review" should be taken as a sign of the favor of God.

Such conclusions, though mixed up with a certain amount of assumption, seem to come fairly under the head of imperfect generalization. The process in the mind of the person forming them would be something like this, if put into syllogistic shape:

A bad man attacks everything good;

Therefore everything which a bad man attacks is good.

Or this, aiming directly at the opponent:

A B is a bad man;

Therefore whatever he attacks is good.

In either case the non-distribution of the middle term is palpable.

There are three considerations which may be suggested to persons who habitually labor under this logical infirmity.

1. When bad men quarrel among themselves, they abuse each other's persons and actions with just as much virulence as if either party was a model of virtue. Hence what they abuse is not necessarily good.

2. It is customary for an unprincipled and unscrupulous antagonist to abuse everything salient that his adversary says or does. Unless, therefore, you are

infallible and perfect, you must do and say some wrong things which will be blamed by some of your opponents.

3. (When the party affected is liberal enough not to insist on his opponent's being the typical bad man.) It is possible to be greatly mistaken on some doctrine or doctrines, and yet quite sound on others unconnected with the former. Thus, let it be admitted that the policy of the Democratic party during the war tended to disintegrate the Union into a loose league of independent States; then this is a valid reason for distrusting the judgment of the Democratic party, and every individual member of it, on all questions concerning the relations of the different States to the Federal Government; but it is no prejudice against the opinion of a Democrat on a question of finance or political economy.

IV.

THE FALLACY OF THE SINGLE ALTERNATIVE.

THIS fallacy is often though not universally equivalent to a fraudulent or pseudo-dilemma.

We are in an uncomfortable place and wish to get out of it. The sophist says we must take a certain road A, because we shall otherwise be obliged to go by the road B, which is confessedly bad. He ignores the existence of other roads C, D, E, perhaps $N+1$, or any number. Possibly we may even find on careful examination that it is better to stay a little longer where we are than to travel by either A or B. In short, he tries to make a dilemma where none really exists.

The dilemma is so convenient a weapon that it is natural to look for it even where it does not exist. The single alternative is therefore a common resource. Thus, the theologian of the Romish Church will maintain that there is no choice between blind faith in all the dogmas of his sect and thorough skepticism; while the skeptic, on the other hand, will try to show that if you once admit the element of religious faith anywhere, you are bound to swallow all the superstitions of Rome. The aquarian will stoutly affirm that the abolition by law of all beverages containing alcohol is the only way to prevent our people from becoming a nation of drunkards. The Czar Nicholas sought to persuade a foreign minister that autocratic rule was the only firm ground outside the quicksand of radical democracy; and Louis Napoleon did persuade the French that his autocracy was the only available bulwark against socialism.

In all cases like these, the pseudo-dilemma is brought out strongly. But there is a peculiar class of instances in which the single alternative is only suggested. These are the instances already alluded to of the single alternative combined with the fallacy of cumulation. The consumption of some article of luxury being made by the latter artifice to assume the hugest proportions, it is then stated that the sum thus expended would pay for some charitable or benevolent work; and the impression intended to be left on the hearer's or reader's mind is that, if the expenditure in one direction could by any means be arrested, it would be diverted wholly or largely into the other. Thus, we may suppose it can be proved (or the audience made to believe, which often comes to the same thing) that the money expended by the inhabitants of the United States for tobacco would provide every freedman at the South with a new suit of clothes having a five-dollar bill in the pocket thereof. This bit of statistics is brought forward very emphatically, and the inference suggested is, that if tobacco could be suppressed, the freedmen would soon be resplendent in new

suits. Now the probability is, judging from the experience of nations and individuals, that a very small part of the money saved from tobacco would find its way into the pockets of the freedmen or of any persons requiring assistance. When men are prevented from indulging in any pet luxury, their pecuniary means remaining about the same, they usually indemnify themselves by indulgence in some other luxury. We may, indeed, suppose an individual or a nation inspired with some great idea which prompts the sacrifice of everything else to one end. But in ordinary and normal times a certain amount of luxury is inseparable from wealth and material progress, and the most and best we can reasonably hope is to give this luxury an artistic and æsthetic direction in the way of buildings and pictures and really valuable books, rather than eating and drinking, fireworks and furniture. Such suggestions as the above will, however, always be current and popular, since they bear a deceptive resemblance to cases of real single alternative (though not of real dilemma) like this: If the millions now engaged either in cutting one another's throats or keeping themselves ready to cut one another's throats were relieved from their present position, they would, instead of eating up their respective countries, find some productive employment, and the wealth and prosperity of Europe would be greatly increased. This is a true single alternative. For every man who is able to fight is able to work; and although there exist both among the upper and the lower classes men who are not willing to work, detrimental in peace but excellent food for powder in war—nay, though these very persons are likely to be improved (if anything can improve them) by the experience and discipline of a campaign—still they are so few in comparison with the really valuable men sacrificed, either temporarily or forever, by a great war, that they furnish but an insignificant set-off. Every reasonable man agrees that when the circumstances of a country (as in our own case) enable it to dispense both with the old European system of a large standing army and the new European system of militarizing the whole nation, that country has a great advantage.

Extremists of all sorts delight in the single alternative. Moderate men and *doctrinaires*, on the contrary, abhor it in theory, and seek to avoid it in practice. Sir Robert Peel was fond of seeing "three courses" open when any new political complication occurred. This gave Disraeli an opportunity for one of his bitterest sarcasms, when he explained the "three courses" as being "the course which the honorable gentleman had left, the course which he ought to take, and the course which he did take."

V.

BARREN DILEMMAS.—MOTIVE AND CHARACTER AS AFFECTING ARGUMENT.

WE have seen how a certain species of fallacy often assumes the form of a false dilemma. But there may be true dilemmas which are, notwithstanding, utterly barren, because they mean either nothing or too much; because they either render discussion impossible or can be retorted on him who uses them.

Thus, there is a dilemma which includes every assailant of every existing abuse. Either he has a personal interest in the rectification of the wrong or he has not. In the former case the benefit which he will derive from the change is held up as his only motive for urging it; in the latter he is told that his interference is superfluous, as he is not personally affected. It is obvious that this dilemma can be made to recoil on the sophist. If the reformer is person-

ally concerned in the reform, he may reply, "Who is to look after my interests if I do not see to them myself?" If he has nothing to gain individually, he may fairly urge his disinterestedness. It sometimes happens also that an abuse is so flagrant as to unite against it both those whom it does and those whom it does not directly injure, of which we see an illustration in the component parts of the opposition to our present tariff system.

Generally, however, the sophist uses but one branch of this dilemma at a time, keeping the other out of sight. The popular way of using the separate horns may be expressed by the ejaculations "You're bribed!" and "It's none of your business!" The latter was very common in the days of the peculiar institution; the former is prevalent now whenever financial or politico-economic questions come up for discussion, and is worked very hard in reference to the free-trade controversy. Of these two accusations the former is, for obvious reasons, the more damaging; hence the constant attempts of partisan writers to show that their opponents have a pecuniary interest in the measures which they advocate.

And this seems a fit occasion to examine the influence which (real or supposed) character and motive should have in judging arguments; a point on which much popular misconception exists. Even in the case of a witness before a court of justice, who has only to testify to facts, character is a matter of less importance than many suppose. A previous conviction for perjury might disqualify a witness; a wide reputation for mendacity would greatly discredit him; but if he has ill-used his wife, or neglected his father, or attempted to commit murder, these acts, however hateful or disgraceful, do not at all damage the value of his testimony. And when we come from facts to arguments—that is, *reasoning*—to call a writer a thief, even if you can prove that he stole his chum's trousers, does not begin to confute the weakest of his positions. Yet so popular with us is the form of the *argumentum ad odium*, that when an anonymous writing proves troublesome to answer, the first step usually is to assume its being the work of some particular person, and the next to assert that the assumed author has a pecuniary interest in the matter, and then comes the conclusion that *therefore* there is nothing in his argument. Thus two assumptions, both frequently false, are made the ground of a deduction which would be utterly untenable were both assumptions strictly true.

For, surprising as it may seem to some, the motives and character of the reasoner have nothing to do with his reasoning. They may in certain cases (e. g., if he is a notorious liar or the holder of a fat sinecure) be a good reason for scrutinizing his statements of facts very closely, and being particularly on our guard against imposition in his statistics; but his inferences and arguments they do not touch. If it could be shown that every member of the Free-Trade League received a direct subsidy from British manufacturers, this would be no answer to any of the current free-trade arguments, such as the waste of protection. Nor if it could be shown that every protectionist owned a mine or a factory, and made three hundred per cent. annually off the capital invested in it, would this be any answer to the current protectionist arguments, such as the home market. The hypothetical conditions aforesaid might indeed be made the basis of other arguments strictly derived from them, but that is a very different matter.

When supposed motives come into play, we should further consider the difficulty of determining motives with certainty, and the possibility of finding a bad, that is, at least a selfish motive for almost every conceivable action.

CARL BENSON.

THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.

A VERY earnest and growing solicitude for Civil Service Reform pervades the more intelligent and thoughtful minority of our countrymen. Its praises are seldom sounded in the grog-shops; its merits are not appreciated by the lower order of ward and cross-roads politicians. Many of these apprehend from its triumph a diminution of their personal consequence; and not wholly without reason. The packers and managers of county and district conventions also dislike it; they do not see how they are to pay for services required and rendered if that Reform shall ever be really effected. To those, on the other hand, who seek first good government, through capable, efficient, and frugal public servants, the agitation of this Reform is a bow of promise, and its achievement would be hailed with unalloyed and heartfelt satisfaction.

What does this Reform contemplate?

Primarily, the selection for offices of those best fitted therefor, and whose intelligent and faithful discharge of their duties may be confidently anticipated. At present, we are all aware that fitness is and must be a secondary, if not even remoter, consideration. A President or Governor, who was nominated because it was calculated that he would run well, having been duly (or *unduly*) elected, is at once overwhelmed with applications for the offices at his disposal. Each aspirant presents an inventory of his "claims," backed by a quire or so of certificates and recommendations, written or signed under moral duress, by men who barely know him, or who know him too well so to write or sign with a good conscience. Some recommend him because he has relatives or friends who must not be alienated; others because they hope to use him in the future. The longest recommendations attest, not the aspirant's merits, but his assiduity and his impudence in buttonholing and boring. They are duly forwarded to the Executive Chief whose choice they are to influence; and he—unable to appoint every one—either defers to the longest roll of signatures, or to the wish of the Representative of the District in Congress, if he be of the right stripe, or of some local magnate, if he is not, and makes a haphazard selection. Not once in twenty times is superior fitness either exacted or regarded.

How much better is this than the absurdity of hereditary legislators? If our Federal and local functionaries were chosen by lot, would they average worse than they now do?

That "The King can do no wrong," if taken literally, is irrational. If understood to mean only that he is elevated above all temptation to misrule—that his doing wrong would argue moral if not mental insanity—that he cannot be *presumed* to have acted within his prerogative under the sway of any unworthy motive—then the maxim becomes intelligible. The justification of royalty is its alleged tendency to place the chief ruler of a nation above all temptation to regard and pursue his own interest at the expense of the public weal.

In the infancy of our country, the Presidents of Congress were first servants of the Republic, but with next to no patronage and very little power. No one can give the names of those Presidents, any more than of the last half-dozen chiefs of the Swiss Confederation. Of each class, it may be said that they

Come like shadows, so depart.

The Federal Constitution made a great change. The President, elected by

the People for four years, surrounded by able assistants, who soon became (though not by that instrument's direction) his Cabinet, and authorized to nominate most of the civil as well as the military and naval officers of the Union, rapidly grew in power and consequence. It was not, however, until Jefferson had—not without apologies and protestations—clearly enunciated the principle that every civil subordinate was liable to removal at the President's discretion, though for no higher than partisan considerations, that the power of that functionary suddenly swelled to gigantic and threatening dimensions.

Mr. Jefferson made few removals for politics' sake; but he asserted the principle, and practised upon it sufficiently to admonish the great body of his functionaries that the sword over their heads hung suspended by a hair. Jackson, twenty-eight years later, pushed the doctrine to its legitimate results. Under his rule, every postmaster, tide-waiter, deputy marshal, etc., became a mere tool, to be discarded and replaced as the ambition or the caprice of his lord and master should dictate. The Senate, when asked to approve a nominee, had no business to inquire into his predecessor's removal or to seek the President's reasons therefor: it could rightfully consider only the competency of the proposed successor, and confirm or reject him thereupon.

By this time, the growth of the country, and the still more rapid expansion of Federal patronage, had so increased the power of the President that, under the Jacksonian interpretation, his office was one of more than regal power. No British sovereign of the last half-century could strain his prerogative as Jackson did without losing his crown if not his head.

The evil that men do lives after them.

Jackson, after a stormy reign of eight years, gave place to the mild-mannered, plausible Van Buren, who was very soon deserted by the popular tide which had usually borne his predecessor on its topmost wave, and was badly beaten in his canvass for a second term. But the Whigs, who succeeded to power, were alike unable and unwilling to return to the salutary rule of Washington and the Adamses, who regarded none but the immediate counsellors of the Chief Executive as subject to removal from office except for a reason which commended itself to good men of all parties alike. To displace an efficient and worthy collector or postmaster because of his perverse politics would have seemed to Washington a sheer impossibility.

But those who had for twelve years endured and writhed under the scorpion whip of Jacksonism would not consent to be still excluded from office after they had overthrown their persecutors. The "bloody instructions" which they had been taught they were eager to commend in turn to their instructors. So a general sweep of the Jacksonian incumbents was decreed; and, though somewhat modified by the speedy death of President Harrison, was in good part executed. Thenceforward to this hour "To the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished" has been the oft disavowed but practically accepted rule of whichever party was uppermost under whatever Administration. Its fruits are wide-spread incapacity, inefficiency, dishonesty, and peculation. A postmaster—not to be too exacting—ought to know how to read; which some do, while others do not. All will admit that such ability is desirable in his vocation; but if one who lacks it is the most efficient partisan, and has done the most toward the President's election, his "claims" cannot well be overborne. Will not his services be wanted four years hence? And how are they to be retained if his "claims" are postponed to those of one who can read, but has no skill in manipulating voters or votes?

Civil Service Reform means the selection of the fittest men for office, instead of the most effective (or noisy) politicians of the dominant party. That is the gist of the matter. It is right, and should prevail. How can this end be secured?

When General Jackson, after his failure in 1824, became the candidate for President of the three parties or factions which had worn his colors, those of Crawford, and those of Calhoun, respectively, in the preceding scrub race, his supporters were vociferous in commending the limitation of a President's service to one term. They argued that this was the very time to establish the principle, when the Adamses, father and son, had held the office eight years between them. They gave out that "that Roman republican" [Jackson] would consent to serve but a single term. And accordingly, in his first Annual Message (December 8, 1829), he said:

I would, therefore, recommend such an amendment of the Constitution as may remove all intermediate agency in the election of President and Vice-President. The mode may be so regulated as to preserve to each State its present relative weight in the election; and a failure in the first attempt may be provided for by confining the second to a choice between the two highest candidates. In connection with such an amendment, it would seem advisable to limit the service of the Chief Magistrate to a single term of either four or six years. If, however, it should not be adopted, it is worthy of consideration whether a provision disqualifying for office the Representatives in Congress on whom such an election may have devolved, would not be proper.

[NOTE.—This latter proposition may be presumed to have been levelled at Mr. Clay and some other Representatives, by whose votes in the House John Quincy Adams was made President in 1825; but it reflects equally on Edward Livingston and others, who voted for Mr. Jefferson in 1801, and were appointed by him to important and desirable positions.]

In his next Annual Message (December 7, 1830), he said;

It was a leading object with the framers of the Constitution to keep as separate as possible the action of the legislative and executive branches of the Government. To secure this object, nothing is more essential than to preserve the former from the temptations of private interest, and therefore so to direct the patronage of the latter as not to permit such temptations to be offered. Experience abundantly demonstrates that every precaution in this respect is a valuable safeguard of liberty, and one which my reflections upon the tendencies of our system incline me to think should be made still stronger. It was for this reason that, in connection with an amendment of the Constitution removing all intermediate agency in the choice of the President, I recommended some restrictions upon the reeligibility of that officer, and upon the tenure of officers generally. The reason still exists: and I renew the recommendation with an increased confidence that its adoption will strengthen those checks by which the Constitution designed to secure the independence of each department of government, and promote the healthful and equitable administration of all the trusts which it has created. The agent most likely to contravene this design of the Constitution is the Chief Magistrate. In order, particularly, that this appointment may, as far as possible, be placed beyond the reach of any improper influences; in order that he may approach the solemn responsibilities of the highest office in the gift of a free people uncommitted to any other course than the strict line of constitutional duty; and that the securities for this independence may be rendered as strong as the nature of power and the weakness of its possessor will admit, I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the propriety of promoting such amendment of the Constitution as will render him ineligible after one term of service.

Again in his third Annual Message (December 6, 1831), he said:

I have heretofore recommended amendments of the Federal Constitution giving the election of President and Vice-President to the People, and limiting the service of the former to a single term. So important do I consider these changes in our fundamental law, that I cannot, in accordance with my sense of duty, omit to press them upon the consideration of

a new Congress. For my views more at large, as well in relation to these points as to the disqualification of Members of Congress to receive an office from a President in whose election they have had an official agency, which I proposed as a substitute, I refer you to my former Messages.

The Twenty-first Congress having convened, December 7, 1829, the Speaker appointed the following Select Committee under the resolve of Mr. McDuffie relative to the elections and qualifications of President of the United States:

Messrs. McDuffie of South Carolina, Haynes of Georgia, Carson of North Carolina, Lea of Tennessee, Martindale of New York, Stephens of Pennsylvania, and Hughes of New Jersey.

No report appears to have been made till next year, when the Committee was reconstituted as follows:

Messrs. McDuffie, Coke of Virginia, Sanford of New York, Stephens, Hughes, Green of Pennsylvania, and Rencher of North Carolina.

December 22, 1830, Mr. McDuffie, from the aforesaid Committee, reported the following joint resolution:

Resolved, That the following amendment of the Constitution of the United States be proposed to the several States, to be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of said Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the said States, viz.:

No person shall be hereafter eligible to the office of President of the United States who shall have been previously elected to the said office, and who shall have accepted the same or exercised the powers thereof.

March 5, 1831: Mr. McDuffie moved a suspension of the rule to enable him to move that the House do now go into Committee of the Whole (on the resolve to amend the Constitution relative to elections of President, it was understood, says "Niles' Register;") but there were not quite two-thirds in the affirmative: so the motion did not prevail.

Did not, because the reform proposed had struck a sunken rock while under full headway, and been brought to a dead halt. Jacksonism, then at the zenith of its power, had discovered that the proposition reported by Mr. McDuffie would, if seasonably adopted and ratified, forbid the reelection of its chief—would, if in full progress toward adoption, furnish at least a moral argument against that chief's reelection. Hence, the "Globe" (which had superseded Duff Green's "Telegraph" as the metropolitan organ of the dominant party) denounced it vehemently as an attempt to give a *retrospective* operation to the reform proposed, and called on all sincere Jacksonians to oppose and defeat it: so they did.

General Jackson having been reelected, the swiftly succeeding agitation caused by South Carolina's attempt to nullify the existing Tariff, followed by that caused by the President's removal of the Public Deposits from the United States Bank, absorbed for two or three years the public interest in politics. That agitation having measurably subsided, the amendment of the Federal Constitution with reference to the election of President again claimed the attention of the House, which referred it to a Select Committee whereof the Hon. George R. Gilmer of Georgia was Chairman. January 31, 1835, Mr. Gilmer from this Committee reported a proposition of Constitutional Amendment, whereof the first section is as follows:

No person who shall have been elected President of the United States shall be again eligible to that office.

[Sec. 2 contemplates the choice of President by a direct vote of the people of each State, a ma-

majority of whom shall decide for whom the number of votes whereto that State is elected shall be cast without the interposition of Electors. If there be no choice at the first trial, they shall vote again, their choice being restricted to the two candidates having the highest and next highest vote on the former.

Sec. 3 provides that no Member of Congress shall be appointed to any Federal office during the term for which he was elected, nor for six months after its expiration.]

After a few approving remarks from the Hon. Jesse Speight of North Carolina, this proposition of amendment was, on Mr. Gilmer's motion, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union; which seems never to have found time to consider it.

The Whigs in due time took up the One-Term principle, and Mr. Clay expressly gave it his powerful support. He failed to achieve the Presidency, and did not succeed in engraving that principle on the Federal Constitution; but Van Buren, who was first chosen in 1836 by a decided majority, was left in a meagre minority at the close of his canvass for a second term. He tried again in 1844, and was badly beaten in the National Convention of his party by James K. Polk of Tennessee, who, though then elected, declined even to seek a second term. General Taylor, who succeeded him, died early in the second year of his term; and Millard Fillmore, who, being Vice-President, succeeded him, was beaten by General Scott in the Whig National Convention of 1852. General Franklin Pierce, whom the Democrats then elected, tried to be renominated in 1856, but was beaten in Convention by James Buchanan; who did not seek a renomination, knowing well that such quest would be vain. Mr. Lincoln, who was then chosen by the Republicans, was reelected by them in 1864; the civil war then in progress impelling many to support him, in deference to the saw that discourages the swapping of horses while in the act of crossing a raging torrent. Mr. Lincoln thus constitutes the sole exception to the failure of so many efforts to reelect a President since 1832. Meantime, those efforts have undoubtedly cost some signal defeats to either party. Had Mr. Van Buren gracefully retired at the close of his first term, his party might very probably have avoided their stunning defeat in 1840; had Fillmore done likewise in 1852, the Whig party might have been defeated, but could not have been crushed by its defeat in the triumph of Pierce that year. Time and again, since the Federal disaster of 1800, has first one, then the other party, run or tried to run a President for a second term; for a quarter of a century, these efforts proved successful; of late, they have very generally proved disastrous. "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

That the change has been real, and based neither upon personal nor partisan considerations, is evinced by the gradual adoption of the contested principle in other yet kindred spheres. Witness the post of Governor, which was formerly filled in nearly or quite every State without restriction on this head; whereas at this time in the States of New Jersey, Virginia, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, South Carolina, and Kentucky, a Governor is not eligible to reelection while in office or for the term succeeding that for which he was elected; in Arkansas, Texas, and Oregon, he may serve but eight years out of any twelve; in Maine, North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi, he may serve but four years out of any six; in Pennsylvania, six years out of any nine; in Tennessee, six years out of any eight. The intent in each case (however imperfectly developed) is to check if not overbear the tendency to use patronage for the indefinite perpetuation of power.

So with the cognate post of Sheriff—one which often requires many depu

ties, who are apt to be young, active men, of strong physique, and on intimate terms with the people, over whom they exercise much influence. Hence, the Constitution of our own State thus provides for the emergency:

Sheriffs, Clerks of Counties, etc., shall be chosen by the electors of the different Counties once in every three years, and as often as vacancies shall happen. *Sheriffs* shall hold no other office, and shall be ineligible for the next three years after the termination of their offices.

In the first Constitution of our State, framed at Kingston in 1777, it was provided that

The Sheriffs and Coroners shall be annually appointed; and no person shall be capable of holding either of the said offices *more than four years successively*.

The Constitutions of Alabama, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, each contain a provision substantially identical with the above. Those of several other States allow a Sheriff to be reelected once, but not to serve more than four in any consecutive six years. New Jersey elects Sheriffs annually, but one can only be elected thrice in succession. Practically, he is allowed to hold three years, though chosen annually, and is thereafter ineligible for the next three years.

Simply as an evidence of the drift of opinion among those who had thoughtfully watched for years the practical working of our Federal Government, it may be added that the Constitution framed for and adopted by the Southern Confederacy included this provision:

ART. II., SEC. 1. The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the Confederate States of America. He and the Vice-President shall hold their offices for the term of six years; but the President shall not be re-eligible.

How soon, if ever, a similar provision shall be engrafted on the Federal Constitution, it were rash to predict. It is not essential to the success of the reform contemplated that it should ever be. All that is needed is an intelligent, earnest, wide-spread conviction that the practice of reelecting a chief magistrate while in office is fraught with evil and peril—that it distracts his attention from the proper cares and duties of his station, and impels him to consider not who are fittest and most worthy to fill the offices in his gift, but what choice will be most likely to improve his chances of renomination. Here is the right man for a Justice of our Supreme Court, who has no influential clique at his back; here is a rival who is neither so capable nor so worthy, but whose friends control the party machinery in a populous State, and can send delegates to the approaching National Convention either for or against the incumbent of the White House: who that knows average human nature can doubt that the less fit aspirant has the better prospect of obtaining that Justiceship? And this instance may stand for a thousand.

We shall yet achieve a Civil Service Reform. Nay; we *must*. Office-seeking is our National vice, divesting our workshops of apprentices and our farms of half the intelligent, energetic, aspiring youth who ought to make our Agriculture of the next thirty years exhibit a series of brilliant advances and improvements upon all that preceded it. But vainly shall we hope for such reform through the lopping off of branches while the root of the Upas remains intact and vital. That root is the reelection while in office of Presidents, Governors, and other dispensers of vast patronage, with their consequent temptation to use that patronage in aid of their own continuance in power.

HORACE GREELEY.

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK.

"FENCES."

BECAUSE of the rarity of the experience, there is a substantial pleasure in looking over a metropolitan newspaper without seeing an advertisement like this:

\$50 REWARD.—LOST, ON SATURDAY evening, on board the Plymouth Rock for Long Branch, a Diamond Cluster Pin. The above reward will be paid and no questions asked if returned to N—.

The above is copied *verbatim*, excepting the address. If the advertiser had more honesty and less transparent cunning, he would plainly say what he means, and publicly declare that for the sake of regaining his property he is ready not only to forgive the thief who stole it, but to pay him liberally for his trouble. Or if, as is generally the case, his valuables have already passed beyond the thief, he notifies the "fence" who may have them that he is anxious to negotiate with him on the most liberal terms and without attempting to intrude upon the mysteries of his calling.

Such advertisements as this constitute the only direct evidence which the general public ever gets of the existence and methods of business of the unscrupulous middlemen, without whom thievery would be unprofitable and speedily become a lost art. Known in the dialect of crime as "fences," they have a name as significant as it is pithy, and so appropriate that it has been adopted by Webster in the meaning which outlaws found, and has ceased to be slang. Receivers and traffickers in stolen goods, it is their function to guard the plunder taken by thieves until it can be worked back into the channels of legitimate trade. A professional thief with a great quantity of stolen silks upon his hands is poor indeed. He cannot take them into the open market, for reputable merchants are inquisitive as to whom they are dealing with; he cannot offer them in small lots at a great bargain without awakening suspicion of the means by which he obtained them. He must find some one who is not known as a thief, who has the means of converting his booty into money, and that some one is the receiver. In New York, as in all other great commercial cities, at the present time as in the past, the axiom of the law that "the receiver is as bad as the thief" is daily proved to be strictly true. In fact, it might be shown that the receiver, who is the manufacturer of thieves, is worse than his product. Being in a double sense preys upon mankind, skulking as they do behind technicalities of the law, so that their crimes rarely receive the punishment they deserve, mean beyond all other classes of outlaws, cheating rogues and honest men alike, ready to turn an infamous penny by dickering with detectives for the return of stolen goods, willing to betray their most intimate associates or the whole brotherhood of crime to secure their own safety, it is evident that there are no criminals more deserving of public attention than these fences, without whom the rogues would be an army without arms.

In no way can the needed light be poured upon these knaves so clearly as by the mention of names and places. In dealing with nearly all the other classes of criminals I have not descended to these details, only because I did not believe it necessary for my purpose; but the fences can be handled effectually in no other way. I must even go back a few years, and resurrect from the

grave where he has long mouldered the most successful, adroit, and daring fence known to the police annals of the city. Joe Erich in 1855, and for a few years before, was the most extensive dealer in stolen property on this continent, if not in the world. Located in Maiden Lane, then as now in the business heart of the city, this man was known and sought by all the thieves not only of the city but of the whole country. Buying anything from a penny dip to the most costly cases of silks, to this man came such famous marauders as Jack Spratt, Jack Adams (both dead long ago), Tom Gordon, Tom Kelly, Jim Brady, Bow-legged Moore, Jim Sullivan, Johnny Miller, Jim Painter, Amos Leeds (who was happily killed while blowing a safe), Old Bill Smith, Dick Collard, and Old Jack Cooper, who abandoned the preaching of the Gospel to join these first-class burglars, and became one of the most noted and daring of them all. All of these men were regular customers of Erich, and to him they took the proceeds of the most extensive burglaries committed for a long series of years throughout the country. He became rich enough to defy the law, and although arrested many times was never convicted, and died at last without rendering society an equivalent for his enormous gains, which went as easily as they came, so that he was left poor at last.

While he flourished he did not entirely monopolize the business of conducting the traffic which is constantly going on between thieves and honest men. Even when he was at his prime Ephraim Snow, better known in police annals as "Old Snow," was established at the corner of Allen and Grand streets, where he kept a complete assortment of every variety of stolen goods, which he purchased from the same plunderers who patronized Erich. Less fortunate than that trader, Snow's career ended in disaster, as he was convicted of the crime he was constantly committing, and sentenced to a term of five years' imprisonment. Another of the notable fences of the day was Webber, in Pearl street, who, after a long and prosperous career, was visited one evening by Detective McCord while he was in the act of placing a large lot of household silver in the crucible to be melted into an undistinguishable mass. The first result of the visit was the discovery of the proceeds of twenty-five burglaries in the house of Webber, and its second to send that operator into protracted seclusion in a prison.

These few notable persons are named merely to show that the business of receiving stolen goods is no new thing, and as introducing their more numerous successors. To-day there are scores of fences in New York, and one of the best known among them is Michael Grady, called by his customers and the police "Travelling Mike," who appears to the public as an inoffensive peddler in a particularly bad streak of luck, as he is never seen to make any sales, but who is in fact a "walking fence." With his peddler-box suspended from his shoulder he drops in almost daily upon the pickpockets and house thieves in their haunts, and if they are possessed of any such trifles as watches, pins, jewels, or wearing apparel picked up in their rambles during the previous night, "Travelling Mike" is almost certain to travel off with them without leaving more than a third of their value behind him. A thief is always impatient to turn his plunder into money, but he is doubly so when it is personal property that can be easily identified by the owner; and nobody knows better than "Travelling Mike" that he will snap eagerly at the first offer made by some one known to all the prowling fraternity as one who can be trusted. This walking fence has obtained almost a monopoly of the more portable plunder of such eminent pickpockets and sneaks as Dutch Heinrich, Sheeny Mike, Billy Dar-

rigan, Tom Murphy, "Big Nose Bunker," Tom Biglow, Jim Dolan, Johnny McCarty, "The Doctor," Maurice Harris, Joe Butts, Tim O'Brien, Joe Keyser, Dublin George, and Tommy Moore, all of whom continue to ply their vocation as pickpockets or sneak thieves without much molestation from the law. Heinrich does occasionally get into jail, but he speedily gets out again in some marvellous way not understood by the general public, and immediately resumes the practice of his art. Lately he was sent for by Superintendent Kelso, who told him he must keep off the street cars; but Heinrich answered, "Vell, mustn't a man leeve?" and went off to resume his general transfer business of watches from other people's pockets to his own. Another of these worthies, Joe Butts, lately attempted a daring midday robbery in Broadway, and is in jail, with a pleasant prospect of staying there for some time to come; but as a general thing all these marauders are constantly on hand to contribute to the coffers of "Travelling Mike."

Although he is the only walking fence of any note, Travelling Mike by no means absorbs all of the property stolen in New York. There are many fences whose names, locations, and customers are well known to the police, and who have for years carried on this nefarious business so adroitly that they have scarcely been molested. Among them is "Old Unger," the chosen of the shop-lifters, who keeps in Eldridge street, and to whom Hyman, Nelly Flowers, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Palmer, Maggy Erich, Big Sarah Cox, Mrs. Leon, Leon the Kid, Mrs. Coffee, Mother Roach, Nellie Lee, Bill Dums, and other of the more skilful and prosperous outlaws who pilfer stores while pretending to buy, have sold the greater portion of their plunder. Some of these are now, however, doing the State some service; for it does occasionally happen, even in New York, that a professional thief gets into prison. A striking example was afforded lately by Nellie Flowers, whom Detective Farley happened to see riding in a Broadway stage, and, without knowledge of any specific crime she had committed, took her out of the vehicle. It so chanced that the pocket of a gentleman in the stage had been rifled, and there was a probability that Nellie had helped herself to his valuables. There was no positive evidence to change this probability to a certainty, but bad character went a long way with the jury, and the dashing prisoner, who had something of fascination in her personal appearance, was convicted, and is now in Sing Sing prison. Such mishaps as this, however, rarely overtake professional thieves, and no one was more profoundly astonished by the result in this case than the detective who made the arrest.

Another notorious fence is Rosenberg, familiarly known to detectives and thieves as "Rosey," who formerly covered his knavery by the pretence of a jewelry store in the Bowery near Chatham street, but afterward emigrated up that thoroughfare and located himself near Houston street, almost under the shadow of Police Headquarters. I have the authority of Mr. Kelso, the efficient Superintendent of the New York Police, for saying that Rosey in his day has been a "regular Fagin." In addition to the training of neophytes in the purloining art, he dealt largely with experienced thieves, and counted Scotch Jack, Dave Bartlett, Tony Maguire, Rory Sims, Sukey Backus, George Williams, Phil Brady, Scotch Jimmy, and other first-class cracksmen among his customers. If Rosey had a weakness, it was for fabrics that combined small bulk with large value. He was inordinately fond of silks in a business way, and ready at all times to buy such "swags" on reasonable terms. Goldstein, in Spring street, is another particular person, as he buys chiefly from house thieves

such light articles as can be picked up during a hasty visit to a dwelling while the owner is asleep or absent. Once Goldstein got into the trouble which the police call being "got dead to rights," by which they mean being detected in a crime under circumstances which afford sufficient evidence to secure a conviction. Goldstein undertook a speculation in some human hair which had parted from its rightful owner as well as the original scalp, and he was arrested with full proof of his offence in the hands of the officers; but I never heard that he suffered severely in consequence: these fellows rarely do even when they are "got dead to rights." Very different from Rosenburg and Goldstein is Johnson, in the Bowery near Rivington street, who is said by Mr. Kelso to be probably the most extensive dealer in stolen goods in the country at the present time. He has no specialty, except that he must buy at prices which will pay him a large profit. He is always ready to barter for anything and everything, without the inconvenient formality of inquiring as to the antecedents of his customers. Many of them, however, he knows intimately, and among them are Peppermint Joe, Jim Brady, George Love, Fred Larther, and Charley Eberhardt, first-class burglars; Jack Sheppard, who maintains the traditional glories of his name by being the most daring and expert cart thief alive; Spence Pettis, Jimmy the Kid, Shyster McLaughlin, general sneaks; and many others of less note. From these and chance sneaks who occasionally make illicit forays upon property, Johnson gathers an immense amount of plunder every year, and works it back safely and expeditiously, and with the return of huge profits to himself, into the channels of legitimate trade.

While Johnson may be the most extensive dealer in stolen goods, he is by no means the most artistic fence in New York. He is a mere trader, but William Brandon, in Broadway near Eighth street, is an artist in evil. He proves his superiority over his more grovelling fellows by his location, if by nothing else. While they are content to burrow in side streets or second-class thoroughfares, he boldly establishes himself in the fashionable promenade and business artery of the metropolis. And he declares his higher aims and methods in every other way—in his person, manners, and surroundings. Passing up deserted Broadway on a Sabbath with a friend, we met a carriage containing a party of distinguished appearance. Two were women, two men, and of the latter, one apparently a gentleman of high breeding. He was certainly a fine-looking man, with long, silky auburn beard, clear complexion, a clear eye, and regular features. He was dressed with all the elegance that ample means and good taste can command, and he was evidently on excellent terms with himself and the world, for he chatted gayly but decorously with his companions. "That," said my companion, "is Brandon the fence." There was so much of gentlemanly completeness in the presence of the man that it was difficult to imagine that he had ever stood at the bar of justice charged with the meanest of all the crimes against property. Yet I knew well enough that he was another of those marvellous outlaws who are "got dead to rights" without incurring any of the penalties of the law, and several cases strongly illustrative of the miraculous fact passed through my mind. Almost every detective in the force has had to do with him at one time or another, but he has slipped through the fingers of all of them with equal skill and safety. Once Woolridge had him for \$3,000 worth of kid gloves, but there was a defect in the evidence and Brandon beat the law. Once Farley arrested him for receiving some valuable diamonds which had been stolen, and he was held to bail for "examination," but that was the last of the case. At another time

Reilley, the ward detective, got him for faro checks and other gaming implements, worth \$600, stolen by burglars from 720 Broadway; but it was held that such articles are not property, and the receiver got out of the scrape. The same officer took him again for receiving a large lot of silk umbrellas, stolen by burglars from 697 Broadway; but there were no private marks upon the articles, the property could not be proven, and the receiver proved again triumphant.

But it is useless to multiply these citations to prove a fact which cannot be disputed. Brandon does indeed claim to be a dealer in general miscellanies, but he will also admit that he is ready to buy anything under any circumstances if he can make a profit on the transaction. The detectives know, if he does not, that many of the most adroit burglars, pickpockets, and house thieves in the city sell their plunder to him regularly; and they know, if he does not, that he regularly buys and sells whatever they may offer. A gentleman who is anxious to recover his watch without the trouble of attempting to punish the thief who stole it, has only to insert such an advertisement as I have quoted in this article to speedily trace it to Brandon, and regain it on comparatively favorable terms; for the gentlemanly dealer is not a "sheeny," but a devout believer in the fine old maxim of "live and let live." In the prosecution of his business upon these principles he has several times been so unfortunate as to be arraigned before police courts, where he has invariably assumed virtues which he has not, and put on the semblance of injured innocence with remarkable effrontery and success. I have never heard that he has threatened legal proceedings for being called a fence, but I should not be surprised at any time to find him advertising his peculiar industry by such means. Seeming to believe that it is impossible to punish any knave of ordinaryadroitness for the crime of dealing in stolen property, he makes no secret of his readiness to buy anything which may be tendered to him, and by his demeanor in his transactions flippantly asks the officers what they can do about it. The police are puzzled for an answer.

Next to Brandon, in the aid and comfort extended to thievery, are the Mandelbaums, located at Rivington and Clinton streets. Here is a family of four brothers, named Wolf, Joel, Hirsch, and David, exclusively engaged in the buying and selling of stolen goods; and nothing shows more strongly the entire safety with which this nefarious business can be carried on than the fact that their being thus engaged is, and has been for years, well known at 300 Mulberry street. It is known there also that Wolf, who is a lawyer and a man of brains, is the general director of the concern, that all of them are adroit knaves, and that their principal customers are such unscrupulous persons as "Black Lena," "Big Mary," Lizzie Stevens, the Pedigers—husband and wife—Mrs. Kleinschmidt, French Louis, Charley Rothschild, Black Joe, Fred Schultz, and Matilda Hildebrand. That some of the Mandelbaums have been "got dead to rights" is a certainty, and that all of them constantly deserve to be in that unpleasant dilemma cannot be questioned. They are of the class that will buy your household plate without a qualm, from the thief who steals it, and within the hour melt it into an undistinguishable mass of silver, and thus place it forever beyond the hope of recovery. They will buy the costly dresses of your wives and daughters at a ridiculously low figure, and in a twinkling so alter them that the fair owners would gaze longingly upon them, but never dare to swear to them. They will ruthlessly tear your diamonds from their settings, and dare you to identify them as your property.

They will offer to sell you pieces of goods stolen from your own store, and if you hint as much, their lawyer comes down upon you with virtuous indignation, and having made you confess that thousands of just such pieces are manufactured every year, wonders how any Christian can find it in his conscience to swear that this particular piece is stolen property. Your trade-mark having been removed, you do not swear, nor do you buy, but you do not recover your own. There is nothing, indeed, in the way of bartering in the plunder of thieves which the Mandelbaums cannot and do not do. In the practice of their arts they have rivals in all who have been mentioned and many besides, some of whom are of considerable note.

"General" Grenthal is of great renown as a fence, and has incurred more perhaps of detective attention than any of his companions; but I cannot find any reason for the fact, unless it be that he trades with all the thieves who have been mentioned, and trace of missing trifles can more often be had through him than in any other way.

There is another receiver entitled to mention, not so much because of the extent or variety of his operations as for the penalty he has paid for what he has done. Known to the police as "Little Alexander," and by no other name, he is entitled to the rare distinction of having "done time," by which phrase the detectives who love to speak in riddles do not mean that he has swindled Time, but that he has served a term in Sing Sing prison.

Besides these professional fences, the more prominent and dangerous of whom have been mentioned, there are many occasional dealers in stolen goods who practically are fences, and yet do not exclusively devote themselves to the pursuit. They are men who do not seek such business, but take it as it comes, and never defeat a good bargain by impertinent inquiries as to the title of the seller. They buy chiefly of beginners in thievery, from dishonest clerks who cheat their employers out of small articles of stock; and the fact that both parties to the transaction are inexperienced in the "ways that are dark" is probably the reason why so many of this class of receivers get before the courts. While it is extremely rare to hear of any one of the great fences who have been named being brought to book, it often happens that chance dealers in purloined property are arraigned before the police magistrates; and it is almost invariable in these cases that the booty is small, and has been obtained from a casual thief. Sometimes, however, it is quite extensive, as when lately a large quantity of kid gloves, which had been stolen a year before by burglars from a large importing house, was found in the shop of a pawnbroker with the original packages unbroken. In this case the booty had undoubtedly been obtained from professional burglars, so that it was in every way an exception to the general rule.

The most usual customers of these casual receivers are clerks, porters, or truckmen, who pilfer from the goods intrusted to their care, or who obtain articles from the business associates of their employers; as, if a clerk should go to a house with which his master is in the habit of dealing, and order a bill on account of his employer, and take the goods to the fence and sell them on his own account. This species of crime is of daily occurrence and of as frequent detection, for it is certain sooner or later to be discovered. When it is, the culprit rarely fails to make an open confession of the whole matter, even to the name of the person who purchased the property from him. It would seem that these are cases which might be prosecuted to conviction of both thief and receiver, but that desirable result is not often achieved.

In addition to these casual receivers there is another class of dealers in stolen goods that may be appropriately called "involuntary fences." There is no pawnbroker and but few jewellers who may not any day become unconsciously, and innocently enough, receivers of stolen goods. Very often it happens that the professional thief tires of the professional fences, and saunters into the shop of a jeweller to offer a stolen watch for sale. In such case he does not betray the flimsiness of his title by either eagerness to sell or readiness to take a suspiciously low price. He pretends indifference, wants something very near the true value of the article, and rarely fails to get it. The jeweller very likely passes the watch on in the course of trade without knowledge of its contraband character, and saves his conscience; but if he does discover it, the watch is passed on with perhaps a little greater speed in order to save his pocket. Pawnbrokers, however, are more frequently the victims of these speculative thieves. There is not a day that many of them are not worried by the visits of detectives searching for stolen property, which in very many cases is found, and taken without regard to the rights of the pawnbroker in the matter. He always clamors for the amount he has advanced upon the article, and if he shows an innocent holdership he sometimes gets it; but his interests are never the first consideration with the detective, who must recover the property to have even a chance of making anything out of the transaction. But he does for that reason become more circumspect in his dealings. Many of them are entirely indifferent as to the character of the persons with whom they traffic, and will make an advance to a known thief as readily as to any one; and others, who would prefer not to have such customers, are too careless or hurried to avoid them.

It may be safely assumed that some of the pledges in the pawnbroker shops of the city are stolen property, and it is more certain that an even greater part of all watches and other light valuable articles bought outright by these brokers are of the same description. The thief usually desires to part company utterly with his plunder for several reasons. First, he never expects to redeem the articles, and he does not desire the record of the transaction which a loan requires to stand upon the books as possible evidence against him; but what is stronger with him than either, he wishes to avoid the danger of having the pawn tickets upon him. It might be supposed that this danger could be destroyed by merely destroying the tickets, and of course it could; but it is one of the strangest peculiarities of crime that the felon never thinks of this simple expedient. Almost invariably pawn tickets representing the booty of several crimes are found upon thieves when arrested. On the day I am writing a noted predator was arraigned before one of the police courts, on whose person no less than twenty-seven of these tell-tale bits of paper had been found, and it has already been ascertained that they represent as many different larcenies. Great bond robbers are not free from the weakness, and the fatality with which all grades of criminals cling to these scraps of paper, which are utterly worthless to them, is as inexplicable as it is amusing to the detectives. It is nothing marvellous therefore that the thief, who is undoubtedly aware of his idiosyncrasy, is always anxious to sell rather than pledge when he resorts to the pawnbroker or jeweller, as he often does in preference to the fence. These facts are stated to show that the occasional and involuntary receivers of stolen goods have no lack of temptation, nor do these dealers evince much less of conscience than some persons who claim to be beyond reproach. Not long since I heard such a man boasting of an exploit of which almost any

man living under the three golden balls would have been ashamed. This man was aware that a watch of a certain number had been stolen and a reward of \$100 offered for its recovery. He happened to be in the shop of a pawnbroker when this watch was offered for sale, and instead of arresting the person offering it he insisted on the privilege of buying it, which being accorded by the pawnbroker, he gave \$50 for it, returned it to the owner, and pocketed the reward. This he called smartness, and a man claiming to be honest having such ideas, it is not singular that thieves encounter so little difficulty in turning their plunder into money.

Receivers of all classes do a large business in New York; but it is impossible to say what is the value of the property which annually passes through their hands. In the last report of the Police Commissioners it is stated that during the year 1870 the amount of property lost was \$1,151,325 50, of which \$919,004 98 was recovered, leaving a total loss of \$232,320 52. I have had occasion to show in prior articles that the statistical system of the Commissioners is extremely faulty, and especially that it does not present a true exhibit of the amount of property annually passing into the hands of thieves; but these figures are of more value in estimating the business of fences. Although a compilation is made together of property both lost and stolen, the figures represent the latter chiefly, and it is certain that of this nearly all, both of that recovered and that which is represented as a total loss, passed through the hands of the fences. It is equally certain that it is only a small part of the plunder which was devoured by those beasts of prey. I very much doubt the accuracy of the police figures for 1870, as in 1868 the amount of property lost by the same showing was \$4,755,077 83, and the decrease to less than one-quarter that amount last year is unnatural, even admitting that crime is decreasing in the city, when the reverse is the truth. I claim that the reports of the Commissioners for a number of years, with other facts in the exhibit for 1870, show that the property stolen in that year was at least thrice that reported as lost, and that from all sources the fences of New York do a business of five million dollars per annum in the real value of the goods handled. Of course the amount of money changing hands is much less than this, for no fence was ever induced to pay more than half price for stolen property; and every one who buys from him insists on having at least a third of the market rate as a margin for the extra risks incurred. As this is a very important fact, it is worth a general illustration. A burglar breaks into a store and takes away with him silks valued at \$4,000 by the owner. When the burglar disposes of these goods to the fence, the utmost he can possibly get for them is \$2,000; and when the fence in his turn disposes of them, he does not even demand more than \$3,000. Property therefore depreciates at least one-fourth by criminal custody, and goods worth \$5,000,000 in the hands of the legitimate owners become worth only \$3,750,000 by surreptitious exchange. Even this amount seems large, but it is divided among so many fences that it leaves comparatively only a small portion to each; and no fact is better known than that these fences are generally poor men. Their receipts are often large, but so are their expenses. They are continually getting into legal difficulties requiring large outlays to lawyers and the sharpers who infest the lower grade of our criminal courts, beyond which the cases of receivers rarely go. But their chief loss is perhaps in being made to disgorge stolen property found in their possession, for there were only one hundred and sixty-three arrests in the last year of receivers, and very few even of that small number were ever

brought to trial. One way or another the funds of the fences go as easily as they come, and they are generally poor. None of them ever accumulate, and when they die they are buried by the charity of their associates. Like all other classes of outlaws, their experience proves that the way of the transgressor is hard.

But their financial embarrassments do not arise from any difficulties they encounter in working off their illicit stock in trade. They know the deplorable fact that there are many men engaged in business which seems legitimate who are ready at any time to dabble in anything that promises a profit. It was on the day of this writing that a striking illustration occurred in the Tombs Police Court. A merchant in Warren street, being met by one of his customers with the assertion that a certain quality of sewing silk could be bought at less than his offering, was positive to the contrary, for there was none in market except what he put there. But the customer was positive, and upon investigation a man was found in Broome street selling such silk at less than half price, but it proved to have been stolen from the Warren street merchant eight months before. Such cases are constantly coming up, and in sufficient number to prove both the readiness of a large class of business men to buy anything which can be sold at a bargain, and the vast amount of stolen property which is always being passed from hand to hand in this city. No fence of experience ever has the slightest difficulty in selling his plunder, and his chief concern is to prevent its being wrested from him by the joint efforts of the thieves and police before he has had sufficient time to dispose of it. This is one of the principal dangers of the fences, and many flagrant cases of collusion between the police and plunderers to wrest stolen goods from the receivers have been suspected, and one lately was clearly proven by circumstantial evidence. The first object of the detective police being to recover the property for the sake of the emolument it will bring, it is only because of their adroitness that criminal collusion between them and the thieves is not proven as often as hinted. As it is, one detective can seldom bring a case upon which he is working to the happy consummation of recovering the property, without his fellows declaring that it has been "a dead give-away," whereby they mean to say that no skill has been displayed in the matter, because the detective has been guided from the outset by the thief who stole the plunder. I do not say that these things are true, but I do aver that they are often alleged.

The traffic in stolen goods has gone on almost unchecked in New York, and will probably, to the end of the chapter. At a first glance it appears easy to exterminate the crime by the punishment of the offenders. The possession of the property is the gravamen of the offence, and nothing is so easily established as a fact so palpable as this. But after the property is found in possession of a fence there are two great difficulties in the way of punishing him for having it. First, it is to the interest of everybody that the case shall not go to court; the owner wants his property, the policeman his reward, and the fence immunity. Second, should the two first decide to prefer the interests of society rather than their own, and prosecute the fence, they are met by the almost insuperable obstacle of legally proving the property found to be identical with that which was lost, the fence has so changed its appearance. Because of these two facts, dealing in stolen goods has become, and threatens to permanently remain, one of the leading industries of the metropolis.

EDWARD CRAFTSEY.

A REMINISCENCE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A SHADY stretch of lane with a good sward, right back of our little cottage at Marly, was suggestive of quoits. Such things being unknown in France, our special gossip, the village blacksmith, under personal superintendence, soon forged us a set, and an hour or two of pitching was a daily amusement.

One bright summer's morning, as we were in the midst of our game, a rather portly gentleman suddenly emerged from the wooded copse which skirted the road, and unconscious of danger, made directly for one of the *hubs*, running a positive risk of having his head broken. Just in time we cried out, "Stop! We beg your pardon. Stay where you are for a moment; you might be hurt. We will cease playing until you pass."

"Ah!" replied the person thus peremptorily challenged, looking every way but the right one, "what on earth are you doing? Discus, is it? *Voyons*. You must be our American neighbors. Marly owes you a debt for the display of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I always recollect that date. What do you call this game? *Qua-its*? Impossible to pronounce that. Strange now, is it not, that the newest people should revive the ancient games? Would you consider it a liberty if I asked permission to launch one of these missiles? Please show me. I am pretty awkward with my hands, save when I hold a pen; and I believe I can manage that, at least the world thinks so. Break my head, would they? Well, Henry III. had his beaver smashed at a tourney. Now between a sovereign of France and Alexandre Dumas, king of romance, both coming to untimely ends, there might be an historical parallel. I am pretty sure my Parisian friends and the *feuilletonistes* would not be prone to forget the episode, should such an untimely event occur." With this introduction M. Dumas, in the highest spirits, and as merry as the youngest of us, took his quoits in hand, and though I am forced to confess his pitching was slightly wild and erratic, he soon entered thoroughly into the spirit of the game. So commenced *sans façon* a most pleasant acquaintance with the French novelist, which rendered a more formal introduction in Paris a few days later hardly necessary.

Monte Cristo, Dumas's house, was within a stone's throw of our modest *chalet*; and though Dumas had abdicated some time prior to our knowing him, he came frequently to Marly to visit his daughter, Mademoiselle Marie Dumas, who was then staying with some friends in the neighborhood. Monte Cristo as a residence was, as might have been supposed, the antithesis of an Abbotsford. There was this similarity about them, that they had both helped to embarrass their builders. It was more than a country house, resembling a small hotel (this of course in the French acceptance of the term), and, built in the most florid Renaissance, was decidedly garish. Heads and figures from his romances decorated the outside. Porthos, Athos, and Aramis kept guard at windows, while D'Artagnan stood sentinel over the portal. Inside, where the rooms were finished, the mural ornamentation was lavish. If Balzac satisfied his longings for the magnificent in a Barmecide way, inscribing in pencil on the bare walls, "Here is a malachite mantelpiece," or "Here four caryatides by Pradier support an Athenian entablature," Dumas more practically endeavored to carry out the cravings of his imagination. Unfortunately there were a great many unfinished chapters in this Monte Cristo.

The Mousquetaire's gorgeous sword-belt might have its blazing yard or so of gold lace to the front, while there was not a shred of it behind. One room, intended for the smoking divan, was to have been in true Oriental style. As far as it went, it was honeycombed and fretted in the most elaborate manner. It was not very large, but two sides were finished, and yet it was as intricate in decoration as a jewelled casket. In order to have the room absolutely perfect, Dumas had sent to Morocco for the ablest stone-carvers. Though the workmen might have been more than conscientious, keenly alive to illustrating France with this most beautiful page in the grammar of art, they were obliged to depend on their wages. Their pay not having been forthcoming, they were forced to leave, and the chamber remained uncompleted. Dumas would talk about it in his amusing way as follows: "You see the head workman was the only artist I ever knew who could interpret fervent Orientalism with cold stone; the fellow's chisel would absolutely become supple like an artist's brush, as he would twist me out those florid arabesques. He did, however, a very stupid thing; he brought his wife with him. I never saw her face, though I am constrained to say I sometimes heard her voice—rather her screams, it being, I suppose, the custom of Moors to whip their spouses sometimes. To have interfered in any way with what might have been nothing but a simple habit of his country, would have stopped all work. Now my valet, an estimable creature, and chivalrous withal (he dressed my hair *à ravir*), was missing one day from his post, as was the head man's wife. It seems my countryman, not satisfied with brushing the clothes of the illustration of his country (*c'est moi*), had even more lofty ideas. He had the ambition to start a *café maurisque*, with copper coffee cups, long pipes—even indulged in ideas of nationalizing *kous-kous* (I must prepare you that Arab dish some day)—must needs have a *bona fide* Moorish woman as *dame de comptoir*. Certainly it was an original idea, had the elements of success, and was Shakespeare's "Othello" with the characters reversed. To think though of these poor Moors not knowing how to adapt themselves to the customs of the most polite and civilized people of the world! After that not a blow was struck on a chisel. Of course they all went after the head man's wife. *Ma foi*, I do not know whether they have caught up with her yet; I should suppose not, since my pet room remains unfinished."

The study at Monte Cristo was a miracle of art, and devised in such an ingenious way as to insure absolute privacy. Hard-working editors might adopt the plan, and find their comfort wonderfully improved. It stood a short distance from the main building, was lighted only from the top, and was surrounded by a pretty wide ditch, filled with water. There was no access to it save by a regular portcullis, the mechanism of which was in the hands of the occupant of the study, who by means of some simple contrivance could lower or raise it at will. A small *lucarne* in proper mediæval style gave the person within opportunity of observation and reconnoitring. It was a clever expedient to keep off bores and duns. The novelist had endless jokes about this ditch, which he loved to tell. "It gave," he would say, "perfect security from intrusion, and with it such opportunities for revenge! If a theatrical critic abused me, all I had to do was to inveigle him out, get him once on the bridge, and then, even if he was a member of the Academy of Sciences, souse he must go, *à la tour de Nesle*, plump into the water. I could get up at any time a regularly acting epic. The fish in it were ever so fat. Talk to me about your Roman fish ponds! No slave could ever have been as succulent a morsel as a well-to-do Parisian *bourgeois*. There was one carp there who had swal-

lowed a tailor and a bootmaker, but who died at last of surfeit from my hatter."

While Dumas lived at Monte Cristo, most amusing stories were told of the galas held there, a reminiscence of which we have from one of the guests. A score of friends would be invited to stay the week. The first day the *menu* from Chevet's was fitting for a repast of diplomats, and the wines flowed in abundance. The next day what was left was warmed, and, though slightly fragmentary, yet made up an ample meal. The third day, notwithstanding heavy inroads made into the *hure de sanglier*, and the half of the turkey and truffles, good pickings were still possible. The day after that, the garnish of the table, the anchovies, the sardines, the pickles, the olives, arranged with grace, still satisfied the hungry. On the fifth day matters wore a more serious look. At breakfast the temple of spun sugar, with its foundations of nougat, had but whetted the appetites of the guests; at dinner, however, a sturdy *omelette au lard*, with ample provision of wholesome country bread, furnished by a neighboring auberge, and washed down by common cabaret wine, had crowned the feast. After that, famine threatened. Without a moment's hesitation Dumas would then announce the situation, which, instead of being received with murmurs, was hailed with acclamations. The most ingenious plans for relief were instantly devised. Fishing-lines, nets, fowling-pieces, traps, and snares were brought into requisition. As the Uhlans have lately done, so did the company; and, throwing themselves on the resources of the country, the land was scoured. The Seine was angled for gudgeons, the fish pond was drawn, the moat was left dry, rabbits were snared, an occasional hare was shot, stray ducks, chickens, and geese were bagged, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages were sequestered. The grandest of *bathus* was inaugurated. Dumas, installed in the kitchen before a huge caldron, received the varied contributions, and a gypsy repast, throwing into the shade the more artificial preparations of the Café de Paris or of the Trois Frères, was the climax of the entertainment.

At St. Germain there was a famous restaurant, called the Pavillon Henri IV. (we trust Moltke has spared it), celebrated then for its good cheer and long bills. Dumas had the run of the house, as much of its popularity was owing to the prominence the novelist had given it in one of his romances. The restaurateur was an enthusiast, and a *poulet Porthos* one of the inspirations of the place. Ice was exceedingly scarce one summer, and none to be had save at the Pavillon Henri IV. One hot day a servant came to the landlord with the following message: "My master, M. Alexandre Dumas, presents his compliments, and begs you will let him have some ice." "Tell your master," was the reply, "that all I have is at the service of the genius of France. *Sommelier*, bring up a basket of the clearest ice for the illustrious author." The ice was brought and placed in the servant's hands, when the footman in an unlucky moment presented a napoleon, adding, "My master begs you will let him pay for it." "Stop!" thundered out the host. "Here is some mistake. I am being robbed. M. Dumas never sent you. Confess, *coquin*, this is a vile subterfuge. Drop the ice this moment. M. Dumas never was known to pay ready money for anything. Go away, and presume no longer to impose on my credulity."

The years 1846-47 were periods of golden harvest for Dumas. "Monte Cristo" and the "Mousquetaires" with their continuations, had brought him in something like 300,000 francs. Believing that a theatre was necessary for the interpretation of his pieces, he built the Théâtre Historique. The political and social convulsion of 1848 ruined him, and perhaps he never was afterward

clear from money embarrassments. During 1851-'52 he sought refuge in Brussels, and as creditors would relax at one moment or be pressing at another, he would oscillate between Paris and Brussels. Brussels he held in abhorrence. He said to us once in his peculiar manner, reverting to some romance he was writing at the time, "I have got just so far in my work, where my hero is ruined, perfectly bankrupt. Creditors worse than Balzac's Gobsecks are sapping his very vitals. Now it would save me ever so much trouble did I run him off to Brussels, but I cannot afford it. I prefer shipping him to St. Petersburg. The reason is manifest. I have done all I could for the Belgian capital, and by living there have imparted a distinction to it far beyond its merits, perhaps only equalled by the presence of the Duke of Wellington and the Allies in 1815. To place my hero there would indubitably end my volume, for he would commit suicide; and the booksellers have bargained for three volumes, and it will be good enough, I trust, to want a sequel."

In 1852 Dumas's pieces were still being performed at his theatre. I remember notably "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," and, if not mistaken, believe M. Fechter gave the performance the benefit of his most distinguished talent. The plays were carefully put on the stage and drew large audiences. One fault was their extreme length. Cham in the "*Charivari*" caricatured them by representing a baby in arms attending the rising of the curtain, and at the conclusion of the performance hobbling out as a decrepit old man on crutches.

M. Dumas had an office with *chambre de garçon* near the Boulevard des Italiens, where I frequently visited him. I often saw him at work, and was amazed at his rapidity of composition. Though talking most of the time, copy flew from him. Page on page was thrown off, and he seemed to pride himself rather on the neatness of the copy than on his marvellous celerity. I have looked over a manuscript of his of fully three hundred pages, without finding more than a half dozen substitutions of words; such a thing as an omission or an interlineation was undiscoverable. Every letter was formed with the greatest precision; in fact he owed to his beautiful handwriting his first position as an under-secretary to the Duke of Orleans. Printers in Paris, if they tore their hair over Balzac's impossible scrawls, which required a dozen revises, worked from Dumas's copy as from printed matter. I have before me now a letter of Dumas's received twelve months ago, a model of chirography. It is so distinct that any one utterly ignorant of the language can spell out every syllable.

I remember a pleasant incident connected with one of my visits to him. As I passed into his rooms I noticed in the ante-chamber a young man who with an anxious face was striding up and down the little room as if in an agony of suspense. As I shook hands with Dumas, I saw he was moved by some strong emotion. I was immediately informed of the subject which agitated him. "You saw that young man in the vestibule? Well, he is a divine musician. Just the merest peasant boy, with scarcely the first ideas of methodical art, but who is the delight of his little town. He is a Breton, and lives by his violin. *Vieuxtemps*, who heard him, announces him as a marvel, and declares he has untold genius. The cursed conscription comes, our little musician has drawn a bad number, and go he must as a soldier unless we can buy him a substitute. That is a matter of precisely three thousand francs. I am good for fifteen hundred, for I can get that as an advance, I suppose, on some of my work, and perhaps by sitting up all night I could make ten napoleons more. But how are we to make up the rest? I have drained all my friends lately; what, what shall we do?"

I was only too happy, knowing the case to be a meritorious one, to offer a modest contribution, which I placed on the mantelpiece. "Do not put it there, *mon enfant*," said Dumas; "if you did, it would be considered common property; the first needy friend who came in—I have so many of them—would think he had a perfect right to it. We will look that up. Stop, a real inspiration seizes on me. There is a Russian here who wants a two-act comedy for some private fête. I received a week ago a note from him, and was rather disposed to decline the business. He must furnish the money. Now if I took my time to bargain about it, I suppose I could make my own price. But fifteen hundred francs must be had this evening. So good-by. Meet me to-night at the Français; there is a piece of mine on the bills, and I will report there what we three have done."

"We three?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, we three, for the inspiration was so miraculous that with my poor fagged-out mind it must have emanated from you."

That evening I met him at the *foyer* of the Théâtre-Français. His face was perfectly radiant. His pretty piece of "Romulus," then at its third performance, he hardly deigned to talk about. "We are saved—saved. All right. The matter was arranged in a twinkling," he cried. "My prince was more than a prince; he was a perfect gentleman. On stating my case he presented me with the fifteen hundred francs, not as an advance but as a gift, only making the proviso that my piece must be ready for him within the next two months. Some day we will do it between breakfast and dinner. To-night by this time our little musician is on his way home to his father and mother, free from any chance of fighting those rascally Arabs, who might have cut his head off. There at least is one young man's career which has not been blasted. All I asked of him was to fiddle me something over my grave one of these fine days. I have had a glorious day. Confound 'Romulus.' It is stupid. I have thought over a dozen better plots for it now that it is being performed. Well, you might as well see it, for it is passably well played. Good-by, then," and with a happy laugh he left me.

His extravagance, his lavish use of money, his apparent ignorance of its value, were well known; yet kindly acts of this nature were constantly performed by him, and needy artists, no matter of what race, never called on Dumas that he did not give with open hands, often to the impoverishment of himself.

M. Dumas was a wonderful host, and his merry laugh and lusty voice resounded everywhere. He showed us a secretary, and opening a drawer drew out a handful of orders. "See," said he with a sigh, "these are baubles, but I only care for the Legion of Honor. I suppose you are aware no Frenchman can wear it when he has business troubles. Here is one which has an amusing incident attached to it. You know the story of one of our playwrights, who when asked about his three decorations replied, 'I have the third because I had the other two, and the second because I had the first, and the first, *ma foi*, because I had not any.' Well, this one comes from the Bey of Tunis. We had no telegraphs in those days. The Bey's son was on his way to Paris. Just before presenting myself, as luck would have it, between two stupid paragraphs of the 'Constitutionnel' I read of the young man's arrival, and had the pleasure of announcing it to his Highness. 'Blessed be he who is the bearer of good tidings,' said my Sultan, as he took off his order and placed it on my breast. Perhaps I deserved it quite as much as I did the rest. There was one time quite a dispute who had the most decorations, Rothschild or myself; it was

money against brains. Balzac had the strangest ideas on this subject. He wanted a decoration something like a golden crown of olive leaves, to be worn by literary men only. The Government was not to have anything to do with it. It was subject to the supervision of a mixed commission of authors and those very much abused people the editors. Of course all critics were ineligible. Balzac was to have been Grand Chancellor; your humble servant, Hugo, and Dickens were to have been Vice-Chancellors. Balzac, they do say, went so far as to order his, as a pattern of course, made in tin, as he insisted it should be worn over the hat, like an aureole. We only laughed him out of it by asking him how he could manage it of a windy day. Of course decorations and republicanism are impossible, but we poor Frenchmen must have some kind of bauble for our teething ambition to bite on."

From the nature of the man there was an enormous amount of self-aggrandizement in his talk, and his own life, its incidents, and his career, were constant topics. After you knew him you never heeded this, and received without a single mental comment even an expression of this nature: "French literature is a tripod, supported by myself, Hugo, and Lamartine." In conversation anecdotes, facts, dates, men, manners, and customs of every age and period were thrown off without an effort, and all so imbued with the spirit of romance, so absolutely fascinating, that one never tired of listening to them.

Differing from many of his fellow authors, there was neither jealousy nor envy in his composition, and though often attacked he sought his revenge rather by an act of kindness. I feel sure that in distracted France, when some pigeon flew into the beleaguered city, bearing its tiny packet telling of armies slaughtered, of a country gasping in its last mortal agony, the two short words, "Dumas dead," caused even in sorrowing Paris additional tears to flow.

In appearance he was above the average height, and portly, with an unusually large head. The trace of his African blood, though not appreciable in the complexion, which was ruddy, was evident in the hair, the lips, and the eyes.

Poor Dumas! I owe you many a happy hour. It seems but yesterday when I first read your "Monte Cristo." I was in my hot blood then, and of a pleasant summer night, with some dry class-book, had been studying into the evening. It might have been nine o'clock as the lesson was mastered, when I first took hold of your famous story. Outside was a powerful woodcut, a man with a cannon ball tied to his feet, making a plunge from some castle battlement. At it I went, as I thought for ten minutes or so. But all that still night passed away, unheeded was the morning light, unnoticed the cockcrow, the early stir of the house, until as breakfast bell was rung the book was finished, swallowed at one long, delicious draught. I have never read it since, have carefully abstained from it, wishing to preserve the indescribable pleasure it gave me then. Perhaps the book had a certain influence over me. To this day I never shake out some stray book-mark from a musty tome without a certain flutter of the heart, and decipher it I must, with some hazy idea of finding the key to a Borgian treasure. As to my enemies, I have long ago determined to punish them in exact accordance with the peculiar method laid down in that delirious novel. Should I ever go to prison, in default of that learned Abbé, who is to impart to me all the wisdom of the world, in addition to the already pretty large library I should want to carry there, I should certainly require "Monte Cristo."

B. PHILLIPS.

MINNIE'S GIFT.

IT was often a matter of wonder to the habitués of the Blinnsville Theatre why Minnie Craig ever went on the stage. She had not a particle of dramatic talent, nor yet a trace of that beauty which is often the best possible substitute for such talent. She had not even what is usually called a good stage presence. She was a small, shy, pale little girl, with diminutive features, a slight thin form, light-gray eyes, and light-brown hair, both of the last being sadly deficient in lustre. Not even the aid of rouge and pearl-powder could lend light to her eyes or brighten her thin little face into beauty.

Poor Minnie's history was but a sad one. She had been left an orphan at four years of age, and was under the charge of a stepfather who had married but a few years after the death of her mother. Things did not prosper with Mr. Ryers. Children accumulated about him, and his means decreased in nearly equal proportion, till, one day, when Minnie had nearly attained the completion of her seventeenth year, he announced to her his intention of going to Oregon to try his luck in a new country, and at the same time he informed her it was necessary for her to "look about and shift for herself," as he expressed it; in other words, to make her own living. He was not positively cruel or even unkind; he had conscientiously expended the small sum of money left to Minnie by her mother in giving the girl a good education; he had never cared anything for her, his wife hated her, and he really did not see why she could not get along by herself and "stop bothering him."

Minnie quietly acquiesced in all that he said, helped the family to pack up, assisted in the final toilet of the eight youngest Ryers, and then, when the train moved out of the station, leaving her alone in the world, she sat down on a bench outside of the ladies' waiting-room, a very forlorn and miserable little creature indeed.

It chanced, however, that a train from the east came in immediately after the departure of the western one, and among the passengers for Blinnsville was the

well-known tragic actress Mrs. Bradley, who was engaged for a series of representations at the Blinnsville Theatre.

Something in the meek sorrowful face of poor Minnie attracted the attention of the kind-hearted actress during the brief space of time which she was forced to expend in waiting for a carriage. She asked Minnie a few questions, drew the whole of her sad simple story from her, and the result of the meeting was the engagement of Minnie by the manager of the theatre at a small salary, with the vague understanding that she was to make herself generally useful.

Minnie was not altogether unhappy in her new sphere of existence. She had never known what love and kindness and home ties meant; she had always been a kind of waif and stray, both at home and at school; and her new companions, though rough and unrefined, were not unkind to her. She was too quiet, too meek, too insignificant to be looked upon as a possible rival by any of her associates, or to awaken the slightest aversion or envy in the heart of any one of them. She was always ready to fasten the wreath or pin up the tulle skirts of the *première danseuse*, Mlle. Rosalie, whose name in private life was Maggie Higgins; she never objected when asked to sew on a button or repair a rent in the stage garments of the leading gentleman; and the singing chambermaid always depended upon her for the pins which that young lady's careless style of dress usually rendered necessary before the close of a performance. As far as creature comforts were concerned, she was not much worse off than of late years she had been in the house of her stepfather. The little attic at a fifth-rate boarding-house which she shared with Lizzie McGinnis, a warm-hearted Irish girl who was in pretty much the same line of theatrical business as herself, was quite as comfortable as the garret to which the growth of the Ryers family had consigned her; and the fare was fully as palatable as that to which she had been accustomed at the cheap boarding-school where the happiest days of her life had been passed.

Her professional duties were often very wearying, but they tired her less than nursing the three youngest Ryerses had done

Her salary, small though it was, sufficed for her wants, and she would have been quite happy if only she could have got accustomed to the coarseness and lack of purity and refinement which characterized too many of her associates. Her father had been a gentleman born and bred, and poor Minnie, in addition to her other disqualifications, mental and physical, for the life she led, had inherited his refinement of feeling and the shrinking delicacy of his over-sensitive nature. She could not get used to the oaths, the tobacco-chewing, and the daily drams of the male members of the company; and the painted faces, loud voices, and shameless manners of most of the women, filled her with a miserable terror that made her feel as though she would like to creep into some corner and there die, just to get rid of them. She shrank with horror from the celebrated Rhoda Bronson when she came with her troupe of Golden-haired Beauties (as the play-bills termed them) to play burlesque and display her undraped loveliness on the boards of the Blinnsville Theatre; she covered out of sight when the celebrated tragedian Charles Woodleigh strode on the stage half drunk and insisted on kissing the girls all round. Miss Claudia Eastford, the celebrated personator of the "French Spy," filled her with dismay and disgust by reason of her bare limbs, her brazen face, and her bold manners; and though she was on very good terms with Maggie Higgins, the leading dancer, who was really a very good girl, and the sole support of a paralyzed father and two sickly little sisters, the scanty dress and scandalous behavior of the ladies belonging to the peripatetic "Black Crook" troupes made poor Minnie unspeakably wretched.

Poor little girl! She would have been so happy in some quiet, humble home, either as the eldest daughter or the cherished wife of some good man. She would gladly have worn calico all her days, if only she had never been called upon to assume the silken tights and short tunic of a page, which not infrequently happened. The rouge and burnt cork of her stage complexion, the soiled and rumpled condition of the tarnished stage finery supplied

to her from the wardrobe, were daily trials to her, for she was as daintily neat in her habits as a pet kitten. If she had but possessed a particle of dramatic talent, or a ray of enthusiasm for the life into which she had drifted, things would not have been so bad; but as it was, her life was but a dreary one.

And yet, as I have before said, she was not altogether unhappy. Her whole existence had been so dismal, so loveless, so devoid of hope and interest, that there was no pleasant past or disappointed expectations to make her present life doubly disagreeable by dint of contrast. Lizzie McGinnis was kind to her, the manager did not scold her more than Mr. Ryers had always done, and there was a rough good-nature among even the rudest of her companions, which she felt and was grateful for, even though she sometimes shrank from its bestowers. And then there was nothing else for her to do. She had not the physique for household service, nor the mental qualifications for a teacher, and she was but a slow and indifferent seamstress. So she went on her quiet humble way, grateful to the Providence that had raised up friends for her in her hour of need, glad of the food and clothing and shelter which her labors procured for her, patient, gentle, and contented. No one ever really insulted her or molested her. Her weakness, her insignificance, her want of beauty, her lack of genius, her willingness to oblige, all these qualities combined to shield her from rudeness and to call forth kindly feeling toward her.

And then there were some things that she really enjoyed. Deep down in the recesses of her repressed, starved soul, there existed a very real though uncultivated taste for poetry and art. And so when it chanced that one of the great dramatic stars of the day illumined for a brief period the horizon of the Blinnsville theatre-going world, there was no more eager or entranced listener in all the crowded audience than the pale little girl, who a few minutes before had been walking as one of Lady Ann's attendants behind King Henry's coffin, or dancing a quadrille in my Lady Capulet's ball-room. Her duties for the evening over, she always on such occasions lingered at the wings till the curtain fell for the last time, and then she went home to dream

about Werner or Ingomar, or to meditate over the pages of an edition of Shakespeare in one volume, which formed one of her few possessions. Fortunately for her, the provinces are fonder of the legitimate drama than are the large cities, and her opportunities for witnessing the plays of the greater dramatists were therefore not infrequent.

She found of course her greatest delight in witnessing the plays of Shakespeare. The wide possibilities of human life and love were, by this mighty magician, revealed to the desolate child whose dreary existence had never known the sunny influence of human affection—not even of that love that comes to us the earliest and clings to us the last, the love of a mother. In default of human beings to cherish or to adore, she took his creations to her lonely heart; and though she but dimly comprehended their grandeur or their grace, they became unspeakably dear to her. Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet, Helena, these were the companions of her solitude, the beloved ones of her heart; and though they often spoke in language she could scarcely understand, they were none the less real to her and none the less dear. And when the lips of genius interpreted the poet's words and gave shape and substance to her vague visions of his characters, how intense was her enjoyment, and how eagerly she listened and gazed till the brief hour of illusion was past, and she crept home to her little garret, not wholly desolate, not utterly alone, for the soul of Shakespeare went with her and his voice sang music to her heart.

If it be given to us to seek out in another world those whose genius has delighted and inspired us during our mortal lives, how vast, how numberless will be the throng of reverent pilgrims to that fair throne whereon, in some far celestial region, sits Shakespeare, immortal among the immortals, and what words of grateful praise shall there not arise from the wide army of his worshippers, an army gathered through lapsing centuries, counting new battalions with every passing day.

Among the theatrical stars that rose and set on the Blinnsville firmament, there was frequent mention of one who seemed to be the brightest luminary of them all, a tragedian still young, but widely famous, by name Paul Kennard. Kennard's Hamlet, Kennard's Iago, Kennard's

Richelieu, his conception of Richard III., his dress in the "Lady of Lyons," his delivery of "To be or not to be," his manner of acting the dagger scene in "Macbeth," these were frequent subjects of conversation among those members of the profession who were so fortunate as to have seen him in his leading characters. Young actors in the same line of business abused him heartily after the manner of their kind, and called him overpraised, stilted, unnatural, absurd; older men, with the theatrical sceptre slipping slowly from their failing grasp, shook their heads and talked about Kean, and Kemble, and the elder Booth; while true lovers of the drama and the students of Shakespeare confessed his genius and were enchanted with his personations. The masses, for a wonder, agreed with these last, and crowded the houses whenever and wherever he appeared. It was, therefore, with delight that the theatre-going public of Blinnsville hailed the announcement of "the engagement for a limited period of the celebrated young tragedian Mr. Paul Kennard, who would make his first appearance on Monday the 18th instant, in his great character of Iago, in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy of 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.'" And even Minnie Craig felt a small thrill of excitement at the idea of seeing and performing on the same boards with so renowned an actor, and she listened with interest to all the gossip about him which pervaded the dramatic company. Her ideas of eminent tragedians were mainly derived from her recollections of Mr. Woodleigh, who was big, burly, and loud-voiced, and who sported an immense black goatee and possessed the thickest legs in the profession; while the phrase "a handsome actor" only called up before her the image of a certain Mr. Briery, whose round blue eyes, bull neck, broad shoulders, and shapely limbs had been much admired by the schoolgirls and shopwomen of Blinnsville when he had acted there some months before.

Her surprise, therefore, was great when, the first day of Mr. Kennard's engagement having arrived, that gentleman presented himself before the Blinnsville company at the hour of rehearsal, and she saw before her a refined-looking, graceful, dark-complexioned gentleman, whose fine but severely outlined features, slender figure,

and pale-olive complexion, in no wise resembled either the ideals of her imagination or the picture of her memory. She had grown accustomed to seeing the beaux and belles of the stage leave their loveliness in their dressing-rooms with their wigs and cosmetics; she had ceased to feel astonished when she beheld Rhoda Bronson tie on her mane of yellow hair before prancing on the stage as a prince in a burlesque, or when she saw Miss Claudia Eastford's symmetry disappear with the laying aside of her padded tights. And here was an actor whose brilliant dark eyes needed no pencilling or paint to lend them fictitious lustre, whose wavy dark hair was all his own, and whose finely proportioned figure was guiltless of any foreign additions or improvements.

But when the evening came and Iago (Mr. Kennard) stepped from his dressing-room, no longer Paul Kennard, but transformed in every feature, look, and gesture to the wily Italian fiend created by Shakespeare, how great was her amazement and delight. The poor, untutored child could not herself understand why this man was different from all other actors she had ever seen, but she felt, though she scarcely comprehended the fact, that she had seen good performers, but never before had she beheld a great actor. "He isn't *playing* Iago, he *is* Iago," she whispered to herself as she watched the performance from her usual corner at the wings. The kindly manner, rich soft voice, and pleasing person of Paul Kennard had insensibly attracted her notice and won her admiration in the morning; but now, keenly alive to the illusion of the scene, she shrank with a sort of terror from the evil glitter of those lustrous eyes, the baleful beauty of that handsome, wicked face, the serpent-hiss that lurked in the silvery tones of that smooth, silken utterance. And when the play was over and she had gained the shelter of her quiet garret, she did not, as usual, seek at once for much-needed rest, but clasping her Shakespeare she cowered in the moonlight to dream over the whole performance again, and to evoke from the pages a vision of the wonderful personation she had just witnessed.

The next evening "Hamlet" was performed, and again Minnie revelled in the new delight of beholding one of Shakespeare's greatest creations perfectly embodied before her. There stood the Prince of

Denmark, no shadowy phantom called up by the art of the stage costumer, not Mr. Kennard declaiming a number of speeches in a black tunic, but Hamlet himself in all the grandeur, the poetry, the pathos which his mighty creator has bestowed upon him. What mattered to her the dusty scenes, the dingy dresses, the audible tones of the prompter, the mistakes made by the Queen, the brandy and water wherewith Horatio refreshed himself between the acts? *One* personage was real, one character stood forth living, breathing, vital with the intense vitality of genius, the soul created by Shakespeare embodied in a form worthy of such a soul.

The days and weeks passed on, bringing with them in their course a new, keen emotion to the chilled, starved life of Minnie Craig. Insensibly she had grown to watch for Paul Kennard's coming, to listen for his step, to hearken eagerly to the tones of his voice. She felt a new, delicious joy in the very fact of his presence; and did he happen to address a few words to her, as occurred more than once, she went home rich in the possession of the memory of those words. Once, seeing her eyes rest admiringly on a tea rosebud in his buttonhole, he took it out and gave it to her, and with it bestowed upon her a bliss too deep for utterance. For, though the poor girl herself did not realize what was the nature of the new emotions that thrilled her soul, the fate that finds us all out sooner or later, the love that comes to us all either as consoler, tormenter, or avenger, had fastened itself upon her life. She loved Paul Kennard, though she scarcely dared confess the fact even to herself. She only knew that when she was in his presence she was happy, and that she looked forward to the termination of his engagement with a feeling of sick foreboding, a premonition of unspeakable wretchedness. And never did a love more tender, more humble, more hopeless find shelter in any human breast. It resembled the fabled adoration of a flower for a star, as pure, as hapless, as self-devoted. Like some wild vine that has trailed unsupported along the chilly earth, and at last twines itself around some stately tree only to wither, her love had wound itself about the image of Paul Kennard only, alas! to perish there unheeded.

She said nothing to any one respecting her feelings. Who was there in whom

she could confide? Lizzie McGinnis, her only friend, rough, boisterous, and jovial, was the last person to whom the timid, shrinking girl could have whispered the sacred secret that she cherished in her heart. So she crept in and out of the theatre as usual, growing sadder, paler, thinner as Paul Kennard's engagement drew near its close, but otherwise just the same shy, patient little creature that she had ever been. Once Mr. Kennard, who had been attracted by her modest look and neat attire, noticed her wan face at rehearsal and asked her kindly if she were not well, adding, "If you are sick, go home. I will make it all right with the manager." The tears rushed to her eyes as she answered that she was perfectly well. She could not tell him that her only malady was his approaching departure.

The day which she so dreaded and to which she had looked forward with such feelings of woe and misery at length arrived, the last of Paul Kennard's engagement. The play for the evening was to be "Richelieu," and Minnie was to appear in the small part of Marion de Lorme a character who is present on the stage about five minutes, and who has perhaps four times that number of lines to repeat. She studied the words with the greatest care, and followed Mr. Kennard's directions with the most anxious minuteness. She looked up a volume of historical costumes, dressed her hair in the loose ringlets which were the fashionable coiffure in the days of Louis Treize, and, in the light blue cotton-velvet dress assigned to her from the wardrobe, and with a profusion of wax beads on her neck and arms, she really looked very nicely, and was a far more satisfactory representative of the character than is usually seen, the ugliest and most ungraceful female in the company being generally selected to perform the part of the fair Marion, whose bright eyes elicit a compliment even from the aged lips of Richelieu himself.

Minnie got through the scene very creditably, and Paul Kennard, noticing her anxious endeavors to do her best, uttered a few words of commendation when he passed her at the end of the act; and though this was his last night, she could not help feeling very much pleased and quite happy. She hurried to change her dress so that she might lose no part of the

remainder of the play. Her blue velvet robe was soon exchanged for her walking dress, her best one, a cheap but pretty lawn which was quite new, and which she had worn to the theatre that night with a feeling that she would like to look her best when she bade Mr. Kennard farewell. This done, she stole to her usual post at the wings to watch the gradual unfolding of the Cardinal's fortunes.

The third act was reached at last, and the bedroom of Richelieu at Ruelle was disclosed. It is night. The moonlight streams in at the arched windows, a shaded reading lamp burns on the table, beside which the Cardinal is seated. In his dressing-robe of rich but sombre brocade, his gray locks falling from beneath his velvet cap, moustached, bearded, wrinkled, Paul Kennard sits before the audience, the counterfeit presentment of the great statesman-priest, perfect as though the celebrated portrait by Philippe de Champaigne had stepped from its frame and quitted the Louvre to show to the world the image of a great Frenchman once more. The scene progressed smoothly till that point where François rushes in to tell the story of how he failed to bear away with him the all-important despatch. The actor who performed the part of the "brave boy" was careless, clumsy, and moreover half drunk; and when, François's tale being told, Richelieu dismisses him to make a second attempt, he essayed to rise, put his hand on the table, and leaned on it heavily. The table, rickety as articles of stage furniture usually are, gave way beneath the pressure. It tilted forward, the lamp was overset, falling full upon Richelieu, and its contents (spirits of wine) poured in a burning stream over his robe, blazing wherever it touched. Mr. Kennard sprang up and essayed to tear off the flaming garment, but it was securely attached round his waist by the folds of an Indian scarf. Death, terrible and fiery-eyed, or at least cruel torture and life-long disfigurement, seemed his inevitable doom; but rescue was at hand. From her post behind the scenes came flying Minnie Craig, the only person not paralyzed with horror, the only creature there who had presence of mind or power of motion. She snatched up the table cover, a gaudy thing of woollen cloth most fortunately, and flinging it over Paul Kennard she pressed it closely around

him, thus extinguishing the flames. Through the screams and shrieks of the women and children among the terrified spectators rose a cheer from those who had noticed the girl's quick brave action; but the cheers were instantly changed to a cry of horror. Minnie Craig had brought upon herself the doom from which she had saved the man she loved. The fire had communicated itself to her thin cotton dress, and it blazed up around her with fatal and terrible suddenness.

The warm breezes of May stole softly the next morning into Minnie's desolate attic room. A stray sunbeam, piercing through a crevice in the wall-paper blind, flickered brightly on her little table, which was placed in front of the window, and which bore a weight of articles greater than it had ever known before. Bouquets of lovely flowers, baskets of choice fruit, bottles of wine, dishes of jellies and dainty meats—such were the offerings of an excited and sympathizing public to the hapless heroine of the last night's terrible tragedy. And there upon the bed, swathed in cotton, and with one red blistered mark visible on her pale thin face, lay Minnie Craig, heeding and caring but little for the things of a world from which she was fast speeding.

The best physicians and the best nurse in Blinnsville had been summoned by Paul Kennard's orders; but the doctors had only shaken their heads, administered anodynes, and departed; and the nurse sat by the window looking idly out, and wondering at the ways of "these theatre folks." And Paul Kennard sat beside the bed, his right hand enveloped in bandages and reposing in a sling; and his face pale with suffering, but watching with sad and eager eyes every feeble breath and slight motion of the half-unconscious form before him.

She opened her dim eyes at last, and looked at him with a gaze in which, for the first time since the accident, the light of consciousness was gleaming. She recognized him at once, and seeing the tears

which filled his eyes, she whispered faintly, "Don't cry!"

"My poor child," said Paul Kennard, bending over her, "my brave heroic preserver, to think that you should be forced to suffer so, and for me. Oh, if I could but do something for you!"

"That is what I said," she answered, in faint whispered tones; "if I could but do something for him—or give him something; and you see I had nothing except my life—except my life—except my life!"

She uttered these last words in a somewhat stronger voice. Utterly unmanned, Paul Kennard turned his head away.

"Don't do that," she said; "let me look at you, for I will not be able to see you very long. Yes, I know I'm dying, and I'm very glad."

"If you could but get well," he said, in broken accents, "you should never know sorrow or privation more."

"Don't cry—don't be sorry for me any more," she whispered in an almost inaudible voice. "You see I never had anybody to love me or care for me, and I shall be so glad to get away out of the world. And I saved your life—and I am so glad—so glad. I used to think God was very cruel to me sometimes, but now I know He was kind, for He has given me my heart's desire."

Her breath came shorter and shorter. Paul Kennard stooped down and pressed his lips reverently on the pallid forehead, already chill with the icy damps of death.

"You're so kind," she murmured, "and I'm so happy—so happy!"

The dim wandering eyes fastened themselves in a last lingering gaze on the one beloved face that bent above her. She drew a long sobbing sigh—another—and then the pale eyelids fell, and Minnie Craig, the homeless and the orphan, had gone to find an Almighty Father and an eternal home.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

"NOTHING IS AGAINST MY PRINCIPLES!"

JANE is dressed precisely as she was on the day when the Crosbys made her acquaintance in Spa; the cheap little striped muslin, the black lace scarf, the blue gauze bonnet made by herself—all is the same.

But whatever she may happen to wear, magnificent silk, or plain brown holland, or twenty-five-franc muslin, there is always *something* in the walk, the gait, the nameless airy grace of Francis Theobald's actress-wife which to discriminating eyes marks her out as not belonging to that small and whaleboned section of the world which is called society.

The Duke of Malta, no unpractised judge of feminine charms (though frigid as ice to the Chalkshire beauties generally), detects this something at a glance. The Duke of Malta also decides that the blooming, girlish face is as fair a one as his eyes have rested on for many a long day; and even before the formality of an introduction is gone through, resolves to accord this Mrs. Theobald, whom "the neighborhood" will not visit, the honor of his ducal and most serious attention.

She stops, seeing that Captain Brabazon means to speak to her, and her voice and smile, and frank, untrammelled manner, complete his Grace's conquest.

"I haven't seen you for ever so long. You seem to have forgotten your way to Theobalds, Captain Brabazon?"

Little Brabazon explains that he has been spending the last few days in London, but has now returned for the great sporting event of the Chalkshire year. "You are going to the races, of course, Mrs. Theobald," he adds; the Duke all this time standing, his leaden eyes very wide open, waiting to be introduced. "Then I hope you will do us the honor of coming to lunch in our tent? The Colonel is going to send you a formal note of invitation on Monday, but meantime you will promise me, won't you, to make no other engagement?"

"There is no other engagement I could make," cries Jane in her blunt way.

"Who else in Chalkshire but your people would ask me? Yes, I shall be delighted. Only mind, my sister—you know who she is? Minnie Arundel of the Royal—will be with me. If you ask me, you must ask Min too."

Captain Brabazon says everything the occasion requires respecting the pleasure Miss Minnie Arundel's presence will confer upon himself and his brother officers. Then, turning to the Duke, he introduces him to Jane. The Duke of Malta, Mrs. Theobald.

Jane blushes violently—that loveliest rose-pink blush of hers!—then gives Lady Rose Golightly's brother about the very coolest nod his Grace has ever received from a woman during his life. Brabazon, not altogether unsuspicious of the bad blood existing between Theobald's wife and Lady Rose, interprets both nod and blush aright, and displays more tact than could have been expected of him, by speaking to Blossy and thus causing a diversion. The Duke follows suit, and, stooping, requests Miss Theobald to accord him the favor of a kiss.

"Ugh!" cries Blossy, wrinkling her nose into a grimace expressive of profoundest disgust and claspings five small fingers tight across her lips. Then, Brabazon pleading in his turn, the little witch turns to him and bestows not one, but half a dozen kisses upon his smooth pleasant-looking face; glancing disdainfully the while at the Duke, as though to make her preference for his rival more unmistakably clear to his understanding.

"Your little daughter has learned the first great lesson of her sex already, Mrs. Theobald."

"I don't know what you mean."

The Duke repeats his remark, which, like most remarks, does not gain in brilliancy by repetition; then finding that Mrs. Theobald keeps silent, enlarges upon it. A woman's first instinct is to make men miserable if she is pretty. Little girl, as pretty a little girl as he ever saw—eyes, complexion, hair, the very color he admires—but a coquette, evidently an arch-coquette by nature.

"The child shows her likes and dislikes as I do," says Jane. "She takes to people or she doesn't take to them from the first, and never changes her mind afterwards."

"And do you never change either, Mrs. Theobald?"

The Duke throws the tenderest expression he is master of into his voice; he is a common-looking, "horsily" dressed young man of five feet four or five, with an unwholesome, reddish complexion, the lacklustre, Beadesert eyes, a thick, short-set neck, and figure of corpulent dimensions; and as she listens, some of the severity in Jane's face begins to relax.

"I? Why, I change a dozen times a day; I dislike people furiously in the morning, like them at noon, and begin to dislike them furiously again toward evening."

"Good heavens! what time is it now?" The Duke takes out his watch eagerly. "Five o'clock! Mrs. Theobald, has your time for disliking people furiously begun yet?"

"H'm! That depends upon who the people are."

She gives him a relenting look from her blue eyes, though her lips still keep stern and grave, and the Duke of Malta knows that the process of wasting in despair is not, just at present, going to be added to his experiences.

Do not condemn her too quickly for her weakness, reader. Recollect that among all the complex desires which bring about human wrong-doing, none is commoner or more potent than the seldom enumerated one of desiring to seem worse than we are! How many men and women can one not remember, women especially, who have studiously lost themselves by acting down to the standard which the world, justly or unjustly, has apportioned to them! Jane is not a coquette, save in innocence, as every young and pretty and high-spirited woman, unshackled by artificial rules of conduct, must be. Her heart, filled to overflowing with its one passionate love, has no restless craving for men's admiration. And as to fastness—well, if Blossy be fast, Blossy's mother, compared to the school of Loo Childers and Lady Rose Golithly, may be reckoned fast likewise. But she has had a distinct part assigned her to play from the moment when Mrs. Crosbie threw her upon young Rawdon's chivalrous pity on the promenade at Spa; and

she is sufficiently actress, woman, human, to enjoy playing it out with thoroughness.

"If war was to be waged against her, on a grand and aggressive scale, by the ladies of Chalkshire, should she not enlist every husband, brother, and son, willing to enter the lists, for her own poor little guerilla system of defence?"

Well, and when any one of us has once set out briskly along the downhill road, is not our bad angel opportunely always at hand to loosen the drag from the wheels of our conveyance for us? Rawdon Crosbie's boyish passion has already put but too strong a weapon into Jane's hand. And now, at her side, only too ready to be her devoted servant before men's eyes, if she will accept his devotion, stands the Duke of Malta! Not, as we have seen, a man personally seductive, but a man with the purest blood—I speak genealogically—the purest blood of England in his veins; a man openly sought after, secretly sighed for by every gentle feminine breast, high and low, in Chalkshire. Can Jane resist him?

If she were an unmarried girl again, a friendless, penniless dancing girl, as she was when Theobald fell in love with her, and this ugly little Duke of Malta were to offer her his hand, name, wealth, in honorable marriage, I believe from my heart Jane's first instinctive answer would be an "ugh" like Blossy's. But she can not resist the temptation of seeming worse than she is; of displaying her latest conquest, creditable or not creditable, full before the outraged jealous sight of Chalkshire society. She looks at him, the same covert encouragement still in her eyes, and Captain Brabazon, seeing or saying that he sees an acquaintance to whom he must speak, takes his leave and vanishes down an adjoining street. The Duke of Malta and Jane are left alone.

"Time for us to be going home, Bloss. Good evening to you, Duke!"—bestowing a little, stage-learned salutation, half chilling, half friendly, upon his Grace.

How prettily that word "Duke" comes from her lips! how refreshing it sounds after all the fulsome "your Graces" of Major Hervey! How charming is her assumption of their equality of station!

"If you are going home on foot, Mrs. Theobald, let me be your escort. Come, come, don't say no—part of the way at least?"

"That leaves you a fine loophole when you get tired," says Jane, relenting altogether. "Well, you may come part of the way then, as you have put the request in such a mild form."

And so they start; Jane, poor little fool, walking slower and with head more erect than ever! She jests, she rattles on in her lightest strain; her clear, out-ringing laugh startles the whole High street of Lidlington out of its decorum. Mrs. and Miss Pippin see them coming, and run into Smith the linen draper's, whence they may modestly peep forth through the dresses and calicoes in the windows at the latest Theobald scandal. The Miss Theobalds meet them, and draw down the blinds of their brougham as though they were passing a funeral. By the time they get clear of the town every one has met them. Jane's triumph, such as it is, is complete; and a burning sense of humiliation and self-contempt at her own heart is the result! She looks abruptly round, after some ultra-complimentary speech of her distinguished companion; she sees Lady Rose on every line of his vacuous, vicious face, and becomes all at once conscious that she abhors him! Having an attentive Duke beside one with an audience, in the High street of Lidlington, was such a very different thing from having an affectionate Duke in the same position and without an audience amidst unfrequented green lanes!

"Don't you think you have come far enough?" she asks him with delightful impertinence. "I do. You know we only stipulated for part of the way."

"Do you mean to tell me, can you have the cruelty to tell me that you would prefer being alone?" he replies in his tenderest tone, and looking with warmer admiration than ever into her face.

"Well, I must say I'm fond of my own company sometimes," says Jane, returning the look with one of ice.

He thinks that she is "playing cold," leading him on by a little assumed indifference; and, making the acknowledged best counter-move in such cases, begins to talk on indifferent subjects. This is a specimen of his Grace's conversational powers:

"Not seen much of Chalkshire yet, I suppose?"

"Quite as much as I ever wish to see." Jane quickens her pace a little as she says

this, and keeps Blossy's small figure interposed between his Grace and herself.

"Ah—find it rather slow work, don't you? 'To bless the squire and his relations, and live contented with our stations,' not quite the sort of life you are used to?"

"I find it excessively unpleasant. I don't know what you mean by slow."

Silence during ten or a dozen paces; then, "I am to have the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Theobald at The Folly on Monday?" remarks the Duke, returning to the charge again.

"You may see Mr. Theobald." Jane's lip quivers, but the Duke does not notice it. He can tell when a woman's lips are red and full; no more. The analyzation of finer traits of emotion is not at all in the Duke of Malta's way. "You may see Mr. Theobald; you will not see me. I have just been to the post with my refusal, now."

"Your refusal! Oh, come, that's all nonsense. You must change your mind now that you know—I mean if I implore——"

"I am not going to dine with Lady Rose Golightly," interrupts Jane, flushing up, "either on Monday or any other day. We don't suit each other in the least, your sister and I."

The Duke looks considerably taken aback for a moment or two after this trenchant declaration; then he shakes his head philosophically. "Curious thing, Mrs. Theobald—at least I don't know whether it is curious when you think of it, but it's a fact that all women *hate* each other!"

"I am sure I don't," says Jane, superberly. "There may be women whose actions I despise, but I would not take the trouble, I would not stoop to hate them!"

"Of course, you all say that, and you all do hate each other just the same. Now my sister Rose, to take an instance at hazard—Rose always seems to me as jolly, kind-hearted a little soul as lives. But women detest her most confoundedly, on my soul they do! I don't know that I ever saw any woman but Loo Childers who could get on with my sister Rose for more than a week."

"Lady Rose Golightly and Miss Childers suit each other's tastes to a T, I should say," remarks Jane, her small

nose well in the air. "You must remember *I* belong to quite a different class of life! What can a ballet-girl—perhaps you don't know I was a ballet-girl before I married—what can a ballet-girl have in common with ladies like your sister and her friends?"

The Duke's great leaden eyes give her a stare of interrogation. What the deuce is she driving at now? he wonders. Has Rose been snubbing her for her crimes of superior youth and beauty, or is it possible, in these days when jealousy is so nearly an extinct passion, that she can be angered by Rose's innocent and pastoral little flirtation with Theobald? Well, if this be the case, none the worse for him. For a pretty woman to be jealous of her own husband can never be to the disadvantage of the pretty woman's admirers.

"Poor Rose!" he goes on presently, hitting with one of a fool's fine instincts upon just the remark most likely to please his listener. "What a wreck she is to be sure! A dozen years ago, when she was your age, Mrs. Theobald, you wouldn't believe what a pretty woman my sister Rose was."

"Really! And Miss Childers?" asks Jane, affecting an air of compassionate interest. "Was Miss Childers pretty too in her youth?"

The Duke cannot repress a chuckle. "Her youth! If Loo could only hear you! Well, no, I can't say Loo Childers ever had an ounce of beauty, to my ideas. But she had a good start, that's what it was. If a woman only gets well away from the post from the first, it goes further for her, Mrs. Theobald, you may take my word for it, than all the features or complexions in the world. It is known that so and so admires such a woman, and all the other fellows follow like a flock of sheep. I'm not that sort of man myself," says the Duke. "I know my own tastes, and consult no one else's. But most men only consult the fashion. Well, you see, by some fluke or another, Loo got the best start of all"—the Duke gives it in detail—"and that made her reputation. 'Not admire Loo Childers?' the young fools used to say. 'Why, do you know *who* says she's the prettiest woman in London?' And to a certain extent the success of her first season has floated her ever since."

"I am ignorant, deplorably ignorant of everything belonging to the aristocratic

world," says Jane with humility. "Indeed, in the face of such high authority it seems presumptuous in me even to offer an opinion. But if Miss Childers was ever the prettiest woman in London, all I can say is, I am very sorry for the rest!"

"Poor old Loo! I suppose you know the name she goes by in town? Harry Desmond gave it to her—deuced ungrateful of him, too, some people thought; but 'twas several years after she first came out, and when her pace had grown rather unlimited. I don't know whether it's quite fair to repeat it," goes on the Duke, "particularly here in Chalkshire, and now that Loo has sown her wild oats and seems to be taking to the church. However, I'm sure you are safe. Well, Harry Desmond—By Jove!"—the interruption is caused by the Duke's looking suddenly back over his shoulder—"By Jove, here are some of those—old Lidlington women again!" His Grace makes frequent use of exceptionally ungraceful words as he talks. "Why, these—old Lidlington women are ubiquitous!"

Jane, hearing such forcible language, looks back over her shoulder too, and discovers Mrs. Pippin and her daughter Lydia (Lydia, the eldest, most musical Miss Pippin) steadily advancing at some twenty or thirty yards' distance. And all her repugnance to the Duke—it might be juster to say, all her repugnance to the Duke's attentions—vanishes like smoke at the sight.

I should be unwilling, most unwilling on my own authority, to state that Mrs. and Miss Pippin have followed the Duke of Malta and Jane of malice prepense. Idle tongues aver that such little acts of espionage are to Mrs. Pippin as the meat and drink of daily life. But then, idle tongues speak sometimes of Mrs. Pippin as the Amateur Detective of Lidlington, and even go so far as to call her pleasant villa house, with the flowers on the landing, and the five o'clock teas, and the musical daughters, the Private and Confidential Inquiry Office. What, however, will idle tongues not say? There are out-lying laborers' cottages in the direction of Theobalds, and Mrs. Pippin is known to be charitable, after a frugal and admonitory fashion, to the poor. Who can tell that she is not on her road with tracts or good advice, or even a bottle of inexpensive, home-made physic, to some fellow creature in need of succor now?

Whatever their motive, and whether chance or intention inspired their steps, certain it is that Mrs. and Miss Pippin did follow the Duke and Jane straight out of the town of Lidlington, have followed them bit by bit, gaining ground ever since, and are now almost, for their own sakes I should hope not quite, within ear-shot.

"Poor creature; poor unfortunate, misguided creature!" says Mrs. Pippin in her dry old voice, as Jane's merry laugh rings, with a little flute-accompaniment of Blossy's, through the lanes. "I beg, Lydia, that you will lower your parasol as we pass them. Quite a mercy neither of the younger girls was with us!"

A minute or two more brings Jane and her companion to the big moss-grown gates that shut out the avenue of Theobalds from the world. Here the Duke, by no means to his satisfaction, is told he must say good-by; and here Mrs. and Miss Pippin, in spite of lowered parasols, find themselves constrained to hear and witness the following painfully improper parting scene:

"Come, you small coquette," says the Duke to Blossy, stooping down until his face is upon the child's level, "will you condescend to give me one kiss before I go?"

And as he says this, he takes a dilapidated rosebud from the button-hole of his "horsey" shooting-jacket, and offers it with mock-serious gallantry to her baby hand.

Alas! no truer daughter of Eve ever lived than Blossy Theobald. She frowns, dimples, takes the dilapidated rose-bud; she kisses the Duke of Malta on the lips.

"I thought better things of you, Bloss!" cries Jane. "I didn't think your kisses were to be bought!"

"What is there in the world that *cannot* be bought?" remarks the Duke of Malta.

And Jane, mindful of the audience, smiles approvingly at the sentiment.

'This is bad; but worse is still to follow. "Then I may come and call on you to-morrow?" the Duke asks, as he holds her slim hand at parting. "You are quite sure, Mrs. Theobald, that Sunday visitors are not against your principles?"

Jane pauses a moment for the Pippins to come nearer, then turns her face, with characteristic amiability, full in their direction. "*Nothing* is against my princi-

ples!" She enunciates this statement with deliberation, and in a tone pointedly meant for the gallery. "*Nothing!* Sunday, or any other day, I shall be delighted to see you, Duke."

Mrs. Pippin and Lydia wait to hear no more.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOPE OR DREAD?

YES, the turning at the cross-roads is taken; but, did fate will it, poor Jane's steps would only too quickly retravel the road even yet. Her fierce tragedy-mood of the morning has all effervesced into farce, as many a tragedy-mood of hers has done already, and long before she has finished dressing for dinner she is longing for Theobald's return, with a heart humble and penitent as a little child's.

"You are young, you are fair," says the pretty face—her best friend—that looks back at her from her looking-glass. "What has Lady Rose Golightly, what have all these women, who condemn you and who envy you, to do, in reality, with your life? What are Lady Rose Golightly's charms by the side of yours? Win back your sweetheart"—to Jane's mind Theobald is her sweetheart still—"not by scenes of upbraiding and jealousy, but by yourself! Make yourself doubly fair for his return, smile at him, love him! And defy all the dukes' daughters in England to lure his heart out of your hands."

She dresses herself in white, as Theobald likes best to see her, a knot of ribbon of favorite color in her hair. She puts on Blossy's best embroidered frock, and, immensely to Miss Theobald's satisfaction, a bewitching little pair of new pink boots. She brushes the child's yellow hair into softest wavy curls around her baby neck.

What a pretty picture they make! I write this, but Jane's vanity endorses it—the mother of nineteen and her daughter. How she can imagine Theobald coolly looking through his eye-glass, first at one, then at the other, then making some enthusiastic speech, such as, "That he thinks he has seen plainer people in his life, taking them both together." And then how she will fling her arms round his neck, and sue forgiveness for her passion of the morning; sue and be forgiven!

If the terms of peace be that she must apologize for her note to Lady Rose, Jane in this revulsion of better feeling, knows

well that she will accept them. Apologize to Lady Rose, win back Theobald to herself, and perhaps—who knows? the idea has been often in her mind of late—persuade him to go to London or abroad in the autumn, and let Chalkshire, Lady Rose Golightly, everything belonging to the time which witnessed their estrangement, be like a bad dream, a tale that is told, and which shall be repeated no more.

Half-past six comes, but no Theobald; seven, and no Theobald. Jane with a fluttering heart, and beginning now to recall his last words before he left, walks restlessly from room to room, followed by Blossy, who is on as high a pinnacle of happiness as an embroidered frock, curls, and pink boots can place any human heart. Ten minutes past seven comes, but no Theobald.

“And if you please, ma’am, cook says if the fish is kept any longer it won’t be fit to dish, and is master to be waited for?”

Before Jane can answer comes the sound of wheels rapidly approaching along the avenue. Blossy, gladly expectant of an audience, shrieks “Dada, mine boots!” and rushing to the front door holds one lilliputian foot out straight, ready for admiration. Jane contents herself by peeping through the drawing-room window-curtains. Such a greeting as she has in store for Theobald cannot be given before the servants on the doorstep. Her eagerness, her foolish eagerness to see him, makes her shy as a girl awaiting the coming of her lover.

The wheels sound nearer; a dog-cart emerges through the trees, enters the gates—a dog-cart driven by a servant in the Duke of Malta’s livery, and without Mr. Theobald. A minute later and a note directed by her husband, and to which an answer is requested, is put into Jane’s hands. And this is what the note contains:

Dearest Jenny:

Send me over some evening clothes in my portmanteau, my dressing-case, etc. I shall stay at The Folly till Monday morning.

Your most affectionate

F. T.

N. B.—White ties.

“The groom is waiting for an answer if you please, ma’am,” says Esther the housemaid, watching her mistress rather curiously.

Jane has turned, not pale, but ghastly, enish white. Never, surely, during her

nineteen years of life, has color so unlovely marred the carnation of her face before! Nothing of moment has happened in reality. No materials even for what Theobald terms “a scene of powerful domestic interest” are here. A husband, after leaving home in a huff, stops away for dinner, resolves to stop away a day or two on a visit, and writes back to his wife for a dress suit and white ties. Nothing of moment in reality. But to Jane, in her present high-strung mood, it seems as if the gates of Paradise have been suddenly, brutally shut in her face, and the gates of the place that is not Paradise set open wide as gates can stand. Just that.

She folds the note up, restores it to its envelope, then, wonderfully calm and self-contained in manner, tells the servant that dinner may be served at once, as Mr. Theobald will not be home to-night, and goes away upstairs, not running two steps at a time, as is her wont, but slowly, heavily, as if she had suddenly aged by twenty years or so, to fulfil her lord and master’s bidding.

She fulfils it with scrupulous exactitude; packs up an evening suit in his portmanteau, his dressing-case, white ties, all for which he stipulated. Then as a complimentary, wife-like attention, adds a morning suit, morning ties, linen enough to last him a week if it should be his sovereign pleasure to stay away so long. This done, she rings for the girl again, bids her take down Mr. Theobald’s portmanteau and give it to the Duke of Malta’s groom, then walks to her looking-glass, and while the sound of the wheels tell her that the dog-cart is driving away, stares with tearless eyes—eyes that feel as though they could never shed a tear again—at the color of her face.

What, in God’s name, ails her? She feels nothing of the violent anger that she has felt toward Theobald a dozen times during the past fortnight. She feels no pain of any kind, only numb; numb, cold, and just a little sick. She has been too long without food; that’s what it is: dinner, and a couple of glasses of sherry, and her color of course will come right again. And she will spend the evening by looking over her finery for the races. And to-morrow the Duke will call—lucky on the whole, perhaps, this getting acquainted with him just now. And on Monday she will put on her mauve silk dress and her Brussels bonnet, and make

the Duke walk with her, and display his devotion again before the eyes of the Liddington world. Can one die because a husband has taste so vile that a rouged and faded face like Rose Golightly's pleases him better than one's own fresh charms? (Nothing about Lady Rose's French cook and excellent wines, and the *loo* and *écarté* after dinner. Curious how even the youngest and fairest women will always harp upon the personal influence of a rival, instead of viewing her fascinations from the matter-of-fact or masculine standpoint.)

One cannot die; but on the other hand one cannot eat. Jane comes down stairs, holding the banister rather tight as she comes, and finds the dinner theory a failure. She can drink the two glasses of sherry, and finds herself better when she has drank them, but food offers a resistance to being swallowed, the like of which she has only once before experienced since she was born—the time when Theobald lay sick unto death in Frankfort, and when during forty-eight agonized hours the German doctors bade her, gravely, prepare for the worst.

However, appetite or no appetite, she will not break down outwardly, and goes with courage through the pretence of every course; Blossy all the time singing and dancing, with the crushing, unconscious cruelty of her age, around the room. Blossy, indiscriminative between dukes and grooms, has had two triumphs this afternoon—the gift of his Grace's dilapidated rosebud and the admiration of his Grace's groom, to whom, while Jane was packing the portmanteau, Bloss exhibited her pink boots on the doorstep. And now she is singing and dancing ballets to the inhabitants of her own world—to a couple of bluebottles in the window, to the sparrows twittering on the branches outside, to the portraits of the Theobald family, who seem to be looking down with profounder contempt than usual upon both mother and child. Happy Blossy! fated, I think, by temperament, the leaven of her father's Rip Van Winkle nature that is in her, never to suffer any very poignant pain, mental or moral, while she lives.

Jane feels in a sort of dual trance. She is herself, Jane Theobald, quietly sitting at table, with Esther the housemaid changing her plate, and Blossy dancing, and the ancestors glowering at her from

their dingy frames as usual. And all the time she is some one totally distinct from herself; a woman with hatred, with despair gnawing at her heart; a woman who watches the real Jane Theobald with a kind of hard, queer pity, knowing that the worst has not come for her—knowing, with a shudder for the fate she cannot avert, *what* that worst is likely to be.

As the sun goes down, the sky grows overcast with leaden mists, and by and by a soft, dull summer rain begins to fall. Fragrant garden scents come up beneath its influence through the open windows; the birds, though their roosting time is past, give little low rejoicing chirrups among the trees that overhang Theobalds.

To Jane all is black. Neither birds' songs nor scent of flowers reach her heart.

Dinner over, she goes up stairs with the child to her own room, takes out the materials that are to be confectioned into finery for the races, and begins to look over some fashion books her sister sent her by this morning's post from London. In five minutes' time books and finery are tossed listlessly aside together in a heap upon the bed. The sight of new fashions generally kindles Jane's artistic impulses at once, sets her nimble fingers ready for thread and needle. All her jaundiced eyes can see in them to-night are a set of idiots, with patches of pink, blue, or mauve stuck on the top of impossible chignons, over each simpering face—idiots with deformed waists and one Chinese foot apiece ridiculously pointed forth from beneath their flounced and furbelowed robes. They make her sick, as the taste of food and the sound of the slow-falling rain have made her sick already. Blossy begins to sing the "Ten Little Nigger Boys," a melody Miss Theobald has lately acquired, and which she goes through with conscientious vigor from the first line to the last. Jane shrinks from the merry shouting notes as though each were a blow, and rings for the nurse-girl to take the child to bed. Mamsey is tired, has a headache. Hannah will tuck Blossy in and hear her say her prayers to-night. After this she goes down stairs, walks restlessly up and down the gloomy drawing-room for a while, then wanders into the adjoining breakfast-room, takes up her place beside the window, and stands there long, blankly gazing out into the darkening, silent garden.

She is in the real, not the speech-making or highfalutin tragedy mood now; the dull, apathetic, tearless mood, when any excitement, any stimulus from without and unconnected with our own immediate surroundings comes as a deliverance (a mood which I have always thought must be the danger-point or crime-engendering mood, beyond all other, of our poor frail natures). An artist, at such a pass, may find safe relief in expression. If Jane were on the stage still, with what inimitable grace might not her jealous heart goad her into pirouetting to-night! In the dumb, pent-in life of ordinary men and women, there are no such legitimate safety valves. She feels she must do something; speak to somebody; must act, move, get away from herself. The thought of sleep, or rather of watching in this big lonely house and listening to the rats at midnight—she has had plenty of experience of such watching during the last fortnight—is intolerable to her. Yet she must bear it all! And to-night it will be watching for the morning only, not, as it has been before, for Theobald; no scene, either of anger or of forgiveness, to look forward to; only the dawn of another day of separation, of another day that he will spend at Lady Rose Golightly's side.

Yet she must bear it all!

"Must, and why must?" cries out her heart, suddenly recovering from its lethargy. Why, with youth and beauty still to the fore, mope through such an existence as this cold, and unloved, and neglected one that she sees opening before her? Why not return to the stage, at least till she is thirty years old—live? No fear of coldness or neglect there. The public is not Lidlington society; the public is not Francis Theobald! Ah, and would not any admiration, any notoriety, be better than such a life as Chalkshire is likely to offer her? Why, even the Duke of Malta—

A ring comes at the front-door bell just at this culminating point in her meditations, and Jane's heart beats violently—beats with a sensation which I scarce know whether to class as one of hope or of dread. "Sunday or any other day I shall be delighted to see you," she had told the Duke at parting. Is he taking her at her word already? A man's quick step sounds in the hall, approaches along

the passage. The door leading from the drawing-room opens, and in the shadowy half-light she recognizes, not the vacuous red face and corpulent dimensions of the Duke of Malta, but Rawdon Crosbie.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECRET OF JANE'S LIFE.

THE servant follows with a lamp, and Rawdon sees Jane's fair face advancing out of the gloom, unsmiling, but with a look of kindly surprise better than any set smile of welcome, to meet him.

"Bring in tea at once, Esther," she cries. "Mr. Crosbie, you find me all in darkness. I'm alone. Theobald is dining out to-night, and I forgot how late it was. I hope in common charity you will stay and drink tea with me?"

She shakes his hand warmly, but her own hand is deathly chill; there is an evident flurry and want of ease in her manner; and Rawdon Crosbie looks at her narrowly. "Has anything very dreadful happened," he asks as soon as the servant has left them alone—"has anything very dreadful happened, that you have gone back to calling me 'Mr. Crosbie'?"

"Oh, thousands of things have happened," Jane answers lightly. "I've got news of all sorts to tell you. If you hadn't come, I meant to have written you one of my lovely epistles. The fortnight expired yesterday, you know, and I was afraid you might forget about the races. Min is coming down on Wednesday for the day, and Captain Brabazon has invited us to lunch with them on the course. And, Rawdon, my poor boy, don't lose your breath, but his Grace the Duke of Malta is in Chalkshire, and he and I are tremendous friends already!"

"The express leaves Lidlington at nine forty-five," remarks Rawdon, "and it is about nine now. If I hurry I shall be in time for it. Good-night, Mrs. Theobald."

"Good-night before you have said how do you do? Why, you don't mean to say you are going to Woolwich to-night?"

"I am going back by the mail at eleven," says Rawdon; "at least I intended to do so. I ran down, hoping to pay you a visit of one hour, Mrs. Theobald, but under existing circumstances I see I may as well be off at once. With the Duke

of Malta for your friend, what room can there be left for me in——”

“My affections?” interrupts Jane with a laugh. “Oh, you don’t know how elastic my affections have become, how warm and genial my heart is growing to every one! And so you really took the trouble to come all this way to see me! Is this a good sign or a bad one, Rawdon? What have you been doing with yourself? How has the world been using you since that evening when I preached you the memorable sermon by gas-light in Maddox street?”

She talks cheerfully, but with too many words, with too palpable an effort at naturalness to be thoroughly natural, Rawdon Crosbie discerns. And how pale she has grown! pale and with what dark rings around her eyes! She looks older by any number of years than on the night when they danced the Grande Duchesse waltzes, and walked back to the Bellevue together, her hand upon his arm, the June moonlight kissing her soft, young, happy face.

“I hope you think me looking my best, Mr. Crosbie? I’m just in the humor for compliments this evening, so please tell me something flattering.”

“I think you are looking desperately ill,” answers Rawdon, with concern he neither dissembles nor seeks to dissemble in his voice. “The bleak Chalkshire air can surely not agree with you!”

“No, that’s just what it is,” says Jane with a short laugh. “The bleak air of Chalkshire does not agree with me! I was thinking how I could best have a change from it at the very time when you came in.”

“And Blossy, does she want change too? And,” suddenly recollecting the existence of the master of the house, “and Mr. Theobald?”

“Blossy is perfectly well, thanks,” answers Jane. The servant at this minute brings in the tea things, and she speaks with calmness and deliberation. “And Mr. Theobald, too. I told you, did I not, that he is dining at The Folly to-night? Chalkshire is Mr. Theobald’s native air, you see. It is not maine. That makes all the difference! Have you been to any of the theatres since I saw you, Rawdon? Have you seen Min in her new part? All the papers speak highly of her except one, and we know well enough who the miserable wretch was who wrote that! Even

poor good old Min is not without her enemies.” Then, without waiting for one of her questions to be answered, she crosses the room abruptly, and seating herself at the table begins to pour out the tea. Never in her life perhaps has Jane looked prettier than she does at this moment, despite her pallid cheeks and hollow eyes. If her beauty hitherto has had one definite fault, it has been in its overflow of health and freshness. A harsh critic might at any time have called it milkmaid beauty without great exaggeration. Paler, thinner; graver, Jane has advanced from “*beauté de diable*” to loveliness. Or so Rawdon Crosbie thinks.

He watches her, with the lamp-light bringing out the soft contours of her white dress and whiter throat and arms, and knows how much the madness which has overtaken and made shipwreck of his life has after a fortnight’s separation abated; watches her, and thinks that to hold the place in her regard De Lansac holds, to be De Lansac himself—Frenchman, adventurer, no matter what the man may be—he would gladly lay down all that six weeks ago made life of value in his eyes!

“I was fool enough to quarrel with my dinner to-day,” cries Jane in her usual unromantic style, “and I am going to make up for it now. I hope you are bread-and-butter hungry? It seems our fate to eat odd kinds of meals together,” she goes on as Rawdon takes his place beside her at the tea-table. “Do you remember our supper that first night at Spa, and how shocked you were at having to eat with your fingers? Ah, I have risen in the world since then. I can offer you a white and gold plate and a real silver teaspoon now.”

“And white and gold plates and real silver teaspoons are such essential conditions of enjoyment!” says Rawdon Crosbie.

“We spent a very jolly evening, I must say, though you were in such a queer temper. Do you remember how angry you were when I told you not to tread on your own toes, and to take De Lansac’s dancing for your model? Do you remember the girl in white and scarlet you so nearly fell in love with?”

“So very nearly!” answers Rawdon. “What a blessed thing it might have been for me if I had asked her to dance as I intended!”

"Perhaps. I can never go into the might-have-beens of life. The facts as they are are enough for me—rather too much, just at present. If I hadn't left the stage, I might have been a second Taglioni by this time."

"Heaven forbid!" says Rawdon hastily. "I mean how much better it is that you should be—what you are."

"You think so? Taglioni made heaps of money, and money, my dear child, money is everything! As the Duke of Malta says, what is there in this world that money can't buy?"

"And has it got to your thinking with the Duke of Malta's thoughts already, Mrs. Theobald?"

"Of course. Where is the good of having noble acquaintance if you don't try to raise yourself to their standard?"

"I must remember that sentiment of yours. The next time I talk to any one with a title, Lady Rose Golightly for instance, I must try to put it into practice."

No want of color in Jane's cheeks now. At Lady Rose's name the blood rushes with painful vividness over her face and throat. "Lady Rose is—a very fitting sister for the Duke of Malta!" she remarks quietly, but with a curious quiver of the lip. "What were we talking of? Oh, of the little girl at Spa you so nearly fell in love with. Let us keep as long as we can to pleasant subjects, to any subject that is not of Chalkshire! First, though," she puts out her hand and lays it kindly on young Rawdon's wrist, "I want you to tell me a little about yourself. How are your affairs getting on, Rawdon? Badly, I'm afraid, as you have not cut me!"

"On the contrary," answers Rawdon promptly, "my affairs are getting on a hundred times better than I could have hoped, inasmuch as you have not cut me! As I walked up in the rain from the station I was in fear and trembling, Mrs. Theobald! I hardly dared to ask whether you were at home, it seemed so unlikely that you would be good enough to receive me—"

"After my being blackballed by the Liddington Croquet Club, do you mean? If you knew how lightly that weighed on me! and it was all Blossy's fault; don't you remember the dirt pies? I felt it just a little, perhaps, when your mamma's note first came—Oh, it was a very civil note, Rawdon. You needn't fire up about

nothing. I don't think I should mind it much if I was set in a pillory and pelted now. But this is no answer to my question. How are your prospects looking? How is your engagement, how is everything at home getting on?"

"My prospects," says Rawdon, "are, that barring accidents, and if the usual death-rate of our regiment prevails, I may become a captain by the time I am five-and-forty. My engagement is broken off, and no one at home has written to me during the last ten days."

"Cheerful! And our friend with the eyelids, Major Hervey—what of him?"

"Our friend Major Hervey is staying, I believe, at my father's. I ought not to include him in the 'no one.' Major Hervey writes me charming little notes of sympathy and admonition, which I find very useful indeed—as pipe lights!"

Jane looks at him searchingly. "Rawdon, my friend," she cries in her incisive way, "do you know that you are jealous of Major Hervey? Don't deny it, don't be ashamed of it. You are jealous, and you have a right to be jealous. This stupid lovers' quarrel between you and Miss Marsland would have been made up long ago only for him. I saw them together for a minute to-day in Liddington, and in that minute I jumped to my own conclusions. Major Hervey intends that Miss Marsland shall be his wife!"

"I have not the slightest concern with Major Hervey's intentions," says Rawdon, in a tone he by no means succeeds in rendering indifferent. "Miss Marsland is free as air to choose or accept whom she will. She has rejected me, and for me that is sufficient."

"Miss Marsland rejected you! Yes, but did you tell her the truth? Did you apologize humbly, as I advised you, for being seen in such bad company that night at Wilcocks's?"

"I told Miss Marsland the truth about the past, the present, and, as far as I was able to look forward, the future. And on the strength of that truth she rejected me."

"And you are contented that it should be so? You are happier in your mind now that you have broken with everybody who cares for you in the world?"

"I am singularly happy this evening, Mrs. Theobald. And I hope I have not broken quite with everybody who cares for me in the world."

"You are a fool," says Jane, a little sadly. "It seems to me sometimes that every man and woman on the earth is a fool. What we can't have we want. What we can have we don't care for."

"Then our best wisdom is to apply to ourselves the French axiom," remarks Rawdon: "*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a!*"

The words are not out of his mouth before Jane bursts into one of her wildest laughs. To talk sentiment, as Rawdon has already found to his cost, is at all times to tread on thinnest ice with this least sentimental of God's creatures.

"I think if I was dying it would make me laugh to hear you talk French! *Ce qu'ong aime! Ce qu'ong a!* I wonder why all Englishmen have such a ridiculous accent?"

"For the same reason, probably, that they know nothing about flounces and bonnets, and tread on their own toes when they dance!" says Rawdon, all the old animus on the subject reviving at once.

"Probably," remarks Jane coolly. "Well, these things are their misfortune, not their fault. It is not given to every man to be——"

"—A Monsieur de Lansac, perhaps?" suggests Rawdon, as she hesitates.

In a second her face grows grave. "You are quite right there," she replies. "It is given to few men indeed to be a Monsieur de Lansac. Oh, how good it is to hear his name, to think of him only, in this horrid place, among all this horrid Chalkshire respectability!"

"Yes, that is a theme on which you are always warm," Rawdon exclaims bitterly.

"Warm? I should think I was warm! If you only knew how and why I first got to care for De Lansac! I was very nearly telling you once, that evening when"—she turns her head a little aside—"when Blossy found my silver amulet in your pocket. You remember?"

"Yes, I remember," says Rawdon, fixing his eyes coldly and sternly on her. "The amulet I had had the folly to rob you of! The treasure which, as Monsieur de Lansac's gift, was so inexpressibly precious to you!"

"De Lansac's gift! inexpressibly precious! What nonsense are you talking now?" cries Jane, looking up at him with

her unabashed blue eyes. "Did I ever tell you the locket was De Lansac's gift, pray?"

"I believed, certainly I believed, from the value you put upon it, that it must be so," answers Rawdon Crosbie.

"Then you believed wrong. See what comes of being over-wise! Once long ago I lost that locket from my chain; it was in Paris, and De Lansac was with us. Well, I never was so wretched about anything in my life, and when we got it again, by paying at least three times its worth, De Lansac had my initials cut on it for me. That is the whole story of my 'inexpressibly precious treasure,' Mr. Rawdon Crosbie."

"I beg pardon humbly, Mrs. Theobald. You must allow that it was not likely I should be able to evolve the story simply out of my own consciousness!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'evolving.' It isn't likely, blinded with prejudice as you are, that you should guess any truth about such a man as De Lansac. You know what he is, of course? Oh, I repeat," cries Jane, "I repeat how good it is to think of him, and of all the happy days we spent together, in this wretched place! A foreign adventurer—yes," giving weight to every syllable as though the Pippins were still her listeners, "a foreign adventurer, living about in Ems, Spa, Baden-Baden—no particular principles, no particular country, no particular friends, relatives, or connections. An adventurer—for anything I know to the contrary, what would be styled by people like you a *chevalier d'industrie*."

Rawdon is silent. He cannot forget that the possible *chevalier d'industrie* was the intimate associate in Spa of Francis Theobald—Francis Theobald, who is dining with the Duke of Malta to-night, whom every one in Chalkshire would call "friend" were they not choked off by the legitimacy of the bands that knit him to Jane and Blossy.

"But I don't care a rush for all that," she goes on. "I don't care a rush whether people are reckoned virtuous or the reverse. If the wine suits my taste, I don't look at the label on the bottle. De Lansac saved Theobald once from ruin—could a man of the nicest honor have done more?—and I shall love him to my life's end. You wouldn't care to hear how it happened, I suppose?"

"I care to hear anything in which you are deeply concerned, Mrs. Theobald."

"Well, I hadn't been married six months—we were spending the winter in Homburg—and one night, or rather one morning at daybreak, Theobald came back home and told me quietly that we were beggars. He had been at a dinner party given by De Lansac at his lodgings, and after dinner they had played banco. I don't know the game myself—I never learned and I never will learn one card from another—but I believe there is something in it, isn't there, that is called 'following your money'?" Theobald, it seems, had done this, and had followed it to such purpose as to lose every farthing we had in the world. I can't tell you how much that was. I was a little fool, just past sixteen; I knew no more about money then than Blossy knows now. But all was gone, he told me—yes, to our last hundred-franc note."

"And in Monsieur de Lansac's pocket naturally?" puts in Rawdon as she pauses.

"In De Lansac's pocket naturally. Theobald and he got intimate during the winter. When we first knew him he lived in the same hotel where we lived, and after breakfast that morning—I can see it all as if it happened yesterday—he came in to visit me. I was alone, and De Lansac put out his hand to me, English fashion, as I had taught him, and inquired in his usual friendly way for Monsieur Theobald.

"I blush, to this day I blush, when I think of my answer," goes on Jane. "Could he have the villainess to pretend friendship for us still? I asked him. From the first hour we met him he had caused everything to go wrong with my life. He had robbed me of my husband, had lured Theobald night after night to the gambling-table, and now that we were ruined through him he had come here to exult and triumph over us in our misery.

"Poor De Lansac! He heard me out patiently, but with a face white as any stone. When I had done, spent all the boiling passion that was at my heart, and you know—no, I believe you don't know yet what I can be when my blood is up—'Madame,' said he in his quiet, polished way, 'I think you are unjust in saying that any influence of mine has been wanted to give Monsieur Theobald the taste for

play. As regards the money that nominally changed hands last night,' he added, 'why, the whole thing was a jest, a pleasantry. Your husband, Madame, had dined too well, played like a child, a madman, but by good fortune his I O U's found their way, all of them, into my pocket, and I have brought them back to him.'

"And as he said this he took some bits of scribbled paper from his memorandum book, folded them neatly, tore them across, then flung the torn pieces into the fire. That is the story of how I came to love De Lansac."

Jane has moved from the tea-table in the course of her narrative, and stands now beside the wide-open window, stands there looking out with flushing cheeks, with moistened eyes, into the darkness. And, as she stands thus, Rawdon's suspicions on the subject of De Lansac begin to waver.

That she has told him the truth in the main he never doubts. Jane's worst enemy would find it hard to suspect her of deliberate falseness. But is it the whole truth? Watching her fair, flushed face, Rawdon Crosbie, with the self-torturing cleverness of jealousy, asks himself this question: Could De Lansac's generosity have been so purely disinterested? or did she hold his heart captive too (in this easy fashion she has of holding men's hearts captive), half-unconscious, careless at least that she was doing so, and receiving his chivalrous devotion to her husband's interest as a matter of course?

"Theobald took it all, as Theobald takes everything," says Jane presently. "'Honor among thieves, my dear Jenny.'" Whenever Jane narrates she gets dramatic instinctively. You would think it was Theobald's lazy, pleasant, half-sarcastic voice that speaks. "'Honor among thieves. It's a proverb the truth of which I have often doubted, my dear, but our friend's example shows that there may be something in it after all. De Lansac considers, evidently, that we are bound as vagabonds by a common freemasonry, and gives us the benefit of the guild.' So Theobald jested the obligation away at the time. Afterward, when we got a little better off in the world again—Theobald has come into one or two windfalls, you know, but they've all managed to disappear the same way—he was able to be of

use to De Lansac. If one wrote figures down upon a piece of paper, we might be quits. But I think we can never cry quits really as regards an action like De Lansac's," says Jane. "More than that, I wouldn't like to try it. I should be very sorry to be rid of my debt and all the gratitude and affection it has brought with it."

Her unashamed eyes, her steadfast voice, nay, the mere mention of that one word "affection," makes Rawdon waver more and more. And still he does not yet light upon the truth. It may sound cynical, paradoxical to say that the very last person men ordinarily dream of being jealous of, is a husband. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I believe it to be the truth. Throughout Rawdon's relations with Jane—the first five minutes in the Spa ball-room over—Mr. Francis Theobald has, in truth, been a personage who has never troubled his thoughts at all. A clothes-wearing man, with a drawl and an eye-glass, a couple of inches of brain, and a general talent for keeping conveniently out of the way—this, if he had been obliged to clothe his ideas on the subject with words, would probably have been Rawdon Crosbie's analysis of Jane's husband.

That such a nonentity, moral and social, could, after four years of marriage, fill a heart like Jane's "fuller than it could hold" of passionate love, is a contingency too wildly remote ever to have crossed young Rawdon's imagination.

"And so I hope," Jane goes on, "I hope you will never make spiteful speeches again about De Lansac. If you had been in a fitting temper to listen, I should have told you all this long ago—yes, on that very evening when Bloss rescued my poor old silver amulet out of the hands of the Philistines."

"The Philistines being——?"

"Mr. Rawdon Crosbie; for you know

you are a Philistine, Rawdon, heart and soul, and you will be one till you die, the better for you! If you had kept my locket, some day or other Mrs. Rawdon Crosbie would have found it. 'Who gave you this thing, sir? But I *insist* upon knowing'" (and now it is Miss Marsland's voice that speaks). "'It belonged to a woman once! Who was she? What was she? Where was she?' 'My dear, I scarcely remember—when I was a lad I had so many of these trifles,' etc. And Mrs. Rawdon presents it to one of her numerous children to hang round the cat's neck."

"Yes, that is all so likely. It is so perfectly certain that Mrs. Rawdon Crosbie will ever exist! In the mean time, Mrs. Theobald, though you have put the subject aside very dexterously, I think you have not told me the romance about the locket itself."

"Did I promise to tell it you? I certainly don't remember doing so. However, as it seems you *will* have long-winded stories to-night, I suppose I may as well set your curiosity at rest. To begin with, then, there's no romance at all. It was only—only the first present Theobald ever made me. We were walking along the Strand, just before we were married, one evening, and as I looked into a jeweller's window he asked me to choose whatever I liked for myself. I wouldn't have taken any expensive present from him—I can't tell you why—perhaps because I'd seen so much of what expensive presents come to with other people. But this little locket was second-hand and ticketed 'Seven shillings only,' so I said it was just what I should best like to have, and he went in and bought it for me."

Jane's eyes are downcast now; her tongue falters, her breast heaves. And in this moment Rawdon Crosbie first discovers the secret, the anomaly of her life: she is in love with Theobald still!

THE GREAT FAIR AT NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

MOST well-regulated Americans go to Russia, which in travelled circles is regarded as quite the proper thing to do. The Russians and Americans claim to be, and fancy they are, very good friends. They have no reason to be otherwise; for their countries, like their interests, are so far apart it is hardly possible for the two nations to clash. Their mutual good feeling, I suspect, depends not a little upon their ignorance of each other. Everything is so open here, and everything so secret there, that, in their travels in the Great Republic, they cannot believe what they see; while we, in our wanderings through the vast Autocracy, cannot see what we believe.

Most tourists, when they have visited St. Petersburg and Moscow; when they have been driven furiously through the Nevski Prospekt; have examined Isaac and Kazan cathedrals, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage; have done the Kremlin, the churches of the Assumption and the Archangel Michael, the Foundling Hospital, and a few other sights and scenes of the ancient capital—feel satisfied that they have exhausted Russia, and quit it with entire contentment.

The most remarkable and peculiar phase of Russian life, however, is to be witnessed in the Great Fair at Nijni-Novgorod (the city is some two hundred and sixty miles east of Moscow), which, being held during the summer, when few strangers visit the dominions of the Czar, is not likely to prove attractive to mere pleasure-seekers. Novgorod, called Nijni (Lower) to distinguish it from Veliki (Great) Novgorod, on the Volkhov, is a town of nearly forty thousand inhabitants, at the confluence of the Volga and Oka rivers. It consists of an upper and lower town, and is in situation not unlike Vicksburg or Natchez. The upper town, on a height south of the Volga, is imposing in appearance, with some good streets and noticeable public buildings. The lower town, on flat ground, is composed mainly of wooden structures, and communicates by a bridge of boats across the Oka with the broad triangular space (between the two rivers) on which the fair is held.

Novgorod has at all seasons an active internal commerce, but derives its chief importance from the vast annual gathering of merchants and traders from every quarter of the globe.

The Great Fair, by far the largest in the world, begins (O. S.) on the 1st of July, which with us is the 13th, and continues for eight weeks, ending, according to our reckoning, on the 7th of September, and according to the Russian, on the 26th of August. I have heard of several Americans who, forgetting the different mode of computing time in the East and West, have gone to Novgorod on or about the 1st of July (N. S.), only to learn that the fair, the sole object of their visit, did not begin until the 13th. As nothing but the vast mercantile convocation could induce a tourist to remain in the sweltering heat of the Russian town, the travellers departed, angry at their disappointment, and stoutly declaring the fair not worth seeing anyhow.

The triangular peninsula on which the fair is held is often overflowed in the spring and autumn by the rise of the rivers, and only in midsummer is the space certain to be dry. A great many stone and iron warehouses and shops are on the ground; but none of them are occupied except during the eight memorable weeks. About the 1st of July (N. S.) the silent and deserted plain shows signs of bustle and activity. A large number of wooden booths, shops, dwellings, and houses of almost every kind are put up, and whole streets, squares, and courts formed by these impromptu buildings from materials expressly designed and kept on the spot for the purpose. The majority of the houses are one story high, with sales-rooms in the front and sleeping apartments for the merchant and his servants in the rear. Among the other structures are churches, theatres, restaurants, and tea-houses, furnishing consolation to the soul, entertainment to the mind, and nourishment to the body. What is known as the interior part of the fair is regularly laid out in fourteen or fifteen streets, lined with thousands of shops, terminating in a Russian church, and a dozen or more

quaint and curious Chinese pavilions, from whose summit a good view may be had.

The occasion is considered of such importance that the governor of the province has a dwelling in the centre of the ground, and makes it his residence during the time of the fair. The lower floor of the gubernatorial mansion is converted into a bazaar for the sale of manufactured goods and fancy articles, mainly of European production, though the extent and variety of the wares offered make it a cosmopolitan quarter of the mart.

All the streets, the whole length of which is said to be thirty-five or forty miles, stand upon sewers made of hewn stone constructed by the Emperor Alexander I. at an enormous expense, which I have heard estimated as high as twenty-five millions of roubles—about eighteen millions of our money. Every species of dirt is thrown into these vaulted cloacæ, entered at several points by substantial staircases. If any one attempts to defile the streets in any way, the Cossacks, who perform the police duty, at once order him to retire to the vaults. The excellence of the work and the vigilance which is observed prevent the fair from becoming unhealthy, as it would necessarily do otherwise, with such a tremendous crowd in attendance during such burning weather.

Before crossing the bridge of boats, which will remind you of that over the Rhine at Mayence, it will be well for the tourist to go to the higher part of the town and ascend Minin's tower, whence an admirable panorama will be presented to the eye. The entire fair can be taken in at a glance, with its crowded streets, its variegated shops, and thousands and tens of thousands of representatives of almost every clime under the sun, the white-washed towers and crenellated walls of the ancient Kremlin, the queer roofs of the houses of the city peering out from amid the foliage of surrounding trees, the Oka and Volga rivers traceable for many miles with their steamers, barks, barges, and vessels of every description, and the toiling Tartars unloading cargoes at the water's edge.

These Tartars you will find by no means attractive in person, habit, or garb. They are an undeveloped-looking race, often having flat noses, receding foreheads, coarse mouths, and high cheek bones. They are extremely untidy, and seem to have an unconquerable objection to wear-

ing whole garments. Out of a hundred you will hardly find one whose apparel does not consist chiefly of rags, and it would not be safe to wager that three in a thousand had ever made the acquaintance of anything like a bath. The heat and dust of midsummer and the labor they perform have no tendency to increase their agreeableness; and sensitive persons are not likely to breathe the same oxygen with them when it can be avoided. If the Tartars are not cleanly, they are at least industrious, and will work harder for a few coopecks than most men would for the same number of roubles. It has frequently been said that the best of the Russians are only Tartars with a French polish, and that you have but to scratch their skin to discover beneath it their native race. Whether this be so or not, the Tartar stevedores are without polish either of French or any other sort, and something more than mere scratching would be required to reach their epidermis.

Crossing over the bridge which is the only means of communication with the fair, you will encounter an immense throng of pedestrians and vehicles of every variety. On each side of the bridge, and for nearly two miles above it, the river, wider than the Thames at Westminster, is so crowded with vessels that the stream flowing beneath them is barely visible. A population of at least fifty thousand people live on these boats during the fair, reminding one of the aquatic population of China, and of the Dutch who make their homes on *trekschuits*. After nightfall such a noise of countless voices shouting, singing, and swearing in a hundred tongues rises from the occupants of the vessels, that it seems as if Babel had been revived, and any one might readily be excused if he mistook Bashnia Minina for the postdiluvian tower. The barges, many of which have come all the way from the Caspian sea, sixteen hundred miles distant, differ as much in shape as in size. They appear to illustrate the art of ship-building from the time of Noah's ark to the present day, and some of them show but little improvement upon the very primitive ideas which the son of Lamech must have had. Nearly all of them are ugly and awkward in the extreme, and are evidently intended for use without regard to symmetry or proportion.

On the other side of the bridge the fair

ground begins, and is crowded with *moujiks* in search of employment, intermingled with Cossacks engaged in preserving order. As you go on, you pass lines of temporary booths, bristling with beads, trinkets, clothing for the peasants, and countless gewgaws. There are Tartar caps, Kirghis bonnets, and Kazan cowls, with such miscellaneous articles of apparel and adornment as appeal to the common people the world over. Behind the booths are the tea-houses, so common everywhere in Russia, full of small tables occupied from morning to night by tradesmen and their customers, who almost always make their negotiations and bind their bargains over numerous cups of the Chinese plant.

The fondness of the Muscovite for tea is altogether unappeasable. He begins to drink it in his early childhood, and drinks it to his dying day. He takes it strong, clear, and so scalding hot that it would blister any other lips and throat but his. I doubt if he have any limit to his consumption. I have known him to swallow a dozen large cups at one sitting, and recommence after a few minutes and with as much avidity as if he had been deprived of his favorite liquid for many months.

The Russians certainly have much better tea than can be had anywhere else in Europe or in America. They account for its superiority not only by the fact that they order and pay for the very best quality, but that, coming overland, it is not injured as with us by a sea voyage. The *joltai chai*, or yellow tea, which is the blossom, not the leaf of the plant, is seldom seen in any other part of Europe. It is very expensive, nine or ten dollars a pound, and has a delicacy and flavor of which no other tea can boast. The brick tea is another kind of the common sort that seldom goes out of Russia, and is consumed by the Kalmucks and Kirghises of the steppes.

Besides the tea-houses are *traktirs* or restaurants, large enough to accommodate three or four hundred persons, where any one can dine for from ten copecks up to twenty roubles, according to his appetite and purse. Very few of these restaurants prepare food in a manner acceptable to an American, though some conducted on the French plan are very good. Most of the nationalities represented at the fair are far from fastidious as to their appetite, regarding meals rather as means of subsistence

than from an epicurean point of view. As Bashkirs, Turkomans, Circassians, and Kalmucks usually eat voraciously whatever is set before them, they have no objection to the Russian cuisine, to which an Anglo-Saxon palate only resigns itself after long familiarity.

In Russia, various relishes, such as fresh caviar, smoked salmon, radishes, cheese, and raw herrings, are eaten under the name of *zakushka*, and served as a little dinner or luncheon (*vorschmack*). The dinner proper (*obed*) consists of soups, *rostigai* (patés of isinglass and sturgeon), *solianka* (fish and cabbage), *pjarskie kotlety* (chicken cutlets), *porosēnok* (cold boiled pig with horse-radish), *barany-bok s-kashoi* (roast mutton stuffed with buckwheat), *jarkoē* (roast grouse), and *pirojnoē* (sweet dishes). Some of the soups, as the *okroshka*, are made of fermented rye, with pieces of meat, herring, and cucumber, and served ice-cold, and very few of them are palatable.

As to drinks, the Russians have native wines answering to sherry, burgandy, and champagne, and very fair ciders and ales; while coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes complete the feast. Sterlet, a kind of sturgeon, considered by the natives the best fish that swims, and really excellent, all strangers should eat, that they may have their own opinion of it. It is very dear, and sometimes brings its weight in silver. The restaurateurs usually keep their fish in a kind of aquarium where their patron may select such a one as he wishes, and have it prepared for his dinner. This custom ought to be imitated here, for, as everybody knows, no fish is really good that is not perfectly fresh.

The grand entrance to the fair is always the most crowded part, and if the traveller can squeeze himself into some convenient place for observation, he will witness a diversity of character and country that he can hardly find elsewhere. One thing will impress him—the serious and earnest appearance of the thousands who are constantly passing and repassing. There are no clowns, professional fortune-tellers, charlatans, or mountebanks at Novgorod, as there are at the fairs in Germany, France, and England. Everybody, save a few sight-seers, is bent on business, and absorbed in the idea of money-making. The mighty throng in attendance is made up of merchants, traders, speculators, and bankers, much of whose fortune

depends on the extent and price of their sales and purchases. Many of them make journeys of thousands of miles, and some occupy the greater part of the year in coming to and returning from Novgorod. It can hardly be expected, therefore, that they should have the lightness of manner and the exuberant spirits of more volatile nations who have comparatively little at stake.

Another feature conspicuous by its absence is women. You may be at the fair a whole day without seeing a single one, albeit there is a feminine straggler here and there who has accompanied her father or husband or brother from some distant country or adjacent town, but who is apt to be coarse in person and uninteresting in character. Genuine misogynists, if there be any such, should make a mid-summer pilgrimage to the confluence of the Oka and Volga, and spend two months in the crowd, confusion, and heat, that they may have a realizing sense of what a paradise even a very miserable place may become when relieved from the society of women. These self-deluding Timons, whose imagined antipathy to the sex generally arises from suspected slights and wounded vanity, will, I venture to say, after spending July and August at the fair, hurry back to Paris or New York, and find in the charming monsters of the Boulevards or Broadway new causes for worship and for cynicism.

Once in the regular quarters of the fair, you will see Asia, Africa, Europe, and even America represented in a small space, and, unless you be skilled in judging of costumes and facial types by wide experience in travel, you will be troubled to determine the nationality of many of the traders and merchants you meet. There is the broad-faced Mongol, the classic-featured Greek, the dark-eyed, hook-nosed Jew, the sturdy German, the intense-looking Frenchman, the sober Persian, the phlegmatic Hollander, the restless Pole, the eager Italian, the indolent Turk, the shrewd Armenian, the abstracted Chinaman, with a sprinkling of people from every climate and every zone. All creeds are expressed in the motley throng—the Mohammedan, the Greek, the Hebrew, the Roman Catholic, the Giaour, the Boodhist, and the Parsee. It is certainly an extraordinary congregation of physiognomies and theologies, and shows conclusively how the whole world, both in its

secular and spiritual relations, responds to and is governed by the touchstone of money. The Archangel merchant comes here with his fur, the Pekinese with his tea, the Tartar with his muslin, the Cossack with his hides, the Astrakhanese with his caviar, the Bukharian with his turquoise and gems, the Persian with his perfumes, the Kalmuck and Kirghis with their wild ponies, the Siberian with his iron, and a whole host of merchants from Western Europe bringing wine and watches, amber and drugs, pipes and jewelry, and substantial and fancy goods laboriously and cunningly wrought.

One of the largest and most important quarters is devoted to the sale of tea, introduced into Russia by Kiakhta, an insignificant town on the frontier, opposite the Chinese city Maimaitchin. There the tea is exchanged for goods, thence transported by land in small packages, covered with skin, to Koorsk in Siberia. It is then put into barges and carried by the Irtysh and Tobol rivers to the town of Tremen, whence it is again borne overland to Perm, embarked once more on boats down the Kama to the Volga, and so makes its way to Novgorod. Over one hundred thousand chests are annually imported, and the greater part of these are sold at the fair. The Russian tea, it may be observed, is so much stronger than that used elsewhere that a single pound of it will go quite as far as two or even three pounds of the kind received in England or this country.

The tea trade is not, as might be imagined, controlled by the Chinese, only a few of whom journey to Novgorod. Russian and Siberian merchants act as intermediaries, and realize the large profits of the commercial transactions. A vast deal of chaffering takes place between the tea-sellers and tea-buyers, and it sometimes happens that the original prices asked are lowered fully one-third, or even one-half, before a bargain is made. As the latter days of August draw near, dealers who have large stocks on hand are willing to make liberal concessions, as all their arrangements and calculations end with the fair. It is not, however, safe to depend on expectations of lower quotations, for figures are almost as likely to advance as to decline. Prices there, as in all markets, are regulated by demand and supply, and if very large purchases, whether of tea or of anything else, be made early, rates go up

What might be termed a town of metal is the quarter appropriated to the sale of Siberian iron. Street after street is filled with iron, wrought into every form for practical use. Most of it is bar iron, though there are palisades, railings, framework, and countless implements for agricultural and domestic use. This branch of the fair is very important, as the Siberian iron has a great reputation, and commands high prices. Merchants from different parts of Asia, from all over Europe, and even from America, go to Novgorod to make purchases, depending largely on that market for their supply. The trouble and cost of transporting such heavy and bulky material not only make it expensive, but render its sale necessary. During the eight weeks, therefore, prices often fluctuate, and if a large stock be left on hand toward the close of August, it can usually be purchased at reduced quotations. There is no "bulling" and "bearing" of the market as with us, for the reason, I suppose, that there is no opportunity. The entire stock of every article is exposed for sale when the fair begins, so that any report of excessive or deficient supply, either actual or prospective, would be not only useless but absurd.

A suburb on the opposite side of the Oka the Persians occupy with silk goods, small carpets, and splendid shawls. If women attended the fair, they would gather here in largest number, for many of the fabrics are singularly fine and exceedingly beautiful. The goods are disposed of at high figures, even higher, I have been told, than they can sometimes be bought for in Paris and London.

The skin and fur department includes the coat of nearly every animal inhabiting the Arctic Circle, from the smallest to the largest, from the sable to the bear. Sables even there are much dearer than would be thought; a pelisse of the best skins of the little quadruped rating at twenty-five to thirty-five hundred dollars. Very few of the Russians can afford to wear sables, and the common people in cities of the empire believe when they see a man or a woman attired in the precious furs that he or she must be a member of the nobility, just as children in rustic towns fancy that dappled horses have some mysterious connection with circus companies.

Wood from which the bark has been stripped is offered at Novgorod in large

quantities, and is readily purchased to make wagon wheels and those high-bowed collars for horses, which travellers in Russia must so well remember.

A very curious article of commerce at the fair is salt and dried fish (they are called sordacs, I think), brought from the Caspian, for which there is an active demand for the numerous fast-days of the Russians. The Greek Church enjoins so much abstinence from meat—nearly four months out of twelve—that fish becomes a necessary article of consumption among all its devotees. The fish quarter is on the bank of the river, and, under the blazing rays of the sun, the exhalations it gives out from the millions of divided bodies do not add to the sweetness of the by no means fragrant fair. The bisected fish carcasses ranged regularly in rows would give the impression of a vast piscatory cabinet, were not the specimens so limitless and in many respects so uniform.

Bells of numerous sizes, patterns, and prices are transported to Novgorod, and hung on frames so that their sound can be tested. The tone of a bell, however, makes very little difference with its sale, for the average ear of a Russian cannot distinguish between melody and discord. This may be the reason the nation is so fond of bells, though the peasants, who are the most ignorant and superstitious in the world, connect many theological notions with them, and devoutly believe that within the range of their sound they are less exposed to misfortune than they would otherwise be. So long as they can hear the clapper of a bell, however harsh, they seem contented, and next to supreme drunkenness this seems to be their loftiest pleasure. Their love of tintinnabulation altogether surpasses that of the Italians, Spaniards, or Belgians; and with the Muscovite anything called a bell makes music, whether it be the peals of Isaac Cathedral or the clangor of an iron tongue against a concave of pot metal.

It would be impossible to enumerate in anything less than a large volume the number and variety of articles for sale at the fair. Any quantity of what might be termed small wares, such as talismans, malachite and lapis-lazuli ornaments, curious belts of silver, and every sort of bauble, are to be had in profusion. You must be very careful, however, about making any offers without learning the price, for the dealers are very shrewd, and

have a particular knack of getting at your mode of bargaining. Different as the nationalities are, they all seem to have the Hebrew gift of trading, and if you are not very cautious you will be wheedled and duped in spite of yourself. The Russians, who from their very recent civilization might be supposed to have the barbarian virtue of truth-telling, are not surpassed in their love of falsehood by any people in Europe or Asia. They seem to misrepresent on instinct, and in all mercantile affairs consider fabrication indispensable to success. In one thing the tradesmen are consistent: if they have once named a price for an article, they are slow to name another; though should a second buyer come to them, they will let it go for much less.

The Russian, and indeed the whole Eastern mode of calculation, is not by figures as with us, but by the abacus; the balls on the lowest wire of the frame representing units, the second tens, the third hundreds, and so on. They are very expert in this manner of reckoning, and often determine what a large sale amounts to even more rapidly than one of our experienced accountants.

Astute and lacking in veracity of statement as tradesmen are at the fair, when they have once settled with a purchaser upon the rate to be paid, they can be trusted with perfect safety. Their word then is indeed as good as their bond, since they will keep it to the very letter. They believe themselves privileged to indulge in all manner of tricks until the bargain is struck, and then there is no further quibbling nor prevarication. "You shall have it at that price," they say, and, shaking the hand of the buyer over a cup of tea, or possibly a glass of fiery *vodka*, no doubt need be entertained of the most rigid adherence to the promise. No guarantee, no form of writing is necessary. If the merchant live, he will assuredly redeem his word.

The outskirts of the fair, though far less orderly and methodical, are more interesting than the centre. There is a great deal of confusion there, and such crowds of carts, traders, itinerant venders of refreshments and cigarettes, beggars, monks, gypsies, and mountebanks, clad in all sorts of garments, and babbling in all tongues, cannot fail to make the hot and dusty throng attractive to the eye. The monks are extremely slovenly and fusty, and, like

so many of the Roman Catholic order, seem to regard dirt as the most solid basis of theology. They are mendicants of course, and in the name of the Greek Church and of charity (if the charity were to begin at home with a little soap and water, it might well be commended) solicit alms from every passer-by. The poorest peasants are the most liberal givers, because they think that what they bestow upon the priests will pay a large interest as a divine investment. The small tradesmen, too, who are rarely educated, yield their copecks freely, lest the filthy ecclesiastics, whom they imagine, naturally enough, to be on most intimate terms with the devil, should induce him to blight their bargains and mar their pecuniary prospects.

Of beggars there is a superabundant supply at the fair. They always look for a harvest at Novgorod, and make their annual visit, not only from every part of Russia, but from Turkey, Bukharia, Circassia, and other remote regions. It seems rather odd to us that mendicants and vagabonds should go thousands of miles for the mere sake of begging; though it appears less strange when it is remembered that all persons of their sort will take greater pains and make more effort to dupe the public than to earn money by honest labor. It costs them little or nothing to make their journey, for by their pitiful petitions and by aiding in the conduct of caravans, the transportation of goods, and the transfer of cargoes, they manage to reach their destination, and return home, if they can be said to have a home, by the same means. They ply their calling very much as the Spanish beggars do, regarding any ulcer or deformity they may happen to have as so much capital, and the more hideous and revolting it is the better they like it. I have been told that some of these wandering nuisances not only cultivate but actually create sores and wounds which they may display as evidence of their suffering and a guarantee of their sincerity. Of course any person of sensibility would rather part with a few copecks than be made a witness of such repulsive sights, and on this trait of human nature the Slavonic lazzaroni largely depend. The miserable fellows also have recourse to inventions of misfortunes and disasters, such as fires, floods, and sickness, which with most solemn adjurations they declare have befallen them.

And so specious are their stories that they not infrequently impose upon unsuspecting strangers.

Gypsies, native to Russia, but as a race universal, are numerous at the great convocation. They not only tell fortunes and sell trinkets, they dance and sing for the entertainment of spectators, and often display considerable skill in these arts. Several gypsies, I am informed, have by culture and training acquired fame and fortune as leaders of the ballet and singers in the theatres of Warsaw, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. As a rule, however, their movements are awkward and their voices harsh; but the ordinary Russian is quite as willing to reward intention as performance.

Every variety of character, calling, and country, is to be encountered in the outskirts of the fair, and all one sees and learns there would be more agreeable and interesting were it not for the excessive heat and choking dust, which almost always accompany the great mercantile convention. Albeit we do not associate high temperature with Russia, its summers, though short, are, even in St. Petersburg, burning and sweltering. There is no region, in fact, unless on lofty altitudes, where some part of the summer is not oppressive. Northern Siberia itself, symbol as it is of eternal ice and snow, is by no means an exception. The heat is intense there during the month of July, and the mosquitoes in that remote hyperborean clime are abundant and venomous to a degree unknown to New Jersey or Arkansas.

The annual attendance at Novgorod is estimated by the daily sale of bread, of which the bakers are bound to make exact returns. It varies in different years from one hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand people; never less than the former, and never more than the latter.

The fair is said to have been more crowded than usual the past season, owing to the belief on the part of the Eastern nations that the interruption of trade and commerce in France and Germany during the war would make a larger demand for many of their commodities.

The sales and purchases during the eight weeks amount on an average to, in our currency, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. A large part of the goods is disposed of on twelve to twenty-four months' time, the bills being met almost invariably with en-

tire promptness. From the fact that the commercial meeting takes place only annually, tradesmen are often compelled to buy and dealers to sell more largely than they would do otherwise; and indeed the whole system is so fraught with serious inconveniences and disadvantages, that the fair would not and could not be kept up in a country thoroughly civilized in the Anglo-Saxon sense, and furnished with nineteenth-century facilities. The great gathering at Novgorod could not be except in a comparatively thinly settled region, whose inhabitants are ignorant, and indeed semi-barbarous in manners, customs, and mode of living. When Russia is bound together by telegraphs and railways, as she will be ere long, the fair at Novgorod will be superfluous. Even now it is losing every year not a little of its interest and importance, and will soon give way to the spirit of progress and the more modern laws of exchange and barter, as the cumbrous and awkward towing machines on the Volga have given way to the compact and efficient steam-tugs.

The fair was formerly held at Macariev, further down on the Volga, but was removed in 1816, when that town was destroyed by fire. Still earlier it took place at Kazan, so that it will be seen that the vast commercial convention has, like the course of empire, been moving west. Before long, it will be transferred and distributed to such controlling centres as Berlin and Paris, London and New York.

The triangular plain between the rivers on which the fair is held is, as I have said, never occupied except during the eight weeks of its continuance. The crowded scene of extraordinary bustle and barter to-day becomes to-morrow as silent as the grave and as lonely as the desert. The great city of merchants rises up like the palace of Aladdin in a single night, and as suddenly disappears. In the hope of gain, commercial travellers come thousands and thousands of weary miles, from the wastes of Siberia and the shores of the Archipelago, from the wilds of Tartary and the bazars of Egypt, from the looms of Persia and the cities of the Celestial Empire, making of the sandy peninsula on the Volga a Strand of the Levant, a Palais Royal of the steppes, a Broadway of the dreamy East, and giving to the world the cunning of every hand and the fabric of every clime.

JUNIOUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BURKE'S SPEECHES.

LUCY MORRIS had been told by Lady Fawn that—in point of fact, that, being a governess, she ought to give over falling in love with Frank Greystock, and she had not liked it. Lady Fawn no doubt had used words less abrupt—had probably used but few words, and had expressed her meaning chiefly by little winks, and shakings of her head, and small gestures of her hands, and had ended by a kiss—in all of which she had intended to mingle mercy with justice, and had, in truth, been full of love. Nevertheless, Lucy had not liked it. No girl likes to be warned against falling in love, whether the warning be needed or not needed. In this case Lucy knew very well that the caution was too late. It might be all very well for Lady Fawn to decide that her governess should not receive visits from a lover in her house; and then the governess might decide whether, in those circumstances, she would remain or go away; but Lady Fawn could have no right to tell her governess not to be in love. All this Lucy said to herself over and over again, and yet she knew that Lady Fawn had treated her well. The old woman had kissed her, and purred over her, and praised her, and had really loved her. As a matter of course, Lucy was not entitled to have a lover. Lucy knew that well enough. As she walked alone among the shrubs she made arguments in defence of Lady Fawn as against herself. And yet at every other minute she would blaze up into a grand wrath, and picture to herself a scene in which she would tell Lady Fawn boldly that as her lover had been banished from Fawn Court, she, Lucy, would remain there no longer. There were but two objections to this course. The first was that Frank Greystock was not her lover; and the second, that on leaving Fawn Court she would not know whither to betake herself. It was understood by everybody that she was never to leave Fawn Court till an unexceptionable home should be found for her, either with the Hittaways or elsewhere.

Lady Fawn would no more allow her to go away, depending for her future on the mere chance of some promiscuous engagement, than she would have turned one of her own daughters out of the house in the same forlorn condition. Lady Fawn was a tower of strength to Lucy. But then a tower of strength may at any moment become a dungeon.

Frank Greystock was not her lover. Ah, there was the worst of it all! She had given her heart and had got nothing in return. She conned it all over in her own mind, striving to ascertain whether there was any real cause for shame to her in her conduct. Had she been unmaidenly? Had she been too forward with her heart? Had it been extracted from her, as women's hearts are extracted, by efforts on the man's part; or had she simply chucked it away from her to the first comer? Then she remembered certain scenes at the deanery, words that had been spoken, looks that had been turned upon her, a pressure of the hand late at night, a little whisper, a ribbon that had been begged, a flower that had been given; and once, once——; then there came a burning blush upon her cheek that there should have been so much, and yet so little that was of avail. She had no right to say to any one that the man was her lover. She had no right to assure herself that he was her lover. But she knew that some wrong was done her in that he was not her lover.

Of the importance of her own self as a living thing with a heart to suffer and a soul to endure, she thought enough. She believed in herself, thinking of herself, that should it ever be her lot to be a man's wife, she would be to him a true, loving friend and companion, living in his joys, and fighting, if it were necessary, down to the stumps of her nails in his interests. But of what she had to give over and above her heart and intellect she never thought at all. Of personal beauty she had very little appreciation even in others. The form and face of Lady Eustace, which indeed were very lovely, were distasteful to her; whereas she delighted to look upon the broad, plain, colorless countenance of Lydia Fawn, who was endeared

to her by frank good humor and an unselfish disposition. In regard to men, she had never asked herself the question whether this man was handsome or that man ugly. Of Frank Greystock she knew that his face was full of quick intellect; and of Lord Fawn she knew that he bore no outward index of mind. One man she not only loved, but could not help loving. The other man, as regarded that sort of sympathy which marriage should recognize, must always have been worlds asunder from her. She knew that men demand that women shall possess beauty, and she certainly had never thought of herself as beautiful; but it did not occur to her that on that account she was doomed to fail. She was too strong-hearted for any such fear. She did not think much of these things, but felt herself to be so far endowed as to be fit to be the wife of such a man as Frank Greystock. She was a proud, stout, self-confident, but still modest little woman, too fond of truth to tell lies of herself even to herself. She was possessed of a great power of sympathy, genial, very social, greatly given to the mirth of conversation—though in talking she would listen much and say but little. She was keenly alive to humor, and had at her command a great fund of laughter, which would illumine her whole face without producing a sound from her mouth. She knew herself to be too good to be a governess for life; and yet how could it be otherwise with her?

Lady Linlithgow's visit to her niece had been made on a Thursday, and on that same evening Frank Greystock had asked his question in the House of Commons—or rather had made his speech about the Sawab of Mygawb. We all know the meaning of such speeches. Had not Frank belonged to the party that was out, and had not the resistance to the Sawab's claim come from the party that was in, Frank would not probably have cared much about the prince. We may be sure that he would not have troubled himself to read a line of that very dull and long pamphlet of which he had to make himself master before he could venture to stir in the matter, had not the road of Opposition been open to him in that direction. But what exertion will not a politician make with the view of getting the point of his lance within the joints of his enemies' harness? Frank made his speech,

and made it very well. It was just the case for a lawyer, admitting that kind of advocacy which it is a lawyer's business to practise. The Indian minister of the day, Lord Fawn's chief, had determined, after much anxious consideration, that it was his duty to resist the claim; and then, for resisting it, he was attacked. Had he yielded to the claim, the attack would have been as venomous, and very probably would have come from the same quarter. No blame by such an assertion is cast upon the young Conservative aspirant for party honors. It is thus the war is waged. Frank Greystock took up the Sawab's case, and would have drawn mingled tears and indignation from his hearers, had not his hearers all known the conditions of the contest. On neither side did the hearers care much for the Sawab's claims, but they felt that Greystock was making good his own claims to some future reward from his party. He was very hard upon the minister, and he was hard also upon Lord Fawn, stating that the cruelty of Government ascendancy had never been put forward as a doctrine in plainer terms than those which had been used in "another place" in reference to the wrongs of this poor ill-used native chieftain. This was very grievous to Lord Fawn, who had personally desired to favor the ill-used chieftain; and harder again because he and Greystock were intimate with each other. He felt the thing keenly, and was full of his grievance when, in accordance with his custom, he came down to Fawn Court on the Saturday evening.

The Fawn family, which consisted entirely of women, dined early. On Saturdays, when his lordship would come down, a dinner was prepared for him alone. On Sundays they all dined together at three o'clock. On Sunday evening Lord Fawn would return to town to prepare himself for his Monday's work. Perhaps, also, he disliked the sermon which Lady Fawn always read to the assembled household at nine o'clock on Sunday evening. On this Saturday he came out into the grounds after dinner, where the oldest unmarried daughter, the present Miss Fawn, was walking with Lucy Morris. It was almost a summer evening; so much so, that some of the party had been sitting on the garden benches, and four of the girls were still playing croquet on the lawn, though there was hardly light enough to see the

balls. Miss Fawn had already told Lucy that her brother was very angry with Mr. Greystock. Now, Lucy's sympathies were all with Frank and the Sawab. She had endeavored, indeed, and had partially succeeded, in perverting the Under-Secretary. Nor did she now intend to change her opinions, although all the Fawn girls, and Lady Fawn, were against her. When a brother or a son is an Under-Secretary of State, sisters and mothers will constantly be on the side of the Government, so far as that Under-Secretary's office is concerned.

"Upon my word, Frederic," said Augusta Fawn, "I do think Mr. Greystock was too bad."

"There's nothing these fellows won't say or do," exclaimed Lord Fawn. "I can't understand it myself. When I've been in opposition, I never did that kind of thing."

"I wonder whether it was because he is angry with mamma," said Miss Fawn. Everybody who knew the Fawns knew that Augusta Fawn was not clever, and that she would occasionally say the very thing that ought not to be said.

"Oh dear, no," said the Under-Secretary, who could not endure the idea that the weak women-mind of his family should have, in any way, an influence on the august doings of Parliament.

"You know mamma did——"

"Nothing of that kind at all," said his lordship, putting down his sister with great authority. "Mr. Greystock is simply not an honest politician. That is about the whole of it. He chose to attack me because there was an opportunity. There isn't a man in either House who cares for such things, personally, less than I do." Had his lordship said "more than he did," he might perhaps have been correct. "But I can't bear the feeling. The fact is, a lawyer never understands what is and what is not fair fighting."

Lucy felt her face tingling with heat, and was preparing to say a word in defence of that special lawyer, when Lady Fawn's voice was heard from the drawing-room window. "Come in, girls. It's nine o'clock." In that house Lady Fawn reigned supreme, and no one ever doubted for a moment as to her obedience. The clicking of the balls ceased, and those who were walking immediately turned their faces to the drawing-room window. But Lord Fawn, who was not one of the girls,

took another turn by himself, thinking of the wrongs he had endured.

"Frederic is so angry about Mr. Greystock," said Augusta, as soon as they were seated.

"I do feel that it was provoking," said the second sister.

"And considering that Mr. Greystock has so often been here, I don't think it was kind," said the third.

Lydia did not speak, but could not refrain from glancing her eyes at Lucy's face. "I believe everything is considered fair in Parliament," said Lady Fawn.

Then Lord Fawn, who had heard the last words, entered through the window. "I don't know about that, mother," said he. "Gentlemanlike conduct is the same everywhere. There are things that may be said and there are things which may not. Mr. Greystock has altogether gone beyond the usual limits, and I shall take care that he knows my opinion."

"You are not going to quarrel with the man?" asked the mother.

"I am not going to fight him, if you mean that; but I shall let him know that I think that he has transgressed." This his lordship said with that haughty superiority which a man may generally display with safety among the women of his own family.

Lucy had borne a great deal, knowing well that it was better that she should bear such injury in silence; but there was a point beyond which she could not endure it. It was intolerable to her that Mr. Greystock's character as a gentleman should be impugned before all the ladies of the family, every one of whom did, in fact, know her liking for the man. And then it seemed to her that she could rush into the battle, giving a side blow at his lordship on behalf of his absent antagonist, but appearing to fight for the Sawab. There had been a time when the poor Sawab was in favor at Fawn Court. "I think Mr. Greystock was right to say all he could for the prince. If he took up the cause, he was bound to make the best of it." She spoke with energy and with a heightened color; and Lady Fawn, hearing her, shook her head at her.

"Did you read Mr. Greystock's speech, Miss Morris?" asked Lord Fawn.

"Every word of it, in the 'Times.'"

"And you understood his allusion to what I had been called upon to say in the

House of Lords on behalf of the Government?"

"I suppose I did. It did not seem to be difficult to understand."

"I do think Mr. Greystock should have abstained from attacking Frederic," said Augusta.

"It was not—not quite the thing that we are accustomed to," said Lord Fawn.

"Of course I don't know about that," said Lucy. "I think the prince is being used very ill, that he is being deprived of his own property, that he is kept out of his rights, just because he is weak, and I am very glad that there is some one to speak up for him."

"My dear Lucy," said Lady Fawn, "if you discuss politics with Lord Fawn, you'll get the worst of it."

"I don't at all object to Miss Morris's views about the Sawab," said the Under-Secretary, generously. "There is a great deal to be said on both sides. I know of old that Miss Morris is a great friend of the Sawab."

"You used to be his friend, too," said Lucy.

"I felt for him, and do feel for him. All that is very well. I ask no one to agree with me on the question itself. I only say that Mr. Greystock's mode of treating it was unbecoming."

"I think it was the very best speech I ever read in my life," said Lucy, with headlong energy and heightened color.

"Then, Miss Morris, you and I have very different opinions about speeches," said Lord Fawn, with severity. "You have, probably, never read Burke's speeches."

"And I don't want to read them," said Lucy.

"That is another question," said Lord Fawn; and his tone and manner were very severe indeed.

"We are talking about speeches in Parliament," said Lucy. Poor Lucy! She knew quite as well as did Lord Fawn that Burke had been a House of Commons orator; but in her impatience, and from absence of the habit of argument, she omitted to explain that she was talking about the speeches of the day.

Lord Fawn held up his hands, and put his head a little on one side. "My dear Lucy," said Lady Fawn, "you are showing your ignorance. Where do you suppose that Mr. Burke's speeches were made?"

"Of course I know they were made in Parliament," said Lucy, almost in tears.

"If Miss Morris means that Burke's greatest efforts were not made in Parliament, that his speech to the electors of Bristol, for instance, and his opening address on the trial of Warren Hastings, were, upon the whole, superior to——"

"I didn't mean anything at all," said Lucy.

"Lord Fawn is trying to help you, my dear," said Lady Fawn.

"I don't want to be helped," said Lucy.

"I only mean that I thought Mr. Greystock's speech as good as it could possibly be. There wasn't a word in it that didn't seem to me to be just what it ought to be. I do think that they are ill-treating that poor Indian prince, and I am very glad that somebody has had the courage to get up and say so."

No doubt it would have been better that Lucy should have held her tongue. Had she simply been upholding against an opponent a political speaker whose speech she had read with pleasure, she might have held her own in the argument against the whole Fawn family. She was a favorite with them all, and even the Under-Secretary would not have been hard upon her. But there had been more than this for poor Lucy to do. Her heart was so truly concerned in the matter, that she could not refrain herself from resenting an attack on the man she loved. She had allowed herself to be carried into superlatives, and had almost been uncourteous to Lord Fawn. "My dear," said Lady Fawn, "we won't say anything more upon the subject." Lord Fawn took up a book. Lady Fawn busied herself in her knitting. Lydia assumed a look of unhappiness, as though something very sad had occurred. Augusta addressed a question to her brother in a tone which plainly indicated a feeling on her part that her brother had been ill-used and was entitled to especial consideration. Lucy sat silent and still, and then left the room with a hurried step. Lydia at once rose to follow her, but was stopped by her mother. "You had better leave her alone just at present, my dear," said Lady Fawn.

"I did not know that Miss Morris was so particularly interested in Mr. Greystock," said Lord Fawn.

"She has known him since she was a child," said his mother.

About an hour afterwards Lady Fawn went up stairs and found Lucy sitting all alone in the still so-called school-room. She had no candle, and had made no pretence to do anything since she had left the room down stairs. In the interval family prayers had been read, and Lucy's absence was unusual and contrary to rule. "Lucy, my dear, why are you sitting here?" said Lady Fawn.

"Because I am unhappy."

"What makes you unhappy, Lucy?"

"I don't know. I would rather you didn't ask me. I suppose I behaved badly down stairs."

"My son would forgive you in a moment if you asked him."

"No; certainly not. I can beg your pardon, Lady Fawn, but not his. Of course I had no right to talk about speeches, and politics, and this prince in your drawing-room."

"Lucy, you astonish me."

"But it is so. Dear Lady Fawn, don't look like that. I know how good you are to me. I know you let me do things which other governesses mayn't do; and say things; but still I am a governess, and I know I misbehaved—to you." Then Lucy burst into tears.

Lady Fawn, in whose bosom there was no stony corner or morsel of hard iron, was softened at once. "My dear, you are more like another daughter to me than anything else."

"Dear Lady Fawn!"

"But it makes me unhappy when I see your mind engaged about Mr. Greystock. There is the truth, Lucy. You should not think of Mr. Greystock. Mr. Greystock is a man who has his way to make in the world, and could not marry you, even if, under other circumstances, he would wish to do so. You know how frank I am with you, giving you credit for honest, sound good sense. To me and to my girls, who know you as a lady, you are as dear a friend as though you were—anything you may please to think. Lucy Morris is to us our own dear, dear little friend Lucy. But Mr. Greystock, who is a member of Parliament, could not marry a governess."

"But I love him so dearly," said Lucy, getting up from her chair, "that his slightest word is to me more than all the words of all the world beside. It is no use, Lady Fawn. I do love him, and I don't mean to try to give it up." Lady

Fawn stood silent for a moment, and then suggested that it would be better for them both to go to bed. During that minute she had been unable to decide what she had better say or do in the present emergency.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

THE reader will perhaps remember that when Lizzie Eustace was told that her aunt was down stairs Frank Greystock was with her, and that he promised to return on the following day to hear the result of the interview. Had Lady Linlithgow not come at that very moment Frank would probably have asked his rich cousin to be his wife. She had told him that she was solitary and unhappy; and after that what else could he have done but ask her to be his wife? The old countess, however, arrived and interrupted him. He went away abruptly, promising to come on the morrow; but on the morrow he never came. It was a Friday, and Lizzie remained at home for him the whole morning. When four o'clock was passed she knew that he would be at the House. But still she did not stir. And she contrived that Miss Macnulty should be absent the entire day. Miss Macnulty was even made to go to the play by herself in the evening. But her absence was of no service. Frank Greystock came not; and at eleven at night Lizzie swore to herself that should he ever come again, he should come in vain. Nevertheless, through the whole of Saturday she expected him with more or less of confidence, and on the Sunday morning she was still well inclined toward him. It might be that he would come on that day. She could understand that a man with his hands so full of business as were those of her cousin Frank should find himself unable to keep an appointment. Nor would there be fair ground for permanent anger with such a one, even should he forget an appointment. But surely he would come on the Sunday! She had been quite sure that the offer was about to be made when that odious old harriidan had come in and disturbed everything. Indeed, the offer had been all but made. She had felt the premonitory flutter, had asked herself the important question, and had answered it. She had told herself that the thing would do. Frank was not the exact hero that

her fancy had painted, but he was sufficiently heroic. Everybody said that he would work his way up to the top of the tree, and become a rich man. At any rate she had resolved; and then Lady Linlithgow had come in! Surely he would come on the Sunday.

He did not come on the Sunday, but Lord Fawn did come. Immediately after morning church Lord Fawn declared his intention of returning at once from Fawn Court to town. He was very silent at breakfast, and his sisters surmised that he was still angry with poor Lucy. Lucy, too, was unlike herself, was silent, sad, and oppressed. Lady Fawn was serious, and almost solemn; so that there was little even of holy mirth at Fawn Court on that Sunday morning. The whole family, however, went to church, and immediately on their return Lord Fawn expressed his intention of returning to town. All the sisters felt that an injury had been done to them by Lucy. It was only on Sundays that their dinner-table was graced by the male member of the family, and now he was driven away. "I am sorry that you are going to desert us, Frederic," said Lady Fawn. Lord Fawn muttered something as to absolute necessity, and went. The afternoon was very dreary at Fawn Court. Nothing was said on the subject; but there was still the feeling that Lucy had offended. At four o'clock on that Sunday afternoon Lord Fawn was closeted with Lady Eustace.

The "closeting" consisted simply in the fact that Miss Macnulty was not present. Lizzie fully appreciated the pleasure, and utility, and general convenience of having a companion, but she had no scruple whatever in obtaining absolute freedom for herself when she desired it. "My dear," she would say, "the best friends in the world shouldn't always be together; should they? Wouldn't you like to go to the Horticultural?" Then Miss Macnulty would go to the Horticultural, or else up into her own bedroom. When Lizzie was beginning to wax wrathful again because Frank Greystock did not come, Lord Fawn made his appearance. "How kind this is," said Lizzie. "I thought you were always at Richmond on Sundays."

"I have just come up from my mother's," said Lord Fawn, twiddling his hat. Then Lizzie, with a pretty eagerness, asked after Lady Fawn and the girls, and

her dear little friend Lucy Morris. Lizzie could be very prettily eager when she pleased. She leaned forward her face as she asked her questions, and threw back her loose lustrous lock of hair, with her long lithe fingers covered with diamonds—the diamonds, these, which Sir Florian had really given her, or which she had procured from Mr. Benjamin in the clever manner described in the opening chapter. "They are all quite well, thank you," said Lord Fawn. "I believe Miss Morris is quite well, though she was a little out of sorts last night."

"She is not ill, I hope," said Lizzie, bringing the lustrous lock forward again.

"In her temper, I mean," said Lord Fawn.

"Indeed! I hope Miss Lucy is not forgetting herself. That would be very sad, after the great kindness she has received." Lord Fawn said that it would be very sad, and then put his hat down upon the floor. It came upon Lizzie at that moment, as by a flash of lightning—by an electric message delivered to her intellect by that movement of the hat—that she might be sure of Lord Fawn if she chose to take him. On Friday she might have been sure of Frank, only that Lady Linlithgow came in the way. But now she did not feel at all sure of Frank. Lord Fawn was at any rate a peer. She had heard that he was a poor peer—but a peer, she thought, can't be altogether poor. And though he was a stupid owl—she did not hesitate to acknowledge to herself that he was as stupid as an owl—he had a position. He was one of the Government, and his wife would, no doubt, be able to go anywhere. It was becoming essential to her that she should marry. Even though her husband should give up the diamonds, she would not in such case incur the disgrace of surrendering them herself. She would have kept them till she had ceased to be a Eustace. Frank had certainly meant it on that Thursday afternoon; but surely he would have been in Mount Street before this if he had not changed his mind. We all know that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. "I have been at Fawn Court once or twice," said Lizzie, with her sweetest grace, "and I always think it a model of real family happiness."

"I hope you may be there very often," said Lord Fawn."

"Ah, I have no right to intrude myself on your mother, Lord Fawn."

There could hardly be a better opening than this for him had he chosen to accept it. But it was not thus that he had arranged it—for he had made his arrangements. "There would be no feeling of that kind, I am sure," he said. And then he was silent. How was he to deploy himself on the ground before him so as to make the strategy which he had prepared answer the occasion of the day? "Lady Eustace," he said, "I don't know what your views of life may be."

"I have a child, you know, to bring up."

"Ah, yes; that gives a great interest, of course."

"He will inherit a very large fortune, Lord Fawn; too large, I fear, to be of service to a youth of one-and-twenty; and I must endeavor to fit him for the possession of it. That is, and always must be, the chief object of my existence." Then she felt that she had said too much. He was just the man who would be fool enough to believe her. "Not but what it is hard to do it. A mother can of course devote herself to her child; but when a portion of the devotion must be given to the preservation of material interests there is less of tenderness in it. Don't you think so?"

"No doubt," said Lord Fawn; "no doubt." But he had not followed her, and was still thinking of his own strategy. "It's a comfort, of course, to know that one's child is provided for."

"Oh, yes; but they tell me the poor little dear will have forty thousand a year when he's of age; and when I look at him in his little bed, and press him in my arms, and think of all that money, I almost wish that his father had been a poor plain gentleman." Then the handkerchief was put to her eyes, and Lord Fawn had a moment in which to collect himself.

"Ah! I myself am a poor man; for my rank I mean."

"A man with your position, Lord Fawn, and your talents and genius for business, can never be poor."

"My father's property was all Irish, you know."

"Was it indeed?"

"And he was an Irish peer till Lord Melbourne gave him an English peerage."

"An Irish peer, was he?" Lizzie understood nothing of this, but presumed

that an Irish peer was a peer who had not sufficient money to live upon. Lord Fawn, however, was endeavoring to describe his own history in as few words as possible.

"He was then made Lord Fawn of Richmond, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. Fawn Court, you know, belonged to my mother's father before my mother's marriage. The property in Ireland is still mine, but there's no place on it."

"Indeed!"

"There was a house, but my father allowed it to tumble down. It's in Tipperary; not at all a desirable country to live in."

"Oh dear, no! Don't they murder the people?"

"It's about five thousand a year, and out of that my mother has half for her life."

"What an excellent family arrangement," said Lizzie. There was so long a pause made between each statement that she was forced to make some reply.

"You see, for a peer, the fortune is very small indeed."

"But then you have a salary, don't you?"

"At present I have; but no one can tell how long that may last."

"I'm sure it's for everybody's good that it should go on for ever so many years," said Lizzie.

"Thank you," said Lord Fawn. "I'm afraid, however, there are a great many people who don't think so. Your cousin Greystock would do anything on earth to turn us out."

"Luckily my cousin Frank has not much power," said Lizzie. And in saying it she threw into her tone, and into her countenance, a certain amount of contempt for Frank as a man and as a politician, which was pleasant to Lord Fawn.

"Now," said he, "I have told you everything about myself which I was bound, as a man of honor, to tell before I—I—I—. In short, you know what I mean."

"Oh, Lord Fawn!"

"I have told you everything. I owe no money, but I could not afford to marry a wife without an income. I admire you more than any woman I ever saw. I love you with all my heart." He was now standing upright before her, with the fingers of his right hand touching his left breast, and there was something al-

most of dignity in his gesture and demeanor. "It may be that you are determined never to marry again. I can only say that if you will trust yourself to me—yourself and your child—I will do my duty truly by you both, and will make your happiness the chief object of my existence." When she had listened to him thus far, of course she must accept him; but he was by no means aware of that. She sat silent, with her hands folded on her breast, looking down upon the ground; but he did not as yet attempt to seat himself by her. "Lady Eustace," he continued, "may I venture to entertain a hope?"

"May I not have an hour to think of it?" said Lizzie, just venturing to turn a glance of her eye upon his face.

"Oh, certainly. I will call again whenever you may bid me."

Now she was silent for two or three minutes, during which he still stood over her. But he had dropped his hand from her breast, and had stooped, and picked up his hat ready for his departure. Was he to come again on Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday? Let her tell him that and he would go. He doubtless reflected that Wednesday would suit him best, because there would be no House. But Lizzie was too magnanimous for this. "Lord Fawn," she said, rising, "you have paid me the greatest compliment that a man can pay a woman. Coming from you it is doubly precious; first, because of your character; and secondly——"

"Why secondly?"

"Secondly, because I can love you."

This was said in her lowest whisper, and then she moved toward him gently, and almost laid her head upon his breast. Of course he put his arm round her waist, but it was first necessary that he should once more disembarass himself of his hat, and then her head was upon his breast. "Dearest Lizzie," he said.

"Dearest Frederic," she murmured.

"I shall write to my mother to-night," he said.

"Do, do, dear Frederic."

"And she will come to you at once, I am sure."

"I will receive her and love her as a mother," said Lizzie, with all her energy. Then he kissed her again, her forehead and her lips, and took his leave, promising to be with her at any rate on Wednesday.

"Lady Fawn!" she said to herself.

The name did not sound so well as that of Lady Eustace. But it is much to be a wife; and more to be a peeress.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWING WHAT THE MISS FAWNS SAID, AND WHAT MRS. HITTAWAY THOUGHT.

In the way of duty Lord Fawn was a Hercules, not, indeed, "climbing trees in the Hesperides," but achieving enterprises which to other men, if not impossible, would have been so unpalatable as to have been put aside as impracticable. On the Monday morning, after he was accepted by Lady Eustace, he was with his mother at Fawn Court before he went down to the India Office.

He had at least been very honest in the description he had given of his own circumstances to the lady whom he intended to marry. He had told her the exact truth; and though she, with all her cleverness, had not been able to realize the facts when related to her so suddenly, still enough had been said to make it quite clear that, when details of business should hereafter be discussed in a less hurried manner, he would be able to say that he had explained all his circumstances before he had made his offer. And he had been careful, too, as to her affairs. He had ascertained that her late husband had certainly settled upon her for life an estate worth four thousand a year. He knew, also, that eight thousand pounds had been left her, but of that he took no account. It might be probable that she would have spent it. If any of it were left, it would be a godsend. Lord Fawn thought a great deal about money. Being a poor man, filling a place fit only for rich men, he had been driven to think of money, and had become self-denying and parsimonious, perhaps we may say hungry and close-fisted. Such a condition of character is the natural consequence of such a position. There is, probably, no man who becomes naturally so hard in regard to money as he who is bound to live among rich men, who is not rich himself, and who is yet honest. The weight of the work of life in these circumstances is so crushing, requires such continued thought, and makes itself so continually felt, that the mind of the sufferer is never free from the contamination of sixpences. Of such a one it is not fair

to judge as of other men with similar incomes. Lord Fawn had declared to his future bride that he had half five thousand a year to spend, or the half, rather, of such actual income as might be got in from an estate presumed to give five thousand a year, and it may be said that an unmarried gentleman ought not to be poor with such an income. But Lord Fawn unfortunately was a lord, unfortunately was a landlord, unfortunately was an Irish landlord. Let him be as careful as he might with his sixpences, his pounds would fly from him, or, as might perhaps be better said, could not be made to fly to him. He was very careful with his sixpences, and was always thinking, not exactly how he might make two ends meet, but how to reconcile the strictest personal economy with the proper bearing of an English nobleman.

Such a man almost naturally looks to marriage as an assistance in the dreary fight. It soon becomes clear to him that he cannot marry without money, and he learns to think that heiresses have been invented exactly to suit his case. He is conscious of having been subjected to hardship by Fortune, and regards female wealth as his legitimate mode of escape from it. He has got himself, his position, and perhaps his title, to dispose of, and they are surely worth so much per annum. As for giving anything away, that is out of the question. He has not been so placed as to be able to give. But, being an honest man, he will, if possible, make a fair bargain. Lord Fawn was certainly an honest man, and he had been endeavoring for the last six or seven years to make a fair bargain. But then it is so hard to decide what is fair. Who is to tell a Lord Fawn how much per annum he ought to regard himself as worth? He had, on one or two occasions, asked a high price, but no previous bargain had been made. No doubt he had come down a little in his demand in suggesting a matrimonial arrangement to a widow with a child, and with only four thousand a year. Whether or no that income was hers in perpetuity, or only for life, he had not positively known when he made his offer. The will made by Sir Florian Eustace did not refer to the property at all. In the natural course of things, the widow would only have a life-interest in the income. Why should Sir Florian make away, in perpetuity, with his family property?

Nevertheless, there had been a rumor abroad that Sir Florian had been very generous; that the Scotch estate was to go to a second son in the event of there being a second son; but that otherwise it was to be at the widow's own disposal. No doubt, had Lord Fawn been persistent, he might have found out the exact truth. He had, however, calculated that he could afford to accept even the life-income. If more should come of it, so much the better for him. He might, at any rate, so arrange the family matters that his heir, should he have one, should not at his death be called upon to pay something more than half the proceeds of the family property to his mother, as was now done by himself.

Lord Fawn breakfasted at Fawn Court on the Monday, and his mother sat at the table with him, pouring out his tea. "Oh, Frederic," she said, "it is so important!"

"Just so; very important indeed. I should like you to call and see her either to-day or to-morrow."

"That's of course."

"And you had better get her down here."

"I don't know that she'll come. Ought I to ask the little boy?"

"Certainly," said Lord Fawn, as he put a spoonful of egg into his mouth; "certainly."

"And Miss Macnulty?"

"No; I don't see that at all. I'm not going to marry Miss Macnulty. The child, of course, must be one of us."

"And what is the income, Frederic?"

"Four thousand a year. Something more nominally, but four thousand to spend."

"You are sure about that?"

"Quite sure."

"And for ever?"

"I believe so. Of that I am not sure."

"It makes a great difference, Frederic."

"A very great difference indeed. I think it is her own. But at any rate she is much younger than I am, and there need be no settlement out of my property. That is the great thing. Don't you think she's—nice?"

"She is very lovely."

"And clever?"

"Certainly very clever. I hope she is not self-willed, Frederic."

"If she is, we must try and balance it," said Lord Fawn, with a little smile. But,

in truth, he had thought nothing about any such quality as that to which his mother now referred. The lady had an income. That was the first and most indispensable consideration. She was fairly well-born, was a lady, and was beautiful. In doing Lord Fawn justice, we must allow that, in all his attempted matrimonial speculations, some amount of feminine loveliness had been combined with feminine wealth. He had for two years been a suitor of Violet Effingham, who was the acknowledged beauty of the day—of Violet Effingham, who at the present time was the wife of Lord Chiltern; and he had offered himself thrice to Madame Max-Goesler, who was reputed to be as rich as she was beautiful. In either case, the fortune would have been greater than that which he would now win, and the money would certainly have been for ever. But in these attempts he had failed; and Lord Fawn was not a man to think himself ill-used because he did not get the first good thing for which he asked.

"I suppose I may tell the girls?" said Lady Fawn.

"Yes, when I am gone. I must be off now, only I could not bear not to come and see you."

"It was so like you, Frederic."

"And you'll go to-day?"

"Yes, if you wish it—certainly."

"Go up in the carriage, you know, and take one of the girls with you. I would not take more than one. Augusta will be the best. You'll see Clara, I suppose." Clara was the married sister, Mrs. Hittaway.

"If you wish it."

"She had better call too—say on Thursday. It's quite as well that it should be known. I shan't choose to have more delay than can be avoided. Well, I believe that's all."

"I hope she'll be a good wife to you, Frederic."

"I don't see why she shouldn't. Good-by, mother. Tell the girls I will see them next Saturday." He didn't see why this woman he was about to marry should not be a good wife to him! And yet he knew nothing about her, and had not taken the slightest trouble to make inquiry. That she was pretty he could see; that she was clever he could understand; that she lived in Mount street was a fact; her parentage was known to him; that as the undoubted mistress of a large

income was beyond dispute. But, for aught he knew, she might be afflicted by every vice to which a woman can be subject. In truth, she was afflicted by so many, that the addition of all the others could hardly have made her worse than she was. She had never sacrificed her beauty to a lover—she had never sacrificed anything to anybody—nor did she drink. It would be difficult, perhaps, to say anything else in her favor; and yet Lord Fawn was quite content to marry her, not having seen any reason why she should not make a good wife! Nor had Sir Florian seen any reason; but she had broken Sir Florian's heart.

When the girls heard the news they were half frightened and half delighted. Lady Fawn and her daughters lived very much out of the world. They also were poor rich people—if such a term may be used—and did not go much into society. There was a butler kept at Fawn Court, and a boy in buttons, and two gardeners, and a man to look after the cows, and a carriage and horses, and a fat coachman. There was a cook and a scullery maid, and two lady's maids—who had to make the dresses—and two housemaids and a dairy-maid. There was a large old brick house to be kept in order, and handsome grounds with old trees. There was, as we know, a governess, and there were seven unmarried daughters. With such incumbrances, and an income altogether not exceeding three thousand pounds per annum, Lady Fawn could not be rich. And yet who would say that an old lady and her daughters could be poor with three thousand pounds a year to spend? It may be taken almost as a rule by the unennobled ones of this country, that the sudden possession of a title would at once raise the price of every article consumed twenty per cent. Mutton that before cost ninepence would cost twopence a pound, and the mouths to be fed would demand more meat. The chest of tea would run out quicker. The laborer's work, which for the farmer is ten hours a day, for the squire nine, is for the peer only eight. Miss Jones, when she becomes Lady de Jongh, does not pay less than threepence apiece for each "my lady" with which her ear is tickled. Even the baronet when he becomes a lord has to curtail his purchases because of increased price, unless he be very wide awake to the affairs of the world. Old Lady Fawn, who would not on any ac

count have owed a shilling which she could not pay, and who, in the midst of her economies, was not close-fisted, knew very well what she could do and what she could not. The old family carriage and the two lady's maids were there, as necessities of life; but London society was not within her reach. It was, therefore, the case that they had not heard very much about Lizzie Eustace. But they had heard something. "I hope she won't be too fond of going out," said Amelia, the second girl.

"Or extravagant," said Georgiana, the third.

"There was some story of her being terribly in debt when she married Sir Florian Eustace," said Diana, the fourth.

"Frederic will be sure to see to that," said Augusta, the eldest.

"She is very beautiful," said Lydia, the fifth.

"And clever," said Cecilia, the sixth.

"Beauty and cleverness won't make a good wife," said Amelia, who was the wise one of the family.

"Frederic will be sure to see that she doesn't go wrong," said Augusta, who was not wise.

Then Lucy Morris entered the room with Nina, the cadette of the family. "Oh, Nina, what do you think?" said Lydia.

"My dear!" said Lady Fawn, putting up her hand and stopping further indiscreet speech.

"Oh, mamma, what is it?" asked the cadette.

"Surely Lucy may be told," said Lydia.

"Well, yes; Lucy may be told certainly. There can be no reason why Lucy should not know all that concerns our family; and the more so as she has been for many years intimate with the lady. My dear, my son is going to be married to Lady Eustace."

"Lord Fawn going to marry Lizzie!" said Lucy Morris, in a tone which certainly did not express unmingled satisfaction.

"Unless you forbid the banns," said Diana.

"Is there any reason why he should not?" said Lady Fawn.

"Oh, no; only it seems so odd. I didn't know that they knew each other; not well, that is. And then——"

"Then what, my dear?"

"It seems odd; that's all. It's all very nice, I dare say, and I'm sure I hope they will be happy." Lady Fawn, however, was displeased, and did not speak to Lucy again before she started with Augusta on the journey to London.

The carriage first stopped at the door of the married daughter in Warwick Square. Now Mrs. Hittaway, whose husband was chairman of the Board of Civil Appeals, and who was very well known at all Boards and among official men generally, heard much more about things that were going on than did her mother. And, having been emancipated from maternal control for the last ten or twelve years, she could express herself before her mother with more confidence than would have become the other girls. "Mamma," she said, "you don't mean it!"

"I do mean it, Clara. Why should I not mean it?"

"She is the greatest vixen in all London."

"Oh, Clara!" said Augusta.

"And such a liar," said Mrs. Hittaway.

There came a look of pain across Lady Fawn's face, for Lady Fawn believed in her eldest daughter. But yet she intended to fight her ground on a matter so important to her as was this. "There is no word in the English language," she said, "which conveys to me so little of defined meaning as that word vixen. If you can, tell me what you mean, Clara."

"Stop it, mamma."

"But why should I stop it, even if I could?"

"You don't know her, mamma."

"She has visited at Fawn Court more than once. She is a friend of Lucy's."

"If she is a friend of Lucy Morris, mamma, Lucy Morris shall never come here."

"But what has she done? I have never heard that she has behaved improperly. What does it all mean? She goes out everywhere. I don't think she has had any lovers. Frederic would be the last man in the world to throw himself away upon an ill-conditioned young woman."

"Frederic can see just as far as some other men, and not a bit further. Of course she has an income—for her life."

"I believe it is her own altogetherness Clara."

"She says so, I don't doubt. I believe she is the greatest liar about London. You find out about her jewels before she married poor Sir Florian, and how much he had to pay for her. Or rather, I'll find out. If you want to know, mamma, you just ask her own aunt, Lady Linlithgow."

"We all know, my dear, that Lady Linlithgow quarrelled with her."

"It's my belief that she is over head and ears in debt again. But I'll learn. And when I have found out, I shall not scruple to tell Frederic. Orlando will find out all about it." Orlando was the Christian name of Mrs. Hittaway's husband. "Mr. Camperdown, I have no doubt, knows all the ins and outs of her story. The long and the short of it is this, mamma, that I've heard quite enough about Lady Eustace to feel certain that Frederic would live to repent it."

"But what can we do?" said Lady Fawn.

"Break it off," said Mrs. Hittaway.

Her daughter's violence of speech had a most depressing effect upon poor Lady Fawn. As has been said, she did believe in Mrs. Hittaway. She knew that Mrs. Hittaway was conversant with the things of the world, and heard tidings daily which never found their way down to Fawn Court. And yet her son went about quite as much as did her daughter. If Lady Eustace was such a reprobate as was now represented, why had not Lord Fawn heard the truth? And then she had already given in her own adhesion, and had promised to call. "Do you mean that you won't go to her?" said Lady Fawn.

"As Lady Eustace? certainly not. If Frederic does marry her, of course I must know her. That's a different thing. One has to make the best one can of a bad bargain. I don't doubt they'd be separated before two years were over."

"Oh, dear, how dreadful!" exclaimed Augusta.

Lady Fawn, after much consideration, was of opinion that she must carry out her intention of calling upon her son's intended bride in spite of all the evil things that had been said. Lord Fawn had undertaken to send a message to Mount street, informing the lady of the honor intended for her. And in truth Lady Fawn was somewhat curious now to see the household of the woman who

might perhaps do her the irreparable injury of ruining the happiness of her only son. Perhaps she might learn something by looking at the woman in her own drawing-room. At any rate she would go. But Mrs. Hittaway's words had the effect of inducing her to leave Augusta where she was. If there were contamination, why should Augusta be contaminated? Poor Augusta! She had looked forward to the delight of embracing her future sister-in-law; and would not have enjoyed it the less, perhaps, because she had been told that the lady was false, profligate, and a vixen. As, however, her position was that of a girl, she was bound to be obedient, though over thirty years old, and she obeyed.

Lizzie was of course at home, and Miss Macnulty was of course visiting the Horticultural Gardens or otherwise engaged. On such an occasion Lizzie would certainly be alone. She had taken great pains with her dress, studying not so much her own appearance as the character of her visitor. She was very anxious, at any rate for the present, to win golden opinions from Lady Fawn. She was dressed richly, but very simply. Everything about her room betokened wealth; but she had put away the French novels, and had placed a Bible on a little table, not quite hidden, behind her own seat. The long lustrous lock was tucked up, but the diamonds were still upon her fingers. She fully intended to make a conquest of her future mother-in-law and sister-in-law; for the note which had come up to her from the India Office had told her that Augusta would accompany Lady Fawn. "Augusta is my favorite sister," said the enamored lover, "and I hope that you two will always be friends." Lizzie, when she had read this, had declared to herself that of all the female oafs she had ever seen, Augusta Fawn was the greatest oaf. When she found that Lady Fawn was alone, she did not betray herself, or ask for the beloved friend of the future. "Dear, dear Lady Fawn," she said, throwing herself into the arms and nestling herself against the bosom of the old lady, "this makes my happiness perfect." Then she retreated a little, still holding the hand she had grasped between her own, and looking up into the face of her future mother-in-law. "When he asked me to be his wife, the first thing I thought of was whether you would come

to me at once." Her voice as she thus spoke was perfect. Her manner was almost perfect. Perhaps there was a little too much of gesture, too much gliding motion, too violent an appeal with the eyes, too close a pressure of the hand. No suspicion, however, of all this would have touched Lady Fawn had she come to Mount street without calling in Warwick square on the way. But those horrible words of her daughter were ringing in her ears, and she did not know how to conduct herself.

"Of course I came as soon as he told me," she said.

"And you will be a mother to me?" demanded Lizzie.

Poor Lady Fawn! There was enough of maternity about her to have enabled her to undertake the duty for a dozen sons' wives—if the wives were women with whom she could feel sympathy. And she could feel sympathy very easily, and she was a woman not at all prone to inquire too curiously as to the merits of a son's wife. But what was she to do after the caution she had received from Mrs. Hittaway? How was she to promise maternal tenderness to a vixen and a liar? By nature she was not a deceitful woman. "My dear," she said, "I hope you will make him a good wife."

It was not very encouraging, but Lizzie made the best of it. It was her desire to cheat Lady Fawn into a good opinion, and she was not disappointed when no good opinion was expressed at once. It is seldom that a bad person expects to be accounted good. It is the general desire of such a one to conquer the existing evil impression; but it is generally presumed that the evil impression is there. "Oh, Lady Fawn!" she said, "I will so strive to make him happy. What is it that he likes? What would he wish me to do and to be? You know his noble nature, and I must look to you for guidance."

Lady Fawn was embarrassed. She had now seated herself on the sofa, and Lizzie was close to her, almost enveloped within her mantle. "My dear," said Lady Fawn, "if you will endeavor to do your duty by him, I am sure he will do his by you."

"I know it. I am sure of it. And I will; I will. You will let me love you, and call you mother?" A peculiar perfume came up from Lizzie's hair which Lady

Fawn did not like. Her own girls, perhaps, were not given to the use of much perfumery. She shifted her seat a little, and Lizzie was compelled to sit upright, and without support. Hitherto Lady Fawn had said very little, and Lizzie's part was one difficult to play. She had heard of that sermon read every Sunday evening at Fawn Court, and she believed that Lady Fawn was peculiarly religious. "There," she said, stretching out her hand backwards and clasping the book which lay upon the small table; "there, that shall be my guide. That will teach me how to do my duty by my noble husband."

Lady Fawn in some surprise took the book from Lizzie's hand, and found that it was the Bible. "You certainly can't do better, my dear, than read your Bible," said Lady Fawn; but there was more of censure than of eulogy in the tone of her voice. She put the Bible down very quietly, and asked Lady Eustace when it would suit her to come down to Fawn Court. Lady Fawn had promised her son to give the invitation, and could not now, she thought, avoid giving it.

"Oh, I should like it so much!" said Lizzie. "Whenever it will suit you, I will be there at a minute's notice." It was then arranged that she should be at Fawn Court on that day week, and stay for a fortnight. "Of all things that which I most desire now," said Lizzie, "is to know you and the dear girls, and to be loved by you all."

Lady Eustace, as soon as she was alone in the room, stood in the middle of it, scowling—for she could scowl. "I'll not go near them," she said to herself; "naughty, stupid, dull, puritanical drones. If he don't like it, he may lump it. After all, it's no such great catch." Then she sat down to reflect whether it was or was not a catch. As soon as ever Lord Fawn had left her after the engagement was made, she had begun to tell herself that he was a poor creature, and that she had done wrong. "Only five thousand a year!" she said to herself; for she had not perfectly understood that little explanation which he had given respecting his income. "It's nothing for a lord." And now again she murmured to herself, "It's my money he's after. He'll find out that I know how to keep what I have got in my own hands."

Now that Lady Fawn had been cold to her, she thought still less of the proposed marriage. But there was this inducement for her to go on with it. If they, the Fawn women, thought that they could break it off, she would let them know that they had no such power.

"Well, mamma, you've seen her?" said Mrs. Hittaway.

"Yes, my dear; I've seen her. I had seen her two or three times before, you know."

"And you are still in love with her?"

"I never said that I was in love with her, Clara."

"And what has been fixed?"

"She is to come down to Fawn Court next week, and stay a fortnight with us. Then we shall find out what she is."

"That will be best, mamma," said Augusta.

"Mind, mamma; you understand me. I shall tell Frederic plainly just what I think. Of course he will be offended, and if the marriage goes on, the offence will remain—till he finds out the truth."

"I hope he'll find out no such truth," said Lady Fawn. She was, however, quite unable to say a word in behalf of her future daughter-in-law. She said nothing as to that little scene with the Bible, but she never forgot it.

CHAPTER X.

LIZZIE AND HER LOVER.

DURING the remainder of that Monday and all the Tuesday, Lizzie's mind was, upon the whole, averse to matrimony. She had told Miss Macnulty of her prospects, with some amount of exultation; and the poor dependent, though she knew that she must be turned out into the street, had congratulated her patroness. "The Vultures will take you in again, when she knows you've nowhere else to go to," Lizzie had said, displaying indeed some accurate discernment of her aunt's character. But after Lady Fawn's visit she spoke of the marriage in a different tone. "Of course, my dear, I shall have to look very close after the settlement."

"I suppose the lawyers will do that," said Miss Macnulty.

"Yes; lawyers! That's all very well. I know what lawyers are. I'm not going to trust any lawyer to give away my property. Of course we shall live at

Portray, because his place is in Ireland, and nothing shall take me to Ireland. I told him that from the very first. But I don't mean to give up my own income. I don't suppose he'll venture to suggest such a thing." And then again she grumbled. "It's all very well being in the Cabinet——!"

"Is Lord Fawn in the Cabinet?" asked Miss Macnulty, who in such matters was not altogether ignorant.

"Of course he is," said Lizzie, with an angry gesture. It may seem unjust to accuse her of being stupidly unacquainted with circumstances, and a liar at the same time; but she was both. She said that Lord Fawn was in the Cabinet because she had heard some one speak of him as not being a Cabinet Minister, and in so speaking appear to slight his political position. Lizzie did not know how much her companion knew, and Miss Macnulty did not comprehend the depth of the ignorance of her patroness. Thus the lies which Lizzie told were amazing to Miss Macnulty. To say that Lord Fawn was in the Cabinet, when all the world knew that he was an Under-Secretary! What good could a woman get from an assertion so plainly, so manifestly false? But Lizzie knew nothing of Under-Secretaries. Lord Fawn was a lord, and even Commoners were in the Cabinet. "Of course he is," said Lizzie; "but I shan't have my drawing-room made a Cabinet. They sha'n't come here." And then again on the Tuesday evening she displayed her independence. "As for those women down at Richmond, I don't mean to be overrun by them, I can tell you. I said I would go there, and of course I shall keep my word."

"I think you had better go," said Miss Macnulty.

"Of course, I shall go. I don't want anybody to tell me where I'm to go, my dear, and where I'm not. But it'll be about the first and the last. And as for bringing those dowdy girls out in London, it's the last thing I shall think of doing. Indeed, I doubt whether they can afford to dress themselves." As she went up to bed on the Tuesday evening, Miss Macnulty doubted whether the match would go on. She never believed her friend's statements; but if spoken words might be supposed to mean anything, Lady Eustace's words on that Tuesday betokened a strong dislike to everything appertain-

ing to the Fawn family. She had even ridiculed Lord Fawn himself, declaring that he understood nothing about anything beyond his office.

And, in truth, Lizzie had almost made up her mind to break it off. All that she would gain did not seem to weigh down with sufficient preponderance all that she would lose. Such were her feelings on the Tuesday night. But on the Wednesday morning she received a note which threw her back violently upon the Fawn interest. The note was as follows:

Messrs. Camperdown and Son present their compliments to Lady Eustace. They have received instructions to proceed by law for the recovery of the Eustace diamonds, now in Lady Eustace's hands, and will feel obliged to Lady Eustace if she will communicate to them the name and address of her attorney.

62 New Square, 30 May, 186—.

The effect of this note was to drive Lizzie back upon the Fawn interest. She was frightened about the diamonds, and was, nevertheless, almost determined not to surrender them. At any rate, in such a strait she would want assistance, either in keeping them or in giving them up. The lawyer's letter afflicted her with a sense of weakness, and there was strength in the Fawn connection. As Lord Fawn was so poor, perhaps he would adhere to the jewels. She knew that she could not fight Mr. Camperdown with no other assistance than what Messrs. Mowbray and Mopus might give her, and therefore her heart softened toward her betrothed. "I suppose Frederic will be here to-day," she said to Miss Macnulty, as they sat at breakfast together about noon. Miss Macnulty nodded. "You can have a cab, you know, if you like to go anywhere." Miss Macnulty said she thought she would go to the National Gallery. "And you can walk back, you know," said Lizzie. "I can walk there and back, too," said Miss Macnulty, in regard to whom it may be said that the last ounce would sometimes almost break the horse's back.

"Frederic" came, and was received very graciously. Lizzie had placed Mr. Camperdown's note on the little table behind her, beneath the Bible, so that she might put her hand upon it at once if she could make an opportunity of showing it to her future husband. "Frederic" sat himself beside her, and the intercourse for a while was such as might be looked for between two lovers of whom one was a

widow and the other an Under-Secretary of State from the India Office. They were loving, but discreetly amatory, talking chiefly of things material, each flattering the other, and each hinting now and again at certain little circumstances of which a more accurate knowledge seemed to be desirable. The one was conversant with things in general, but was slow; the other was quick as a lizard in turning hither and thither, but knew almost nothing. When she told Lord Fawn that the Ayrshire estate was "her own, to do what she liked with," she did not know that he would certainly find out the truth from other sources before he married her. Indeed, she was not quite sure herself whether the statement was true or false, though she would not have made it so frequently had her idea of the truth been a fixed idea. It had all been explained to her; but there had been something about a second son, and there was no second son. Perhaps she might have a second son yet, a future little Lord Fawn, and he might inherit it. In regard to honesty, the man was superior to the woman, because his purpose was declared, and he told no lies; but the one was as mercenary as the other. It was not love that had brought Lord Fawn to Mount street.

"What is the name of your place in Ireland?" she asked.

"There is no house, you know."

"But there was one, Frederic?"

"The town-land where the house used to be is called Killeagant. The old demesne is called Killaud."

"What pretty names! and—and—does it go a great many miles?" Lord Fawn explained that it did run a good many miles up into the mountains. "How beautifully romantic!" said Lizzie. "But the people live on the mountain and pay rent?"

Lord Fawn asked no such inept questions respecting the Ayrshire property, but he did inquire who was Lizzie's solicitor. "Of course there will be things to be settled," he said. "and my lawyer had better see yours. Mr. Camperdown is a——"

"Mr. Camperdown!" almost shrieked Lizzie. Lord Fawn then explained, with some amazement, that Mr. Camperdown was his lawyer. As far as his belief went, there was not a more respectable gentleman in the profession. Then he in-

quired whether Lizzie had any objection to Mr. Camperdown. "Mr. Camperdown was Sir Florian's lawyer," said Lizzie.

"That will make it all the easier, I should think," said Lord Fawn.

"I don't know how that may be," said Lizzie, trying to bring her mind to work upon the subject steadily. "Mr. Camperdown has been very uncourteous to me; I must say that; and, as I think, unfair. He wishes to rob me now of a thing that is quite my own."

"What sort of a thing?" asked Lord Fawn slowly.

"A very valuable thing. I'll tell you all about it, Frederic. Of course I'll tell you everything now. I never could keep back anything from one that I loved. It's not my nature. There; you might as well read that note." Then she put her hand back and brought Mr. Camperdown's letter from under the Bible. Lord Fawn read it very attentively, and as he read it there came upon him a great doubt. What sort of woman was this to whom he had engaged himself because she was possessed of an income? That Mr. Camperdown should be in the wrong in such a matter was an idea which never occurred to Lord Fawn. There is no form of belief stronger than that which the ordinary English gentleman has in the discretion and honesty of his own family lawyer. What his lawyer tells him to do he does. What his lawyer tells him to sign he signs. He buys and sells in obedience to the same direction, and feels perfectly comfortable in the possession of a guide who is responsible and all but divine. "What diamonds are they?" asked Lord Fawn in a very low voice.

"They are my own—altogether my own. Sir Florian gave them to me. When he put them into my hands he said that they were to be my own for ever and ever. 'There,' said he, 'those are yours to do what you choose with them.' After that they oughtn't to ask me to give them back, ought they? If you had been married before, and your wife had given you a keepsake, to keep for ever and ever, would you give it up to a lawyer? You would not like it, would you, Frederic?" She had put her hand on his and was looking up into his face as she asked the question. Again, perhaps, the acting was a little overdone; but there were the tears in her eyes, and the tone of her voice was perfect.

"Mr. Camperdown calls them Eustace diamonds—family diamonds," said Lord Fawn. "What do they consist of? What are they worth?"

"I'll show them to you," said Lizzie, jumping up and hurrying out of the room. Lord Fawn, when he was alone, rubbed his hands over his eyes and thought about it all. It would be a very harsh measure on the part of the Eustace family and of Mr. Camperdown to demand from her the surrender of any trinket which her late husband might have given her in the manner she had described. But it was, to his thinking, most improbable that the Eustace people or the lawyer should be harsh to a widow bearing the Eustace name. The Eustaces were by disposition lavish, and old Mr. Camperdown was not one who would be strict in claiming little things for rich clients. And yet here was his letter, threatening the widow of the late baronet with legal proceedings for the recovery of jewels which had been given by Sir Florian himself to his wife as a keepsake! Perhaps Sir Florian had made some mistake, and had caused to be set in a ring or brooch for his bride some jewel which he had thought to be his own, but which had, in truth, been an heirloom. If so, the jewel should, of course, be surrendered, or replaced by one of equal value. He was making out some such solution, when Lizzie returned with the morocco case in her hand. "It was the manner in which he gave it to me," said Lizzie, as she opened the clasp, "which makes its value to me."

Lord Fawn knew nothing about jewels, but even he knew that if the circle of stones which he saw, with a Maltese cross appended to it, was constituted of real diamonds, the thing must be of great value. And it occurred to him at once that such a necklace is not given by a husband even to a bride in the manner described by Lizzie. A ring, or brooch, or perhaps a bracelet, a lover or a loving lord may bring in his pocket. But such an ornament as this on which Lord Fawn was now looking is given in another sort of way. He felt sure that it was so, even though he was entirely ignorant of the value of the stones. "Do you know what it is worth?" he asked.

Lizzie hesitated a moment and then remembered that "Frederic," in his present position in regard to herself, might be glad to assist her in maintaining the pos-

session of a substantial property. "I think they say its value is about—ten thousand pounds," she replied.

"Ten—thousand—pounds!" Lord Fawn riveted his eyes upon them.

"That's what I am told—by a jeweller."

"By what jeweller?"

"A man had to come and see them, about some repairs, or something of that kind. Poor Sir Florian wished it. And he said so."

"What was the man's name?"

"I forget his name," said Lizzie, who was not quite sure whether her acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin would be considered respectable.

"Ten thousand pounds! You don't keep them in the house, do you?"

"I have an iron case up-stairs for them, ever so heavy."

"And did Sir Florian give you the iron case?"

Lizzie hesitated for a moment. "Yes," said she. "That is—no. But he ordered it to be made; and then it came, after he was—dead."

"He knew their value, then."

"Oh dear, yes. Though he never named any sum. He told me, however, that they were very—very valuable."

Lord Fawn did not immediately recognize the falseness of every word that the woman said to him, because he was slow and could not think and hear at the same time. But he was at once involved in a painful maze of doubt and almost of dismay. An action for the recovery of jewels brought against the lady whom he was engaged to marry, on behalf of the family of her late husband, would not suit him at all. To have his hands quite clean, to be above all evil report, to be respectable, as it were, all round, was Lord Fawn's special ambition. He was a poor man, and a greedy man, but he would have abandoned his official salary at a moment's notice, rather than there should have fallen on him a breath of public opinion hinting that it ought to be abandoned. He was especially timid, and lived in a perpetual fear lest the newspapers should say something hard of him. In that matter of the Sawab he had been very wretched, because Frank Greystock had accused him of being an administrator of tyranny. He would have liked his wife to have ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds very well; but he would rather go without a

wife forever—and without a wife's fortune—than marry a woman subject to an action for claiming diamonds not her own. "I think," said he at last, "that if you were to put them into Mr. Camperdown's hands——"

"Into Mr. Camperdown's hands!"

"And then let the matter be settled by arbitration——"

"Arbitration? That means going to law?"

"No, dearest; that means not going to law. The diamonds would be intrusted to Mr. Camperdown; and then some one would be appointed to decide whose property they were."

"They're my property," said Lizzie.

"But he says they belong to the family."

"He'll say anything," said Lizzie.

"My dearest girl, there can't be a more respectable man than Mr. Camperdown. You must do something of the kind, you know."

"I shan't do anything of the kind," said Lizzie. "Sir Florian Eustace gave them to me, and I shall keep them." She did not look at her lover as she spoke; but he looked at her, and did not like the change which he saw on her countenance. And he did not like the circumstances in which he found himself placed. "Why should Mr. Camperdown interfere?" continued Lizzie. "If they don't belong to me, they belong to my son; and who has so good a right to keep them for him as I have? But they belong to me."

"They should not be kept in a private house like this at all, if they are worth all that money."

"If I were to let them go, Mr. Camperdown would get them. There's nothing he wouldn't do to get them. Oh, Frederic, I hope you'll stand to me, and not see me injured. Of course I only want them for my darling child."

Frederic's face had become very long, and he was much disturbed in his mind. He could only suggest that he himself would go and see Mr. Camperdown and ascertain what ought to be done. To the last he adhered to his assurance that Mr. Camperdown could do no evil; till Lizzie, in her wrath, asked him whether he believed Mr. Camperdown's word before hers. "I think he would understand a matter of business better than you," said the prudent lover.

"He wants to rob me," said Lizzie, "and I shall look to you to prevent it."

When Lord Fawn took his leave, which he did not do till he had counselled her again and again to leave the matter in Mr. Camperdown's hands, the two were not in good accord together. It was his fixed purpose, as he declared to her, to see Mr. Camperdown; and it was her fixed purpose, so at least she declared to him, to keep the diamonds, in spite of Mr. Camperdown. "But, my dear, if it's decided against you," said Lord Fawn gravely.

"It can't be decided against me, if you stand by me as you ought to do."

"I can do nothing," said Lord Fawn, in a tremor. Then Lizzie looked at him, and her look, which was very eloquent, called him a poltroon as plain as a look could speak. Then they parted, and the signs of affection between them were not satisfactory.

The door was hardly closed behind him before Lizzie began to declare to herself that he shouldn't escape her. It was not yet twenty-four hours since she had been telling herself that she did not like the engagement and would break it off; and now she was stamping her little feet, and clenching her little hands, and swearing to herself by all her gods that this wretched, timid lordling should not get out of her net. She did, in truth, despise him because he would not clutch the jewels. She looked upon him as mean and paltry because he was willing to submit to Mr. Camperdown. But, yet, she was prompted to demand all that could be demanded from her engagement, because she thought that she perceived a something in him which might produce in him a desire to be relieved from it. No! He should not be relieved. He should marry her. And she would keep the key of that iron box with the diamonds, and he should find what sort of a noise she would make if he attempted to take it from her. She closed the morocco case, ascended with it to her bedroom, locked it up in the iron safe, deposited the little patent key in its usual place round her neck, and then seated herself at her desk, and wrote letters to her various friends, making known to them her engagement. Hitherto she had told no one but Miss Macnulty, and, in her doubts, had gone so far as to desire Miss Macnulty not to mention it.

Now she was resolved to blazon forth her engagement before all the world.

The first "friend" to whom she wrote was Lady Linlithgow. The reader shall see two or three of her letters, and that to the countess shall be the first:

"MY DEAR AUNT: When you came to see me the other day, I cannot say that you were very kind to me, and I don't suppose you care very much what becomes of me. But I think it right to let you know that I am going to be married. I am engaged to Lord Fawn, who, as you know, is a peer, and a member of Her Majesty's Government, and a nobleman of great influence. I do not suppose that even you can say anything against such an alliance.

"I am your affectionate niece,

"ELI. EUSTACE."

Then she wrote to Mrs. Eustace, the wife of the Bishop of Bobsborough. Mrs. Eustace had been very kind to her in the first days of her widowhood, and had fully recognized her as the widow of the head of her husband's family. Lizzie had liked none of the Bobsborough people. They were, according to her ideas, slow, respectable, and dull. But they had not found much open fault with her, and she was aware that it was for her interest to remain on good terms with them. Her letter, therefore, to Mrs. Eustace was somewhat less acrid than that written to her Aunt Linlithgow:

"MY DEAR MRS. EUSTACE: I hope you will be glad to hear from me, and will not be sorry to hear my news. I am going to be married again. Of course I am not about to take a step which is in every way so very important without thinking about it a great deal. But I am sure it will be better for my darling little Florian in every way; and as for myself, I have felt for the last two years how unfitted I have been to manage everything myself. I have therefore accepted an offer made to me by Lord Fawn, who is, as you know, a peer of Parliament, and a most distinguished member of Her Majesty's Government; and he is, too, a nobleman of very great influence in every respect, and has a property in Ireland, extending over ever so many miles, and running up into the mountains. His mansion there is called Killmage, but I am not sure that I

remember the name quite rightly. I hope I may see you there some day, and the dear bishop. I look forward with delight to doing something to make those dear Irish happier. The idea of rambling up into our own mountains charms me, for nothing suits my disposition so well as that kind of solitude.

"Of course Lord Fawn is not so rich a man as Sir Florian, but I have never looked to riches for my happiness. Not but what Lord Fawn has a good income from his Irish estates; and then, of course, he is paid for doing Her Majesty's Government; so there is no fear that he will have to live upon my jointure, which, of course, would not be right. Pray tell the dear bishop and dear Margaretta all this, with my love. You will be happy, I know, to hear that my little Flo is quite well. He is already so fond of his new papa!" [Lizzie's turn for lying was exemplified in this last statement, for, as it happened, Lord Fawn had never yet seen the child.]

"Believe me to be always

"Your most affectionate niece,

"ELI. EUSTACE."

There were two other letters—one to her uncle, the dean, and the other to her cousin Frank. There was great doubt in her mind as to the expediency of writing to Frank Greystock; but at last she decided that she would do it. The letter to the dean need not be given in full, as it was very similar to that written to the bishop's wife. The same mention was made of her intended husband's peerage, and the same allusion to Her Majesty's Government—a phrase which she had heard from Lord Fawn himself. She spoke of the Irish property, but in terms less glowing than she had used in writing to the lady, and ended by asking for her uncle's congratulation—and blessing. Her letter to Frank was as follows, and, doubtless, as she wrote it, there was present to her mind a remembrance of the fact that he himself might have offered to her, and have had her if he would:

"MY DEAR COUSIN: As I would rather that you should hear my news from myself than from any one else, I write to tell you that I am going to be married to Lord Fawn. Of course I know that there are certain matters as to which you and Lord Fawn do not agree—in politics, I mean;

but still I do not doubt but you will think that he is quite able to take care of your poor little cousin. It was only settled a day or two since, but it has been coming on ever so long. You understand all about that, don't you? Of course you must come to my wedding, and be very good to me—a kind of brother, you know; for we have always been friends, haven't we? And if the dean doesn't come up to town, you must give me away. And you must come and see me ever so often; for I have a sort of feeling that I have no one else belonging to me that I can call really my own, except you. And you must be great friends with Lord Fawn, and must give up saying that he doesn't do his work properly. Of course he does everything better than anybody else could possibly do it, except Cousin Frank.

"I am going down next week to Richmond. Lady Fawn has insisted on my staying there for a fortnight. Oh dear, what shall I do all the time? You must positively come down and see me, and see somebody else too. Only, you naughty coz, you mustn't break a poor girl's heart.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ELI. EUSTACE."

Somebody, in speaking on Lady Eustace's behalf, and making the best of her virtues, had declared that she did not have lovers. Hitherto that had been true of her; but her mind had not the less dwelt on the delight of a lover. She still thought of a possible Corsair who would be willing to give up all but his vices for her love, and for whose sake she would be willing to share even them. It was but a dream, but nevertheless it pervaded her fancy constantly. Lord Fawn, peer of Parliament, and member of Her Majesty's Government, as he was, could not have been such a lover to her. Might it not be possible that there should exist something of romance between her and her cousin Frank? She was the last woman in the world to run away with a man, or to endanger her position by a serious indiscretion; but there might perhaps be a something between her and her cousin, a *liaison* quite correct in its facts, a secret understanding, if nothing more, a mutual sympathy, which should be chiefly shown in the abuse of all their friends; and in this she could indulge her passion for romance and poetry.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD FAWN AT HIS OFFICE.

THE news was soon all about London, as Lizzie had intended. She had made a sudden resolve that Lord Fawn should not escape her, and she had gone to work after the fashion we have seen. Frank Greystock had told John Eustace, and John Eustace had told Mr. Camperdown before Lord Fawn himself, in the slow prosecution of his purpose, had consulted the lawyer about the necklace. "God bless my soul; Lord Fawn!" the old lawyer had said when the news was communicated to him. "Well, yes; he wants money. I don't envy him; that's all. We shall get the diamonds now, John. Lord Fawn isn't the man to let his wife keep what doesn't belong to her." Then, after a day or two, Lord Fawn had himself gone to Mr. Camperdown's chambers. "I believe I am to congratulate you, my lord," said the lawyer. "I'm told you are going to marry—well, I mustn't really say another of my clients, but the widow of one of them. Lady Eustace is a very beautiful woman, and she has a very pretty income too. She has the whole of the Scotch property for her life."

"It's only for her life, I suppose?" said Lord Fawn.

"Oh, no, no; of course not. There's been some mistake on her part; at least, so I've been told. Women never understand. It's all as clear as daylight. Had there been a second son, the second son would have had it. As it is, it goes with the rest of the property, just as it ought to do, you know. Four thousand a year isn't so bad, you know, considering that she isn't more than a girl yet, and that she hadn't sixpence of her own. When the admiral died, there wasn't sixpence, Lord Fawn."

"So I have heard."

"Not sixpence. It's all Eustace money. She had six or eight thousand pounds, or something like that, besides. She's as lovely a young widow as I ever saw, and very clever."

"Yes, she is clever."

"By-the-by, Lord Fawn, as you have done me the honor of calling, there's a stupid mistake about some family diamonds."

"It is in respect to them that I've come," said Lord Fawn. Then Mr. Cam-

perdown, in his easy, off-hand way, imputing no blame to the lady in the bearing of her future husband, and declaring his opinion that she was doubtless unaware of its value, explained the matter of the necklace. Lord Fawn listened, but said very little. He especially did not say that Lady Eustace had had the stones valued. "They're real, I suppose?" he asked. Mr. Camperdown assured him that no diamonds more real had ever come from Golconda, or passed through Mr. Garnett's hands. "They are as well known as any family diamonds in England," said Mr. Camperdown. "She has got into bad hands," continued Mr. Camperdown. "Mowbray and Mopus; horrible people; sharks, that make one blush for one's profession, and I was really afraid there would have been trouble. But, of course, it'll be all right now; and if she'll only come to me, tell her I'll do everything I can to make things straight and comfortable for her. If she likes to have another lawyer, of course, that's all right. Only make her understand who Mowbray and Mopus are. It's quite out of the question, Lord Fawn, that your wife should have anything to do with Mowbray and Mopus." Every word that Mr. Camperdown said was gospel to Lord Fawn.

And yet, as the reader will understand, Mr. Camperdown had by no means expressed his real opinion in this interview. He had spoken of the widow in friendly terms, declaring that she was simply mistaken in her ideas as to the duration of her interest in the Scotch property, and mistaken again about the diamonds; whereas in truth he regarded her as a dishonest, lying, evil-minded harpy. Had Lord Fawn consulted him simply as a client, and not have come to him an engaged lover, he would have expressed his opinion quite frankly; but it is not the business of a lawyer to tell his client evil things of the lady whom that client is engaged to marry. In regard to the property he spoke the truth, and he spoke what he believed to be the truth when he said that the whole thing would no doubt now be easily arranged. When Lord Fawn took his leave, Mr. Camperdown again declared to himself that as regarded money the match was very well for his lordship; but that, as regarded the woman, Lizzie was dear at the price. "Perhaps he doesn't mind it," said Mr. Camper-

down to himself, "but I wouldn't marry such a woman myself, though she owned all Scotland."

There had been much in the interview to make Lord Fawn unhappy. In the first place, that golden hope as to the perpetuity of the property was at an end. He had never believed that it was so; but a man may hope without believing. And he was quite sure that Lizzie was bound to give up the diamonds, and would ultimately be made to give them up. Of any property in them, as possibly accruing to himself, he had not thought much; but he could not abstain from thinking of the woman's grasp upon them. Mr. Camperdown's plain statement, which was gospel to him, was directly at variance with Lizzie's story. Sir Florian certainly would not have given such diamonds in such a way. Sir Florian would not have ordered a separate iron safe for them, with a view that they might be secure in his wife's bedroom. And then she had had them valued, and manifestly was always thinking of her treasure. It was very well for a poor, careful peer to be always thinking of his money, but Lord Fawn was well aware that a young woman such as Lady Eustace should have her thoughts elsewhere. As he sat signing letters at the India Board, relieving himself when he was left alone between each batch by standing up with his back to the fireplace, his mind was full of all this. He could not unravel truth quickly, but he could grasp it when it came to him. She was certainly greedy, false, and dishonest. And—worse than all this—she had dared to tell him to his face that he was a poor creature because he would not support her in her greed, and falsehood, and dishonesty! Nevertheless, he was engaged to marry her! Then he thought of one Violet Effingham whom he had loved, and then came over him some suspicion of a fear that he himself was hard and selfish. And yet what was such a one as he to do? It was of course necessary for the maintenance of the very constitution of his country that there should be future Lord Fawns. There could be no future Lord Fawns unless he married; and how could he marry without money? "A peasant can marry whom he pleases," said Lord Fawn, pressing his hand to his brow, and dropping one flap of his coat, as he thought of his own high and perilous

destiny, standing with his back to the fireplace, while a huge pile of letters lay there before him waiting to be signed.

It was a Saturday evening, and as there was no House there was nothing to hurry him away from the office. He was the occupier for the time of a large, well-furnished official room, looking out into St. James's Park; and as he glanced round it he told himself that his own happiness must be there, and not in the domesticity of a quiet home. The House of Lords, out of which nobody could turn him, and official life—as long as he could hold to it—must be all in all to him. He had engaged himself to this woman, and he must—marry her. He did not think that he could now see any way of avoiding that event. Her income would supply the needs of her home, and then there might probably be a continuation of Lord Fawns. The world might have done better for him—had he been able to find favor in Violet Effingham's sight. He was a man capable of love, and very capable of constancy to a woman true to him. Then he wiped away a tear as he sat down to sign the huge batch of letters. As he read some special letter in which instructions were conveyed as to the insufficiency of the Sawab's claims, he thought of Frank Greystock's attack upon him, and of Frank Greystock's cousin. There had been a time in which he had feared that the two cousins would become man and wife. At this moment he uttered a malediction against the member for Bobsborough, which might perhaps have been spared had the member been now willing to take the lady off his hands. Then the door was opened, and the messenger told him that Mrs. Hittaway was in the waiting-room. Mrs. Hittaway was, of course, at once made welcome to the Under-Secretary's own apartment.

Mrs. Hittaway was a strong-minded woman—the strongest-minded probably of the Fawn family—but she had now come upon a task which taxed all her strength to the utmost. She had told her mother that she would tell "Frederic" what she thought about his proposed bride, and she had now come to carry out her threat. She had asked her brother to come and dine with her, but he had declined. His engagements hardly admitted of his dining with his relatives. She had called upon him at the rooms he occupied in

Victoria street, but of course she had not found him. She could not very well go to his club; so now she had hunted him down at his office. From the very commencement of the interview Mrs. Hittaway was strong-minded. She began the subject of the marriage, and did so without a word of congratulation. "Dear Frederic," she said, "you know that we have all got to look up to you."

"Well, Clara, what does that mean?"

"It means this—that you must bear with me, if I am more anxious as to your future career than another sister might be."

"Now I know you are going to say something unpleasant."

"Yes, I am, Frederic. I have heard so many bad things about Lady Eustace!"

The Under-Secretary sat silent for a while in his great arm-chair. "What sort of evil things do you mean, Clara?" he asked at last. "Evil things are said of a great many people—as you know. I am sure you would not wish to repeat slanders."

Mrs. Hittaway was not to be silenced after this fashion. "Not slanders, certainly, Frederic. But when I hear that you intend to raise this lady to the rank and position of your wife, then of course the truth or falsehood of these reports becomes a matter of great moment to us all. Don't you think you had better see Mr. Camperdown?"

"I have seen him."

"And what does he say?"

"What should he say? Lady Eustace has, I believe, made some mistake about the condition of her property, and people who have heard it have been good-natured enough to say that the error has been wilful. That is what I call slander, Clara."

"And you have heard about her jewels?" Mrs. Hittaway was alluding here to the report which had reached her as to Lizzie's debt to Harter and Benjamin when she married Sir Florian; but Lord Fawn

of course thought of the diamond necklace.

"Yes," said he, "I have heard all about them. Who told you?"

"I have known it ever so long. Sir Florian never got over it." Lord Fawn was again in the dark, but he did not choose to commit himself by asking further questions. "And then her treatment of Lady Linlithgow, who was her only friend before she married, was something quite unnatural. Ask the dean's people what they think of her. I believe even they would tell you."

"Frank Greystock desired to marry her himself."

"Yes, for her money, perhaps; because he has not got a farthing in the world. Dear Frederic, I only wish to put you on your guard. Of course this is very unpleasant, and I shouldn't do it if I didn't think it my duty. I believe she is artful and very false. She certainly deceived Sir Florian Eustace about her debts; and he never held up his head after he found out what she was. If she has told you falsehoods, of course you can break it off. Dear Frederic, I hope you won't be angry with me."

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, that is all."

"I'll bear it in mind," he said. "Of course it isn't very pleasant."

"No, I know it is not pleasant," said Mrs. Hittaway, rising, and taking her departure with an offer of affectionate sisterly greeting, which was not accepted with cordiality.

It was very unpleasant. That very morning Lord Fawn had received letters from the Dean and the Bishop of Bobborough congratulating him on his intended marriage, both those worthy dignitaries of the Church having thought it expedient to verify Lizzie's statements. Lord Fawn was, therefore, well aware that Lady Eustace had published the engagement. It was known to everybody, and could not be broken off without public scandal.

DRIFT-WOOD.

OUR VISIT TO MOOSEHEAD.

IN "Drift-Wood" for September there was, as the polite reader will please feign to recall, a light sketch of the excursion which Poynter, Doane, Mr. Robert Acres, and I once on a time made into the Moosehead woods. As this was a reminiscence of more than a dozen years ago, I looked with confidence for Mr. Poynter's gracious approval of the task. But with a characteristic disposition to growl for perfection where it cannot fairly be asked, that worthy withheld his praise. "Hang it, Phil," said the discontented critic, flirting the fresh pages of the magazine, "it's all well enough to descend on the cedar-bough beds, the camp-fires of sugar-maple, the huge pines and spruces, the alder-fringed streams, and the beauty of the hemlock spray; but you have no useful word for people who follow in our tracks." I began to remonstrate and to argue the point in detail—that woods are woods wherever you find them; that gunning for moose and caribou is much like gunning for deer, on which advising is done to death, and so on—when a more luminous idea occurred.

"Well, Poynter, if that lack is so shameful, suppose you condescend, out of your profound wisdom, to atone for it in the next magazine."

Thus cornered, Poynter began: "In September or October carry to Moosehead a thick blanket or shawl, as the nights are cold and the biggest fire burns out before morning. Take heavy under-flannels (a double set is better than an overcoat), and water-proof boots, leather, if perfectly tight, being better for the purpose than rubber, which, besides tearing easily, is unhealthy and uncomfortable in tramps over the carry or through the brush. Put your clothes in a rubber bag made like a meal sack, and, rolling up the top, fasten a strap about it; all the birches leak, and a leather bag lying in the water half the time is soaked through, whereas a rubber bag made like that turns the water. A heavy flannel shirt with breast pockets is handier and warmer than a coat; but if a

coat is worn, let it be bob-tailed, as long tails are a nuisance in woods or a wet birch. Stout leather slippers and extra woollen stockings always come in play, because even with the tightest boots and greatest care the feet are sometimes wet; and add an extra pair of woollen trousers, though heavy corduroy would be better.

"If the sportsman takes a dog," continues our oracular friend, "it should be a barking spaniel or terrier, for a setter or pointer in the thick underbrush might stand all day on his point and not be seen. To hunt partridge with a dog around Moosehead is to go through that thicket-beating you spoke of, Phil, and at last to hear the shrill bark of the spaniel, a lazy flutter of wings, and the dog's rush through the bushes, with another bark. You make your way to him, descry a partridge sitting upon a branch and gazing stupidly a dozen feet from you, raise your gun, knock her over as you would a hen in a barn-yard; and if there chance to be another bird in the trees, you repeat the performance, as it will not have stirred at the report of the gun. As to weapons, a short double-barrelled rifle, carrying a heavy ball, is the best for moose in the hands of a cool man, while for a nervous one a double-barrelled fowling-piece loaded with buckshot is preferable, as requiring less exactness of aim. Still, since the daily fresh food of the camp is not likely to be moose but smaller game, and chiefly partridges, the hunter, unless expert enough to take off the bird's head with a single ball, needs a shot-gun. As two guns are cumbersome, the most generally useful weapon is a gun with one barrel rifled and the other smooth, so that the latter can be loaded with buckshot, though usually kept charged with birdshot for partridges. Still," says Poynter, warming, "for a practised hunter with good nerve, quick eye, and ready muscle, who can send his ball singing a hundred yards to drive a nail, there is no implement like the royal rifle, king of weapons."

"Just so, Poynter," puts in George Doane; "and, talking of weapons, don't

omit a hunting-knife, cautiously sheathed in leather and attached to the belt—I don't mean for cutting the throat of some hard-hit, wide-antlered buck, but for the humbler uses of cleaning fish and carving the seductive salt pork, so important a part of the delightful diet of the woods. Warn your readers," continues the scapegrace, with mock solemnity in mimicry of Poynter, "caution them, in the interest of humanity, to take provisions into the woods, because if they depend for food on their guns and rods, they will infallibly starve to death. They will not find partridges as plenty as fowls in a farm-yard, nor trout as thick as mummy-chugs in a summer ditch."

Indeed, save for the red-letter days of fat birds, poor Doane would have despaired at Lobster Pond. Hard bread, salt pork, potatoes, and flippers of flour held out, but there was woful lack of fresh meat. This is an accident to which the weather-bound sportsman is liable in a country where he depends on the canoe. As already explained, we got trout and partridges in greater numbers around Moosehead Lake, but at our main moose-hunting camp found few of the latter and none of the former, so that for fish we lived upon chub, too small and bony for any but very hungry men to eat. But one day when we had tired of salt pork and potatoes, and found a sameness in the hard tack fried with pork and sugar for breakfast, dinner, and supper, when flippers palled on the palate, when our last partridges had been stewed, and when even the bony chub refused to bite, Kline, the guide, discovered some tree cranberries, or, as he called them, wild cranberries. We cooked them in molasses and marked the day in our calendar. These cranberries would hardly tempt the civilized palate, but to our forest appetite, in the general dearth of relishes, they were delicious. They are red and oblong, looking something like the barberry, but having a large stone inside, and are very sour; the bush is from five to ten feet high.

Another festal day for Doane, I remember, was at the Northeast Carry (Thursday, October 6), where, bedraggled and disconsolate, we huddled in a wretched hut to keep out of the snow, when, by inspiration, Kline proposed to take the handsome string of trout just caught and

make a chowder. The thought created a cheerful breeze of excitement, and, under the spur of the hopes he had excited, the gratified Kline made us a chowder which dwells enshrined in Doane's memory to this day. It was certainly Kline's *chef d'œuvre*, for the trout were fat, and gave his regal dish a flavor resembling that of the dark part of a shed. Kline also, we found, was an adept at combining partridges with pork, potatoes, and dumpplings in a savory stew. When Doane's budding hopes of killing a moose were blasted, he set a snare for the game in a big lagoon or "logan;" but his trap caught no moose, and Poynter professed to be glad of it.

Poor Doane's hardest day came in crossing Moosehead. It rained and snowed, the wind as usual blew "great guns" against us, and, after two squalls, with narrow escapes from swamping, King refused toward night to risk the waves any longer, and landed us on the back side of Kineo Point. The old story followed of cutting and hauling drift-wood on the shore, and gathering fir boughs to sleep on, with pine boughs to weave upon cross-poles for a camp. On examining the birch, we found our travelling packs soaked through, no dry clothes for us, and the powder spoilt, while Kline, Poynter and Acres, separated from us by the gale, had taken with them our freshly-caught trout and the bear meat procured at the carry, leaving us one loaf of dough unbaked though burnt to a coal. We ate three mouthfuls, and pulled at a cigar. This loaf proved our twenty-four hours' supply, as the storm raged till noon next day.

In our trip we learned that for moose-hunting in summer a warm, perfectly still night is best; and while a wind toward the shore carries the scent of the hunter to the game, a wind from the shore throws back the sound of the horn. Accordingly, the best month for hunting would seem to be June, when the animals stand in the water nearly all night; and trout and partridge are also abundant then. The drawback is black flies; besides, the male moose, which cast their horns (the females have none) in winter, have only the rudiments of horns in early summer. Then, too, the weather is so warm that game cannot be preserved, and whoever has a conscience on that point

will hesitate to kill more than he can keep or consume. There are no black flies or mosquitoes after September 1, and myriads before that time. One disadvantage of going late in the season, judging from our experience, which probably was exceptional, is that the weather is likely to be rainy. Our pleasant days were very rare in the woods, and we had no days at all without rain or high wind. Still, for general purposes it is better on the whole to go in October than in July, because the weather is cooler, the deer and partridge are in season, and even the rain is preferable to black flies.

Probably not one party in ten of those who go to Moosehead kills a moose, and hence moose meat cannot be relied on to stock the camp. One of Kline's favorite patrons was Mr. Harris, who, as the guide owned, hunted four seasons with him, a fortnight each year, before he shot his moose. Most of our hunting was done in the logans, where we habitually lay patiently, calling with birch-bark horns. A logan, I may add, is a piece of submerged meadow on the margin of a lake or river, from twelve to twenty inches deep, and shoaling gradually to the firm land. In it a rank sedge grows two or three feet high, and a birch can be easily forced into this grass till it and the occupants are concealed.

Much of one's pleasure and more of his success in such a trip depend on the guide. Kline was an excellent one—a reprobate in some respects, but probably Leather Stocking himself was horribly profane or else drank too freely, for the guide of experience is as much like Cooper's guide as Hole-in-the-Day like Uncas. He was a queer picture, with his shock of grizzling hair standing out all over his head an inch long, thick and close, like a shoe brush. He went coatless and bare-headed when we were shivering, though he wore a waistcoat (perhaps for the sake of the pockets) and signalized the fact of our being on the march by donning a torn slouched hat. His gun was an old-fashioned long-barrelled rifle, with wide grooves and very thin barrel, carrying nearly an ounce ball. He could hardly do any fine shooting with that instrument, and was in no way particular about his bullets. Poynter had a No. 10 double-barrelled fowling-piece, with which he used to

practise at a mark put against a green rock-maple tree. Kline would cut out Poynter's bullets, sent eight inches into the maple, and of course more or less battered out of shape, whittle them down to the size for his rifle, and load with them. One day we put up a six-inch disk of birch bark at forty yards, and Kline nicked the edge; whereas, an ordinary marksman ought to have struck the centre, and Poynter drove the tack in three times in succession, though by no means a crack shot.

Our theory for Kline's carelessness of aim was that, in those tangled forests, a hunter rarely shoots at a greater range than twenty yards, because he only then sees his game, while in moose-shooting at night the range is as often twenty feet. There are exceptional calls for skill, as when, in floating down the stream by day, a moose or deer is descried at a distance feeding on the brink; but the rivers are crooked and fringed, so that a close approach can usually be made. At Greenville, the city of the Moosehead district, we heard of no shooting-matches, *past*, present, or future, no tradition, no talk about great shots, as among the long-range marksmen of the prairies, nor of any famous rifles in the hands of the hunters; and indeed fine weapons for ordinary Moosehead shooting are no better than poorer ones. Steadiness of nerve rather than fine shooting, coolness rather than unusual skill, will lead to success at Moosehead, since most shots are made from ranges where even a bungler, with his wits about him, could not miss.

But those larger elements in the make-up of a good guide, woodcraft, experience in the habits and habitats of the game, whether finned, furred, or feathered, fertility in expedients, patience, good temper, and sympathy with the aims of his party, Kline had in abundance. His talk was always amusing. He had a queer use of the word *ample*. "How is Square Burrows on the liquor law?" "Oh, he's *ample*." He used to say "every time" for excellently, and "the idee is" for the fact is; indeed, he prefaced most of his sentences with "the idee is," as, for example, "The idee is, I tell 'em, 'tain't no use." His three adjectives of praise were awful, terrible, and master. "That's an awful pooty cow. That's an awful hombly

birch o' mine, but she's terrible tough; and that 'ere's a master good pad." In his stock of abbreviations "pad" stood for paddle, "crams" for cranberries, "pople" for poplar, "trig" for trigger. He talked about the "neat" profit of our trip, and said, "I'm revengeful" (i. e., determined) "to find out where that 'ere mould shot went to." He carefully distinguished "the gentlemen" from his neighbors, and spoke often of a certain Mr. Harris of New York who had camped with him four successive seasons, a fortnight each time. But most of his stories were of "Old Uncle Ellis," a fellow-guide, whom he evidently held in profound professional admiration. One of them concerned a dandified young fellow who had employed Old Ellis, and against whom the guide took a spite. The youth's watch having got out of order, Ellis offered to take it apart, and when he had done so gave back the pieces to the young man, remarking that he had forgotten how to put it together. The victim carried the delicate screws and wheels in his pockets till he got out of the woods. Whenever the camp-fire talk lagged, Kline was ready with—"One summer me and Ellis was over to Russell's Pond and come on a logan all stove to pieces. Ellis was master quick on the trig. Well, the old man he *called* and a bull begin to beller," etc. I asked Poynter to recall some of the guide's stories, but he pretended that they consisted chiefly of enormous lies about the amount of game shot by parties similar to ours the previous season, with wild conjectures of fabulous amounts to be shot during the next.

Of King little need be said. He was hired by Acres, and therefore a failure. The daily wages of the guides were two dollars each, but he vainly pretended at the last moment that the sum agreed on was two dollars and a half, and sought to indemnify himself for this failure by purloining Doane's brandy flask and Poynter's pouch, which the former discovered in the birch when King bade us adieu. He was a chatterbox, too—an empty-headed person, with that disagreeable flow of animal spirits which comes of combined health and ignorance, and which expresses itself in ways that prevent the good humor from ever becoming infectious. He was wont to greet the break of day with a

wild yell and a shout for all hands to get up, when half the party had been but three hours home from moose-hunting. He knew little about hunting, nothing about cooking, and shirked his share of work on all possible occasions.

I had almost forgotten to mention the pleasantest and most profitable of the various kinds of Moosehead partridge-shooting. This is the mythical pastime which exists in the imagination of the guides and the credulity of the hearers. In this delightful sport you walk, some fine morning, along the edges of clearings, adown the logging roads, across the carries—in fact through any open places in the forest—and bowl over choice selections from the myriads of partridges sunning themselves there. Our guides explained the phenomenal absence of this privilege in our own case by the deluges of rain that had fallen the preceding season, and amply compensated us for the difference by recounting the surprising numbers which a party just the size of ours had shot the twelvemonth before. Thoreau, who explored the Maine woods well, but kept fancying, when once out of sight of chimneys, that he was in untrodden regions, evidently swallowed a good many such stories with ease, and among them was one of a couple of gentlemen who shot sixty partridges from their buggy one day while driving along the high road. It was not Thoreau's party that did this shooting. They only did the listening; and we politely did that too, about the same story.

Doubt begets doubt; and whether it was the Moosehead mythology, or whether it was an association of ideas in the name, at all events, for some reason Poynter grew skeptical of the existence of Kline's hypothetical friend Mr. Harris, at least in the flesh. So, taking the address and a message, on our return to Manhattan Poynter and I verified the sportsman in a genial flour merchant, whom we found in professional light-gray trousers, coat, waistcoat, gaiters, neckerchief, whiskers, and hair. He laughed at all our chances and mischances, told all his own, naught extenuating, and making his climax on the final happy shot. He pronounced "moose" just like Kline, talked like him of "logans all stove up," and urged us to partake of some fine moose meat which Kline had just sent all the way from the

lake, and which Mrs. Harris had pronounced tainted, though he impressively assured us it was better than roast beef. Thus our farewell to Moosehead was surrounded, after all, with a halo of enthusiasm.

UHRICH OF STRASBOURG.

UHRICH of Strasbourg has, at this writing, just received the sword given him by Alsatian residents in New York, and, if we may believe the telegraph (which we must not habitually do), has said that he will "only draw it when an attempt is made to reconquer the provinces torn from France by the war." Will, then, the military itch never out from the body politic of France? Is the fever of "reconquest" forever to consume her system? The grass hardly grows over Gravelotte; the stench of her dead still infects Paris; yet Thiers cramps industry in favor of martial power, and, while a sweeping military system is preparing in the Assembly, the Government pets the old army, Faidherbe and Gambetta unite to blame Trochu and lament the lost cause, and all the loungers in the garden of the Palais Royal are agog with a new coalition betwixt France and Russia.

Were not Germany still in the captured forts, were not the millstone of indemnity about her neck, perhaps France would believe she had routed her invaders, and would be hotly marching "in pursuit," to the old cry, "*A Berlin*." It is charity to remind such a people that, whether at Forbach, Weissenberg, and Woerth, or at Gravelotte, Rezonville, and Mars la Tour, or again at Beaumont, Ste. Barbe, and Sedan, or in the six sorties from Paris; or at Beaune, Orleans, Le Mans, St. Quentin, they always went down. It was defeat a dozen times repeated, and a dozen times again. Whether the affair was one of bullet or bayonet, artillery duel or cavalry charge, a question of dash or one of endurance, whether the hapless French met Prussians or Saxons, Badois, Wurtembergers, or Bavarians, it was all one. Stout Sir Uhlán pierced northward to Arras, southward to Dijon, westward to Havre; and meanwhile great armies penned half a million men in Paris, and other great armies simultaneously fought their way to Tours, Lyons, Rouen; so that, if we remember all the concurrent

sieges or investments, from Toal to Neuf Brisach, and from Strasbourg to Soissons, we shall appreciate the magnitude of the German operations, and the overwhelming prowess of their arms. The Frenchman who already talks of "reconquest," be he general, gossip, or *gamin*, forgets that, if France captured a dozen guns, Germany took thousands; the one her handful of prisoners, the other her half million; the former her solitary flag, but the latter her vast stacks of standards. He forgets that France once had the moral advantage of prestige and the physical one of a superb frontier line; and that now the Germans have culled their enemy's laurels, saddled her with a war debt, ruined her armies, turned her frontier guns against her, and impregably fortified every road to the Rhine. As for Russia, her first sign of alliance with France would be checked by Prussia, Austria, and England combined.

Uhrich of Strasbourg probably knows that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that while the resolve not to surrender the frontier forts was sublime, the resolve to reconquer them is ridiculous or worse. For the fortresses only repeat the story of the field. If none disgraced themselves, none can live in the history of heroic sieges. The defence of Strasbourg was not a glorious performance. When a war breaks out, and a Sumter or Strasbourg is besieged, for a fort to defend itself at all, though built and manned for that purpose, seems to most people a marvellous feat—the exploit of demigods. An Uhrich or an Anderson finds himself lionized for not surrendering at the first fire; and it takes calmer reflection to judge the affair aright.

When on the 10th of August the Grand Duke of Baden asked the surrender of Strasbourg, Uhrich replied: "The ramparts are armed with 400 cannon, the garrison is 11,000 strong, besides the National Guard. Strasbourg will defend herself as long as there shall remain a soldier, a biscuit, or a cartridge." The bombardment, beginning on the 19th, became severe on the 25th; a month later (September 27), 17,000 soldiers, with many biscuits and cartridges, were surrendered to Von Werder. The citadel had been battered, many houses riddled and several people killed; but Strasbourg

had not awaited assault, and was unpressed by famine. Why do people boast that it had not surrendered at once? A Rouen, a Rheims, a Tours, an Amiens, an Orleans, may capitulate on the retreat of the army that alone shelters it; but a Strasbourg, like a Gibraltar, is to be a rock against the billow of invasion, and ought, as Uhrich said, to hold out till the last soldier, biscuit, or cartridge is gone. The later sieges of most wars, it seems to me, are stouter and sturrier than the earlier, because after a while it begins to dawn upon the minds of the defenders why fortified places are built; and then we have a Belfort and Paris, in place of a Metz and a Strasbourg.

Though its hydraulic defences mainly failed, and Vauban's pentagonal citadel was battered to bits by breaching guns, the city was still largely garrisoned and supplied. Of the 450 officers and 17,000 men surrendered, at least 7,000 were picked troops of the line. We cannot deny the effectiveness of modern ordnance, but the besiegers had also to endure it, both its ceaseless roar and its damage, and they lost more men than the besieged. The greater part of the city had not been touched, and in a grand frontier fortress the inhabitants expect to sacrifice the exposed quarter—else, why defend the country at all? The loss of life was trivial compared with that of most great sieges; non-combatants had been allowed to leave; there was no hunger in the city, no dearth of medicines in the hospitals, nor lack of guns or ammunition. Life in the cellar was disagreeable, and rambling in the streets dangerous; but only two days after the surrender a very careful observer wrote: "Save for battered houses and broken furniture, you would hardly believe you were among a suffering people; here everything is full of life and

bustle." We may not call such a defence shabby, but is it more than semi-heroic? Toul did as well, standing a siege of six weeks (though a severe bombardment of only six hours), with Major Huck's picked-up garrison of sixty cuirassiers, one hundred troops of the line forty gendarmes, two thousand raw mobiles, and no regular artillerymen.

Uhrich found, in a word, that neither the soldiers nor the citizens cared to make a Spartan affair of Strasbourg, and was forced to yield just at the point where the desperation of defence ordinarily begins. His conduct was honorable and humane, but Strasbourg does not go into history among its Magdeburgs, La Rochelles, Londonderrys, Genoa's, Saragossas, Badajoz. When, in such sieges, we remember how fire, famine, and sword were powerless to waste the spirit of the defenders; how, when men fell, women fought; how, when the vermin were all eaten, there were still for rations the corpses of the slain: how, when ten, twenty, forty thousand had died in battle or with the agonies of hunger, enough were left to struggle from breach to breach, and then from street to street, till crushed out in cinders and blood; we know what is meant by the "heroic sieges" of history. Strasbourg, its general, its garrison, its people, did as well as other French cities, garrisons, generals, and people—that is, not brilliantly, taken as a whole. What is astonishing is any talk or dream of "reconquering" the forts and provinces which only last year were taken away from France with such remarkable ease. When Soissons surrendered a few days too soon, it was a small matter; but Strasbourg knew before surrendering that its fall would mean the conquest of Alsace and the farewell of France to the Rhine.

PHILIP QUILLBET

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

It is to be expected that when a man is elevated to so distinguished a position as that of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, his "message" to that body will be the best effort of which he is capable. It is an opportunity which occurs but once in a lifetime, and the work is scattered to the very ends of civilization. Such an opportunity of influence should not be trifled with, and these addresses ought to be models of careful judgment and of sober, scientific method. Still, men cannot transcend themselves. Such performances must of course represent the constitution of the minds that produce them, and will be able, commonplace, or erratic accordingly. Sir William Thompson is undoubtedly a strong man. Knighted by the British Queen for the part he took in the great enterprise of the Atlantic telegraph, he is undoubtedly a skilful experimental investigator, and he is also a bold and acute, though it may be added an unsafe theorizer. His address has disappointed nobody who knew him; it is a singular medley of scientific sense and wire-drawn speculation—the latter being certainly a conspicuous element of the case. Sir William Thompson labors hard to get a share in the glory of contributing to spectrum analysis. He says that Stokes taught him at Cambridge, before 1852, the exact coincidence of two dark lines of the solar spectrum with two bright lines from artificial flames, and suggested the connection of sodium vapor with the production of the two bright lines. He then says that from this point he speculated in the direction of the subsequent discoveries made by Kirchhoff and published in 1859. But in this he was by no means alone, as many scientific minds were even earlier than this feeling their way in the same general direction. Years before Thompson got his first hints from Professor Stokes, Dr. Draper of this city had not only cultivated the subject with great skill, and discovered many things which, when turning up since, were supposed to be new, but he had published papers on the relations of

the spectrum to chemical analysis, and probably came nearer than any other man to anticipating the discovery of Kirchhoff.

But the extraordinary feature of Sir William Thompson's address is his theory, or rather his funny suggestion, concerning the origin of life upon earth. In the last passages of his discourse he plunged boldly into biology, and proposed to settle its most fundamental and refractory problem. The biologists have long been by the ears over the question whether life is spontaneously generated in its lower forms by the existing agencies of nature, or if not, how it did come into existence. Sir William stirred up the dregs of the controversy by announcing himself everlastingly hostile to the idea of spontaneous generation; but he was not content to leave the matter there, or to say that this is one of the enigmas which can only be resolved, if ever, in the distant future. And so he hazards the astounding conjecture that the origin of terrestrial life *may* have been due to the arrival of a germ from another world—brought by a meteoric stone! But this makes matters worse, for it only moves the difficulty one step back, and leaves the question as urgent as before, how did the germ originate? The advocates of spontaneous generation, moreover, see that it is but a shallow evasion of the real issue, and will naturally consider their own position strengthened when this is offered as the only alternative. On the other hand, the evolutionists throw up their hats in ecstasy. Huxley was not slow to perceive the advantage of the situation, and proclaimed the new President of the British Association an arrant Darwinian. For what more could Darwin ask than that all the multiform life of the globe is derived from a single germ, come that germ from whence it may? The fault and failure of this otherwise able paper is that its author was unwilling to stick to his legitimate field.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SCIENCE.

THE unparalleled success of the Germans in their late campaign against the French is by many in large part attributed to the superior processes and applian-

ces which a wide-spread cultivation of science has made familiar to the German people. This is doubtless true to some extent, and is but a part of a larger truth, viz., that from the invention of gunpowder down to the present, science has been steadily contributing to the destructiveness of war, while as if in atonement she has also done much toward the mitigation of many of its horrors. Nevertheless the spirit of science is totally opposed to that of war. The latter is born of a narrow nationalism which can see its own elevation only in another's degradation; its object is destruction and spoliation, and it is sustained by appeals to the selfish instincts and passions of men. The former springs from a love of truth for its own sake; its results are for the world at large, and its cultivators in every country are pervaded by a catholicity of feeling which, overleaping the bounds of nationality, tends to bind all together in one common brotherhood. A beautiful example of this generosity of sentiment among scientific men is afforded by a late speech of Prof. Liebig on the relations of Germany and France, delivered before the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences. He says: "The Academy seizes this moment to declare openly that there exists no national hatred between the German and Latin races. The peculiar character of the Germans, their knowledge of languages, their acquaintance with foreign people, the past and present state of their civilization, all tend to make them just toward other peoples, even at the risk of often becoming unjust toward their own; and thus it is that we recognize how much we owe to the great philosophers, mathematicians, and naturalists of France, who have been in so many departments our masters and models. I went, forty-eight years ago, to Paris to study chemistry; a fortuitous circumstance drew upon me the attention of Alexander Von Humboldt, and a single word of recommendation from him caused M. Guy Lussac, one of the greatest chemists and physiologists of his time, to make to me, a young man of twenty, the proposal to continue and finish with his coöperation an analysis which I had commenced; he introduced me as a pupil into his laboratory; my career was fixed after this. Never shall I forget the kindness with which Arago and Thenard received the German student; and how many compatriots, physicians, and others

could I not name who, like myself, gratefully remember the efficacious assistance afforded to them by French men of science in finishing their studies. An ardent sympathy for all that is noble and grand, as well as a disinterested hospitality, form some of the most noble traits of the French character.

THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE.

PREPARATIONS are already going forward for observing the eclipse of the sun which takes place in December next, and which will be visible as a total one in India, Ceylon, and Australia. Resident astronomers in India and Australia, aided by instruments and instructions from England, will be intrusted with the work in their respective localities; and it is expected that a party will go out under the auspices of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies, to occupy the station in Ceylon.

The track which the shadow will take is thus described: "The central line of the eclipse will first meet the earth's surface in the Arabian Sea, and, entering on the western coast of India, will pass right across one of the most important parts of Hindostan in a S. E. by E. direction. In this part of the peninsula the sun will be about twenty degrees above the horizon. The duration of totality will be two minutes and a quarter, and the breadth of the shadow about seventy miles. On leaving the eastern coast of the Madras Presidency the central line will cross Palk's Straits, passing about ten miles S. W. of the island Jaffnapatam, and over the northern part of Ceylon, where the small towns of Moeletivae and Kokelav will lie near the central line, and also the well-known naval station of Trincomalee, which will be about fifteen miles S. W. of the line. Continuing its course over the Bay of Bengal, the shadow will cross the S. E. point of Sumatra, and will touch the southwestern coast of Java, where Batavia, the capital, will lie nearly sixty miles N. E. of the central line; and two other smaller towns, Chidamar and Nagara, will also be very near the shadow path. In the Admiralty Gulf on the N. W. coast of Australia, the eclipsed sun will be only ten degrees past the meridian, and not far from the zenith; in consequence of which the totality will last four minutes and eighteen seconds, or only four seconds less than the time

of greatest duration. Lastly, passing through the most barren and uninhabited portion of Australia, crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria and the York Peninsula, the shadow will ultimately leave the earth's surface in the Pacific Ocean."

In a communication to the Royal Society Mr. Lockyer indicates the character of the observations which at the present stage of the problem he believes to be the most important, and at the same time designates those of inferior consequence, which may be safely subordinated by the various observers. Of the former class are :

"Spectroscopic observations made with such an instrument as the one I took out to Sicily, *equatorially mounted*, and with reference spectra.

"Photographic observations made with such an instrument as the one I took out to Sicily, namely, a camera with large aperture and small focal length, *equatorially mounted*."

Those of minor importance are: "Photographing prominences, sketching anything besides the changes in the corona, polariscopic observations, and the observation of Baily's heads."

Careful attention is directed to the following points as of the first account :

"Observation of the rays before, during, and after totality, their length, direction, and color.

"Colors of various layers of chromosphere, and of clouds and landscape. The order of these colors is of great importance.

"Dark rays or rifts; whether they change, and whether they extend to the dark moon, or stop short above the denser layers of the chromosphere.

"The colors of the corona between bright and dark rays.

"All changes in corona.

"Comparative brightness of rays and chromosphere and outer corona."

TESTING THE STRENGTH OF METALS.

At the last year's meeting of the British Association, M. Gustav Bischoff called attention to a machine which he had devised for testing the strength of metals, after a method also his own. The machine is called a metallometer, and its mode of operation is briefly as follows: Strips of the metal to be tested are prepared according to certain specified rules, and are then placed in the machine and bent backwards and forward through a

definite angle until they break. These bendings are effected by a clockwork arrangement, and dials are attached to register the number of oscillations to which each strip is subjected. The number of bendings which each sustains is, according to M. Bischoff, the measure of the quality of the metal; and from his experiments it appears to be an exceedingly delicate test. Requiring some fixed standard to which to refer the tests of other specimens, M. Bischoff selects strips of chemically pure zinc. Knowing the average test of say fifty strips of zinc in any given machine at any given angle of bending, furnishes a standard with which to compare the results of tests on other materials in the same or other machines. The inventor asserts that by this method he can detect the deteriorating effect of .00,001 per cent. of tin when alloyed with pure zinc.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

THE scientific war over this obscure and perplexing question is far from being ended. The French carried it on for many years with their wonted martial spirit; but the fires of scientific controversy in that country have latterly paled amid the lurid gleams of old-fashioned military strife. But the scientific contagion has caught over the Channel, and the germs find a congenial medium in the pugnacious British temper. Huxley tried to put an extinguisher on the discussion from his papal throne at the British Association last year, but to no purpose. After a little breathing spell, Dr. Bastian, champion of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, or the physical origin of life, returns vigorously to the charge. He has just issued a small volume from the press of Macmillan on the "Origin of the Lowest Organisms," which is designed to clear up certain matters preparatory to the appearance of his larger work on the general subject, which will come out this autumn. M. Pasteur of France, a brilliant and accomplished experimentalist, is the Boanerges of the old doctrine; but Bastian claims that his logic is not equal to his manipulation, and that his laboratory results are capable of a quite different interpretation, from that which he has given them, and which he is of opinion will be found to be the true interpretation. Dr. Bastian claims that the question of the mode of origin of living matter is inextric-

cably mixed up with the question of fermentation, and that Pasteur in fact was led into the subject by his attempts to settle the fermentation controversy. The question was, Is fermentation a purely chemical process, for the induction of which the action of living organisms is not necessary? or is it a vital process that cannot be initiated without the presence of living organisms? Dr. Bastian says: "The former may be called the *physical* theory of fermentation, of which Baron Liebig is the most prominent modern exponent, while the latter may be termed the *vital* theory of fermentation. All the facts which I have to adduce, so far as the subject of fermentation is concerned, are wholly in favor of the views of Baron Liebig."

INSTABILITY OF DYNAMITE.

DYNAMITE, lithofracteur, giant powder, etc., are all preparations of nitro-glycerine, designed to secure safety in the use and transportation of what, alone, is one of our most dangerous explosives. Each consists essentially of nitro-glycerine in combination with some inert powder, usually infusorial earth; and repeated tests have appeared to demonstrate that they all fully answer the intended purpose. But the fear has been expressed by those conversant with the subject that the combination would not last; that under changes of temperature, or from some other cause, the nitro-glycerine would separate itself from its sluggish associate, and thus become as dangerous as before. It now seems that this apprehension was not unfounded, for we are told in a late foreign scientific journal that such a change has actually been observed to take place, the nitro-glycerine escaping from its imprisonment endowed with all its former terrible qualities. The facts were communicated by P. Guyot, a French chemist, who, having some cartridges of dynamite in his possession, saw that the paper of which the body of the cartridge was made had become saturated with an oily-looking substance, which on examination turned out to be nitro-glycerine. The thick pasteboard boxes in which the cartridges were packed were also saturated; and a small piece of one of these thrown upon glowing coals gave rise to a violent explosion. Another piece laid upon an anvil and sharply struck with a hammer exploded with equal violence. Even the wood of the

cases in which the pasteboard boxes were placed for transportation was found to have absorbed a notable quantity of the nitro-glycerine. This distribution through paper and wood might be thought as harmless as the previous diffusion through infusorial earth, did not the above-mentioned experiments negative such a supposition.

A NEW INK PLANT.

A PLANT growing in New Granada, and known there under the name of *chanchi*, yields a juice said to possess superior qualities as a writing ink. Letters made with it are at first of a reddish color, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. It is also represented as less injurious to steel pens than common ink, and much more durable. In the case of some papers, part of which were written with this vegetable juice and the remainder with ordinary ink, after being long exposed to the action of sea-water the letters made with the juice came out clear and apparently unimpaired, while those traced with the common ink were almost illegible. The botanical name of this remarkable plant is *Coryaria thymifolia*. Attempts have been made to grow it in other countries, but thus far all have signally failed.

SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE PARIS SIEGE.

THE old proverb that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" has a deeper significance than is generally attributed to it; it is not only morally true, but it is in an emphatic sense scientifically true. The history of scientific discovery is full of examples in which men under the pressure of emergencies have undertaken inquiries which have extended the domain of knowledge and advanced the practical arts. It could hardly be, therefore, that so acute and ingenious a people as the French could be drawn to the verge of famine in their great capital without sharply revising their knowledge on the subject of the source, quality, and economy of food. Under this spur to close inquiry the celebrated chemist M. Payen has examined the skeletons of cattle and horses, with some rather curious results. The comparative examination of the adipose tissue between the muscles of the tubular portions of the long bones and of the enlarged ends of these same bones, to a certain distance from the articulations, brings

out the remarkable fact that the fatty matter extracted from each of these sources in the same animal has a different point of fusion to the other two, and that the difference is still greater between the greases of the two kinds of animals. It was further found that the greases from the skeleton of the horse present very different characters from those of bullocks. Those derived from the adipose tissue of the horse, particularly that from the thick end of the femoral bones, have a slight agreeable smell of the apple. The fragrant qualities of these greases may be turned to very useful account in alimentary preparations. They may be mixed in different proportions with mutton and beef fats, extracted in the fresh state, in order to alter their consistency and improve their quality at discretion. It is stated that the grease from the skeleton of the horse, when properly separated, is suitable for all culinary purposes, and replaces butter better than any other of the fat tribe. The purification of greases on a large scale in Paris seems to have resulted in much new and valuable information.

THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

UNDER this title Mr. James Leakey describes in "St. Paul's Magazine" an animal which still survives in Van Diemen's Land, and which seems to illustrate the extremest type of ferocious character. It is represented as a beast of about the size of a large bulldog, and in appearance something between a polecat and a bear. It is known as the *ursian sarcophilus*, and is a pouched animal like the opossum and kangaroo. The female bears from three to five cubs, which she carries about with her in her pouch till they grow too big to get into it. The brute is a nocturnal prowler, and when gorged with food sleeps so profoundly that ordinary noises do not awaken him; but the peculiarity of the animal, from which he gets his nickname, is that under the slightest provocation he is aroused into the most diabolical fury, and fights with a blind and desperate fierceness which is never seen in any other creature. He attacks all before him, either dead or living, and flies with equal fierceness at a mastiff or a barn-door, and while life is left to him there is neither truce nor quarter; he fights on, regardless of numbers, as long as there is a shred of flesh to tear or a bone to shatter. Though taken young and kept in captivity, his

savage nature undergoes not the slightest modification; he rushes at the wall with the same mad frenzy, and dies perhaps in a furious and exhausting struggle with the bars of his cage. If all that is stated of this creature be true, he would seem to be nature's crowning effort in sheer downright cussedness of disposition.

THE COLOR OF SEA-WATER.

WHY the color of sea-water is in some places green, in others blue, and in still others black, or of no color at all, is a question which has often been asked, but which until Professor Tyndall took up the subject had received no satisfactory answer. He finds that all the varied hues of the sea come from the action of the water, and what the water contains, upon the rays of light which fall upon its surface and penetrate its depths.

To illustrate the nature of this action Professor Tyndall calls attention to the composition of white light, and also to the fact that color generally appears when one of its constituents is withdrawn. For example, if a ray of light is sent into a solution which has the power of arresting all its components except red and blue, the passage and blending of these will give rise to purple, the color which the liquid will be seen to present. In this way the solution cuts out or suppresses the yellow and the green; but though attacking these with especial vigor its tendency is to enfeeble the whole and make the stratum of liquid thick enough, and the entire spectrum may be made to disappear. Again, in the case of a blue liquid, what makes it blue? Its action on the spectrum answers the question. It first extinguishes the red; then as the thickness augments it attacks the orange, yellow, and green in succession; the blue alone finally remains; but everything might be extinguished by a sufficient depth of the liquid.

Now sea-water acts upon the spectrum in a similar way, attacking all its rays, but with different degrees of energy. The red is first attacked and first extinguished, and at the same time the remaining colors are enfeebled. "As the solar beam plunges deeper into the sea, orange follows red, yellow follows orange, green follows yellow, and the various shades of blue, where the water is deep enough, follow green. Absolute extinction of the solar beam would be the consequence if

the water were deep and uniform, and contained no suspended matter. Such water would be as black as ink. A reflected glimmer of ordinary light would reach us from its surface as it would from the surface of actual ink; but no light, hence no color, would reach us from the body of the water. In very clear and very deep sea-water this condition is approximately fulfilled, and hence the extraordinary darkness of such water."

An examination of nineteen samples of sea-water, taken from as many different localities—in each of which the color had been carefully noted—disclosed the fact that none were entirely pure, but that all contained more or less suspended matter, which appeared to have much to do with the color of the water. That which showed the largest proportion of impurities was taken from the sea where the water was of a yellow-green color. Samples obtained where it was distinctly green were notably purer than the preceding; and as the purity augmented the color deepened from green to greenish-blue, thence to blue, and thence in the purest water of all, to a dark indigo color, or almost black. It was found by experiment that these particles of suspended matter throw back the light to the eye; and where they were present in greatest quantity the yellow-green color was evidently due to the action of the particles returning a portion of the light before it had penetrated deep enough to loose the whole of its yellow constituent. As the water became purer the yellow disappeared entirely and the green became predominant; this in turn was expelled and extinguished with increasing purity, the constituents of the spectrum disappearing one after another as the impurities disappeared. Professor Tyndall says, "My observations, I think, clearly establish the association of the green color of sea-water with fine suspended matter, and the association of the ultramarine color, and more especially of the black-indigo hue of sea-water, with the comparative absence of such matters."

LIQUID FIRE.

UNDER this title the "Chemical News" gives the composition of a substance, which has the peculiar property of spontaneously igniting when brought in contact with aqua ammonia. The compound is formed by adding bromine to an excess

of flowers of sulphur. This is left standing for awhile in a glass-stoppered bottle, and afterward filtered through asbestos; the liquid thus obtained consisting in one hundred parts, of 83.33 bromine to 16.77 sulphur. When brought in contact with liquid ammonia the mixture is at first inert, but in a few moments it begins to boil violently and soon bursts into flame. A combination of sulphur with chlorine in the presence of ammonia, behaves in a similar way.

PROGRESS OF CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY.

PEOPLE are slowly learning the advantages of combination in industrial production, both in profit of result and in escaping from the worst drudgeries of toilsome labor. Even the farmers, who are usually the last to move in any coöperative direction, are beginning to see the benefits of this policy, and to reap its advantages. The production of cheese in factories by neighborhood combination has now become an established business, and not only turns out to be a real economy, but in removing a laborious branch of manufacturing industry from the household, it has proved one of the greatest domestic boons to overworked women in many a farmer's family. This industrial improvement is not only extending in this country, but the English farmers are beginning to copy the American system with satisfactory results. The report of the Derbyshire associated dairies, shows that their first year's experiment has been fairly successful, so that there is every probability that the plan of operations will not only be continued but extended. The "Food Journal" says that the contributors of milk have realized good prices for their produce, while the quality of the cheese made has decidedly improved, and what is a hopeful feature in the transaction everybody seems satisfied.

ACTION OF WATER ON LEAD.

DR. LISSAUR states that lead pipes for conducting soft water, during the first four or five weeks of their use, contaminate such water with lead, but afterward a strongly adhering coating of oxide of lead is formed on the inside of the pipes, when no further danger need be apprehended. "As soon as water contains fifty-eight milligrams of carbonate of lime per litre (about four and a half grains per gallon),

kept in solution by carbonic acid, leaden pipes are not acted upon."

THE GREAT ICE-PLAIN OF GREENLAND.

Most people who have ever heard of Greenland know that ice is the chief production of the country; yet probably but few are aware of the immense extent of her resources in this respect, or of the excellent facilities she enjoys for shipping away the crop. For much interesting information on these and other points concerning that country, we are indebted to a paper from the pen of Mr. William Pengelly, F.R.S., published in the July number of the "Popular Science Review." This paper is based partly on the observations of Dr. Brown, who accompanied Mr. Whymper in the Greenland exploring expedition sent out by the Royal Society of Great Britain in 1867, and partly on the observations of earlier travellers.

Greenland, in the opinion of this writer, is a wedge-shaped island, which Dr. Brown believes to be thickly covered with ice throughout its whole interior, while the only visible land upon it is a strip of varying width along the coast, separating the interior ice region from the sea. This is the only habitable portion of the country; and for a short time in summer it is free from snow, and supports a considerable variety of vegetation. Viewed from the sea, this outskirting land presents the appearance of a circlet of bare islands, which rise in some instances to a height of two thousand feet. This island-like aspect of the coast is due to the existence of a series of deep inlets or arms of the sea which divide the mountainous rim of land into areas of unequal extent. Followed landwards, these arms of the sea are found, as a rule, to terminate abruptly against great walls of ice, which vary in height from one to three thousand feet, according to the depth of the valleys which they occupy, and of which the inlets themselves appear to be only the continuations. The face of one of these ice walls, belonging to what is known as Humboldt's Glacier, has an estimated breadth of sixty miles. It is at these interior points, where the great ice stream flowing down the valley encounters the water which fills it below, that icebergs are formed. The immense mass of ice constituting the glacier slowly creeps forward into the water, sometimes to a distance of half a mile or more, when, from the buoying action of

the water, its motion is stopped; and from the same cause rather than from force of gravity the projecting portion is broken off, and thus becomes an iceberg. Many of these icebergs find their way to the sea and disappear beneath the sun of more southerly latitudes; while many others ground in the inlets and there either slowly break to pieces, or, as is sometimes the case, accumulate to such a degree that they choke up and even obliterate the passage from end to end.

"Once fairly on the ice in the interior, a dreary scene meets the view—one great ice field, unbroken in all directions, except in those in which the outskirting land is seen. The traveller, however, finds it traversed with crevasses, the bottom of which he can neither see nor reach with his sounding-line. The surface of the field rises continuously but gently, the gradient diminishing toward the interior. In the winter it must be covered by a deep layer of snow, and the surface must be smooth as a glassy lake; but in summer this covering is converted into water, which, in the form of streams, finds its way to the sea directly by flowing on the surface to the edge, or indirectly by falling into crevasses, and thence by subglacial routes. As is the case with glaciers generally, the surface of the ice is ridged and furrowed; and so far as observations have gone this increases toward the interior. Nowhere is there to be seen on it a trace of any living thing, or a patch of earth, a stone, or, in short, anything whatever to remind one of the outer world.

"There seems every probability that the country is covered with one continuous almost level field of ice, concealing or obliterating all indications of hill and valley, and without a single break for upward of twelve hundred miles from north to south, and four hundred from east to west. Its thickness is unknown; but when it is remembered that every square mile contains six hundred and forty acres, that the weight of an inch of rain is upward of one hundred tons per acre, and that even exclusive of the pressure the specific gravity of ice is about eight-ninths that of water, it will be seen that this unbroken ice field of Greenland must have an area of upward of three hundred million acres, and a weight of more than twenty-seven thousand million tons for every inch of its thickness."

The rarity of icebergs on the eastern

coast, and the fact that the surface of the ice field is entirely free from stone or other traces of land, have led to the conclusion that there is no high land in the interior, but that the ice slopes continuously from east to west; and as its surface in the known interior is considerably below the level of the bordering land, it is also inferred by Dr. Brown that the bare surface of the country, were the ice removed, would present the appearance of a huge shallow basin—a basin now filled with ice, which slowly flows off in the form of glaciers through the enormous lips in the zone of mountain land forming its rim.

The yearly precipitation of both snow and rain is estimated at about ten inches; the discharge of ice in the form of glaciers about two inches, a small quantity by evaporation from the surface of the field, but most in the streams of water which pour out both summer and winter from beneath the glaciers. Whether increase or waste is greatest no one has yet undertaken to decide.

Dr. Brown confirms the opinion of geologists generally, that the west coast of Greenland is slowly sinking beneath the sea, and he gives much valuable evidence in support of the view; he does not however agree with other geologists in the belief that other parts of the island are now rising, but thinks that while there is unmistakable evidence that at some former period an extensive upward movement has taken place, at the present time the whole country is slowly going down together, at the rate of something like five feet in a century.

EFFECTS OF A NON-NITROGENOUS DIET.

How man is affected by entirely stopping his supply of nitrogenous food has lately been made a subject of experimental investigation by Dr. Parkes, the eminent English writer on hygiene, and he finds that while the circulation is materially affected, the other functions do not appear to suffer. The experiments were made on the person of a soldier; and one of the first results observed, even when his ordinary supply of nitrogenous food was but partially withdrawn, was marked enfeeblement of the circulation. On his ordinary diet the lever of the sphygmograph, under equal pressure, was thrown to almost double the height reached by it when

nitrogenous food was wholly withheld. That this lessened expansion, as shown by the sphygmograph, was not due to increased resistance in the arterial wall, was shown by the softness of the pulse under the finger. But with this feebleness of the heart's action and consequently of the circulation, which in varying degrees lasted throughout the whole course of the experiment, it was noted as a remarkable fact that the other functions seemed to be but slightly or not at all disturbed, and to all outward appearance the man was the picture of perfect health. With but half the ordinary supply of nitrogenous food for five days, and an entire abstinence from it for the four following days, he was able to do a hard day's work without apparent inconvenience; but from the great weakness of the heart's action at the end of this time, it was thought advisable to discontinue the experiment.

RECENT AUSTRALIAN VERTEBRATES.

THE curator of the Australian Museum at Sydney, Mr. Gerard Krefft, has recently published a condensed list of the indigenous vertebrate species, both existing and fossil, of Australia. Of existing forms, there are one hundred and seventy-three species of mammals, six hundred and seventy of birds, one hundred and fifty-eight of reptiles, forty-two of batrachians, and four hundred and forty of fishes; or a total of nearly fifteen hundred species. Among these the marsupial mammalia number one hundred and ten species, or exactly double the residue of the class, which residue is made up of a single dog, twenty-four bats, and thirty rodents. Among the birds the parrots are most conspicuous, there being over sixty species. Neither woodpeckers, humming-birds, nor trogons have ever yet been met with. The reptilia are very numerous, and include one species of crocodile which often attains the enormous length of thirty feet, and in some districts is a great annoyance to the inhabitants. Five only out of the eighty known species of snakes are venomous. The frog tribe is well represented, and includes numerous species of the tree-climbing sort; and every sub-class and order of fishes has its representatives in the Australian seas and rivers. The present work is the forerunner of a much larger one by the same author, intended to be an account of the entire fauna of that interesting country.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"THE Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson. Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences by his Great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph." Harper & Bros.

This book, evidently a labor of love, is a valuable contribution to our national biography. It supplies us with just those facts we most need to complete our knowledge of one of our greatest men. Familiar with the outward life of Jefferson through common history, we here get at his inward life—that life from which time only removes the veil, and a knowledge of which is indispensable to enable us fully to appreciate the man. The compiler has executed her task with taste and judgment; her material was rich, and she has used it most effectively. This work, among other things, completely disproves the calumnies of Jefferson's contemporaries—those traditions of immorality and irreligion still clouding his name, and generated in the minds of partisans and bigots. Were there no positive refutation of these slanders in other quarters, it would be impossible to believe them after reading this book: the simple radiance of a consistent and beautiful character, one in which sentiment and action always harmonized, no unguarded expression of the former betraying the hypocrisy of the latter, a character honored at home and abroad by those best qualified to judge of it, cause them to vanish like mist in the brightness of full sunshine. Fortunately for the progress of society, the slime of political and theological rancor is soon rubbed off by "Truth, the eldest daughter of Time."

The correspondence most largely drawn on in this volume is, of course, that between Jefferson and his two daughters. Mrs. Jefferson died while her children were quite young, and Jefferson accordingly made every effort to supply her place to them. He felt that the duties of both parents centred in him, and that he had to think for them in two directions. The course he pursued in their education, the views of life he entertained and his counsel to them based thereon, are instructive. Jefferson's ideas of the sphere of woman would probably not accord with those advocated by some advanced minds of the

present day. His plans and advice all tend to prevent his daughters from becoming unfeminine; there was no intellectual quality or aim that he did not foster; there was no grace or emotion on which the charm and usefulness of woman depends that he did not carefully develop.

The following, taken from a letter to his eldest daughter, at school in Paris during his embassy to France, and written while on a journey for the benefit of his health, illustrates this point: "I am glad to learn," he says, "that you are employed in things new and good, in your music and drawing. You have promised me a more assiduous attention, and I have great confidence in what you promise. It is your future happiness which interests me, and nothing can contribute more to it (moral rectitude always excepted) than the contracting a habit of industry and activity. Of all the cankers of human happiness none corrodes with so silent yet so baneful an influence as indolence. Body and mind both unemployed, our being becomes a burthen and every object about us loathsome, even the dearest. Idleness begets ennui, ennui the hypochondria, and that a diseased body. No laborious person was ever yet hysterical." After enjoining her to overcome some obstacle in her studies, on the ground that it is a part of the American character "to consider nothing as desperate," he recommends, in addition to music, drawing, books, invention, and exercise, the needle and domestic economy, and for this reason: "In the country life of America there are many moments when a woman can have recourse to nothing but her needle for employment. In a dull company and in dull weather, for instance, it is ill manners to read, it is ill manners to leave them. The needle is then a valuable recourse. Besides, without knowing how to use it herself, how can a mistress of a family direct the work of her servants?" When he has occasion to counsel boys, he urges upon them principles which will elevate their character and make them morally and intellectually independent; it never occurs to him to put forth thrift or gain as the aim and end of their energies. If these things are trifles, they are at the

same time significant. They show that one who knew how to construct a government was qualified for the task by knowing how to shape individuals and by knowing how to insure the integrity of the family out of which the State issues.

If Jefferson's political career did not prove him to be an original man, free from conventional notions, acting through convictions based on patient research and in deference to past human experience, this would be apparent from his letters, sympathies, studies, and intercourse with distinguished men, more or less fully placed before us in this volume. His views of men and things were not derived from merely popular sources. Law, to him, was not simply Blackstone, religion any particular creed or church, government any favorite system of order resting on established formulæ. He found principles of justice in the aggregate development of human societies, faith, truth, and toleration in the integrity of individuals, and political liberty in a common-sense adjustment of rights and interests adapted to soil and climate. His mind was essentially scientific. Franklin is called philosopher; Jefferson as a legislator is, we think, superior to Franklin in philosophical acumen. He was more interested in the social relationships of mankind and understood them better, and no less interested in man's relation to the world in which he lives. The resources of his day to this end were scant, but he made the most of them. He was a student, a man of culture, an earnest seeker for "sweetness and light." It is only such men that are original; few, like Jefferson, possess in addition physical energy, so as to shine in practical life when forced into it. Lack of time for reading and study was with Jefferson a lifelong complaint. He was not content with the intellectual products of a colony, but resorted to the European minds, to a world of feeling and action in which the problems of humanity were most perplexing and which called forth the profoundest thought. His study of man and society was not confined to the limited sphere of an infantile nation. We find evidence of this in his observations and maxims, and in a certain air of not saying all that he knew, which pervades his writings generally. We find it, moreover, in his admiration, openly expressed, of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, as well as in his display of their portraits, with busts of

Turgot and Voltaire, in his house at Monticello. No purely colonial mind could have gestated the pregnant sentences of the Declaration of Independence, or so ably and consistently advocated the fundamental principles of democracy. This could easily be demonstrated by the almost deadly opposition to him of those of his contemporaries whose minds were formed in a theocratic mould, and whose notions of political dominion centred in strength rather than in quality of government. We lay stress on these features of Jefferson's character because they show the value of culture, and because since his time men of culture in political life have become rarer and rarer, and politicians consequently more and more degraded. We of to-day are too content with political empirics and sciolists, with legal mechanics who mar and defile good work; we are not ourselves sufficiently cultivated to detect robbers and charlatans before we elect them, and so justify the virtue we display after we find out their real characters. Our young people need some example of intelligence and integrity and culture, like that furnished by Jefferson, in order to have some test and standard within themselves of political efficiency.

It is curious, and somewhat saddening, to note Jefferson's abhorrence of political life. Writing from Philadelphia in 1798, when he was Vice-President, to his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, married and settled at Monticello, he says: "For you to feel all the happiness of your quiet situation, you should know the rancorous passions which tear every breast here, even of the sex which should be a stranger to them. Politics and party hatreds destroy the happiness of every being here. They seem, like salamanders, to consider fire as their element." Again: "Environed here in scenes of constant torment, malice, and obloquy, worn down in a station where no effort to render service can avail anything, I feel not that existence is a blessing but when something recalls my mind to my family or my farm. Politics are such a torment that I would advise every one not to mix with them."

Jefferson nevertheless had his appreciators. His great-granddaughter gives amusing evidence of it. The letters he wrote in reply to civil and uncivil correspondents amounted at his death to 26,000, while the copies made of his answers by himself numbered 16,000. In a letter to

John Adams he reports himself obliged to write about 1,100 per annum. People visited him through all kinds of motives; some as patriots, philosophers, and travelers; others through idle curiosity, men, women, and children; others claiming "the privilege of American citizens in paying their respects to the President and inspecting Monticello." His daughter states that she was once obliged to accommodate fifty persons without any notice of their coming. Visitors came at all hours and seasons, many insisting on sitting in the hall so as to see Jefferson when he passed from his chamber to his dinner. One female visitor, in peering around the house, punched her parasol through a window-pane to get a better view of him.

But we have said enough to give our readers an idea of this valuable book. It is a noble monument to Jefferson's memory, one far more lasting than the dilapidated stone which marks his grave, and which is a disgrace to the nation.

"MINNESOTA as a Home for Invalids." By Brewer Mattocks, M. D. 12mo, pp. 200. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Minnesota, its Character and Climate." By Ledyard Bill. Wood & Holbrook.

These two volumes are intended to enforce the claim of Minnesota, on the score of its cold and dry climate, as a sanatorium for patients afflicted with pulmonary disease. The claim is not, indeed, very well borne out by the statistics quoted in these volumes, which are those prepared for the Smithsonian Institution.

The census of 1860 shows the average mortality from consumption throughout the Union to be in a rough way proportional to the average temperature of the given State. Deaths from this cause are ten times as frequent in Massachusetts, and—as Mr. Bill has rather uncandidly neglected to inform us—twice as frequent in Minnesota, as they are in Georgia. Minnesota is indeed a colder State than Massachusetts. But its greater cold is offset in part by the greater dryness of its soil. A damp soil is one of the most prolific causes of consumption. Minnesota occupies an elevated portion of the continent; it is an undulating country, and its natural watersheds insure its thorough drainage. This circumstance undoubtedly conduces to the healthiness of the climate. Nor is it improbable that its long and se-

vere winters, owing to the constancy of their cold, may be less trying to the consumptive than the varying weather of the Eastern and Middle States. But the Smithsonian Institution records show that the capital city of Minnesota has a winter of 148 days, during which the temperature is 16 deg. Fahr. below the freezing point. That such an Arctic temperature is more favorable to the cure of phthisis than a climate comparatively warm and uniform throughout the year, is a point that is not proven in these volumes.

Another consideration, however, in favor of the Minnesota climate, remains to be stated. It is not, as is generally claimed, if we are to judge by the thermometer even in the winter, a uniform climate. The ranges of the thermometer are great and sudden. But they have an important peculiarity: they are generally—except at midday—below the freezing point. The invalid who remains indoors during the severest depression of temperature, does not suffer from them; and the air is comparatively seldom laden with the moisture of a thaw.

It may be urged that this housing of the invalid, if it protects him from the dangers, also bars him from the tonic influences of the climate; yet it can hardly be doubted that the Minnesota winter influences him more equably than the milder one in which he is exposed to frequent changes that range above and below the freezing point.

On the other hand, the advocates of the Minnesota climate fail to call attention to a fact which impairs the value of the argument drawn from the alleged equability of its temperatures. The summers of that State are even hotter than those of the East. Its climate may be described as eminently a climate of extremes; and whatever advantages are to be sought in temperatures that are comparatively uniform throughout the year, cannot be found here. These advantages exist only in the climates of much warmer States. Nor will the dryness of the Minnesota air prove a sufficient guarantee of the healthiness of its climate. England, with its proverbially moist atmosphere, has a much smaller percentage of deaths than Massachusetts, which is comparatively dry. Were a moist atmosphere provocative of phthisis, we should find that disease to be most common in Southern climates where the air is loaded with watery vapors.

Besides the facts which these authors give, there are others which they have not cared to mention. Of the consumptives who go to Minnesota, even in the early stages of their complaint, but one in fifteen are cured. The Young Men's Christian Association of St. Paul's has found it necessary to take in charge the burial of the unfriended invalids that flock there in the vain hope of a climate cure; and they have abundant duty as undertakers. In short, there seems to be no sovereign balm for consumption in Minnesota. Its climate is favorable only to the stronger invalids. To those who are able to endure the tonic effect of cold, we can recommend Minnesota with a qualified hope.

"PLUTARCH'S MORALS," translated from the Greek by several hands, corrected and revised by William W. Goodwin, with an introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), is in every way the best edition of this valuable work, and should meet a sale commensurate with its great merits. It is an encyclopædia of pagan wisdom and good sense, and in many respects as applicable to our present order of social existence as when Plutarch wrote.

The little city of Chæronea, so small that Plutarch did not like to leave it lest it should become smaller, was remarkable for its colossal lion sculptured in the best style of Grecian art, and for having been the birthplace of Plutarch himself. He was born during the first half of the first Christian century, and lived about seventy years. Like men of thought and not of action, his life is without sensational events, but his brain has left behind it monuments more durable in utterances the good effects of which are as expansive as sunbeams. Plutarch married a good woman, Timoxena, with whom he passed a happy life. On finding its dawn about to be overcast by a quarrel with her family, he took her on a voyage to Mount Helicon, and there offered a sacrifice to Love, and placed his conjugal fidelity in the custody of this deity. Here we see the child-like simplicity of his character and his native disposition to live, if possible, in the brightness and not in the shadow of life. He made visits to Rome and Italy, and it is supposed that his moral writings contain the substance of the lectures he delivered while in Italy. It is also supposed that while at Rome he must have

met Lucan, Pliny the younger, Quintilian, and others, and yet no mention of him is made in their writings. But Plutarch was not to be met in the highways of life; he sought its bypaths, and there watched men unconsciously unfolding their characters, while he, the great pagan observer, was taking notes to be afterward moulded into the undying works of his genius. If we except Plutarch's essay on the malignity of Herodotus, a melancholy failure and a foil to his sagacity and historical instinct, there is nothing to reflect on the justice and impartiality of his well-balanced mind. There was no irascibility, which implies inactivity of the superior feelings, to be found in Plutarch. His mind, like the opening flower to the rising sun, took in all the virtues of men, renovated them, and gave them back to the world to be ever-living examples for coming generations. No writer is more indebted to a translator than Plutarch is to Amyot, whose version of his works in French appeared about 1559. The simplicity and native richness of Amyot's mind and language seem to have fused themselves into the Greek mind and language of Plutarch, the pictorial character and liquid flow of the one being more than imbibed and reproduced by the other. Montaigne, a literary descendant of Plutarch and Amyot, rekindled the fire of their genius and transmitted it, it may be said, to all Europe. The genealogy of the lettered successors of these three men would make a volume worthy of the classic pen of Matthew Arnold.

The intelligent reader will be careful not to confound the moral writings of Plutarch with a science of morals, a great labor yet in embryo, though encircled by the fresh light of some prominent contemporary writers. They bear about the same relationship to this work as do the writings of Addison. These writings of Plutarch were about coeval with the rise of Christianity, and though they seem to be entirely independent of that event, a comparative study of them with those of the New Testament would be a worthy if not an indispensable introduction to a work on a history of morals. If properly elaborated, it would touch the heart of the subject, confound Buckle, and make plain the misconceptions of the eloquent but superficial Lecky. It was not in the genius of Plutarch to be an intellectual pioneer, to recast old foundations and build up new

structures. Elective by nature, he absorbed the refined material around him, reproduced it in his own picturesque way, and stamped on it the genial impress of his own placid disposition. It is easily understood, therefore, how he failed to perceive or to be conscious of the silently growing moral element of Christianity. He played with the conventionally gilded shell of paganism, never dreaming that the kernel within it was dead, and that a new order of things was fast forming which would consign it to the tomb of the past. Refined and intelligent men, having a comfortable resting-place in any long recognized order of society, seldom or never dream of any coming change, and still less imagine necessity for change. Plutarch looked upon the pagan order of things as a finality, requiring only occasional pruning like a tree. We, who can measure the magnitude of the effects of which he failed to see the causes during his life, can fully comprehend the limitation of his faculties while giving him full credit for the admirable brain-work with which he has endowed the world. Men like Plutarch seldom look for nascent moral revolutions where they necessarily originate, namely, in obscure places and among humble people. They never imagine that though the most majestic tree flings its branches into the air amid the mellowing influences of sun and atmosphere, it had long before been maturing its well-knit roots beneath the ground in silence and darkness. And after the great incarnated moral element is perceived, recognized, and adored, is there not such a thing in the course of time as an abandonment of it, or such a heartless coquetry with it as to dry up our natures and to render our demoralization all the greater? For, if anything, the mockery of the good is worse than its abandonment.

The present time, doubtless, can furnish its refined and intelligent Plutarchs, quite as unconscious of the exciting undercurrents of future changes as the ancient Plutarch was of those of his day; but also bodies of men in high places who have either abandoned the pathways of morals or coquet with them in such a hypocritical and selfish mode as to relax if not destroy the healthy sources of social vitality. The diagnosis even of our own times is not to be made on the varnished surface of things; the scalpel must be used to pene-

trate to some of the lower strata, where sores are festering and evils are gathering force that are sure to impress and make the drowsy senses of man react.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

GERMAN interest in the incidents of the Goethe-Schiller period never flags. Every German man or woman—not including that *enfant terrible* Bettina Brentano—who ever received a note from Goethe, or passed ten minutes in the society of the “Master of the Beautiful,” has written at least one small, if not several large, volumes upon it. “Fromman’s House and its Friends,” 1792–1837 (*Das Frommansche Haus und seine Freunde*), is the last published work in this category. Fromman was a well-known bookseller at Jena, and his house the rendezvous of the literary notabilities of his period, during the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Goethe frequently visited it. The daughter of the house was Minna Herzlieb, an adopted child of the Frommans. A fatherly affection for her in Goethe’s heart—if he ever had one—gradually gave place to a more tender sentiment, and Minna Herzlieb goes down to posterity under the form and features of Ottilia in the “*Wahlverwandschaften*” (*Elective Affinities*). Madame Fromman was of the Hamburg family of Wesselhöft, another well-known German publisher’s name. Her letters descriptive of the events at Jena during the period of the great battle there form a part of the work, which is enlivened by anecdotes and recollections of Goethe and other distinguished men.

“*Die Deutschen in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika*, von Ed. Pelz.” This is a protest against the theory ascribed to our former fellow-citizen Frederick Kapp, who has returned to Germany after twenty years’ residence among us, that German emigration is the result of the misgovernment of the smaller German States, of poverty, or of political or religious troubles. The author (Pelz) maintains that this presentation of motives is totally insufficient, and that if the causes assigned by Mr. Kapp had never existed, emigration to the United States would still be popular among the Germans.

* Works noticed under this heading may be obtained of F. W. Steiger, 24 and 26 Frankfort st.

AMERICAN students of German literature desirous of possessing within the small compass of some two hundred pages a comprehensive and well-digested history of German literature, will find it in the "Geschichte der Deutschen National Literatur, von Hermann Kluge" (Altenburg, 1871). The work is prepared for the use of schools, but may be read with advantage by advanced scholars.

HERE in the United States we have some experience in the book-producing power of a war at home in reports, biographies, descriptions, poems, histories illustrated or without pictures, and all the endless varieties into which printed paper may be made up.

But what we have seen can give us but a faint idea of what is now going on in Germany in the same department of publication. The merest mention of a portion only of the German books which the war with France has engendered, would far exceed our limits to the exclusion of everything else. Independently of the large and elegantly illustrated works—such as "Deutsche Kriege- und Sieges-Chronik der Jahre 1870 und 1871," and the "Illustrirte Chronik des deutschen Nationalkrieges im Jahre der deutschen Einigung," the latter with two hundred illustrations, forty-two portraits, and numerous maps, plans, etc.—there are volumes enough to make whole libraries on the merits and causes of the war, the special strategy of the campaign, histories of separate battles, army corps, and divisions, biographies of heroes, in *memoriam* offerings, diaries of prisoners, a mass of historical and polemical pamphlets on Alsace and Lorraine, etc., etc., etc.; and this is not the half. As for poetry! we renounce any attempt to convey even a faint idea of its variety, much less of its quantity.

FROM among the mass of new novels we select as at once one of the most striking and most meritorious, "Woher? und Wohin? Roman von Franziska Gräfin Schwerin" (Leipsic). The title "Whence? and Whither?" is sufficiently and indefinitely comprehensive to answer for any subject, period, or nationality. The choice of all three is here very remarkable. The scene is laid in that portion of the first century of the Christian era extending from Caligula and Claudius to Titus and Domitian. In the development of the

story we witness the struggle between Paganism and Judaism during the incoming and growing influence of Christianity. Sempronia, a proud patrician Roman lady, becomes a Christian and a martyr. The characters are well drawn, and in the preservation of the historical characteristics of the period, the authoress (even though a countess) evinces a very remarkable and scholarly familiarity with the erudition requisite to seize and to paint with great fidelity the salient features of the systems, the people, and the scenes of that remote period. In this respect, the merit of the work may be said to be exceptional. The *couleur locale* is well rendered, as is also the material and social life of the epoch. A task more difficult of accomplishment is the appreciation and portrayal of the spiritual and intellectual movement of that distant day. That also is well executed.

A HISTORY of the literature of Netherlands should, of course, be best written by a Fleming or Hollander in his own language; but when written would, unfortunately, be read by but few outside his own nationality. Such a history by W. Jongbloet has been lately translated into German by Wilhelm Berg, the pseudonyme of Lina Schneider, a German authoress residing at Rotterdam. The history is brought down to the year 1600.

AMONG the most noted of the veteran novel-writers of Germany is Levin Schücking. As far back as the year 1864 his own selection of his best productions already filled twelve volumes. Starting out in life with a good university education, he obtained valuable journalistic experience as a contributor to the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung" and other leading papers, and had the further advantage of wide travel in France and Italy. With these qualifications, added to much observation and study, he entered the field as a novelist. The earliest of his novels we remember to have seen was his "Schloss am Meer" ("The Castle by the Sea"), published in 1843. We also recall with pleasure his "State Secrets" and "Queen of Night" ("Die Königin der Nacht"). Schücking has likewise written several dramas and comedies, and at least one volume of poetry. His last novel, "Luther in Rome," was published more than a year ago, and cannot be said to have

met with an enthusiastic reception. Of late, however, one or two well-written favorable critical notices of the work have again brought it into notice. As very little is known of Luther's stay in Rome, the romancer has for that very reason the field wider and freer for his effort, and Luther is brought in contact and into conversation with distinguished men of the day who by possibility might then have been at Rome. With the aid of Luther's "Table Talk" and his works generally, the novelist has an easy task in making him eloquent and of great endurance of speech. Among other remarkable passages is a brilliant interview between the monk of Wittenburg and Raphael, the creator of the immortal Sistine Madonna. Writing in 1869 the author has no difficulty in investing his interlocutors with a prophetic insight into the affairs of the nineteenth century which is almost miraculous.

THE name of Carl Twesten is more widely known in the political than in the literary world of Germany. Originally distinguished as a magistrate, and later as an energetic member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, his brilliant vindication (1865) of liberty of speech in legislative debate and the three years of legal prosecution which followed it are incidents of his career very generally known. An historical lecture delivered by him in Berlin shortly before his death has just been published—subject, "The Period of Louis XIV." ("Die Zeit Ludwig's XIV."), and attracts much and merited attention. It treats the political, social, and national-economic measures of that superficially brilliant reign with admirable thoroughness, wealth of material, and careful analysis. The miseries of endless war and ever-increasing taxes form no inopportune subject of contemplation for a nation lifted up with victory over a powerful enemy, and indeed for a nation at any stage of its fortunes.

Twesten is also the author of a singular literary study on the subject of "Schiller's Science" ("Schiller in seinem Verhältnisse zur Wissenschaft").

As specimens of the far-reaching universality of German industry in fields of letters at once foreign in tongue and distant in period, we notice, among a number of such lately published, a few which are remarkable on account of their subject

and the manner in which they are treated. They are:

First. "The Politics of Aristotle" ("Die Staatslehre des Aristoteles"), an exposition of the political thought of ancient Greece.

Second. "Confucius und seiner Schüler Leben und Lehren, nach chinesischen Quellen" ("The Lives and Teachings of Confucius and his Disciples, from Chinese Sources.")

Third. Three treatises by three different authors on the manner in which Tacitus uses his prepositions (*juxta*, *pone*, *super*, *præter*, etc.) Several more on the same subject are expected to follow, and we shall be careful *not* to advise our readers of their appearance.

In the discussion of French politics and matters and things in France generally, German authors and writers in periodicals and newspapers make more frequent use than ever of the word *Chauvinismus* (French, *chauvinisme*) and its derivatives. They speak of the prevailing Chauvinistic sentiments, and we see a reference to an extract from "Le Siècle" as language found "*in diesem chauvinistischen Blatte.*" The expression was in very frequent use in France before the war, but is not so much in vogue since that event. *Chauvinisme* is used by the French themselves to express a sentiment of exaggerated French nationality. There has been much debate as to the origin of the word. Some derive it from Charles the Bald (Charles le Chauve), because Louis XIV., in the declaration in which he asserted the French right to take and to hold Metz, Verdun, and Toul, based the claim upon the pretensions advanced by Charles the Bald (*calvus*).

Others derive it—and theirs is most probably the correct historical derivation of the expression—from the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Chauvin, who in 1814, in the Army of the Loire, protested against any treaty of peace with the Allies which should not leave the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France.

THE late centenary anniversary of the birth of the philosopher Hegel has brought forth quite a crop of books and pamphlets in praise of the philosopher and his system, or, as it is more poetically expressed by one of his admirers, a collection of jubilee flowers (Jubiläums Blumen). For

more than a hundred years Germany has never been without a system of philosophy in vogue, and as long as it was in vogue that and no other could receive any honor. Thus to Leibnitz succeeded the great destroyer Kant, after whom came Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Schelling may be said to be the last great originator of a system, unless we count Herbart, who seems to have had some idea of the possibility of fusing into one system the doctrines of Kant and Hegel. To the enthusiastic desire for new systems appears to have succeeded among German literati the more useful cultivation of the history of philosophy.

Meantime, as anniversaries and the like recall this or that distinguished philosopher and his system, a sort of revival takes place among the spiritual descendants of his disciples, and his principles and their praises are brought out and aired in fresh and newly-printed books, pamphlets, and addresses. Thus we have a fresh literary bouquet for Hegel, among which we remark "Popular Thoughts from Hegel's Works" (Berlin), "Hegel's Political Method" (Tübingen), and "Hegel the Irrefutable" (Leipsic). Hegel had the advantage of following Kant and Schelling, and, with his objective reality of ideas, gave human reason the credit of being something greater and higher than it really is.

The vagaries and extravagances of some of the disciples of Hegel, impressed by his abstruse language and oracular obscurity in the statement of the simplest propositions, is something incredible.

When he lectured at Berlin, where he reigned supreme from 1818 to 1831, it was remarked that his disciples were the most successful candidates for public appointments. It was said at the time that this fact could be accounted for by the enunciation of his notorious proposition, "All that is rational," successfully used for the confusion and annihilation of some absurd people who did not believe that monarchy was a blessing; for the truth of the proposition being admitted, it becomes clearly revolutionary and even absurd to take any exception to what is.

A distinguished German writer main-

tains that the followers of Hegel show only a gracious and aristocratic condescension toward Christ, but look reverentially up to Goethe as to something higher still.

It is certain, meantime, that Hotho, in his "Preliminary Studies for Life and Art," proved to his own satisfaction at least that the highest problem for mankind was to be absorbed in the spirit of Hegel, but that an outlet was found through this to the higher joys of heaven into the spirit of Goethe. And another of Hegel's admirers declared over his grave, that beyond all doubt Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead.

RATHER from France than from Germany might we naturally look for a new life of Robespierre. Nevertheless Mr. J. Hermann, having gone carefully over the historical ground and thoroughly sifted the material heretofore known, has added fresh matter and produced his "Leben Ropespierre's. Erster Theil (1758-'89), nebst Uebersicht über die Quellen." The second part, not yet published, will contain his revolutionary history (1789-'94).

In 1783 Robespierre, then a young lawyer not overburdened with cases, conducted a suit against the municipal authorities of St. Omer, who had interfered to prevent the erection of lightning-rods in that city. His argument was printed at the time and still survives ("Plaidoyer pour le Sieur Vissery dans l'Affaire des Paratonnerres"). It is remarkable for a passage full of enthusiastic admiration and loyalty for Louis XVI., whom the eloquent advocate was so soon to send to an ignominious scaffold. In the course of his argument he referred triumphantly to the fact that lightning-rods had been ordered to be placed on all the royal residences by special command of the King himself, and exclaimed, "S'il restait encore quelques doutes sur les effets de ces machines, on n'en aurait point fait l'essai sur une tête si chère et si sacrée! Cette preuve est sans réplique, j'en atteste les sentiments de toute la France, pour un prince qui fait ses délices et sa gloire."

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

EPIGRAMS.

We know that all the readers of "The Galaxy" are equally at home in both Latin and Greek. If, therefore, the epigrams and things which follow are in part translated, it is not because our readers need any such adventitious aids. It is from a pardonable vanity—to show how handsomely the managers can turn out translations. Where they get them is another question.

A brace of very neat Latin jests were once made on Vestris the famous dancer, about whose fantastic professional pride there have been a number of stories, some of which are to be found in Grimm's "Memoirs." In 1782, when Vestris was at the height of his reputation, particularly for pirouetting on one toe while the other leg stuck out at right angles, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge selected as the theme for the Browne's medal epigrams of that year the rather odd one, "*Stans pede in uno.*" It was on this hint that Goodall, one of the competitors, spoke. He took for a motto part of a line of Horace, "*Sumite materiam VESTRIS,*" and the epigram was as follows:

IN STATUUM MERCURII.

Sum tibi Mercurius. Quæris cur sto pede in uno?

Scilicet hoc hodie contigit esse lucrum.

Which might be Englished roughly thus:
I'm Mercury. Do you ask me why on one leg I stand?

Just now 'tis much the surest way to bring me cash in hand.

This smart distich deservedly took a prize. Another good modern Latin epigram may properly be recorded here, viz.:

ON THE MARRIAGE OF DR. WEBB AND MISS GOULD.

Tela fuit simplex; cupiens decus addere Telsæ,
Fecit Hymen geminam, puroque intexuit Auro.

Englished by the author, Rev. James Chartres, as follows:

Single no more, a double Webb behold;
Hymen embroidered it with virgin Gould.

Here is one more, a macaronic sneer at four small poets, now all dead:

Poetis nos letamur tribus:
Si vis, amice, scire quibus,
Pye, Peter Pindar, parvus Pybus;

Et forsan si ulterius pergis,
Habemus etiam James Bland Burgess.

This is a new jest about Lord Eldon, the famous doubting Chancellor:

THE DERIVATION OF "CHANCELLOR."

The Chancellor, so says Lord Coke,
His title from CANCELLO took;
And every cause before him tried
It was his duty to decide.
Lord Eldon, hesitating ever,
Takes it from CHANCELER, to waver;
And thinks, as this may bear him out,
His bounden duty is to doubt.

THE two following versions of well-known English favorites are real additions to this not very crowded department of elegant literature:

CHRISTI ADVENTUS.

"Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the earth around," etc.
Non pugna stridens bellicus aut fragor
Terræ per orbem est undique finium
Auditus, ex alto pependit
Hastæque cum clypeo otioso;
Falcata tandem detinuit rotas
Quadrigæ, puras cædibus hostium;
Rex quisque defecto sedebat
Ut dominum tremebundus ore
Sensit futurum, sed placidissima
Hac nocte princeps lucis et arbiter
Regnumque per terras amicum
Inchoat, imperiumque pacis.
Venti stupori leniter æquora
Premunt silentes, Oceano et super
Blande susurrantes quiescunt;
Lætitiæ et renovare gaudent;
Ast ille torvus jam fremitus feros
Deductus, ultro mitigat æquora,
Nidæque securæ recumbunt
Alecyones magicis in undis.

ITE ROSAS CARPTUM, PUELLULE.

"Gather ye roses while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying," etc.

Labitur indefessa dies pernicibus alis;
Carpite, dum licitum, quæque puella. ROSAS.
Qui nunc purpureo subridet flosculos ore,
Credite, cras idem jam moribundus erit.
Æthera qui clarâ perlustrat lampade Titan,
Quo magis excelsos attingit ille locos,
Ocius appropinquat jussas contingere metas,
Ocius æquoreis mergitur altus aquis.
Qui primâ fruimur multo est pretiosior ætas,
Sanguine dum venæ fervidiore rubent,
Hac tamen exacti, pejora et pessima vitæ
Tempora succedant, mæstus adestque dies.
Ergo difficilis ne sis tu, tempore abusa;
Dum licet, optatum carpe, puella, diem,
Nam simul ac florem velox amiserit ævum,
Iverit omnino non rediturus amor.

Most New Yorkers have at one time or another been diverted with the shouts of the waiters at a cheap restaurant, who yell out in awful haste, with wonderful oral phonetics, and sometimes with fantastic variations, the articles which the guests order in English. For instance: "In-gine pood, both!" (oo short, as in good) in this furious dialect is, being interpreted, "Indian pudding with both kinds of sauce" (viz., hard and liquid.) Charles Mathews the younger has, however, put on record a strange specimen of abbreviation of this kind, colored by a poetic element, which is, no doubt, the most amazing instance extant. Going into an eating-house for lunch, he heard, as he entered and sat down, seven orders given in quick succession by a throng of as many customers, one calling for a basin of ox-tail soup, two for mock-turtle soup, three for pea soup, and one for bouilli. And the waiter, dashing to the speaking-tube that communicated with the cook, bawled out with immense rapidity, "One ox, two mocks, three peas, and a bully!"

VERY few are such recorded sayings of Washington Irving as have any sting in them. It was not for want of the power though. In speaking of a certain American diplomatist—N. B. This was a good while ago—he once observed to Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in allusion to the pomposity of the man, "Ah, he is a great man—in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the West the East tips up."

In the next edition of the "Complete Letter-Writer" should be inserted the two following epistles. The first, in answer to an invitation from Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, ran thus:

Mr. Oddie's private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next.

N. B.—His wife is dead.

The second was from a parent, an open friend of educational reform, and an opponent of "bugges," to a (presumably) delinquent schoolmistress. It remains to be imagined, since the worthy gentleman wrote in this style after having "ad a good hedication," what sort of a runic

composition he would have made if self-taught:

MADAM: As I ad a good hedication myself, I am hintirely ashamed for to see wat manner that Lucy his bitt by the buggs. And it is my deslre for herr to sleep in the bed that she alway do, and not for to sleep aum-times in wum, and then in annuther for to feed all the buggs in the ouse; for I think that be not right, neither shall she do it—so I remain yours, etc.

A STORY is told of Rogers the poet which contains an instance of that sort of poetical justice which is relished when inflicted on sarcasts almost as much as if upon tyrants. Rogers was never very milky in his disposition, nor very plump or vigorous in his person; and as he grew old he became more acrid in the one and more cadaverous in the other. Having been invited on the same day to a wedding and to a dinner, he declined the dinner, but afterwards unexpectedly came. But there was no lady present beautiful and distinguished enough to suit his notions as an escort to the dinner-table; and there were several gentlemen present who could talk as well as he. He was therefore (as was his ursine manner in such cases) very sulky and silent instead of being brilliant and entertaining. When the ladies had withdrawn, the host very politely asked how the wedding had gone off, supposing that the old poet had contrived to attend both festivities. "I was not at it," was his revengeful reply. "I meant to go, but I came here instead; for I have always said I would rather any day go to a funeral than to a marriage." "So kind of the corpse!" retorted another.

Rogers had his counterpart in a compatriot of ours, who amused himself during the tedium of a winter's residence in the capital of Saxony by attending all the principal funerals. The undertakers of Dresden have established a graduated scale for interments, classifying them into those of the first, second, and third grades, etc., with a varying tariff of prices to correspond. Our American being a man of taste made it a rule never to attend any but the "first-class funerals." One day, seeing the announcement of the death of a lady whose wealth and social standing entitled her to the highest place in funeral honors, he sallied forth to the church where he understood the ceremony was to be per-

formed. Much to his disgust he found the preparations of the most ordinary kind, and returned home in high indignation at having been so misled by the confidence of friendship. The next day he explained to his acquaintances assembled at the hotel *table d'hôte* that he found he had made a mistake and followed the wrong procession, adding, in a tone of apology for the wrong he had done his acquaintance in the remarks of the previous day, "It seem J—— did give his wife a first-class funeral after all."

TRAGEDY always has a comic vein, and even the terrible scene in Eighth avenue on the 12th of July was not without ludicrous incidents. When the Orangemen had formed in the street and had been surrounded by their military and police escort, Inspector Walling, seeing all was in readiness for the momentous march, was about to give the command to move, when an excited individual seizing him by the arm shouted, "Stop a minute! Don't move! I'm taking this thing!" Glancing around, the Inspector saw a large photographic instrument bearing on the procession, and speculation in the eyes of the man who besought him to tarry. But he also saw the surging crowd of demons fast becoming more furious around him. With a profane expletive wrung from him by the untimeliness of the interruption, Walling shouted, "Forward, march!" and the column moved to that awful harvest of death then only a few rods distant.

SYLLABLES can sometimes be lopped to the improvement of the joke if not of the grammar. When Dr. Herbert Marsh was made Bishop of Llandaff—a very poor bishopric—a friend congratulated him, using the name of the see. He answered, "You had better call me Bishop of Aff, for the land is gone." That learned ancient joker Ben Jonson composed some doggerel on a somewhat similar principle, when the Archbishop of Canterbury sent him a capital mess of fish, but nothing to drink. He said:

In a dish came fish
From the archbish—
Hop was not there,
Because there was no beer.

SOMEBODY told Lord Norbury of having shot thirty-three hares before breakfast.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the jocular light of the Irish Bench, "you must have been shooting at a wig!"

LORD MACAULAY, whose indefatigable studies of light literature, pamphlets, ballads, etc., are well known, once met a boy in St. Giles's singing, and with a collection of ballads, all of which he bought for a shilling. Turning round after a time, he found the boy following him, and asked him why he did so. The boy said, "I wanted to hear how you would sing them."

A STORY has recently been the rounds about a proposed duel between Dr. Gwin, sometimes called the Duke of Sonora, and the Hon. R. J. Walker, which was to have been fought with tomahawks, à la Mr. Lo, but which ended in a reconciliation in consequence of Walker's laughter at espying Gwin's efficient private practice against a stump. There is an anecdote something like it about a duel fought by Charles James Fox and Mr. Adam, arising from Fox's violent attacks on the management of the ordnance department, in which Adam held office, particularly with respect to the supplying of useless ammunition to the forces. The parties met, exchanged shots, and at a second fire Fox fired in the air, while Adam's bullet lodged in the waistband of Fox's thick leather breeches. "By Jove," said Fox at once, with his peculiar sweet smile, "if you had not used ordnance powder, I should have been a dead man." There was a laugh, Adam at once offered his hand, and the foemen were afterwards excellent friends.

We enlarge the department of mortuary composition by the following:

Richard Jenkins here doth lay
(Lately removed from over the way);
His body's here—his soul's in heaven:
Seventeen hundred and sixty-seven!

This is, we suppose, from Germany:
Here lies the body of Peter Grace,
Who died from eating Sweltzer kase.
He finished six platters, and commenced upon seven,
And exploded—of such is the kingdom of heaven.

This famous one is from Stirling Castle:

Our life is but a winter's day:
Some but to breakfast, and away
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Largest his debt who closes out the day:
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.

We add two or three others, for reference. Here's an *undertaker overtaken*:
 Subdued by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
 And adds a trophy to his victories.
 But sure he was prepared, who, while he'd breath,
 Made it his business still to look for death.

Biddeford churchyard, England:

Here lies, aged three score and ten,
 The aged remains of John Woodhen.

N. B.—For *hen* read *cock*; *cock* would not rhyme.

On a smith at Kenwyn churchyard,
 Cornwall:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
 My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
 My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
 And in the dust my vise is laid.
 My coal is spent, my fuel's gone;
 My nails are drove, my work is done.
 My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest;
 My soul, like smoke, ascends to the blest.

The following epitaph is Scotch. It is inscribed upon the pedestal of the monument to Robert Trollop, once a celebrated architect, and the designer of the handsome Exchange and other public buildings in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Upon the pedestal formerly stood a statue of the deceased, with his hand pointing toward the Exchange, which is situated opposite the churchyard:

Here lies Robert Trollop,
 Who made yon stones roll up.
 When death took his soul up,
 His body filled this hole up.

THESE queer verses were actually written by a bereaved father, and published and paid for as an advertisement in a Baltimore paper, twenty-two years ago. For serene and unconscious absurdity they probably have no equal in literature:

—
 LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BURNT CHILD.

Come all my friends both old and young!
 Oh, hark, and you shall hear
 How death did quickly snatch the child
 The parents loved most dear.

The last and least of their little flock
 Was caught by a stove by its little frock,
 In falling o'er on Sabbath day
 While the parents dear were *not* away.

And to see and hear but not to save
 Their little boy from an early grave,
 Which puts them in mind of one of yore,
 Who died by a scald while creeping on the floor.

Strange! They both were burned on a Sabbath day,

And put in the ground on Tuesday eve.
 A family living in an adjoining room
 Hastened to the spot of grief and gloom.

Eighteen months Lucius spent with them
 And cheered them with his smile,
 And soon they mourned in weeds of woe
 For their dear scalded child.

But oh, what sorrows fill their hearts!
 'Tis more than tongue can tell,
 To think how soon the time did come
 To take their last farewell.

And now the little boy has gone
 To that bright world above.
 The other four please step this way,
 And sing Redeeming Love.

Then, Tompkins, now a warning take,
 Prepare to meet your God,
 That you may meet your happy flock
 In yonder blest abode.

There you may meet around the Throne,
 Parents and children, on that shore
 Where farewell tears are never shed
 And scaldings are no more.

OUR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

N. B.—To amuse the parents. Young persons give their parents abundance of anxiety and trouble; it is only fair that they should in compensation entertain them a little sometimes.

—
 NIL DE MORTUIS NISI BOOTS.—At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a little child was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window, to see the funeral go by. She made no remark until the Duke's horse was led by, the saddle empty and the boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, when we die will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

—
 Boys are sometimes exacting. On the 20th of July, 1845, Captain Forbes lunched with Rev. J. C. Young, whose youngest boy was told that the Captain had been a very gallant naval officer, and had seen much service. The lad's desire to see the Captain was great, and he evidently approved of a scar across the veteran's face. When the Captain was gone, Master Gerald was asked his opinion of him. "Oh," he said, "that scar in his face is all very well; but if he can't show a few more gashes on his stomach and legs, I would not give much for him."

—
 If not exacting, that royal child of England was at least independent who confessed the following preference to his august papa. When, upon one occasion, Queen Victoria was about to be confined, Prince Albert said to one of his little

boys, "I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?" The child paused and considered, and made answer: "Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony."

EDUCATION should teach the young in school the things that they are to perform out of it. At least, that's a good deal like what Agesilaus said, and he ought to know; and this is the way in which a certain Welsh bishop ascertained how this doctrine was applied in the instruction of the Swansea National Infant School. Be it understood that these infants are taught largely by signs—which, as everybody knows, are the usual mode of communication among grown people—not signs lettered with paint, but gesticulations. Thus the teachers at Swansea were accustomed to hold out the hand sloped, on which the children all bawled out in chorus, not "slope," but the common every-day word that work-folks use—"Oblique!" Then the teacher held his hand flat, and the children would yell "Horizontal!"; and then he held it upright, and they screeched "Perpendicular!" always using these common home words. N. B.—Teachers that boarded round in Swansea must have been perfectly happy to hear the whole neighborhood incessantly rattling with these well-taught children's homely chat in words of not less than eight syllables. Well, the bishop was preaching in behalf of the school one day, and all the pupils were stuck up together in front of him. They grew uneasy after a while, probably because he didn't use words long enough, and shortly he saw several of them wickedly whispering together. He held up his hand in a warning manner, and, as it happened, in an upright position; on which the whole school, in the midst of the sermon, instantly yelled out "PERPENDICULAR!" Was not that a right up and down funny thing?

FRED F. was "fitting" for college. Fred was a good scholar, though somewhat prone to omit looking over his lesson until he came into the class. On one of these occasions, having read from the original, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*," he continued with great gravity, "*No one of mortals (ever saw) an omnibus horse spit.*"

DREADFUL EDUCATIONAL RESULTS OF MR. HARE'S METHOD OF CUMULATIVE VOTING IN COLLEGES.

(EXTRACTS FROM RECENT COLLEGE EXAMINATION PAPERS.)

From Latin Reader—*Crocodilus parit tria ova.*

Candidate's Translation—The crocodile brings forth three sheep.

Line from Virgil—*Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.*

Candidate's Translation—And the boys were imposed upon by rogues, in the very teeth of their parents.

Line from Horace—*Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.*

Candidate's Translation—The Park of the Gods was frequently not cultivated.

(*Oral Specimen.*) *Examining Tutor*—What are the divisions of the science of mechanics?

Sophomore—Statistics and dynasties.

THERE is abundant evidence that wit is not inconsistent with ministerial dignity. As additional proof, we offer the following, credibly asserted to be an extract from the minutes of a certain ministerial association in Massachusetts:

B——, June 9, 1847.

The Association did not meet according to adjournment, only two members of this most respectable body having found it convenient or agreeable to leave their farms and their flocks for a fraternal convocation with brother ———, verifying that Scripture which saith, "For the body is not one member but many: And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of you; nor again the hand to the head, I have no need of you." Since, then, a body is many members, and there not being many members present, *ergo* there was *no body*, or nobody. Hence we may logically account for the fact that though a goodly congregation assembled for public worship there was nobody to preach, as, according to the above formula, two members not being many members, they were nobody at all.

Thus saith tradition,

NOBODY being Scribe.

ODD TEXTS

NOT USED, BUT WHICH HAVE BEEN REPORTED USED.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, it is the custom when a new master is chosen to close the gates, and he comes, knocks, and is admitted. When the celebrated Dr. Bentley was chosen, the Fellows hated him so much that they would not open, and he had to get in by climbing over a wall

between the gardens of Trinity and St. John's. There is a story that he preached his first sermon afterward from the text, "With the help of my God I shall leap over the wall." But the truth is that he only replied to a friend's congratulation in these words of the Psalmist.

Mr. Raine, vicar of Trumpington, was succeeded in that cure by Mr. Hailstone. Somebody said the new incumbent ought to preach on "He gave them hailstones for rain."

Mr. Pitt, who became Premier of England in his twenty-fourth year, usually had some preferment or other in his pocket when he came down to Cambridge. Dr. Paley on one of these occasions said that if he were to preach before him he would take for his text, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" But the Doctor did not do it.

SPENDING a winter as invalids at Aiken, South Carolina, the Hon. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Thomas C. Acton whiled away one Sabbath afternoon by attending a negro church, and were accompanied by Mr. John A. Kennedy, who was on a visit of a few days to Mr. Acton. When they entered the primitive temple the preacher, who was a pure African, was grappling with all the fervor of his race with the old, old subject of the fall of man. Sketching that day in the Garden with its terrible results, he excoriated Mr. Adam in this fashion:

"Now, brederen, when de Lord calls Adam to 'count did he stan' up like a man, confess his sin and ask forgiveness? He didn't do nuffin of de sort, brederen, but he say:

"'Lord, de woman dat Dou gubest me gub me fur to eat.'"

Pausing a moment he repeated:

"'De woman dat Dou gubest me gub me fur to eat.'"

Then again

"'De woman dat Dou gubest me gub me fur to eat.'"

"Dar, brederen, you see dat mean, skulkin' Adam was a tryin' to sneak out of it by frowin' all de blame on de Lord himself!"

This new idea of an old question was too much for the distinguished "white trash" who had fortunately taken seats near the door, and they retired into the fields to indulge in irreverent laughter.

HERE is a monkey story, approved and repeated by no less a person than Nassau William Senior, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. It affords a melancholy addition to the Darwinian argument for the identity of human and simian nature. A captain in the British navy had provided the ship's monkey with a wife, intending to steady his somewhat too volatile character. For some time, says the account, the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete, and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honeymoon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows, upon the female's persevering in her attentions. All were much disappointed and scandalized at the ill success of so promising a union. At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. But their pleasure was of short duration, for the traitor having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the foretopgallant yard, as if to show her something at sea, and having sat down with her on the spar, slipped his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard. I never shall forget the momentary horror with which this was witnessed by all with the exception of a French captain, then a prisoner on board, who, turning to the second lieutenant, exclaimed, "*Parbleu, Monsieur, ce drôle-là a beaucoup de caractere!*"

Certainly this comment seems to intimate a profound natural sympathy between uxoricidal monkeys and captains in the French navy. Whether the specific affinity of feeling could be carried further up in zoological classification is a question for Germans.

Mr. Senior himself adds to his quoted matter about monkeys a new, though very likely old, anecdote about a dog. "Our Oxford readers," he says, "are probably aware that dogs are forbidden to cross the sacred threshold of Merton common-room. It happened one evening that a couple of terriers had followed their masters to the door, and while they remained excluded unhappily followed the habits rather of biped than of quadruped menials, and began to quarrel like a couple of Christians. The noise of the fight summoned their

masters to separate them, and as it appeared that the hero of our tale had been much mauled by a superior adversary, the severe *hienseances* of the place were for once relaxed, and he was allowed to enjoy during the rest of the night the softness of a monastic rug and the blaze of a monastic fire—luxuries which every initiated dog and man will duly appreciate. The next day, soon after the common-room party had been assembled, the sounds of the preceding evening were renewed with tenfold violence. There was such snapping and tearing, and snarling and howling, as could be accounted for only by a general engagement.

The noise alarmed the festive hall,
And started forth the fellows all.

But instead of a battle royal, they found at the door their former guest in solitude, sitting on his rump and acting a furious dog-fight, in the hope of again gaining admittance among the *quæti ordines deorum*. We have heard that he was rewarded with both the *grandes* and the *petites entrees*, but this does not rest on the same authority with the rest of the narrative."

A VALUED correspondent sends us divers pithy records of things said and done by professional persons. We extract certain of the same pertaining to the courts of law:

A NEW "MOTION" IN COURT.

SOME years since, one of the trial terms of the Niagara County Court (New York) was attended by a yeoman from one of the towns, to whom I will give the name of MacPeelings. Mac was a farmer of some wealth and a very little knowledge, which latter acquisition was to him a dangerous thing. His ambition had been gratified by a seat in the popular branch of the State Legislature, where he had voted "aye" and "no" through the winter, besides picking up an idea or two; one at least, as the sequel will show. The term of court referred to was attended by the ex-legislator in the capacity of a jurymen; and just as the gas was being lighted in the court-room one evening, Mac was drawn upon a jury for the trial of a new cause. Our hero was wearied and hungry, and perhaps sick of the proisiness of "sleepy counsel-pleading"; and after the twelve were duly drawn and accepted, and when

plaintiff's counsel was about to open the case, MacPeelings anticipated him and astounded court, bar, jury, and spectators, by rising to his feet and remarking in a loud voice:

"May it please the court, I move that this court do now adjourn until to-morrow morning."

The court elevated its spectacles in amazement at such an interruption, and informed the bold juror that courts were not accustomed to entertain such requests from any person, as they always adjourned on their own motion.

"Well," responded MacPeelings, with the promptness of perfect assurance in his position, "the court can't deny that a *motion to adjourn is always in order!*"

The court smiled, bit its lips, and told Mac to resume his seat; the cause proceeded; and I fear that poor MacPeelings wonders to this day what authority the judge had for his unparliamentary proceeding.

A SEVERE REPRIMAND.

THE criminal courts of New York are composed of one presiding judge and two justices of sessions, so called, who are chosen from the justices of the peace of the county. Their presence on the bench sometimes lends dignity to it, and gives the court the appearance of being balanced; but their judicial functions are very limited—to such an extent indeed that the following anecdote passes current as illustrating them:

"I sat on the bench as justice of the sessions four years," one of them remarked, "and the presiding judge never consulted me but once."

"What was that about, squire?"

"I was sitting alongside of old Judge M—. It was one day while that terrible long-winded lawyer P— was boring us all, and the judge leaned over and whispered to me:

"I say, Squire, is not this bench confounded hard?"

"I told him I thought it was, rather. And that was the only time I was ever consulted in that court."

But what I was going to tell is about old Squire L—, a harmless septuagenarian, who, like necessity, knew no law, and who used to sit up on the bench with an expression on his rosy fat face which betokened a hopeless ignorance of

the meaning of everything that was passing. Upon one occasion a prisoner had pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with the larceny of a dozen chickens, and the presiding judge requested the squire to sentence him. The squire essayed bravely to do it, beginning after this style :

"Prisoner, stand up! You are convicted, upon your own confession, of a most hen-i-ous offence."

There were very few in the court-room who heard the remainder of the squire's remarks before sentence, although he delivered them in a loud tone, wholly unconscious of having said anything remarkable. A titter of mirth rippled through the room; and it was not checked when the presiding judge slyly beckoned the district attorney up to him, and said in a stage whisper :

"True, every word; it was a very fowl proceeding."

WAGGERY OF THE BENCH.

JUDGE D——, for many years one of the Justices of the Supreme Court in Western New York, and formerly a member of Congress, combines with splendid legal and judicial acquirements an irresistible love of the ludicrous.

A cause was once tried before him, upon which the plaintiff, by name True, was a witness for himself, and was thoroughly corroborated by another witness named Ditto. Their joint evidence was very damaging to the defendant; and Counsellor M——, for the defence, labored long and manfully before the jury to explain it away and discredit it. When he took his seat, the following lines pencilled on the fly-leaf of a law-book were sent down to him from the bench :

Since True swears ditto to Ditto,
And Ditto swears ditto to True,
And both of them swear true and ditto,
I'm afraid they are too much for you.

The verdict of the jury fully justified the anticipations of the Judge.

To these records of the children of Themis must be added the decision of Perspicacious Jake, who is a colored Daniel come to judgment :

Abiathar Scranton, dying, left behind him a handsome property, and a widow who was expecting to become a mother. His will provided that if the child should

be a boy it should inherit two-thirds of the estate, but if a girl only one-third, the widow to have the remaining one-third or two-thirds, respectively. Now the widow had twins—a boy and a girl. Enormous was the discussion at the post-office, until all hands agreed to leave it to Jake Nubbins, an ancient "dark," who "chored round" and went a-fishing, and who was rather eminent for shrewd sayings.

"Wal, gemplum," said our colored Daniel, as aforesaid, "'pears to me 't's a mity easy fing ter settle, dat ar is. De boy wuz ter harve two-firds. De gal wuz ter harve one-fird. De ole woman wuz ter harve one-fird any how, so she's got ter put up wid dat, coz dey's a boy Yah, yah! 'T's too 'sumed easy! Ter fink o' dis yer nigga 'structin' all you white gemplum 'bout de lor! Jess you divide up dat ar' state into *four-firds*; den de mudder'il harve hern, 'n' de gal hern, 'n' de boy bofe o' his'n. Yah! yah!"

Jake was immediately asked "what he would take in his'n." It may, if the reader pleases, be suspected that he had read Dr. Barrett's famous rendering of the first words of Cæsar's "*Commentaries on the War in Gaul*," "*Omnis Gallia est divisa in partes tres*." The student who was to recite bungled, whereupon the angry doctor burst out, "What's the matther wid ye? Can't ye read that? *All Gaul is quartered into three halves!*"

THERE WAS one Hicks, a noted "funster" of the south of England. He was once walking with Thackeray, when they came upon a sign inscribed "Mutual Loan Office." "What on earth does that mean?" asked Hicks. "I don't know," answered Thackeray, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to each other." On another occasion Hicks was observing to Thackeray what marvellous talents a certain man had, who was, however, so much addicted to beer as to be of no great real use. He hardly knew his equal, he concluded—that is, for talent. "No," answered Thackeray, "he is a remarkable man. Take him for half-and-half, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

This Hicks knew enough to laugh at a joke on himself, or to make it if the opportunity were good. He was very funny in the face, and greatly developed withal

in what some Mrs. Malaprop called "the abominable region." Being Mayor of Bodmin, and about to take his seat at the head of the table at a great public dinner there, the proper subordinate announced with much pomp, "The Mayor!" Hicks instantly clapped his hands upon the majestic circumference of his waistband, and added in precisely the same tone of voice with the attendant—"And corporation!"

THE two following wonderfully worded European hotel circulars were actually printed and distributed. They are fine examples of foreign English:

GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, VIENNA.

THE new pompously reised Hotel, called National Hotel, in Leopold town, fronting the aquaze, possesses many eximious advantages, viz.: the stair casses, passages, and chambers are heated and ventilated. On each floor there are baths of steam and in marble tubè; and a reservoir into which streams fresh water. Meats are prepared by steam. The foul linen of arrived strangers is cleaned and prepared by steam without delay. Duly care has been taken of sheltering carriages and horses.

As the demands shall always keep within the limits of moderation, the proprietor does not doubt of his invitations being highly favoured by travellers.

BELGIQUE HOTEL situated

St. Thomas Street—by the Louvres
No. 15. in Paris.

This Hotel is advantageously reputed for his property, as also for his elegant furniture. The owner beg leave to invite all English Ladies and Gentlemen to come seeing the apartments. They will find larges and smalls rooms freshly decorate, and very commod in all kind and manner. The services are exactly, and should been execute carefully, and what is to been astonished, that the prices are very much lower and most moderated as elsewhere.

AND here, by way of variety, is some English, or rather Irish-Foreign:

THE IRISH LINGUIST.—Everybody remembers the poor lady in Hood's "Tour up the Rhine," who knew no language but her own; and tried to communicate with the German kitchen maidens and chambermaids through variations on English. "I want a chicken," she said; and seeing that the girl did not understand, she explained: "a chicken, a chacken; a hen, a hin, a han, a bone!" In Rev. J. C. Young's Journal, he records a case of almost equal linguistic talent, in a young Irish gentleman who was travelling in Italy alone, and without knowing one word of the language. He had, like Patrick Henry, but one lamp by which his feet were guided,

but this was not the lamp of experience by any means; it was a literary lamp for inexperience; a quaterlingual "Familiar Phrase-Book," containing all manner of questions and answers proper to and from landlord, waiter, chambermaid, *valet de place*, housekeeper, custom-house officer, washerwoman, and postilion, all in four parallel columns, English, French, Italian, and German. Now, being liable to bungs and confusions, through haste, he was prone to take one word and one column for another, and to confer with the natives by means of observations compounded from all four languages. For instance, he wanted some bread, and thus he called upon the Italian young lady in waiting for the same: "Je di! Frau! (non) donzelle! Wollen sie la bontè pour prendre (non) pour apporter (I mean) buttero?" Then seeing himself still not understood, he flew into a fury and off his seat, and shouted out, in continuation, "Can't you comprenez? Pain, ye divill!"

SPECIMEN FROM FORTHCOMING "TABLE TALK."

Pious old lady—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Unregenerate nephew—Well, aunty, He must be uncommonly fond of the French.

It was the evening after election in one of the Western States, and though the vote was close by 9 o'clock P.M., sufficiently full returns had been received to indicate the probable result of the contest. There was great rejoicing in our city, and numerous tar barrels were blazing in the streets shedding a lurid glare over all the surrounding objects. As a municipal as well as a more extensive triumph had been won, at a late hour in the evening a number of the boys, preceded by a brass band, went up to pay their respects to the newly-chosen mayor. After the music was over and the more substantial hospitalities which were afforded, his Honor was loudly called upon for a speech, and after some hesitation responded.

"Gentlemen," he commenced, "this great tidal wave of reform which has swept like a tornado over our State has obliterated the last hopes of our opponents, and exemplifies the truth of the old *adag* that "Well done is half begun."

"Rather a neat quotation that, wasn't it?" said the orator to a sympathizing friend as he wiped the perspiration from his brow during the shouts which welcomed the conclusion of his speech. "But you'd oughter seen how I shook, when the boys first called on me to speak; I tell you I felt just like a *stage at bay*."

AN appreciative correspondent says: "Your description of the Colt Memorial Church in the September 'Galaxy' reminds me of a story told about the Church of St. Lazarus in Memphis, which was organized just at the close of the 'late unpleasantness' by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, then an eccentric High Churchman, afterwards a Ritualist, and finally a pervert to the Catholic faith. It was intended for a memorial church to the martyrs of the lost cause, and its attendants were almost entirely composed of that class of unreconstructed and unrepentant rebels who were unable to worship in the other churches, because of the presence of so many Yankees by whose side they were obliged to kneel, and whose society even in worship was not to be endured. One Sunday, shortly after the death of President Lincoln, a number of Federal officers stationed at Memphis were chatting in the rotunda of the Overton Hotel, when Dr. Rogers and his new church became the subject of conversation, and much wonder was expressed and conjectures made as to why it should be given the unusual name of St. Lazarus. One suggested that it was because it was intended for a lazaretto for incurable rebels; another that its members were in hopes they might thus get into Father Abraham's bosom when they came to leave this vale of tears; but one officer, who hitherto had taken little part in the conversation, said none of them had given the right reason, which was that *they thought they had just been licked by dogs*. No further reasons were considered necessary."

A CERTAIN eminent temperance lecturer was setting forth a most awful portraiture of old King Alcohol, when a muzzy-looking brother arose in a corner of the hall and observed:

"I like t' ash the gen'l'm'n a quesh'n."

"Certainly, my friend," said the urbane speaker, "by all means."

"I wish t' inquire of the gen'l'm'n 'f he's ever been tight?"

"Thank God, no!" was the fervent

response. "This brain has never been muddled with the accursed thing."

Once more the muzzy one spoke.

"Then don't the gen'l'm'n seem to use great f'miliarity 'bout an entire stranger, 's long 's he hain't been introduced?"

The speaker had to struggle for some moments before he could circumvent the unseemly interruption, and get back to the thread of his disrespect. You see he did not know whereof he affirmed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DARWIN JUNIOR.—There is much reason to believe you are correct. It won't be many thousand years before deafness will be extinct in the United States, by the operation of Mr. Charles Darwin's law of Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest in the Struggle for Life. There is some mysterious attraction which makes deaf folks walk on railroad tracks, and a hasty inspection of a few daily newspapers has proved, to the satisfaction of the arithmetical member of the Club, that the railroads are exterminating the "deaf element in our midst" at an average of 23-17 deaf persons per diem. As there are about 20,000 in all of this class of persons in our country, it is obvious that within a given number of days they will all have been run over by locomotives, including their natural deaf increase.

MARK TWAIN.—Your affecting letter notifying us that you have experienced religion in consequence of the solemn impression produced upon your mind by reading the manuscripts sent in for the jocular department is received, and contents noted. Your request that the rejected communications for the Club-Room may regularly be forwarded to you, to be perused as a precaution against backsliding, is gladly granted. A contract has been made with the Express Freight Company, on very advantageous terms, to deliver to your address "one bushel waste paper per diem," for the receipt and storage of which please arrange. We imagine that if you want to continue solemn, your case is settled.

The Editor renews his request for contributions to this Department, and asks that they be addressed to W. C. & F. P. Church, Box 3,201, New York.

NEBULÆ.

— Among the various changes of fashion, the different locations of color in the masculine dress offer a curious point of consideration to those who take interest in such matters. Forty years ago men still wore coats of brilliant hues, some "stolen from the neck of Juno's peacock," as the gorgeous Disraeli wrote when describing the toilet of one of his heroes; others apparently borrowed from the garden-er's parterre. The "claret-colored coat" was once the rage, till some celebrity—N. P. Willis, we believe—made olive-green its successful rival. Ten or fifteen years later, when black had become "the thing" for coats, color took refuge in the waistcoat, and the exquisites of that day indulged in plushes and velvets and satins of sumptuous splendor. A green velvet waistcoat was rather *chic* then. Who, except a Fenian, would wear one now? At length, driven from its former stronghold, the element of color intrenched itself in the "tie." The old cravat par-took of the simplicity of the military stock (which indeed at one period replaced it for some time); it was plain black for the morning, black or white for the evening. From an ornamental point of view it could only be considered as a background and relief to a handsome pin. The English white tie (no longer in its diminished proportions a "choker") has become *de rigueur* for full dress, while the morning or half-dress cravat is anything *but* black, generally displaying the same varied richness of silk or satin which once characterized the waistcoat. Sufficient for itself and in itself as an ornament, it disdains the help of jewels, usually affecting the shape of the sailor's knot, which renders a scarf-pin superfluous and incongruous. The old cravat was a protection—sometimes so much of a protection as to be an incumbrance to the throat; the new tie is but a slender band around the neck, and lavishes its wealth of substantial reps or lustrous satin upon the chest. Still another difference. There was a time when only "second set" men gave each other cravats; now the article

has so increased in luxury and cost that even ladies choose it as a favorite gift to their male friends. Colored ties may seem a small subject, but æsthetically and artistically they have their importance. The practical sense of our people has saved them from the deluge of solemn sable which at one time threatened to overspread the land, but the neutral hues which took its place are almost equally sombre and perhaps more shabby; and it is a great comfort to secure even a point of cheerful color in the masculine garb, and thus light up the dead, dull aspect of a male assembly. Some of the gravest callings are feeling the benign influence. We lately met a learned professor whose dress was a model of Quaker-like simplicity, "neat but not gaudy," well-selected shades of gray and brown. But amid all this neutral tint there was one *point de mire*, a fresh, cherry-colored tie. To be sure, our professor is an independent man in his way. The faculty of his university once held a meeting to discuss the propriety of enforcing on all the students a pledge of total abstinence from wine and tobacco. Being one of the newest members, he was not specially asked for his opinion, nor did he volunteer it; but after the meeting had adjourned, and while the grave and reverend seniors were still lingering about the doorway, he deliberately produced and lighted a Partaga, thus uttering his silent protest, "more eloquent than words."

— SPEAKING of professors, there was a concourse of them at New Haven, to attend the third annual meeting of the Philological Association. It may seem rather late in the day to mention this gathering, which came off the last week in July; but the sayings and doings of so learned a body could not possibly be hurried up in time for our September number. If any sage critic deems the first subject of our *Nebulæ* this month too light and airy, we trust he will find our second theme sufficiently substantial and ponderous. Not that we intend to overwhelm

our readers with disquisitions on the Attic second declension, or the amount of Celtic element in the French language. They will probably be more interested in the defence of *is being built* by the Anglo-Indo-American Professor Hall. He certainly showed to the satisfaction of himself and his hearers that the expression is logically, analogically, and grammatically correct. Still we suspect that, both in the paper itself and the discussion which it elicited, the real point, or, at any rate, one of the principal points of the controversy was shirked. The main objection to the phrase we take to be literary rather than grammatical, its inelegance and clumsiness rather than its logic, its form rather than its formation. By the way, some of our readers may be surprised to hear, on the authority of Professor March, that *is arrived* is good English and no Gallicism. He asserts that it may be traced historically down from Bacon, which we are not prepared to deny, yet at the same time do not admit that early usage settles the point. The independent use of *some* (without a noun like *persons* following it) in the oblique cases has a good effect in Milton, but *now* it looks slovenly and Sunday-newspaper-like, because its associations have been changed. Dryden wrote, "None but the brave *deserves* the fair," and this locution is etymologically correct; but modern usage has made *none* represent not *no one* but *no persons*, and has attached to it a plural verb. As regards *arrive*, we think there is a tendency in present practice to strengthen intransitive verbs of this class by using the auxiliary *have* in preference to the auxiliary *be*; thus, "the time *has come*," rather than "the time *is come*."

— WILL anything ever be done to ameliorate our common domestic cookery? What has become of "Professor" Blot? Have his instructions borne much fruit? We fear not a great deal; and we also suspect this result to be not altogether chargeable on the blindness of the natives; though to be sure some of their objections to him certainly were ridiculous enough, such as that his cooking was too "Frenchy," which is much like finding fault with a trotting horse for being too

American, or with music for being too Italian. But however learned M. Blot may be in the principles of his art, or however good a practical cook, his book, as a receipt book, is very open to criticism. Some of the directions are positively erroneous and others unintelligible and useless, generally from the same fault, an omission of some important element. Thus he leaves out of *Tartare* sauce the essential mustard, and in explaining *Ju-lienne* soup forgets the vital point, namely, *how long* before the soup is served the prepared vegetables should be added to it. (The proper time is about an hour and a half.) Perhaps those well-wishers of their species whose philanthropic tendencies take this direction, would do well to confine their attention to the inculcation of a few fundamental truths. Whenever our cooks can be taught to make good bread and good soup, the foundation of culinary reform will have been laid.

— AMONG the numerous attempts (several of which we have from time to time noticed) to explain the rapid and terrible collapse of France last year, we are surprised to find that one very efficient cause was little, if at all, noticed. It has been frequently remarked with reference to the Roman empire, the Spanish kingdom, and other despotisms founded on the wreck of free institutions, that when an autocrat lays hold of the physical and moral resources which have accumulated during a period of liberty, he is at first enabled to produce startling and magnificent effects. But it is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. All the capabilities of the land are taxed beyond their legitimate capacity, while the recuperative force which freedom supplied is wanting, and no substitute can be found which is adequate to replace it. Something of this kind happened in France. To develop the resources of the country gradually and peacefully; to improve the education of the peasants, both moral and intellectual; such would have been the aims of a truly wise ruler. The Emperor's political economy was to keep the laboring class employed by means of public works, and to attract strangers and their money to the capital by its luxury and splendor. These expedients were in their nature temporary

and precarious, and must cease at once when most needed, namely, in the case of a very serious war, foreign or civil.

— **THERE** is still another influence which, long before Louis Napoleon, was working the decadence of France, and which, unless it can be altogether removed, will prove a stubborn obstacle in the way of her recuperation. An exaggerated practice of the Malthusian doctrines has rendered the population nearly stationary. In Paris it is actually retrograde. This sounds like a paradox, but is strictly true; for the increase in the population of Paris is due (as has been shown by elaborate statistics) to provincials and strangers; the native Parisian stock absolutely decreases. Nor is this due, as in some of our States (Massachusetts for instance) to emigration, but to positive diminution of the number of births. We know that this was one reason why the Roman empire in its decline had no power to resist the "outside barbarians." Its native population had fallen off; not only had the men deteriorated, but there were not enough of them to make a fair show against the invading hosts.

— **HERE**, of course, education—moral education—comes in. Unfortunately, the very ablest Frenchmen betray very imperfect conceptions of moral education. We need not dwell on the mare's nests of Trochu or the platitudes (for platitudes they are, though emanating from a genius) of Dumas. Erckmann and Chatrian, with their Teutonic cross, are among the wisest of the nation's advisers. What do they counsel? The Germans are brutal and vindictive, merciless conquerors and barbarian spoilers. Therefore mere intellectual training will not do; the people must be so taught history that they will hate kings and royalty. But mere hatred of kings and their surroundings is a very imperfect moral education. It is an antidote for flunkeyism, if you please; but flunkeyism, however despicable socially, is far from the worst of political evils. It is not even so bad as its proper opposite and counter-exaggeration, the spirit of envy which fosters a dislike of every citizen who is rich or cultivated or a gentleman, simply because he has these quali-

ties, and no matter how honest or honorable he may be. There is too much of this feeling in France already.

— **OF** the hundreds of thousands who thronged our most frequented watering-places this summer, how many derived physical or moral benefit from their sojourn? It is an old story, almost as trite as the parson's themes; but, like them, it needs repetition and inculcation. Much as may be said against our fashionable city life, it is our watering-place life that does the greatest mischief. Our city life, after all, is not so very different from the European. The wear and tear of a season in Paris must be nearly as great, in London quite as great as in New York; nor is it exactly true, as sometimes suggested, that the toil of pleasure-seeking is so much better distributed abroad, and the night work falls exclusively on men who can make up for it by rest during the day. All the barristers who dance in London are not briefless, nor are all the party-goers of Paris mere *gaudins* without profession or fixed work. But the European's summer vacation is a real vacation. The element of repose enters largely into it; it partakes of the Oriental *kief*. And this repose is the very last thing to be obtained at an American watering-place. The so-called country life there is the town life of the winter, with some improvements indeed, but more drawbacks. And the members of the family for whom the country is peculiarly desirable—the children—are exposed to so many physical and moral dangers that it may well be doubted if these do not counterbalance the advantage of a change of air. But what, it may be asked, is paterfamilias to do? The farm-boarding-house has been thoroughly exposed and shown to be the abomination of desolation. A bachelor may camp out in hundreds of places, but where shall poor paterfamilias find refuge? We answer, let him buy a *real* cottage, in a region not fashionable, but within reach—a day's reach—of civilization; a "box" that neither pretends to be a country-seat nor a farm, which can be purchased for a few thousands, and the "keeping up" of which will not be a burden and a drain, because there is very little to keep up about it. Let him philosophically endure the minor evils of country butchers and a

limited society. The place in which a man would stagnate and rest, if he had to live in it all the year round, is exactly the place for rest and refreshment. And it is the best of all localities for children, who can be gratified by the simplest pleasures, and whose bodies and minds are alike injured by precocious excitement. And it will be an economy in the end every way, and pay good interest on the original investment. We fear that our women are to blame in this matter. Some of them are crazy after "society;" others have an evil curiosity for seeing celebrities and even the most infamous notorieties. Few of them will submit, under any pressure but that of absolute poverty, to pass the summer in quiet seclusion, chiefly enlivened by the goings and comings of the male members of the family (who are generally obliged to take their vacation piecemeal), and unable to count upon anything more brilliant than the visit of a guest or two.

— ONE striking and beautiful feature of our Northern summers has been not altogether overlooked, but certainly slighted by our painters and poets. With how many of our artists is *haymaking* a favorite subject? We can only recollect Ehninger. And have our poets made much of it? Hardly. Perhaps they undervalue its capacities, as we are apt to undervalue things familiar. The Southerners from the Gulf States who came northward immediately after the war were more struck—such of them as had the opportunity of comparing town and country—by the hay-fields of New York and Western Massachusetts than by all the splendor of our Atlantic cities. *Apropos* of poets and rural life, what has become of the Vermonter, Eastman, who gave pastoral promise in verse twenty odd years ago? Has he ceased to live? Apparently he has ceased to write. Some of his ditties were well adapted to music; one we remember, in particular, entitled "Mill May."

The strawberry grows in the mowing, Mill May,

And the bobolink sings on the tree.

On the knolls the red clover is growing, Mill May,

Then come to the meadow with me.

We'll pick the ripe clusters among the deep grass,

On the knolls in the mowing, Mill May;

And the long afternoon we together will pass

To the close of the midsummer day.

— A PARAGRAPH in one of the daily papers has said that the hay crop in New Jersey will be very poor this year "on account of the multitude of daisies mixed with the grass." Not only in Jersey have these "eyes of day" been most abundant this year, but in very many Northern States, at least. Whole fields are covered with them; and though the sight of them may not be very agreeable from an agricultural point of view, it is charming from an æsthetical. We are tempted to quote at least one from the many verses written in honor of this flower "with silver crest and golden eye," whose praises have been sung by so many poets, and, in the front rank, by Burns and Wordsworth. This year Dame Nature has been most bountiful in adorning her meadows, for in May, as every one will remember, the fields were covered with an unusual number of dandelions—a flower which has not had many stanzas made in its honor, though, as quality is always better than quantity, it ought to be satisfied with the beautiful verses written to it by Mr. Lowell. Speaking of daisies, was it not they that Keats said he felt growing over his grave? Poor Keats! Two winters ago, at least, the grass on his grave was not even green, and in all the small enclosure there was but one sickly violet peeping from among scraggly herbs. Has Mother Earth been more kindly to him this year, and given to that lonely spot something of the lavish wealth of wild flowers which she has furnished us?

— Soon the unparalleled tide of travel which moved Europewards last spring will be turning again, and we shall have at all our homes those multitudinous little details of life and courts in Europe which the newspapers never dream of, which the gaudy fashion plates do not reproduce, and which the latest books do not discuss. In attestation of those tours from city to city, we shall be shown thousands of trinkets and souvenirs. Indeed, souvenirs of travel are specially valuable to gather, because when brought home they have such power to recall to one's self, and to others who have made the same tour in former years, many particulars of the places where they were bought. Such also is the faculty of association, that, in reviving little incidents about the purchasing of them, these souvenirs form a jour-

nal in themselves. One of the best features of the Crystal Palace in London is that it is not only a huge bazaar or fair, but a manufactory too of many of the articles sold there, from carriages to cigar-holders, often with "From the Crystal Palace" inscribed upon them. It is but trite to say that the aroma of association, with the consciousness of personal selection, and hence of kindly thought and remembrance in a distance place, invests these gifts with a rare interest to home-staying friends, though some of them may be seen every day in Broadway. Every city seems to have a specialty in manufactured productions—though this effect is partly exaggerated by the mistaken persistency of travellers in only purchasing certain things in the places traditionally assigned to them. Still, this last custom has the merit that it is easy to connect the object with reminiscences of the place where it was bought. In many English cities and in Scotland are to be had various ornamental trifles made of wood, on each of which is a picture of the locality where it is sold, with some inscription. Thus, a lady's work-basket may contain a dozen different things—needle-cases, boxes, thimble-cases, tape-measures, and so forth—each one of which, as she uses it in her work, recalls a different locality. She can go over, in imagination, her trip through the British isles of half a dozen years ago—here finding a little emery tub made from the wood of the lands of Abbotsford; there a box which once was part of a tree growing at Stratford-on-Avon, and with a picture of Shakespeare's house on it; yonder a souvenir from the banks of the Doon; while on the table is Scott bound in Scotch plaid, or Burns in wood from his birthplace, and bought in the cottage where he was born. Each souvenir so acquired brings across the ocean to our America a perfume of locality. Europe is the land of souvenirs; and in our dear new country we have not even yet learned to preserve or distribute what few we have. Why were not the pieces of the historic cherry tree which Master Washington cut down fashioned into boxes for his admiring countrymen?

— ONE of the first things that struck Artemus Ward in England was the astonishing number of shops on which was written "by appointment" of some royal or noble

personage; and on that subject he wrote to "Punch" an exceedingly amusing satire or extravaganza. Some of the ridiculous "furnishers to the Queen" advertise articles which they certainly could never furnish to that lady, or, at any rate, which she could never conveniently use. A servant of the Prince of Wales one day went to buy a hair-brush, probably for his own use. The elated shop-keeper immediately put up in gold letters over his store, "Patronized by the Royal Family." Probably the shopkeeper added the coat-of-arms of the said family. The Prince of Wales has no end of shirt-makers "by special appointment to H. R. H." One of the most familiar London advertisements reads as follows:

MELTON,

194 Regent street, London,

HATTER,

by special appointment, to H. M. the Queen, H. R. H. the late Prince Consort, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H. I. M. the Emperor of the French, His late Majesty King Louis Philippe, H. M. the King of Denmark, H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Denmark, H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Prussia, H. M. the King of Greece, H. M. the King of Portugal, H. R. H. Prince Louis of Hesse.

What an enfilade of crowned heads to crown, deceased and living ones! In France this custom is not carried to quite so ridiculous an extent. You frequently see "*Fournisseurs de sa Majesté l'Empereur*," or "*l'Impératrice*," or even "*le Prince Impérial*," or else of some court. But you do not see these *réclames* placarded on every other shop. By this time the signs will have been changed, and probably the shopmen are "*Fournisseurs de l'Assemblée Nationale*," or "*de M. le Président Thiers*." Poor time-servers, who knows whose *fournisseurs* they may be by Christmas—a king's, a commune's, or an emperor's?

— THE French Government is already preparing to restore the buildings ruined by the Commune in Paris, and the Hôtel de Ville, once the handsomest of the municipal structures, is almost certainly to be rebuilt. It would be difficult to improve on the original plan. It was composed of buildings surrounding three inner courts, and contained apartments not only for the Prefect, who resided there, but for many of his assistants, together with halls for municipal councils, public meetings, and so

on; on the fourth story was the library, which contained 60,000 volumes. It is eminently a revolutionary spot—not only the place where the Commune reigned and where Trochu and the Republic had their headquarters in our own day, but where Lamartine figured in 1848 and Lafayette in 1830, where Robespierre reigned in triumph, and where Louis XVI. addressed the mob. A building so rich in historic associations will certainly be among the first restored to Paris.

— ANY traveller who has shopped much in the cities of Europe must have been amused at comparing the different customs of the shopmen. In England, and particularly in London, the obsequiousness of the salespeople, both male and female, is something wondrous. They shower “thanks, much obliged” upon you in unlimited numbers. When you ask for anything they regularly preface getting the article by an “if you please.” A young lady of good reputation for veracity once assured the Nebulous Person that she had been told “thanks, much obliged” nineteen times by actual count while buying a “reel” of cotton—these articles are not called “spools” in the United Kingdom. The prices marked upon some things are really amusing. For example, an article will be labelled “1s. 11½d.”—one shilling, eleven pence, three farthings—instead of two shillings; and buyers delude themselves into believing that they have had the article very much cheaper than if they had paid the round two shillings. In Europe the shops can in no way compare, except for cheapness, with our New York shops. They are neither so large nor do they contain such a choice of the best goods, while some of the handsomest seem to be sent to this country. Still, things bought there often have a charm which they would not have if bought (as most of them can be) in our own cities. Again,

the European bazaars are very tempting, with their multitude of stalls filled with inviting, cheap little nothings. We have few or none such here, since at the dollar stores you get nothing short of a dollar, and would be more inclined to purchase in a store of that miscellaneous character which should supply articles at all prices, from one cent to a hundred dollars. To the American in London the Soho Bazaar is a source of never-failing delight, because it contains a little of everything, and everything seems to him or her so cheap; indeed, as there is a rivalry between the shopwomen, they cannot be extravagant in prices. Americans from the Alexandra Hotel make the Burlington Arcade one of their favorite resorts. You will see them walking up Piccadilly, turning into the Arcade, passing up one side of it and down the other, examining everything in the shop windows with genuine Yankee observation. Some of our countrywomen thus become so familiar with the goods on exhibition in the various shops as to detect any additions at a glance; and in that case a new pair of ear-rings in one window, or a new tea set in another, is greeted with as much pleasure as a new acquaintance, and as closely scanned, scrutinized, and commented upon. Few men understand the fascination which shopping exercises over women, especially in such details as matching a lace or buying a paper of pins. But when it comes to shop windows of prints and pictures, of china, glass, jewelry, toys, and so on, the amusement is by no means irrational. London has many stores for dressing-cases and toilet furniture, whose goods are irresistibly cheap; indeed, in these things and in cutlery the English shops are very tempting to an American. So much for one form of summer amusement in which thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen have been indulging during the past season.

All communications intended for the Editorial management of THE GALAXY should be addressed to Messrs. W. C. and F. P. Church, P. O. Box 3,201, New York. Business communications should be addressed to the Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York.



HERBERT SPENCER.

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MASTER EUSTACE.

HAVING handed me my cup of tea, she proceeded to make her own; an operation she performed with a delicate old-maidish precision I delighted to observe.

The story is not my own—she then began—but that of persons with whom for a time I was intimately connected. I have led a quiet life. This is my only romance—and it's the romance of others. When I was a young woman of twenty-two my poor mother died, after a long, weary illness, and I found myself obliged to seek a new home. Making a home requires time and money. I had neither to spare, so I advertised for a "situation," rating my accomplishments modestly, and asking rather for kind treatment than high wages. Mrs. Garnyer immediately answered my advertisement. She offered me a fair salary and a peaceful asylum. I was to teach her little boy the rudiments of my slender stock of sciences and to make myself generally useful. Something in her tone and manner assured me that in accepting this latter condition I was pledging myself to no very onerous servitude, and I never found reason to repent of my bargain. I had always valued my freedom before all things, and it seemed to me that in trading it away even partially I was surrendering a priceless treasure; but Mrs. Garnyer made service easy. I liked her from the first, and I doubt that she ever fairly measured my fidelity and affection. She knew that she could trust me, and she always spoke of me as "a good creature;" but she never estimated the trouble I saved her, or the little burdens I lifted from her pretty, feeble shoulders. Both in her position and her person there was something singularly appealing. She was in those days—indeed she always remained—a very pretty little woman. But she had grace even more than beauty. She was young, and looked even younger than her years; slight, light of tread and of gesture, though not at all rapid (for in all her movements there was a kind of pathetic morbid languor), and fairer, whiter, purer in complexion than any woman I have seen. She reminded me of a sketch from which the "shading" has been omitted. She had her shadows indeed, as well as her lights; but they were all turned inward. She might have seemed compounded of the airy substance of lights and shadows. Nature in making her had left out that wholesome leaden ballast of will, of logic, of worldly zeal, with which we are all more or less weighted. Experience, however, had given her a burden to carry; she was evidently sorrow-laden. She shifted the cruel weight from shoulder to shoulder, she ached and sighed under it, and in the depths of

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her sweet natural smile you saw it pressing the tears from her soul. Mrs. Garnyer's trouble, I confess, was in my eyes an added charm. I was desperately fond of a bit of romance, and as I was plainly never to have one of my own, I made the most of my neighbor's. This secret sadness of hers would have covered more sins than I ever had to forgive her. At first, naturally, I connected her unavowed sorrow with the death of her husband; but as time went on, I found reason to believe that there had been little love between the pair. She had married against her will. Mr. Garnyer was fifteen years her senior, and, as she frankly intimated, coarsely and cruelly dissipated. Their married life had lasted but three years, and had come to an end to her great and obvious relief. Had he done her while it lasted some irreparable wrong? I fancied so; she was like a garden rose with half its petals plucked. He had left her with diminished means, though her property (mostly her own) was still ample for her needs. These, with those of her son, were extremely simple. To certain little luxuries she was obstinately attached; but her manner of life was so monotonous and frugal that she must have spent but a fraction of her income. It was her single son—the heir of her hopes, the apple of her eye—that she intrusted to my care. He was five years old, and she had taught him his letters—a great feat, she seemed to think; she was as proud of it as if she had invented the alphabet for the occasion. She had called him Eustace, for she meant that he should have the best of everything—the prettiest clothes, the prettiest playthings, and the prettiest name. He was himself as pretty as his name, though but little like his mother. He was slight like her, but far more nervous and decided, and he had neither her features nor her coloring. Least of all had he her expression. Mrs. Garnyer's attitude was one of tender, pensive sufferance modified by hopes—a certain half-mystical hope which seemed akin to religion, but which was not all religion, for the heaven she dreamed of was lodged here below. The boy from his early childhood wore an air of defiance and authority. He was not one to wait for things, good or evil, but to snatch boldly at the one sort and snap his fingers at the other. He had a pale, dark skin, not altogether healthy in tone; a mass of fine brown hair, which seemed given him just to emphasize by its dancing sweep the petulant little nods and shakes of his head; and a deep, wilful, malicious eye. His eyes told me from the first that I should have no easy work with him; and in spite of a vast expense of tact and tenderness, no easy work it turned out to be. His wits were so quick, however, and his imagination so lively, that I gradually managed to fill out his mother's meagre little programme of study. This had been drawn up with a sparing hand; her only fear was of his being overworked. The poor lady had but a dim conception of what a man of the world is expected to know. She thought, I believe, that with his handsome face, his handsome property, and his doting mother, he would need to know little more than how to sign that pretty name of Eustace to replies to invitations to dinners. I wonder now that with her constant interference I contrived to set the child intellectually on his legs. Later, when he had a tutor, I received a compliment for my perseverance.

The truth is, I became fond of him; his very imperfections fascinated me. He would soon enough have to take his chance of the world's tolerance, and society would cease to consist for him of a couple of coaxing women. I told Mrs. Garnyer that there was never an easier child to spoil, and that those caressing hands of hers would sow a crop of formidable problems for future years. But Mrs. Garnyer was utterly incapable of taking a rational view of matters, or of sacrificing to-day to to-morrow; and her folly was the more incurable as it was

founded on a strange, moonshiny little principle—a crude, passionate theory that love, love, pure love is the sum and substance of maternal duty; and that the love which reasons and exacts and denies is cruel and wicked and hideous. “I know you think I’m a silly goose,” she said, “and not fit to have a child at all. But you’re wrong—I promise you you’re wrong. I’m very reasonable, I’m very patient; I have a great deal to bear—more than you know—and I bear it very well. But one can’t be always on the stretch—always hard and wise and good. In some things one must break down and be one’s poor, natural, lonely self. Eustace can’t turn out wrong; it’s impossible; it would be too cruel. You mustn’t say it nor hint it. I shall do with him as my heart bids me; he’s all I have; he consoles me.”

My notions perhaps were a little old-fashioned; but surely it will never altogether go out of fashion to teach a child that he is not to have the moon by crying for it. Now Eustace had a particular fancy for the moon—for everything bright and inaccessible and absurd. His will was as sharp as a steel spring, and it was vain to attempt to bend it or break it. He had an indefeasible conviction that he was number one among men; and if he had been born in the purple, as they say, of some far-off Eastern court, or the last consummate fruit of a shadowy line of despots, he couldn’t have been more closely curtailed in this superb illusion. I pierced it here and there as roughly as I dared; but his mother’s light fingers speedily repaired my punctures. The poor child had no sense of justice. He had the graceful virtues, but not the legal ones. He could condescend, he could forgive, he could permit this, that, and the other, with due leave asked; but he couldn’t endure the hint of conflicting right. Poor puny little mortal, sitting there wrapped in his golden mist, listening to the petty trickle of his conscious favor and damming it—a swelling fountain of privileges! He could love, love passionately; but he was so jealous and exacting that his love cost you very much more than it was worth. I found it no sinecure to possess the confidence I had striven so cunningly to obtain. He fancied it a very great honor that he should care to harness me up as his horse, to throw me his ball by the hour, to have me joggle with him (sitting close to the middle) on the see-saw till my poor bones ached. Nevertheless, in this frank, childish arrogance there was an almost irresistible charm, and I was absurdly flattered by enjoying his favor. Poor me! at twenty-three I was his first “conquest”—the first in a long list, as I believe it came to be. If he demanded great license, he used it with a peculiar grace of his own, and he admitted the corresponding obligation of being clever and brilliant. As a child even, he seemed to be in a sort of occult sympathy with the picturesque. His talents were excellent, and teaching him, whatever it may have been, was at least not dull work. It was indeed less to things really needful than to the luxuries of learning that he took most kindly. He had an excellent ear for music, and though he never fairly practised, he turned off an air as neatly as you could have wished. In this he resembled his mother, who was a natural musician. She, however, was always at the piano, and whenever I think of her in those early years, I see her sitting before it musingly, half sadly, with her pretty head on one side, her fair braids thrust behind her ears—ears from which a couple of small but admirable diamonds were never absent—and her white hands wandering over the notes, seeking vaguely for an air which they seemed hardly to dare to remember. Eustace had an insatiable appetite for stories, though he was one of the coolest and most merciless of critics. I can fancy him now at my knee with his big, superbly-expectant eyes fastened on my lips, demanding more wonders and more, till my poor little

short-winded invention had to cry mercy for its impotence. So my best, I could never startle him; my giants were never big enough and my fairies never small enough, and my enchanters, my prisoners, my castles never on the really grand scale of his own imaginative needs. I felt pitifully prosaic. At last he would always open his wilful little mouth and gape in my face with a dreadfully dry want of conviction. I felt flattered when by chance I had pleased him, for, by a precocious instinct, he knew tinsel from gold. "Look here," he would say, "you're dreadfully ugly; what makes you so ugly? Your nose is so big at the end." (You needn't protest; I *was* ugly. Like most very plain women, I have improved with time.) Of course I used to rebuke him for his rudeness, though I secretly thanked it, for it taught me a number of things. Once he said something, I forget what, which made me burst into tears. It was the first time, and the last; for I found that, instead of stirring his pity, tears only moved his contempt, and apparently a kind of cynical, physical disgust. The best way was to turn the tables on him by pretending to be cool and indifferent and superior. In that case he himself would condescend to tears—bitter, wrathful tears. Then you had perhaps gained nothing, but you had lost nothing. In every other case you had.

Of course these close relations lasted but a couple of years. I had made him very much wiser than myself; he was growing tall and boyish and terribly inquisitive. My poor little stories ceased to have any illusion for him; and he would spend hours lying on his face on the carpet, kicking up his neat little legs and poring over the "Arabian Nights," the "Fairy Queen," the dozen prime enchanters of childhood. My advice would have been to pack him off to school; but I might as well have asked his mother to send him to the penitentiary. He was to be educated *en prince*; he was to have a teacher to himself. I thought sympathetically of the worthy pedagogue who was to enjoy Eustace without concurrence. But such a one was easily found—in fact, he was found three times over. Three private tutors came and went successively. They fell in love, categorically, with Mrs. Garnyer. Their love indeed she might have put up with; but unhappily, unlike Viola, they told their love—by letter—with an offer of their respective hands. Their letters were different, but to Mrs. Garnyer their hands were all alike, and alike distasteful. "The horrid creatures!" was her invariable commentary. "I wouldn't speak to them for the world. My dear, you must do it." And I, who had never declined an offer on my own account, went to work in this wholesale fashion for my friend! You will say that young as she was, pretty, independent, lovely, Mrs. Garnyer would have looked none the worse for a spice of coquetry. Nay, in her own eyes, she would have been hideous. Her greatest charm for me was a brave little passion of scorn for this sort of levity, and indeed a general contempt for cheap sentimental effects. It was as if, from having drunk at the crystal head-spring, she had lost her taste for standing water. She was absolutely indifferent to attention; in fact, she seemed to shrink from it. She hadn't a trace of personal vanity; she was even without visible desire to please. Unfortunately, as you see, she pleased in spite of herself. As regards love, she had an imposing array of principles; on this one point her floating imagination found anchorage. "It's either a passion," she said, "or it's nothing. You can know it by being willing to give up everything for it—name and fame, past and future, this world and the next. Do you keep back a feather's weight of tenderness or trust? Then you're not in love. You must risk everything, for you get everything—if you're happy. I can't understand a woman trifling with love. They talk about the unpardonable sin; that's it, it seems to

me. Do you know the word in the language I most detest? *Flirtation*. Poh! it makes me ill." When Mrs. Garnyer uttered this hint of an esoteric doctrine, her clear blue eyes would become clouded with the gathered mists of memory. In this matter she understood herself and meant what she said.

Defiant as she was of admiration, she saw little of the world. She met her few friends but two or three times a year, and was without a single intimate. As time went on, she came to care more for me than for any one. When Eustace had outgrown my teaching, she insisted on my remaining in any capacity I chose—as housekeeper, companion, seamstress, guest; I might make my own terms. I became a little of each of these, and with the increasing freedom of our intercourse grew to regard her as a younger and weaker sister. I gave her, for what it was worth, my frankest judgment on all things. Her own confidence always stopped short of a certain point. A little curtain of reticence seemed always to hang between us. Sometimes I fancied it growing thinner and thinner, becoming almost transparent and revealing the figures behind it. Sometimes it seemed to move and flutter in the murmur of our talk, so that in a moment it might drop or melt away into air. But it was a magical web; it played a hundred tormenting tricks, and year after year it hung in its place. Of course this inviolate mystery stirred my curiosity, but I can't say more for the disinterested tenderness I felt for Mrs. Garnyer than that it never unduly irritated it. I lingered near the door of her Blue-Beard's chamber, but I never peeped through the keyhole. She was a poor lady with a secret; I took her into my heart, secret and all. She proclaimed that her isolation was her own choice, and pretended to be vastly content that society let her so well alone. She made her widowhood serve as a motive for her lonesome days, and declared that her boy's education amply filled them. She was a widow, however, who never of her own accord mentioned her husband's name, and she wore her weeds very lightly. She was very fond of white, and for six months of the year was rarely seen in a dark dress. Occasionally, on certain fixed days, she would flame forth in some old-fashioned piece of finery from a store which she religiously preserved, and would flash about the house in rose-color or blue. One day, her boy's birthday, she kept with fantastic solemnity. It fell in the middle of September. On this occasion she would put on a faded ball-dress, overload herself with jewels and trinkets, and dress her hair with flowers. Eustace, too, she would trick out in a suit of crimson velvet, and in this singular guise the pair would walk with prodigious gravity about the garden and up and down the avenue. Every now and then she would stoop and give him a convulsive hug. The child himself seemed to feel the magnitude of this festival, and played his part with precocious discretion. He would appear at dark with the curl still in his hair, his velvet trousers unstained, his ruffles uncrumpled. In the evening the coachman let off rockets in the garden; we feasted on ice-cream, and a bottle of champagne was sent to the kitchen. No wonder Master Eustace took on the graces of an heir-apparent! Once, I remember, the mother and son were overtaken in their festal promenade by some people who had come to live in the neighborhood, and who drove up rather officiously to leave their cards. They stared in amazement from the carriage window, and were told Mrs. Garnyer was not at home. A few days later we heard that Mrs. Garnyer was out of her mind; she had been found masquerading in her grounds with her little boy, in the most indecent costume. From time to time she received an invitation, and occasionally she accepted one. When she went out she deepened her mourning, but she always came home in a fret. "It is the last house I will go to," she

declared, as I helped her to undress. "People's neglect I can bear, and thank them for it; but Heaven deliver me from their kindness! I won't be patronized—I won't, I won't! Shall I, my boy? We'll wait till you grow up, shan't we, my darling? Then his poor little mother shan't be patronized, shall she, my brave little man?" The child was constantly dangling at his mother's skirts, and was seldom beyond the reach of some such passionate invocation.

A preceptor had at last been found of a less inflammable composition than the others—a worthy, elderly German of fair attainments, with a stout, sentimental wife—she gave music lessons in town—who monopolized his ardors. He was a mild, patient man—a nose of wax, as the saying is. A pretty nose it grew to be in Eustace's supple fingers! I'll answer for it that in all those years he never carried a point. I believe that, like me, he had begun with tears; but finding this an altogether losing game, he was content now to take off his spectacles, drop his head on one side, look imploringly at his pupil with his weak blue eyes, and then exhale his renunciation in a plaintive *Lieber Gott!* Under this discipline the boy bloomed like a flower. But it was to my sense a kind of hothouse growth. His tastes were sedentary, and he lived largely within doors. He kept a horse and took long lonely rides; but most of the time he spent lounging over a book, trifling at the piano, or fretting over a water-color sketch, which he was sure to throw aside in disgust. One amusement he pursued with unwearying constancy; it was a sign of especial good humor, and I never knew it to fail him. He would sit for hours lounging in a chair, with his head thrown back and his legs extended, staring at vacancy, or what seemed to us so, but a vacancy filled with the silent revel of his fancy and the images it evoked. What was the substance of these beatific visions? The broad, happy life before him, the great world whose far-off murmurs caressed his ear—the joys of consummate manhood—pleasure, success, prosperity—a kind of triumphant and transfigured egotism. His reveries swarmed with ideal shapes and transcendent delights; his handsome young face, his idle, insolent smile were the cold reflections of their brightness. His mother, after watching him for a while in these moods, would steal up behind him and kiss him softly on the forehead, as if to marry his sweet illusions to sweet reality. For my part, I wanted to divorce them. It was a sad pity, I thought, that desire and occasion in the lad's life played so deftly into each other's hands. I longed to spoil the game, to shuffle the cards afresh and give him a taste of bad luck. I felt as if between them—she by her measureless concessions, he by his consuming arrogance—they were sowing a crop of dragon's teeth. This sultry summer of youth couldn't last for ever, and I knew that the poor lady would be the first to suffer by a change of weather. He would turn some day in his passionate vanity and rend the gentle creature who had fed it with the delusive wine of her love. And yet he had a better angel as well as a worse. It was a marvel to see how this sturdy seraph tussled with the fiends, and, in spite of bruises and ruffled pinions, returned again and again to the onset. There were days when his generous, boyish gayety—the natural sunshine of youth and intelligence—warmed our women's hearts to their depths and kindled our most trusting smiles. Me, as he grew older, he treated as a licensed old-time friend. I was the prince's jester. I used to tell him his truths, as the French say. He believed them just enough to feel an agreeable irritation in listening; for the rest, doubtless, they seemed as vague and remote as a croaking good-wife's gossip. There were moments, I think, when the eternal blue sky of his mother's temper wearied his capricious brain. At such times he would come and sprawl on the sofa near my little work-table, clip-

ping my threads, mixing my spools, mislaying my various utensils, and criticising my work without reserve—chattering, gossiping, complaining, boasting. With all his faults Eustace had one sovereign merit—that merit without which even the virtues he lacked lose half their charms: he was superbly frank. He was only too transparent. The light of truth played through his rank pretensions, and against it they stood relieved in this hard tenacity, like young trees against a sunset. He uttered his passions, and uttered them only too loudly; you received ample notice of his vengeance. It came as a matter of course; he never took it out in talk; but you were warned.

If these intense meditations of which I have spoken followed exclusively the vista of his personal fortunes, his conversation was hardly more disinterested. It was altogether about himself—his ambitions, his ailments, his dreams, his needs, his intentions. He talked a great deal of his property, and, though he had a great aversion to figures, he knew the amount of his expectations before he was out of jackets. He had a shrewd relish for luxury—and indeed, as he respected pretty things and used them with a degree of tenderness which he by no means lavished upon animated objects, saving, sparing, and preserving them, this seemed to me one of his most human traits, though, I admit, an expensive virtue—and he promised to spend his fortune in books and pictures, in art and travel. His mother was imperiously appealed to do the honors of his castles in the air. She would look at him always with her doting smile, and with a little glow of melancholy in her eyes—a faint tribute to some shadowy chance that even her Eustace might reckon without his host. She would shake her head tenderly, or lean it on his shoulder and murmur, "Who knows, who knows? It's perhaps as foolish, my son, to try and forecast happiness as to attempt to take the measure of misery. We know them each when they come. Whatever comes to us, at all events, we shall meet it together." Resting in this delicious contact, with her arm round his neck and her cheek on his hair, she would close her eyes in a kind of tremor of ecstasy. As I have never had a son myself, I can speak of maternity but by hearsay; but I feel as if I knew some of its secrets, as if I had gained from Mrs. Garnyer a revelation of maternal passion. The perfect humility of her devotion, indeed, seemed to me to point to some motive deeper than vulgar motherhood. It looked like a kind of penance, a kind of pledge. Had she done him some early wrong? Did she meditate some wrong to come? Did she wish to purchase pardon for the past or impunity for the future? One might have fancied from the lad's calm relish of her incense—as if it were the fumes of some perfumed chibouque palpitating lazily through his own lips—that he had a comfortable sense of something to forgive. In fact, he had something to forgive us all—our dulness, our vulgarity, our not guessing his unuttered desires—the want of a supercelestial harmony between our wills and his. I fancied, however, that there were even moments when he turned dizzy on the cope of this awful gulf of his mother's self-sacrifice. Fixing his eyes, then, an instant to steady himself, he took comfort in the thought that she had ceased to suffer—her personal ambitions lay dead at the bottom. He could vaguely see them—distant, dim, motionless. It was to be hoped that no adventurous ghost of these shuffled passions would climb upward to the light.

A frequent source of complaint with Eustace, when he had no more immediate displeasure, was that he had not known his father. He had formed a mental image of the late Mr. Garnyer which I am afraid hardly tallied at all points with the original. He knew that his father had been a man of pleasure, and he had painted his portrait in ideal hues. What a charming father—a man

of pleasure! the boy thought, fancying that gentlemen of this stamp take their pleasure in the nursery. What pleasure they might have shared; what rides, what talks, what games, what adventures—what far other hours than those he passed in the deserted billiard-room (this had been one of Mr. Garnyer's pleasures) clicking the idle balls in the stillness. He learned to talk very early of shaping his life on his father's. What he had done his son would do. A dozen odds and ends which had belonged to Mr. Garnyer he carried to his room, where he arranged them on his mantel-shelf like relics on a high altar. When he had turned seventeen he began to smoke an old silver-mounted pipe which had his father's initials embossed on the bowl. "It would be a great blessing," he said as he puffed this pipe—it made him dismally sick, for he hated tobacco—"to have some man in the house. It's so fearfully womanish here. No one but you two and Hauff, and what's he but an old woman? Mother, why have you always lived in this way? What's the matter with you? You've got no *savoir vivre*. What are you blushing about? That comes of moping here all your days—that you blush for nothing. I don't want my mother to blush for anything or any one, not even for me. But I give you notice, I can stand it no longer. Now I'm seventeen, it's time I should see the world. I'm going to travel. My father travelled; he went all over Europe. There's a little French book up stairs, the poems of Parny—it's awfully French, too—with 'Henry Garnyer, Paris, 1802,' on the fly-leaf. I must go to Paris. I shan't go to college. I've never been to school. I want to be complete—privately educated altogether. Very few people are, here; it's quite a distinction. Besides, I know all I want to know. Hauff brought me out some college catalogues. They're absurd; he laughs at them. We did all that three years ago. I know more about books than most young fellows; what I want is knowledge of the world. My father had it, and you haven't, mother. But he had plenty of taste, too. Hauff says that little edition of Parny is very rare. I shall bring home lots of such things. You'll see!" Mrs. Garnyer listened to such effusions of filial emulation in sad, distracted silence. I couldn't but pity her. She knew that her husband was no proper model for her child; yet she couldn't in decency turn his heart against his father's memory. She took refuge in that attitude of tremulous contemplation which committed her neither to condemnation of her husband nor to approval with her son.

She had recourse at this period, as I had known her to do before, to a friend attached to a mercantile house in India—an old friend, she had told me; "in fact," she had added, "my only friend, a man to whom I am under immense obligations." Once in six months there came to her from this distant benefactor a large square letter, heavily sealed and covered with foreign post-marks. I used to fancy it a kind of bulletin of advice for the coming half year. Advice about what? Her cares were so few, her habits so simple, that they offered scanty matter for discussion. But now, of course, came a packet of counsel as to Eustace's absence. I knew that she dreaded it; but since her oracle had spoken, she wore a brave face. She was certainly a devout postulant. She concealed from Eustace the extent of her dependence on this far-away adviser, for the boy would have resented such interference, even though it favored his own schemes. She had always read her friend's letters in secret; this was the only practice of her life she failed to share with her son. Me she now for the first time admitted into her confidence. "Mr. Cope strongly recommends my letting him go," she said. "He says it will make a man of him. He needs to rub against other men. I suppose at least," she cried with her usual sweet fatuity, "it will do other men no harm! Perhaps I don't love him as I ought, and

that I must lose him awhile to learn to prize him. If I only get him back again! It would be monstrous that I shouldn't! But why are we cursed with these frantic woes and fears? It's a weary life!" She would have said more if she had known that it was not his departure but his return that was to be cruel.

The excellent Mr. Hauff was deemed too mild and infirm to cope with the hazards of travel; but a companion was secured in the person of his nephew, an amiable young German who claimed to possess erudition and discretion in equal manner. For a week before he left us Eustace was so serene and joyous of humor as to double his mother's sense of loss. "I give her into your care," he said to me. "If anything happens to her, I shall hold you responsible. She is very woe-begone just now, but she'll cheer up yet. But, mother, you're not to be too cheerful, mind. You're not to forget me an instant. If you do, I'll never forgive you. I insist on being missed. There's little enough merit in loving me when I'm here; I wish to be loved in my absence." For many weeks after he left, he might have been satisfied. His mother wandered about like a churchyard ghost keeping watch near a buried treasure. When his letters began to come, she read them over a dozen times, and sat for hours with her eyes closed holding them in her hand. They were wretchedly meagre and hurried; but their very brevity gratified her. He was prosperous and happy, and could snatch but odd moments from his pleasure-taking.

One morning, after he had been away some three months, there came two letters, one from Eustace, the other from India, the latter very much in advance of its time. Mrs. Garnyer opened the Indian letter first. I was pouring out tea; I observed her from behind the urn. As her eyes ran over the pages she turned deadly pale; then raising her glance she met mine. Immediately her paleness turned to crimson. She rose to her feet and hurried out of the room, leaving Eustace's letter untouched on the table. This little fact was eloquent, and my curiosity was aroused. Later in the day it was partially satisfied. She came to me with a singular conscious look—the look of a sort of oppression of happiness—and announced that Mr. Cope was coming home. He had obtained release from his engagements in India, and would arrive in a fortnight. She uttered herewith no words of rejoicing, but I fancied her joy was of the unutterable sort. As the days elapsed, however, her emotion betrayed itself in a restless, aimless flutter of movement, so intense as to seem to me almost painful. She roamed about the house singing to herself, gazing out of the windows, shifting the chairs and tables, smoothing the curtains, trying vaguely to brighten the faded look of things. Before every mirror she paused and inspected herself, with that frank audacity of pretty women which I have always envied, tucking up a curl of her blond hair or smoothing a crease in those muslins which she always kept so fresh. Of Eustace for the moment she rarely spoke; the boy's prediction had not been so very much amiss. Who was this wonderful Mr. Cope, this mighty magician?

I very soon learned. He arrived on the day he had fixed, and took up his lodging in the house. From the moment I looked at him, I felt that here was a man I should like. My poor unflattered soul, I suppose, was won by the kindness of his greeting. He had often heard of me, he said; he knew how good a friend I had been to Mrs. Garnyer; he begged to bespeak a proportionate friendship for himself. I felt as if I were amply thanked for my years of household zeal. But in spite of this pleasant assurance, I had a sense of being for the moment altogether *de trop*. He was united to his friend by a closer bond than I had suspected. I left them alone with their mutual secrets and

effusions, and confined myself to my own room; though indeed I had noticed between them a sort of sentimental intelligence, so deep and perfect that many words were exchanged without audible speech. Mrs. Garnyer underwent a singular change; I seemed to know her now for the first time. It was as if she had flung aside a veil which muffled her tones and blurred her features. There was a new decision in her tread, a deeper meaning in her smile. So, at thirty-eight her girlhood had come back to her! She was as full of blushes and random prattle and foolish falterings for very pleasure as a young bride. Upon Mr. Cope the years had set a more ineffaceable seal. He was a man of forty-five, but you would have given him ten years more. He had that look which I have always liked of people who have lived in hot climates, a bronzed complexion, and a cool deliberate gait, as if he had learned to think twice before moving. He was tall and lean, yet extremely massive in shape, like a stout man emaciated by circumstances. His hair was thin and perfectly white, and he wore a grizzled moustache. He dressed in loose light-colored garments of those fine Eastern stuffs. I had a singular impression of having seen him before, but I could never say when or where. He was extremely deaf—so deaf that I had to force my voice; though I observed that Mrs. Garnyer easily made him hear by speaking slowly and looking at him. He had peculiarly that patient appealing air which you find in very deaf persons less frequently than in the blind, but which has with them an even deeper eloquence, enforced as it is by the normal pathos of the eye. It has an especially mild dignity where, as in Mr. Cope, it overlies a truly masculine mind. He had been obliged to make good company of himself, and the glimpses that one got of this blessed fellowship in stillness were of a kind to make one long to share it. But with others, too, he was a charming talker, though he was obliged to keep the talk in his own hands. He took your response for granted with a kind of conciliating *bonhomie*, guessed with a glance at your opinion, and phrased it usually more wittily than you would have done.

For ten years I had been pitying Mrs. Garnyer; it was odd to find myself envying her. Patient waiting is no loss; at last her day had come. I had always rather wondered at her patience; it was spiced with a logic all its own. But she had lived by precept and example, by chapter and verse; for *his* sake it was easy to be wise. I say for "his" sake, because as a matter of course I now connected her visitor with that undefined secret which had been one of my earliest impressions of Mrs. Garnyer. Mr. Cope's presence renewed my memory of it. I fitted the key to the lock, but on coming to open the casket I was disappointed to find that the best of the mystery had evaporated. Mr. Cope, I imagined, had been her first and only love. Her parents had frowned on him and forced her into a marriage with poor dissolute Mr. Garnyer—a course the more untender as he had already spent half his own property and was likely to make sad havoc with his wife's. He had a high social value, which the girl's own family, who were plain enough people to have had certain primitive scruples in larger measure, deemed a compensation for his vices. The discarded lover, thinking she had not resisted as firmly as she might, embarked for India, and there, half in spite, half in despair, married as sadly amiss as herself. She had trifled with his happiness; he lived to repent. His wife lived as well to perpetuate his misery; it was my belief that she had only recently died, and that this event was the occasion of his return. When he arrived he wore a weed on his hat; the next day it had disappeared. Reunion had come to them in the afternoon of life, when the tricks and graces of passion are no longer becoming; but when these have spent themselves something of passion still is left.

and this they were free to enjoy. They had begun to enjoy it with the chastened zeal of which I caught the aroma. Such was my reading of the riddle. Right or not, at least it made sense.

I had promised Eustace to write to him, and one afternoon as I sat alone, well pleased to have a theme, I despatched him a long letter full of the praises of Mr. Cope, and by implication of the echo of his mother's happiness. I wished to anticipate his possible suspicions and reconcile him with the altered situation. But after I had posted my letter, it seemed to me that I had spoken too frankly. I doubted whether, even amid the wholesome novelty of travel, he had unlearned the old trick of jealousy. Jealousy surely would have been quite misplaced, for Mr. Cope's affection for his hostess embraced her boy in its ample scope. He regretted the lad's absence; he manifested the kindest interest in everything that spoke of him; he turned over his books, he looked at his sketches, he examined and compared the half dozen portraits which the fond mother had caused to be executed at various stages of his growth. One hot day, when poor old Mr. Hauff travelled out from town for news of his pupil, he made a point of being introduced and of shaking his hand. The old man stayed to dinner, and on Mr. Cope's proposition we drank the boy's health in brimming glasses. The old German of course wept profusely; it was Eustace's mission to make people cry. I fancied too I saw a tear on Mr. Cope's lid. The cup of his contentment was full; at a touch it overflowed. On the whole, however, he took this bliss of reunion more quietly than his friend. He was a melancholy man. He had the air of one for whom the moral of this fable of life has greater charms than the plot, and who has made up his mind to ask no favors of destiny. When he met me, he used to smile gently, frankly, saying little; but I had a vast relish for his smile. It seemed to say much—to murmur, "Receive my compliments. You and I are a couple of tested souls; we understand each other. We are not agog with the privileges of existence, like charity children on a picnic. We have had, each of us, to live for years without the thing we once fancied gave life its only value. We have tasted of bondage, and patience, taken up as a means, has grown grateful as an end. It has cured us of eagerness." So easily it gossiped, the smile of our guest. No wonder I liked it.

One evening, a month after his advent, Mrs. Garnyer came to me with a strange, embarrassed smile. "I have something to tell you," she said; "something that will surprise you. Do you consider me a very old woman? I am old enough to be wiser, you'll say. But I've never been so wise as to-day. I'm engaged to Mr. Cope. There! make the best of it. I have no apologies to make to any one," she went on with a kind of defiant manner. "It's between ourselves. If we suit each other, it's no one's business. I know what I'm about. He means to remain in this country; we should be constantly together and extremely intimate. As he says, I'm young enough to be—what do they call it?—compromised. Of course, therefore, I'm young enough to marry. It will make no difference with you; you'll stay with me all the same. Who cares, after all, what I do? No one but Eustace, and he will thank me for giving him such a father. Ah, I shall do well by my boy!" she cried, clasping her hands with ecstasy. "I shall do better than he knows. My property, it appears, is dreadfully entangled. Mr. Garnyer did as he pleased with it; I was given to him with my hands tied. Mr. Cope has been looking into it, and he tells me that it will be a long labor to restore order. I have been living all these years at the mercy of unprincipled strangers. But now I have given up everything to Mr. Cope. He'll drive the money-changers from the temple!

It's a small reward to marry him. Eustace has no head for money matters; he only knows how to spend. For years now he needn't think of them. Mr. Cope is our providence. Don't be afraid; Eustace won't blaspheme! and at last he'll have a companion—the best, the wisest, the kindest. You know how he used to long for one—how tired he was of me and you. It will be a new life. Oh, I'm a happy mother—at last—at last! Don't look at me so hard; I'm a blushing bride, remember. Smile, laugh, kiss me. There! You're a good creature. I shall make my boy a present—the handsomest that ever was made! Poor Mr. Cope! I'm happier than he. I have had my boy all these years, and he has had none. He has the heart of a father. He has longed for a son. Do you know," she added with a strange deepening of her smile, "that I think he marries me as much for my son's sake as for my own? He marries me at all events, boy and all!" This speech was uttered with a forced and hurried animation which betrayed the effort to cheat herself into pure enthusiasm. The matter was not quite so simple as she tried to believe. Nevertheless, I was deeply pleased, and I kissed her in genuine sympathy. The more I thought of it the better I liked the marriage. It relieved me personally of a burdensome sense of ineffectual care, and it filled out solidly a kind of defenceless breach which had always existed on the worldly face of Mrs. Garnyer's position. Moreover, it promised to be full of wholesome profit for Eustace. It was a pity that Eustace had but a slender relish for wholesome profit. I ventured to hope, however, that his high esteem for his father's memory had been, at bottom, the expression of a need for counsel and support, and of a capacity to grant respect if there should be something of inspiration in it. Yet I took the liberty of suggesting to Mrs. Garnyer that she perhaps counted too implicitly on her son's concurrence; that he was always in opposition; that a margin should be left for his possible jealousy. Of course I was called a suspicious wretch for my pains.

"For what do you take him?" she cried. "He'll thank me on his knees. I shall place them face to face. Eustace has instinct! A word to the wise, says the proverb. I know what I'm about."

She knew it, I think, hardly as well as she declared. I had deemed it my duty to make a modest little speech of congratulation to the bridegroom elect. He blushed—somewhat to my surprise—but he answered me with a grave, grateful bow. He was preoccupied; Mrs. Garnyer was of a dozen different minds about her wedding-day. I had taken for granted that they would wait for Eustace's return; but I was somewhat startled on learning that Mr. Cope disapproved of further delay. They had waited twenty years! Mrs. Garnyer told me that she had not announced the news to Eustace. She wished it to be a "surprise." She seemed, however, not altogether to believe in her surprise. Poor lady! she had made herself a restless couch. One evening, coming into the library, I found Mr. Cope pleading his cause. For the first time I saw him excited. This hint of autumnal ardor was very becoming. He turned appealingly to me. "You have great authority with this lady," he said. "Plead my case. Are we people to care for Mrs. Grundy? Has she been so very civil to us? We don't marry to please her; I don't see why she should arrange the wedding. Mrs. Garnyer has no *trousseau* to buy, no cards to send. Indeed, I think any more airs and graces are rather ridiculous. They don't belong to our years. There's little Master Grundy, I know," he went on, smiling—"a most honorable youth! But I'll take charge of him. I should like vastly, of course, to have him at the wedding; but one of these days I shall make up for the breach of ceremony by punctually attending his own." It was only an

hour before this, as it happened, that I had received Eustace's answer to my letter. It was brief and hasty, but he had found time to insert some such words as this: "I don't at all thank you for your news of Mr. Cope. I knew that my mother only wanted a chance to forget me and console herself, as they say in France. Demonstrative mothers always do. I'm like Hamlet—I don't approve of mothers consoling themselves. Mr. Cope may be an excellent fellow—I've no doubt he is; but I do hope he will have made his visit by the time I get back. The house isn't large enough for both of us. You'll find me a bigger man than when I left home. I give you warning. I've got a roaring black moustache, and I'm proportionately fiercer." I said nothing about this letter. A week later they were married. The time will always be memorable to me, apart from this matter of my story, from the intense and overwhelming heat which then prevailed. It had lasted several days when the wedding took place; it bade fair to continue unbroken. The ceremony was performed by the little old Episcopal clergyman whose ministrations Mrs. Garnyer had regularly attended, and who had always given her a vague parochial countenance. His sister, a mature spinster who wore her hair cut short, and called herself "strong-minded," and, thus qualified, had made overtures to Mrs. Garnyer—this lady and myself were the only witnesses. The marriage had nothing of a festive air; it seemed a grave sacrifice to the unknown god. Mrs. Garnyer was very much oppressed by the heat; in the vestibule, on leaving the church, she fainted. They had arranged to go for a week to the seaside, to a place they had known of old. When she had revived we placed her in the carriage, and they immediately started. I, of course, remained in charge of the empty house, vastly envying them their seaside breezes.

On the morning after the wedding, sitting alone in the darkened library, I heard a rapid tread in the hall. My first thought of course was of burglars—my second of Eustace. In a moment he came striding into the room. His step, his glance, his whole outline foretold trouble. He was amazingly changed, and all for the better. He seemed taller, older, manlier. He was bronzed by travel and dressed with great splendor. The moustache he had mentioned, though but a slender thing as yet, gave him, to my eye, a formidable foreign look. He gave me no greeting.

"Where's my mother?" he cried.

My heart rose to my throat; his tone seemed to put us horribly in the wrong. "She's away—for a day," I said. "But you"—and I took his hand—"pray where have you dropped from?"

"From New York, from shipboard, from Southampton. Is this the way my mother receives me?"

"Why, she never dreamed you were coming."

"She got no letter? I wrote from New York."

"Your letter never came. She left town yesterday, for a week."

He looked at me hard. "How comes it you're not with her?"

"I am not needed. She has—she has——" But I faltered.

"Say it—say it!" he cried; and he stamped his foot. "She has a companion."

"Mr. Cope went with her," I said, in a still small voice. I was ashamed of my tremor, I was outraged by his imperious manner, but the thought of worse to come unnerved me.

"Mr. Cope—ah!" he answered, with an indefinable accent. He looked about the room with a kind of hungry desire to detect some invidious difference as a trace of Mr. Cope's passage. Then flinging himself into a chair, "What infernal

heat!" he went on. "What a hideous climate you've got here! Do bring me a glass of water."

I brought him his glass, and stood before him as he quickly drank it. "Don't think you're not welcome," I ventured to say, "if I ask what has brought you home so suddenly."

He gave me another hard look over the top of his glass. "A suspicion. It's none too soon. Tell me what is going on between my mother and Mr. Cope."

"Eustace," I said, "before I answer you, let me remind you of the respect which under all circumstances you owe your mother."

He sprang from his chair. "Respect! I'm right then. They mean to marry! Speak!" And as I hesitated, "You needn't speak," he cried. "I see it in your face. Thank God I'm here!"

His violence aroused me. "If you have a will to enforce in the matter," I said, "you are indeed none too soon. You're too late. Your mother is married." I spoke passionately, but in a moment I repented of my words.

"MARRIED!" the poor boy shouted. "*Married*, you say!" He turned deadly pale and stood staring at me with his mouth wide open. Then, trembling in all his limbs, he dropped into a chair. For some moments he was silent, gazing at me with fierce stupefaction, overwhelmed by the treachery of fate. "Married!" he went on. "When, where, how? Without me—without notice—without shame! And you stood and watched it, as you stand and tell me now! I called you friend!" he cried, with the bitterest reproach. "But if my mother betrays me, what can I expect of *you*? Married!" he repeated. "Is the devil in it? I'll unmarry her! When—when—when?" And he seized me by the arm.

"Yesterday, Eustace. I entreat you to be calm."

"Calm? Is it a case for calmness? *She* was calm enough—that she couldn't wait for her son!" He flung aside the hand I had laid upon his to soothe him, and began a furious march about the room. "What has come to her? Is she mad? Has she lost her head, her heart, her memory—all that made her mine? You're joking—come, it's a horrible dream?" And he stopped before me, glaring through fiery tears. "Did she hope to keep it a secret? Did she hope to hide away her husband in a cupboard? Her husband! And I—I—I—what has she done with me? Where am I in this devil's game? Standing here crying like a schoolboy for a cut finger—for the bitterest of disappointments! She has blighted my life—she has blasted my rights. She has insulted me—dishonored me. Am I a man to treat in that fashion? Am I a man to be made light of? Brought up as a flower and trampled as a weed! Bound in cotton and steeped in vitriol! You needn't speak"—I had tried, for pity, to remonstrate. "You can say nothing but bald folly. There's nothing to be said but this—that I'm *insulted*. Do you understand?" He uttered the word with a concentrated agony of vanity. "I guessed it from the first. I knew it was coming. Mr. Cope—Mr. Cope—always Mr. Cope. It poisoned my journey—it poisoned my pleasure—it poisoned Italy. You don't know what that means. But what matter, so long as it has poisoned my home? I held my tongue—I swallowed my rage; I was patient, I was gentle, I forbore. And for this! I could have damned him with a word! At the seaside, hey? Enjoying the breezes—splashing in the surf—picking up shells. It's idyllic, it's ideal—great heavens, it's fabulous, it's monstrous! It's well she's not here. I don't answer for myself. Yes, madam, stare, stare, wring your hands! You see an angry man, an outraged man, but a man, mind you! He means to act as one."

This sweeping torrent of unreason I had vainly endeavored to arrest. He pushed me aside, strode out of the room, and went bounding up stairs to his own chamber, where I heard him close the door with a terrible bang and turn the key. My hope was that his passion would expend itself in this first explosion; I was glad to bear the brunt of it. But I deemed it my duty to communicate with his mother. I wrote her a hurried line: "Eustace is back—very ill. Come home." This I intrusted to the coachman, with injunctions to carry it in person to the place of her sojourn. I believed that if she started immediately on the receipt of it, she might reach home late at night. Those were days of private conveyances. Meanwhile I did my best to pacify the poor young man. There was something terrible and portentous in his rage; he seemed absolutely rabid. This was the sweet compliance, the fond assent, on which his mother had counted; this was the "surprise"! I went repeatedly to his chamber door with soft speeches and urgent prayers and offers of luncheon, of wine, of vague womanly comfort. But there came no answer but shouts and imprecations, and finally a sullen silence. Late in the day I heard him from the window order the gardener to saddle his horse; and in a short time he came stamping down stairs, booted and spurred, pale, dishevelled, with bloodshot eyes. "Where are you going," I said, "in this awful heat?"

"To ride—ride—ride myself cool!" he cried. "There's nothing so hot as my rage!" And in a moment he was in the saddle and bounding out of the gate. I went up to his room. Its wild disorder bore vivid evidence of the tumult of his temper. A dozen things were strewn broken on the floor; old letters were lying crumpled and torn; I was sickened by the sight of a pearl necklace, snatched from his gaping valise, and evidently purchased as a present to his mother, ground into fragments on the carpet as if by his boot-heels. His father's relics were standing in a row untouched on the mantel-shelf, save for a couple of pistols mounted with his initials in silver, which were tossed upon the table. I made a brave effort to thrust them into a drawer and turn the key, but to my eternal regret I was afraid to touch them. Evening descended and wore away; but neither Eustace nor his mother returned. I sat gloomily enough on the verandah, listening for wheels or hoofs. Toward midnight a carriage rattled over the gravel; my friend descended with her husband at the door. She fluttered into my arms with a kind of shrinking yet impetuous dread. "Where is he—how is he?" she cried.

I was spared the pain of answering, for at the same moment I heard Eustace's horse clatter into the stable-yard. He had rapidly dismounted and passed into the house by one of the side windows, which opened from the piazza into the drawing-room. There the lamps were lighted. I led in my companions. Eustace had crossed the threshold of the window; the lamp-light fell upon him, relieving him against the darkness. His mother with a shriek flung herself toward him, but in an instant with a deeper cry she stopped short, pressing her hand to her heart. He had raised his hand, and, with a gesture which had all the spiritual force of a blow, he had cast her off. "Ah, my son, my son!" she cried with a piteous moan, and looking round at us in wild bewilderment.

"I'm not your son!" said the boy in a voice half stifled with passion. "I give you up! You're not my mother! Don't touch me! You've cheated me—you've betrayed me—you've *insulted* me!" In this mad peal of imprecations, it was still the note of vanity which rang clearest.

I looked at Mr. Cope. He was deadly pale. He had seen the lad's gesture; he was unable to hear his words. He sat down in the nearest chair and eyed

him wonderingly. I hurried to his poor wife's relief. She seemed smitten with a sudden tremor, a deadly chill. She clasped her hands, but she could barely find her voice. "Eustace—my boy—my darling—my own—do you know what you say? Listen, listen, Eustace. It's all for you—that you should love me more. I've done my best. I seem to have been hasty, but hasty to do for you—to do for you—" Her strength deserted her; she burst into tears. "He curses me—he denies me!" she cried. "He has killed me!"

"Cry, cry!" Eustace retorted; "cry as I've been crying! But don't be fulser than you have been. That you couldn't even wait! And you prate of my happiness! Is my happiness in a broken home—in a disputed heart—in a bullying stepfather! You've chosen him big and strong! Cry your eyes out—you're no mother of mine."

"He's killing me—he's killing me," groaned his mother. "O Heaven! if I dared to speak, I should kill *him*!" She turned to her husband. "Go to him—go to him!" she cried. "He's ill, he's mad—he doesn't know what he says. Take his hand in yours—look at him, soothe him, heal him. It's the hot weather," she rambled on. "Let him feel your touch! Eustace, Eustace, be healed!"

Poor Mr. Cope had risen to his feet, passing his handkerchief over his forehead, on which the perspiration stood in great drops. He went slowly toward the young man, bending his eyes on him half in entreaty, half in command. Before him he stopped and frankly held out his hand. Eustace eyed him defiantly from head to foot—him and his proffered friendship, enforced as it was by a gaze of the most benignant authority. Then pushing his hand savagely down, "Hypocrite!" he roared close to his face—"can you hear that?" and marched bravely out of the room. Mr. Cope shook his head with a world of tragic meaning, and for an instant exchanged with his wife a long look brimming with anguish. She fell upon his neck shaken with resounding sobs. But soon recovering herself, "Go to him," she urged, "follow him; say everything, spare nothing. No matter for me; I've got *my* blow."

I helped her up to her room. Her strength had completely left her; she but half undressed and let me lay her on her bed. She was in a state of the intensest excitement. Every nerve in her body was thrilling and ringing. She kept murmuring to herself, with a kind of heart-breaking incoherency. "Nothing can hurt me now; I needn't be spared. Nothing can disgrace me—or grace me. I've got my blow. It's my fault—all, all, all! I heaped up folly on folly and weakness on weakness. My heart's broken; it will never serve again. You have been right, my dear—I perverted him, I taught him to strike. Oh, what a blow! He's hard—he's hard. He's cruel. He has no heart. He's blind with vanity and egotism. But it matters little now; I shan't live to suffer. I've suffered enough. I'm dying, my friend, I'm dying."

In this broken strain the poor lady poured out the bitterness of her grief. I used every art to soothe and console her, but I felt that the tenderest spot in her gentle heart had received an irreparable bruise. "I don't want to live," she murmured. "I'm disillusioned. It could never be patched up; we should never be the same. He has shown the bottom of his soul. It's bad."

In spite of my efforts to restore her to calmness, she became—not more excited, for her strength seemed to be ebbing and her voice was low—but more painfully and incoherently garrulous. Nevertheless, from her distressing murmur I gathered the glimmer of a meaning. She seemed to wish to make a kind of supreme confession. I sat on the cope of her bed, with her hand in mine. From time to time, above her loud whispers, I heard the sound of the

two gentlemen's voices. Adjoining her chamber was a large dressing-room; beyond this was Eustace's apartment. The three rooms opened upon a long uncovered balcony.

Mr. Cope had followed the young man to his own chamber, and was addressing him in a low, steady voice. Eustace apparently was silent; but there was something sullen and portentous to my ear in this unnatural absence of response.

"What have you thought of me, my friend, all these years?" his mother asked. "Have I seemed to you like other women? I haven't been like others. I have tried to be so—and you see—you see! Let me tell you. It don't matter whether you despise me—I shan't know it. These are my last words; let them be frank."

They were not, however, so frank as she intended. She seemed to lose herself in a dim wilderness of memories; her faculty wandered, faltered, stumbled. Not from her words—they were ambiguous—but from her silence and from the rebound of my own impassioned sympathy, as it were, I guessed the truth. It blossomed into being vivid and distinct; it exhaled a long illuminating glow upon the past—a lurid light upon the present. Strange it seemed now that my suspicions had been so late to bear fruit; but our imagination is always too timid. Now all things were clear! Heaven knows that in this unpitiful light I felt no contempt for the poor woman who lay before me, panting from her violated soul.

Poor victims of destiny! If I could only bring them to terms! For the moment, however, the unhappy mother and wife demanded all my attention. I left her and passed along the balcony, intending to summon her husband. The light in Eustace's room showed me the young man and his companion. They sat facing each other in momentary silence. Mr. Cope's two hands were on his knees, his eyes were fixed on the carpet, his teeth were set—as if, baffled, irate, desperate, he were preparing to play his last card. Eustace was looking at him hard, with a terribly untender gaze. It made me sick. I was on the point of rushing in and adjuring Eustace by the truth. But suddenly Mr. Cope raised his eyes and exchanged with the boy a look with which he seemed to read his very soul. He waved his hand in the air as if to dismiss fond patience.

"If you were to see yourself as I see you," he said, "you would be vastly amazed; you would know your absurd appearance. Young as you are, you are rotten with arrogance and pride. What would you say if I were to tell you that, least of men, you have reason to be proud? Your stable boy there has more. There's a leak in your vanity; there's a blot on your escutcheon! You force me to strong measures. Let me tell you, in the teeth of your monstrous egotism, what you are. You're a——"

I knew what was coming, but I hadn't the heart to hear it. The word, ringing out, overtook my ear as I hurried back to Mrs. Cope. It was followed by a loud, incoherent cry, the sound, prolonged for some moments, of a scuffle, and then the report of a pistol. This was lost in the noise of crashing glass. Mrs. Cope rose erect in bed and shrieked aloud, "He has killed him—and me." I caught her in my arms; she breathed her last. I laid her gently on the bed and made my trembling way, by the balcony, to Eustace's room. The first glance reassured me. Neither of the men was visibly injured; the pistol lay smoking on the floor. Eustace had sunk into a chair with his head buried in his hands. I saw his face crimson through his fingers.

"It's not murder," Mr. Cope said to me as I crossed the threshold, "but it has just missed being suicide. It has been fatal only to the looking-glass." The mirror was shivered.

"It is murder," I answered, seizing Eustace by the arm and forcing him to rise. "You have killed your mother. This is your father!"

My friend paused and looked at me with a triumphant air, as if she was very proud of her effect. Of course I had foreseen it half an hour ago. "What a dismal tale," I said. "But it's interesting. Of course Mrs. Cope recovered."

She was silent an instant. "You're like me," she answered. "Your imagination is timid."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I am rather at a loss how to dispose of our friend Eustace. I don't see how the two could very well shake hands—nor yet how they couldn't."

"They did once—and but once. They were for years, each in his way, lonely men. They were never reconciled. The trench had been dug too deep. Even the poor lady buried there didn't avail to fill it up. Yet the son was forgiven—the father never!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

BARBAROSSA AND BISMARCK.

KAISER Friedrich Barbarossa,
So the old tradition goes,
Sat asleep within the mountains
In his long and deep repose—

Waiting, waiting for the hour
When the Fatherland's great need
Should demand his ancient power
Once again in thought and deed;

When his voice should summon Germans
From the north and from the south,
From the Rhineland's pleasant vineyards,
To confront the cannon's mouth.

In our day and generation
Is the legend not fulfilled?
Has a leader not arisen
German greatness to rebuild?

E'en though Bismarck now they name him,
Is it not the Kaiser's soul
Come to marshal kindred kingdoms,
Making Germany a whole?

Subtle brain and daring spirit,
Strong to will and to command;
One great tribute Germans owe him—
He has served the Fatherland!

Calling men to strive and suffer
In a race where none durst lag,
Making warfare heal their hatreds,
Giving them one foe, one flag!

For the unity of Germans
First came forth 'mid fiery flood;
It was born amid the battle
And baptized in German blood.

Thus his people now are brothers—
Barbarossa now may rest;
They are bound by one great memory
Of their dearest and their best.

For the men their blood have mingled,
While the women mixed their tears;
And a sacred, common sorrow
Is but sanctified by years.

Still the spirit of old Luther
Dwells within this Teuton race,
And their moveless line of battle
Bears his words on every face—

What he spoke before Worms' Diet,
Braving Kaiser Karl's dread rod,
Fearing but his mightier Master—
“Here I stand, so help me God!”

That which David, Israel's monarch,
Learned full well and grandly said,
We have heard in fearful accents,
Seen in characters blood-red;

And from this dread text a sermon
Preached the guns that roared at Woerth:
“Truly there is One who judges
And who rules upon the earth.”

Now from Kaiser in his purple,
From the peasant's lowly cot,
One great hymn of praise arises;
’Tis “An Dir, an Dir, mein Gott!”

ANNE M. CRANE SEEMULLER.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

VI.

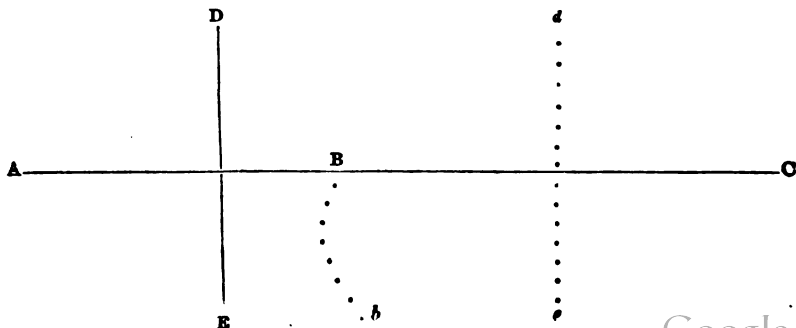
THE NOSCITUR A SOCIO FALLACY.

VERY different judgments have been passed by capable men on the value of proverbs and adages. They have been defined as "the wisdom of many embodied in the wit of one"; they have been denounced as blind guides. Some of us may remember a child's book written on purpose to show the folly and wickedness of current proverbial sayings. The truth here lies, as it so often does, between the extremes. Proverbs are the expression of rough, popular common sense; *rough*—that is, approximating to principles and not making fine discriminations. There is much truth in them; there is also a very serious amount of error. Not only proverbs of different nations, but different proverbs of the same nation, contradict one another.

When therefore a proverb has attained the proportion of a rule of action among any people or class (as it may very well do without being literally quoted whenever acted on), our right and duty are to scrutinize it closely.

The old adage, *Noscitur a socio*, or *Noscitur a sociis*, rendered in English, "A man is known by the company he keeps," has received so wide a practical application as to be eminently subject to the above rule. Bentham gave it a place among his political fallacies. His object was to defend English reformers against the inferences which the Tories drew from the presence in the Liberal party of sundry persons holding extreme and generally condemned views in politics or religion. His answer was to the effect that among the complicated relations of the world, good and bad men are to be found on every side of every opinion. According to this view, the *noscitur a socio* fallacy is but a form of imperfect generalization. The statement is certainly true, but hardly seems to meet the case fully. *Socius* must be construed with a certain reasonable sense of proximity. The example of a man who lives in Russia, or who lived two centuries ago, will hardly be relevant for the State of Massachusetts A.D. 1871. A better answer would seem to be that many bad systems and practices, being bad only or chiefly from their extreme development, are good up to a certain point, so that up to that point good men may support and adopt them; and when the *noscitur a socio* maxim is fallaciously applied, the fallacy often consists in what we may call *ignoring the moral perspective*. And indeed this *moral perspective* will apply to all extremes of opinion or practice, omitting the qualifications of bad or good.

I shall endeavor to illustrate my meaning by a simple diagram.



A C is a straight line; B a point in it so taken that B C is greater than A B; D E a line perpendicular to A C, and cutting it between A and B.

Then, though B is nearer to A than to C, yet if we class all the objects between A and C with reference to their position on either side of the line D E, B and C must be classed together.

Again, with radius C B describe arc of circle B *b*. Let an object which was at B be moved to *b*. It is now no nearer to C than before, and is further from A. Yet it may very well happen that from foreshortening or other difference of attitude, the object while at B would have appeared to a person looking from A nearer to C and further from B than it appears when moved to *b*.

Lastly, let D E be moved to the position *d e*. Then, with reference to this line, A and B must be classed together, although B has not changed its place either in space absolutely or with reference to A or C.

To apply this practically: Let us suppose that the majority or a large portion of a community belongs to the ultra or more aggressive and illiberal branch of the Romish Church. The rest of the community we suppose to be Protestants of various denominations, and skeptics or unbelievers of various grades. Then all this *rest* would naturally be united in opposition to the Ultramontane Romanists when the latter menaced them with general persecution; but the strength of their respective opposition would not necessarily be the measure of their respective distance from the Ultramontanists in religious opinion, since political or other considerations might intervene. And if the community contained any Romanists who were not Ultramontanists, it is not absolutely impossible that some of these might on some occasions be found on the side of the miscellaneous opposition.

Next let us suppose that from some cause the relative strength of opinion is changed. The extreme skeptics, from being a minority and a fraction of a minority, become, or threaten to become, the majority, and talk of abolishing Christianity or all religion. We should now find the various Protestant churches taking sides with the Romish Church, although the opinions of the former had undergone no change.

Hence we see how an individual may appear to have deserted his party, when the party has in fact deserted him; and how the same person may be both radical and conservative according as he is in different countries, or even in different sections of the same country.

This, though probably the most general, is not the only limitation of the *nosciat a socio* principle. There is another which can in this country never be lost sight of. It arises from the prevalence of and preference for "self-made men," very few of whom in their upward course are able to avoid contact at some period with doubtful characters. It requires the rarest combination of tact and good luck to enable a public man, even not self-made, to keep clear from all moral contamination.

Some further limitations are connected with the influence of authority, and are sufficiently important on account of this connection to be treated of in a separate chapter.

VII.

INFLUENCE OF AUTHORITY.

To examine the undue influence of authority in America under any circumstances may seem a very superfluous investigation. Both theory and practice generally tend in the opposite direction. Writers who are by no means extreme radicals have declared that an American citizen is not bound

to respect anybody or anything. Nevertheless, even here cases occur in which the principle of authority is abused. When a man has become distinguished in any way, there is a curiosity to learn his opinions on matters of importance or interest, and this curiosity is not unmingled with inclination to attach some weight to these opinions of his. Now, when is such inclination proper and legitimate? Clearly when the matter in question comes under the range of that special occupation which has made the man distinguished. President Grant's dictum on any military subject would naturally and justly command great respect; but his opinion on a complicated question of political economy is not necessarily more valuable than that of Tom, Dick, or Harry. The views of J. G. Bennett or H. Greeley respecting the manner in which a newspaper should be conducted successfully—that is, profitably to its proprietors—would have the greatest weight; while their ideas on a point of ethics might be worth less than nothing. And so on generally; a man is authority on his special subject—or subjects, if he is lucky enough to be master of more than one. Bentham has pointed out one limitation of this rule, namely, that certain specialists, lawyers or judges for instance, may be interested in keeping up a vicious order of things, and therefore may allow their interest to pervert their knowledge and better judgment. But, after all, whatever force this objection may have, the specialist must be our last resource. However much the bar may have declined from its pristine reputation, if we are involved in a lawsuit we must employ *some* lawyer to plead our cause. However mendacious the press, we must read *some* newspaper to learn the news.

There is, however, a species of moral authority, often abused, which becomes in its abuse a potent auxiliary of the *noscitur a sociis* fallacy. Men of carefully regulated lives and limited experience, dwelling in small towns and villages, encountering little temptation from the lusts of the flesh and the eye, are supposed, by reason of their own quiet, unvicious lives, to be fitting judges of what is proper and possible for those who live under the circumstances of a more complicated and costly civilization. If a number of such persons decide, for instance, that it is wrong to drink wine, to understand the French language, or dress after a particular fashion, their moral character is supposed to give great authority to their denunciation and great support to all of the same way of thinking.

The value of these men's moral authority we shall perhaps have reasons for subjecting to certain modifications when we consider their peculiar position. The unwritten code under which they have lived, possibly for some generations, somewhat lax as regards honesty and veracity (especially where strangers are concerned), is very tightly drawn in reference to sensual indulgences; while in all that relates to outside elegance and polish, it fits in very well with the envious spirit so prevalent in small democratic communities. The sort of legislation fit or feasible for a larger society, comprising men with every variety of means, wants, pursuits, and social standing, is as much beyond the comprehension of these worthy persons as the domestic economy of an elephant is beyond the comprehension of a rabbit. To accept their ideas as models of legislation, social science, or general ethics, would be like taking the good boy of a dame's school for president of a university.

VIII.

THE FALLACY OF THE ANTICIPATED FUTURE.

I ONCE proposed to call this the *alaudic fallacy* or the *fallacy of the falling sky*, because it accepts as a serious principle the jest of the proverb, "When the

sky falls we shall catch larks." It might also be called the *proleptic fallacy*. But as these names are somewhat recondite and even uncouth, I have adopted, for want of a better, that given above. The fallacy is a very common one, and consists in assuming the consequences of a proposed change, not according to probability and precedent, but according to the wish of the proposer.

Thus, the advocates of what are called woman's rights demand that women shall be admitted to all the political or other functions at present discharged solely by men. It is objected that various grave inconveniences, arising out of the mere fact of sexual difference, would follow such a change; that women themselves would be losers by it in many respects, and that the best of them would suffer in their purity and refinement by being mixed up in some of man's ruder avocations. To this the answer is, that the introduction of woman as an active participant will purify politics, transform trade, and reform society generally. Woman, being the better element, will put down the worse element as soon as she gets fair play.

Allowing that the mass of female morality in this or any other country is far beyond the mass of male morality (a proposition which is by no means an axiom, and might be made the theme of much discussion), it does not at all follow that the universal combination of the two forces will produce an improvement. When we pour a certain quantity of cognac into a certain quantity of water, we can tell exactly what percentage of alcohol our grog will contain. When we take a definite proportion of cobalt and a definite proportion of gamboge, we can tell precisely what shade of green will be produced by the mixture. But we cannot settle moral combinations beforehand on this tangible and mechanical basis. An innocent young man who consorts with vicious associates is in danger of being corrupted by them. Few parents would like to run the chance of his converting the others; the experiment would be too risky. On the other hand, let a vicious boy enter a select school; he *may* be reformed there, or he may damage the whole establishment. Any of us who have had experience in these matters know how careful teachers of first-class schools are to weed out their black sheep for fear of the harm they may do. It is not an absolute question of number. Suppose there is a small percentage of women in excess of men throughout the country, and that the women are (by our first assumption) more moral than the men, it does not follow that their infusion into politics or trade will render politics or trade less corrupt. For, in the first place, women are more aristocratic and exclusive than men; and even if we assume that this difference is not natural, but a result of custom and legislation, it is a result now so fixed that much time will be necessary to reverse it. More women than men will shrink from the dirty work of politics and the routine of business, and the delinquents will be women of the better class; so that the female sex will have, on the whole, worse representatives in active life than the male sex. Secondly, it may well be asked whether a portion at least of those virtues in which women are supposed peculiarly to excel may not be due to their freedom from certain temptations to which men are exposed. A monk or a prisoner is incapacitated for committing many sins because he cannot obtain the material and opportunity for them in his convent or prison. A gentleman living on his means, be they large or small, has not the same temptation to falsehood and dishonesty as a lawyer (according to the present standard of lawyers), a shopkeeper, a stock broker, an editor, a member of Congress, or a professional politician of any kind. Throw women into the political arena, and some of the fairest features of their moral superiority will be exposed to a rude and perilous test.

I have expanded this particular illustration to some length; but we must not suppose that the fallacy under discussion is at all limited in its application. It is a pet hallucination of reformers.

The sky is going to fall. Only let it come down and we shall have plenty of larks. We shall get them ready roasted too, for motion is an acknowledged cause of heat. Then if any timid *doctrinaire* suggests that the sky is not likely to fall in our time, and that even if any part of it were to collapse we should probably have other and more pressing business than bird-catching on our hands, he is scouted as a man behind the age. It is melancholy to see even men who are generally sensible and accurate affected with this weakness. If there ever was a question which would seem to be the province of hard, strong common sense, it is that of free trade; yet free-traders have argued that one effect of the general adoption of their system would be to render war impossible—as if rulers or nations in the frenzy of anger ever resigned themselves to the guidance of pure reason.

In pursuit of such phantoms men often lose sight of the really good reasons which can be offered in support of the case. Thus, the extension of suffrage to the negroes at the South was clearly defensible as a necessary risk, experience having shown that they could not protect themselves or be protected without the ballot. But many leading advocates of the measure talked of some inherent magical virtue in the franchise, by means of which the freedman would immediately become the intellectual and moral equal of the average Anglo-Saxon citizen.

In regard to predictions of the future, it is a safe general rule never to allow the assumption of a conclusion which is largely and palpably contradicted by the preponderating testimony of human experience. The burden of proof in such a case rests on the proposer of the change. Thus, when a man asserts—and I am sorry to say that there are many men and some women nowadays who assert it—that the abolition or disuse of Christianity would be a great temporal gain to mankind, we may reply that the majority of nations professing Christianity are better off materially than the majority of nations which do not profess it, and that the only civilized nation that ever formally renounced Christianity was no gainer by the change in a temporal point of view. If the skeptical iconoclast can show that Christianity in all these cases is a mere accident, not affecting the general result, let him do so; until he does so, his predictions are entitled to little weight.

IX.

THE FALLACY OF INCOMPATIBLES.

"You can't eat your cake and have your cake." This is a wise proverb, and it seems not above the comprehension of a very young child; yet a great many grown people all over the world are continually wanting to eat their cake and still keep it.

Many women aim to acquire all the privileges now peculiar to men, and at the same time retain all those peculiar privileges which custom and tradition have conferred on women, partly by way of compensation for their political disabilities.

Many working men, while unwilling to lay down a mite of their political power and their equality as free citizens, claim, in times of scarcity and distress, such support and protection from the State as are only consistent with a "paternal" form of government.

Many impulsive and hasty reformers, especially those who happen to be men of much sentiment and imagination, find fault with the circumlocution and discussion and delay which are inseparable from constitutional government, and demand a simplicity and promptness of action which can only be had from an autocracy at the expense of individual freedom.

Parents attempt to make their children perfect in various accomplishments and branches of knowledge, which, even if not necessarily and absolutely incompatible from their nature, do generally in fact prove mutually destructive. Young men frequently make the same mistake for themselves.

There are many current definitions of wisdom. Archbishop Whately considered it to be a *ready perception of analogies*, which was good as far as it went, but only went half way. He should have added, *and discrimination of differences*. In other words, wisdom is *the discrimination of things compatible and incompatible*. Even now our definition is not fully complete. It needs a further addition, namely, *and the correct appreciation of relative values*.

Wisdom is the discrimination of things compatible and incompatible, and the correct appreciation of relative values.

Observe a sensible man in the ordinary transactions of life, the purchase of property, choice of a residence, etc. He first puts clearly before himself a *possible desideratum*, containing no incompatible or contradictory elements; then, as it rarely happens that even this limited and qualified ideal can be fully attained, he decides which of the advantages offered by the various objects at his option are the most valuable, and which of the accompanying defects the least mischievous.

So, too, in our judgment of individuals. The French have a phrase, *Il a les défauts de son caractère*, as if a certain intellectual and moral organization, with distinct merits, *must* also be subject to distinct corresponding faults. When a man possesses salient virtues, we must not be in haste to blame him for errors which are possibly the excesses of his good qualities; still less should we arraign him for not having other good qualities antagonistic to or even incompatible with those which he has.

In the same way, when an important political or social change is proposed, we must consider whether any of its alleged advantages are inconsistent with one another; next, whether they are irreconcilable with any advantages admitted to accompany the present state of things; finally, whether the new special benefits are on the whole so valuable as more than to counterbalance the loss which may be sustained by the subversion of the present order.

X.

A PRIORI REASONING.

SEVERAL passages in the preceding chapters, particularly in the last two, contain indirect reference to the mode of reasoning called *a priori*.

It appears to me that this term is often wrongly used, even by persons who generally exhibit a more accurate use of language than is common with ordinary writers. They consider it not as *arguing from the known to the unknown*, but as arguing from the theoretical or imaginary to the practical or possible. If this were its true sense, if it were applicable only to the lucubrations of some French or German pseudo-philosopher, undertaking to reconstruct society or history according to his arbitrary conceptions of human nature, if it were merely an attempt to realize the ideal, then all such argument should be regarded with, not suspicion, but positive aversion. But I do not admit this to

be the correct meaning of the term. On the contrary, I deem it the very reverse. *A priori* reasoning is reasoning from the analogy of previous or contemporary experience—that is, from the known—to something which has not yet been tried or examined under precisely the same conditions—that is, the unknown.

It appears to me also that on a great variety of subjects, of both great and small importance, our reasoning, however it may be modified as we proceed, must start from *a priori* grounds.

Let us begin by a purely literary example. Suppose that we have read the "Germania" of Tacitus in the original, but have never made a very special study of Tacitus and his contemporaries, or of German antiquities. Now let this question be presented to us: Was the "Germania" a serious account of Germany according to the historian's best knowledge and belief, or was it a satirical work designed to shame the corrupt and degenerate Romans by contrast? I do not see how our investigation can *begin* otherwise than on the *a priori* principle. On the one side there is the broad, general fact, that the Teutonic nations in their later civilization have reproduced some of the peculiarities attributed to their ancestors by the author; on the other, the consideration that Tacitus was a bold satirist, and that fiction of this sort has often been used as a vehicle for satire. As we proceeded to study the subject, other elements would be introduced into the argument. Thus we might find a confirmation of the historian's account in contemporary writers of his own country or in Teutonic tradition, or it might appear that the particular species of satiric fiction supposed by some to be exemplified in the "Germania" only took its rise at a later date. Or on the other hand, our examination of contemporary and later evidence might suggest the conclusion that Tacitus had a one-sided and imperfect knowledge of Germany, much like that which the moralists of the last century had of China, and that his work was therefore to a great extent ideal. But all these questions of direct fact would come in at an advanced stage of the investigation.

Let us turn to what was one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of the practical questions of this age, the disposition to be made of slavery as it formerly existed in our country. All our discussion of it was, and could not help being (according to my understanding of the term), *a priori*. Slavery had never existed under conditions exactly or nearly parallel. We were obliged to argue from analogous cases and from the general spirit and tendency of modern civilization. No one would have been bold enough to propose that we should treat it experimentally, *for the sake of the experiment*. When the necessities of the case forced upon us an empirical treatment, the experiment was final. There is now no Democrat, even of the Irish New York variety, so deluded as to believe that our negro population can ever be reenslaved.

Frequently, when facts are found to upset a plausible conclusion derived from analogy, we shall discover on reëxamination that our error lay in having omitted to notice some of the original facts—facts which were fundamental and universal, not accidental or partial, as in some of the more complicated cases of imperfect generalization. Thus, when we had learned from animal chemistry the calorific power of food containing much carbon, under which category came all oily and fatty substances; when we observed the fondness of the natives of the polar regions for such food, and the abundant natural supply of it in their latitudes; when we also remarked the abundance of fruits in many or most tropical countries; from all this it seemed not unreasonable to

conclude that a purely vegetable diet might be suitable to a hot climate and to our own hot summer months. An investigation of facts, however, shows that the inhabitants of the torrid zone require some amount of animal food if obliged to work hard, and that among the African negroes the hunger or craving for meat, when deprived of it, is so strong as to be expressed by a special word in some of their languages; experience also proves that an unmixed vegetable diet is not the most wholesome to most men during our summers. Being thus led to revise our speculations, we find that we had omitted from the grounds of our previous reasoning one very important fact, namely, man's dental conformation, which shows him to be a partly carnivorous animal.

But there are some persons who, while allowing to *à priori* reasoning the sense which I give it, deny its value as a means of arriving at or approximating to truth. These persons constitute a section or faction of the utilitarian school. They deny the existence of anything like finality in politics or sociology. For them the whole experience of all past ages means nothing. Constitutional government, the independence of the judiciary, the liberty of the individual, the freedom of the press, the division of the legislative department into two chambers, the permanence and sanctity of marriage—none of these things do they consider practically proved; of none of them do they admit the superiority to be settled. Everything is fit matter of further experiment—the only exceptions being some of their own pet crotchets. With some such exceptions they consider that all legislation and polity ought to be a perpetual flux and reflux. Fortunately for mankind, these men have rarely had their own way anywhere to any great extent. Give them their full swing, and they would soon upset all government into anarchy, and precipitate society into one grand cataclysm. The consequences of the negation of finality may be seen in France. A large class of French politicians can never be brought to admit that anything has been proved or disproved—the latter especially—by the practical logic of events. Accordingly they go on generation after generation trying to make bricks stand without mortar and to balance a pyramid on its apex, to shear wolves and to plough with swine.

XI.

THE FALLACY OF SEQUENCE OR COINCIDENCE FOR CAUSE.

THIS is one of the commonest fallacies all over the world, and has been so for all ages, and will be so till we have an intellectual millennium. A happens after B or at the same time with B; therefore B was the cause of A. If a country having a hundred influences to make it prosperous prospers tolerably under a high tariff, the high tariff is the one great cause of its prosperity. If the nation costs ten times as much to govern as it did when one-tenth of the size, the increased expenditure is the fault of the party which happens to be in power. A man who is fickle-minded and dyspeptic smokes; therefore tobacco is the cause of his irresolution and dyspepsia.* Tenterden steeple, to quote the well-known English illustration, was the cause of Goodwin Sands, because the encroachment of the sea on the shore followed the erection of the steeple.

And yet—as if to show how careful we should be in rejecting as well as in

* Of course the reader will not confound this with a case of imperfect generalization; e. g., if it had been ascertained that the person's bodily and mental weakness was directly caused by the use of tobacco, and it was then concluded that the same result would always follow.

assuming connections of cause and effect—it is *possible*, after all, that this proverbial saying may express sad and serious truth instead of ironical jest. I have somewhere seen a statement that there existed a local fund to protect the land against the ravages of the sea, and that a portion of this fund was diverted from its proper use in order to repair Tenterden church and place a steeple upon it. If this is true (I do not pretend to know whether it is or not), Tenterden steeple was clearly and logically the ultimate cause of Goodwin Sands.

Although many of the popularly received cases of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and *una cum hoc, ergo propter hoc*, which we encounter, appear in the highest degree irrational when critically examined, it must be owned that their acceptance is in accordance with man's mental constitution. Suppose a person waiting in a room of a strange house. He remarks a knob of peculiar construction in the wall; his curiosity leads him to handle it; it yields to his touch, and a report like that of a pistol is heard in the adjoining room. Now it is far from certain that his handling the knob caused this report; an accident, an assault, a chemical experiment, any one of a dozen different origins might be assigned to it; yet I suspect the *first* impulse of any man would be to connect it in his own mind with his touching the knob. Then, too, political, theological, sociological, even some literary partisans are always on the lookout for a chance to introduce the *argumentum ad odium*, so that they will always do their best to confirm a bad *prima facie* effect of coincidence or sequence. If in our hypothetical illustration we suppose the stranger to be accompanied by a person who wished to prejudice him against the house and its inmates, that person might naturally take advantage of the incident to say something like this: "There! you see what a place this is! You can't touch anything without its going off! It isn't safe to stay here;" and he would endeavor to hurry him away without opportunity of investigating the real cause of the noise or ascertaining its danger or harmlessness.

Let us examine some possible cases of coincidence, such as would probably provoke the *argumentum ad odium*. A homœopathic practitioner commits forgery. It is not unlikely that the allopathic physicians in the neighborhood would be careful that the fact was sufficiently known. Yet it would be no possible argument to a reasonable and reasoning man against homœopathy, since there is nothing in either the theory or the practice of that school which would make one of its members commit forgery more readily than an allopathist or member of any other profession. Suppose, however, that a homœopathist has failed to perceive the obvious symptoms of a well-known disease. This would be a *prima facie* case against homœopathy, because diagnosis is an important part of medical practice. Still, if unsupported by other similar examples, no general inference could be legitimately drawn from this solitary case, *unless* it could be shown from the nature of the homœopathic system that it tended to produce inaccurate diagnosis.*

Suppose a Jew has a mistress, and that he poisons her. Here again it is probable that many Christians would dwell on the fact of his being a Jew. Yet his crime really furnishes no argument against Judaism, since, first, there is nothing in the particular tenets of the Jews which would make a Jew more likely than a Christian to keep a mistress; secondly, on the other hand, there is nothing which would make it more especially disgraceful for a Jew than for

* Here we see another proof of the value of *a priori* reasoning, when rightly understood and practised. It is only by means of it that we can in many cases determine whether an inference from a single instance is legitimate reasoning or imperfect generalization.

a Christian, so that the Jew has no special motive to avoid detection by extreme means. But suppose that a priest of the Church of Rome poisons a woman who proves to have been his mistress. Then the crime furnishes a fair *prima facie* argument against one of the leading rules of that church, because, first, the priest being debarred from legitimate marriage is under greater temptation than other men to seek illicit indulgence; and secondly, his position and profession make such a vice particularly scandalous in him, so that he is tempted to use extreme means in order to prevent exposure. Of course the members of the Church of Rome might bring forward many considerations, positive and negative, to weaken the force of this argument; but it is a good *prima facie* one as it stands, and it would be perfectly fair for a Protestant to say, "Behold the fruits of enforced clerical celibacy!"

The proper relation of sequences is apt to be even more involved than that of coincidences, because we have an additional disturbing element, the *posthumous influence* of laws, habits, and institutions. This is particularly the case with regard to financial and politico-economical changes, and accordingly it is seldom that these either meet the sanguine anticipations of their friends or verify the unfavorable predictions of their opponents, in anything like a complete manner. In a country where changes are frequent, it may well happen that of three successive measures, A, B, and C, much of the influence of A survives it and lasts till C's time, so that B never has a fair chance.

In view of such complications, it is not so much to be wondered at that some metaphysicians have denied altogether the relation of cause and effect, and maintained that we can only take cognizance of sequences. In transcendental metaphysics such a doctrine is harmless and even amusing; if applied to practical life, it would make wild work.

There are two very common confusions analogous to those which we have been discussing. One is the confusion between *prediction* and *threat*; the other that between *information* and *advice*. The foundation of both errors is a wrong introduction of the element of *cause* into the ideas of prediction and information.

Suppose I am in some place afflicted by a prohibitory law; in spite of which a benevolent publican supplies me with beer. An aquarian, detecting him in the act, says, "If you ever sell beer again to my knowledge, I will inform against you and cause you to be imprisoned." This is a distinct and definite *threat*. The accomplishment of it rests with the speaker; he wishes and intends the landlord to be imprisoned in the event of a certain expressed contingency. But suppose my doctor says to me, "I have observed such and such symptoms in your case; they show that unless you adopt a particular regimen and treatment, such and such grave consequences will ensue." There is no *threat* here. The doctor has nothing to do with producing these possible consequences; he does not wish for them, perhaps would be much grieved by them; he only *foresees* and *predicts* from his professional knowledge that they will follow, unless, etc., etc. And it would be the height of absurdity, if I neglected his advice, and the predicted consequences followed, to be angry with him, as if he had been the cause of what he was actually trying to prevent.

I say to a business man, "There is a great deal of paper out with your name on it." This is not saying to him, "I advise you to curtail your present style of business," or, "You had better see if some one is not forging your signature." He may be led to do one of these things by the information which

I have given him; but it is simply *information*, not advice; and (presuming it to be strictly correct) it does not involve my responsibility in any way.

The distinction seems tolerably simple; yet the error is very common. It included all the population of our Southern States during the autumn of 1866. Nominally it also included all the leaders and spokesmen of the Democratic party at the North; but in their case, for the most part, the error was only simulated.

XII.

METAPHOR.

METAPHOR is often an excellent vehicle of illustration; but it is also a copious source of fallacy. Being a very ornamental figure of speech, it is apt, like all ornaments, to be abused. And metaphors, like institutions, have a posthumous existence. Thus the Upas, long since shown to be a mythical combination of three distinct natural phenomena, still flourishes one and indivisible, with all its original power of blight, in the incoherent oratory of the so-called temperance lecturer; and the Maelstrom, annihilated by the progress of geographical research, yet lives and foams on the platform.

These instances are merely amusing; but when the metaphorical sense of a word comes to be literally interpreted, the result is a pernicious confusion and looseness of thought, calculated to mislead even well-educated persons.

The word expressing the rules of action enjoined by human authority is figuratively applied to the general formulas by which we denote the results of our observation of natural phenomena. We call them *the laws of nature*, because they have, in their regularity of action and binding force, a certain analogy with the laws of the land. It is a proper and legitimate term, but some of the inferences from it are terribly misleading. Thus, lecturers and speakers continually talk of *violating the laws of nature* and *the penalty of violating the natural law*. Such phrases are arrant nonsense. No one can violate the laws of nature, unless he is able to perform a miracle. To *violate* the law would be, *ipso facto*, to *disprove* it. For, as has just been remarked, what we call a law of nature is a general formula, embodying the result of our observation of facts. Such a law, for instance, is gravitation. How can we *violate* gravitation? We may obviate some of its effects; we may prevent a body from falling to the ground by placing a support under it; we may even make it rise instead of falling, by attaching it to another body, of sufficient volume, lighter than the atmosphere. We may *defy* it—and break our necks in consequence. But if we could produce positive, unquestionable proof of a *single case* in which a man, unaided by any contrivance, had walked on the ceiling as a fly does, or floated through the air as a Home pretends to, then, unless that man was assumed to possess miraculous and supernatural power, we should have disproved the existence of gravity as a universal law. *For the natural law depends on the facts, and is made by them.*

Civil law, on the contrary, makes the facts (at least to a certain extent), and they depend on it, not it on them. Indeed, the motive of civil law is in many, probably most cases a desire to change certain existing facts. Let us suppose that aquarians of the most rabid sort have a majority in a political community, and pass a law that nobody shall drink wine or beer. Suppose also that nevertheless every man of the minority violates this law by drinking wine or beer. What is the next step? The law, by means of its penalties, proceeds to put

down the unlawful drinking; that is, *the civil law makes the facts conform to itself.*

Thus far the distinction has been laid down by other writers; but it is still incomplete; something more is necessary to explain the confusion in the popular mind. There is a third class of laws, so called; namely, moral laws. The natural law says, *This is*; the civil law, *This shall be*; the moral law, *This ought to be*. And the violation of certain *moral* laws, particularly that of prudence, is generally, though not always or necessarily, attended by some physical penalty. Thus, the tiler who walks carelessly along the roofs and gutters of houses will be apt to break his neck, though it is not absolutely certain that he will do so, nor does every tiler who meets with an accident owe it to his own carelessness. The man who is reckless as to the quality and quantity of his nourishment, will usually injure his health, and not unfrequently shorten his life; but the physical injury is not always proportioned to the excess, and sometimes the excess appears to escape injury altogether. *The moral law, in a majority of cases, though by no means universally or regularly, is supported and verified by the facts.*

I have taken some pains to explain and elucidate this one case of the misleading power of metaphorical language. But I am not sanguine enough to hope that the explanation will effect any change in the practice of sensation lecturers or preachers. Just as Jenkins will continue to *donate the balance of the lumber from his palatial residence* in spite of all Mr. Grant White's writings, so the Honorable or Reverend Mr. Bagowind will continue to *violate the laws of nature*, though fifty better men than myself should prove to him that he is talking nonsense. For the Honorable or Reverend Mr. Bagowind is used to talking nonsense. He rather likes to talk it and his audiences rather like to hear it.

CARL BENSON.

A SICILIAN MIDNIGHT MADRIGAL.

“IN Sleep's still mansion dost thou lie encloistered,
 Thou Lily of my heart,
 By the cool dream-waters, in the Hall of Shadows,
 Thy sweetness hived apart.
 Rare bud, unclose! shine out, my Star of Even!
 We are waiting, all, for thee;
 For the flowers of Earth and the gentle eyes of Heaven
 Are keeping watch with me!”

Her head is quiet on her maiden pillow,
 Her sweet eyes in eclipse;
 But she thrills in sleep, through all her gentle members,
 To her vermill finger tips.

“The wind of midnight prints its humid kisses
 Upon my lifted brow—
 I pale with pleasure, faint with only thinking
 Shouldst thou caress me—thou!”

Oh! pain of Love! desire, that smites with anguish
 And deep, delirious dole!
 Stir in thy dainty nest, my bird! and listen
 To the night-song of my soul!"

Her cheek gleams redder through the rich dark lattice
 Of her deep hair's unbound grace—
 There is a look of hearing far-off music
 Upon her tranced face.

"The Hours go reeling, drunken with aroma—
 I am spent with odorous pain;
 The citron petals that my feet are crushing
 Fall in a nectarous rain.
 The priestess Night takes up her mystic censer
 At Nature's moonlit shrine;
 My love consumes my life in costlier incense,
 Beloved! to burn at thine!"

The dream-flush rises to her nun-like forehead,
 She is troubled in her sleep.
 One slight hand stirs, as if it sought another
 To nestle in its keep.

"The deep strong pulses of the earth are timing
 To the heavings of the sea;
 But the old concord of my life is jangled
 For the sweet sake of thee!
 I could spell out the stars' mysterious meanings
 By the light of thy dear eyes;
 I could tell thee all that the flowers and winds are plotting,
 My Rose of Paradise!

"Thou dost embody the unwritten poem
 Of this midsummer's night,
 Oh! my Regina of the Perfect Presence!
 My wonderful Delight!
 Ah! to snow thee up in a shower of myrtle blossoms,
 Heap violets on thy breast—
 And then, with kisses, part thy spicy covert,
 To say, 'I love thee best!'"

Her languid arms unconsciously are lifted
 In that caressing way
 In which a white dove ruffles its soft pinions
 On a happy pairing day.

"Shall I not move thee from thy cold, white silence
 By the strange strength of pain?
 I will conquer all the allied worlds to clasp thee,
 If thou love me back again.
 My life is heavy, with its sole, sweet secret—
 Behold! I cry to thee!
 Rise from thine Eden-dreams, sweetheart! and listen—
 Listen! and answer me!"

Like a pale, pink bud flung on a moonlit snowdrift,
 She sleeps in saintly white;
 But her listening heart is panged with helpless yearning,
 While his sorrow sweetens night.

HOWARD GLYNPON.

REMINISCENCES OF LEE AND JACKSON.

FOUR years of active service in the Confederate army in Virginia brought me into close personal and official relations with many of the most distinguished men of that side, whose daily life was thus revealed to me, and whose characteristics deeply impressed me. And I find everywhere I chance to be in society intelligent people who are pleasantly entertained by facts I happen to know about some of these Southern leaders that have not been published, either because they were unknown to the historians of the war or were deemed of too little consequence for publication. Judging from these indications of interest in the narrow circle of my personal acquaintance, I am satisfied that a large part of the general reading public would be to some extent entertained by brief, off-hand, and unstudied sketches of some of the characteristics of leading Confederates, whose names are familiar to the whole country.

I write in the first person and under my own signature, both for convenience in narration and to assume the proper responsibility for my statements. It will be understood that nothing more is attempted than to state facts and reproduce impressions made on my mind by the peculiar circumstances existing at the time. I am not writing biography nor history, but making such fragmentary and mixed contributions to both as the limited means at my command will allow. Naturally, the first and most prominent of those I shall mention is

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

Long before the close of the war General Lee was almost universally regarded by us as the ablest and best of all our generals, and by many as a statesman superior in forecast and judgment to any in the Confederate councils. He was the only man in the South, so far as my knowledge extends, who at the commencement of hostilities fully appreciated the character and magnitude of the struggle we had engaged in. And I know that even then, while he was hopeful of success, he had serious forebodings of failure.

Virginia seceded on the 17th of April, 1861, and on the 19th we occupied Harper's Ferry with about one thousand volunteer militia under the command of General Kenton Harper of my own county, Augusta. I commanded the artillery of the expedition. The excitement throughout the State was at fever heat, and was intensified in our little army at the "Ferry" by daily rumors that a large force was preparing to move against us from Washington. We had no line of telegraph that we could use to Richmond, and it took two days to send a letter and as long to get a reply. Under these circumstances General Harper, who was urgent for reinforcements, selected me, his countyman, to go to Richmond and lay before the military authorities a statement of our condition and necessities. I arrived in the city, I think, on the 2d of May about 12 o'clock, and immediately saw Governor Letcher. From him I learned for the first time that the Convention had conferred the command-in-chief of the Virginia troops on General Lee, and that he had accepted it and established his headquarters in the city. The Governor sent me to him. It was Sunday, and I found the General entirely alone, in a small room on Bank street near the Capitol. It was the first time I had met him, and I am sure he was then the handsomest man I had ever seen. His hair and moustache—he wore no beard—were only slightly silvered with gray, just enough to harmonize fully with his rich ruddy

complexion, a little bronzed, and to give perfect dignity to the expression of his grand and massive features. His manner was grave, but frank and cordial. He wore a simple undress military suit, without badge or ornament of any kind, and there was nothing in his surroundings to indicate high military rank.

He received my despatches quietly, ran his eye over them hastily, and as General Harper referred to me for additional general information in regard to the situation at the "Ferry," General Lee, by a series of questions directly to the point, soon obtained from me every fact I possessed, and informed me that by 12 o'clock the next day he would have his despatches ready for me.

I rose to take my leave, when he asked me to resume my seat, remarking that he wished to talk with me about the condition of the country, and the terrible storm which was so soon to burst upon it in all its fury. Alluding to the fact that I had represented Augusta, the most populous and wealthy county in the State, for several years in the Legislature, he said he desired to impress me, as he should endeavor to impress every other Virginian he met, whose position might be assumed to give him some influence over the people of his acquaintance, with the gravity and danger of our situation, and the imperative necessity for immediate and thorough preparation for defence. Growing warm and earnest, he said: "I fear our people do not yet realize the magnitude of the struggle they have entered upon, nor its probable duration and the sacrifices it will impose upon them. The United States Government," he said, "is one of the most powerful upon earth. I know the people and the Government we have to contend with. In a little while they will be even more united than we are. Their resources are almost without limit. They have a thoroughly organized government, commanding the respect and, to some extent, the fears of the world. Their army is complete in all its details and appointments, and it will be commanded by the foremost soldier of the country, General Scott, whose devotion to the Union cause is attested by his drawing his sword against his native State. They have also a navy that in a little while will blockade our ports and cut us off from all the world. They have nearly all the workshops and skilled artisans of the country, and will draw upon the resources of other nations to supply any deficiency they may feel. And above all, we shall have to fight the prejudices of the world, because of the existence of slavery in our country. Our enemies will have the ear of other powers, while we cannot be heard, and they will be shrewd enough to make the war appear to be merely a struggle on our part for the maintenance of slavery; and we shall thus be without sympathy, and most certainly without material aid from other powers. To meet all this we have a government to form, an army to raise, organize, and equip, as best we may. We are without a treasury and without credit. We have no ships, few arms, and few manufactures. Our people are brave and enthusiastic, and will be united in defence of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that to do so they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our fathers did in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North is completely broken, and this can occur only at the end of a long and bloody war. Many of our people think it will soon be over, that perhaps a single campaign and one great battle will end it. This is a fatal error, and must be corrected or we are doomed. Above all, Virginians must prepare for the worst. Our country is of wide extent and great natural resources, but the conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will become the Flanders of America before this war is over, and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional govern-

ment and Southern independence, and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall with the blessing of God succeed in the end; but when it will all end no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman, and child in the State now, and impress them with these views."

This is almost literally his language, though many of the positions taken by him were elaborated and enforced with the greatest earnestness. His views made a most profound impression on me at the time, and, as he designed, were afterwards repeated whenever the opportunity occurred. He talked in this way to many others. One corroborative anecdote I recall. Colonel T. S. Flournoy, once a leading Whig member of Congress from Virginia, and the opponent of Henry A. Wise in 1855 for Governor, had been a Union member of the Secession Convention; but when the State went out he was one of the first to raise a regiment of cavalry for the field, which was mustered into service early in 1861. A gallant son of Colonel F., who was afterwards killed in battle, was captain of a splendid company of young fellows well mounted; but the Governor, having only called for infantry, did not accept them, much to their disappointment. Thereupon they prevailed on Colonel Flournoy, who was in the Convention, to see General Lee and appeal to him to use his influence with Governor Letcher to accept the company as cavalry, or they would dismount and go in as infantry. General Lee listened attentively, and when he had heard all the facts he replied: "Colonel Flournoy, tell your son to go home and drill his men thoroughly, and not to become impatient. They will have the opportunity to see service to their hearts' content, and the time will come when they will be far more anxious to get out of the army than they now are to get in." His prediction proved to be literally true.

The prophetic forecast of General Lee became widely known, and as subsequent events verified his judgment, it aided materially in giving him that control over the public mind of the South that enabled him often by a simple expression of his wishes to procure larger supplies and aid for his army than the most stringent acts of Congress and merciless impressment orders could obtain. The people came to regard him as the only man who could possibly carry us through the struggle successfully. The love of his troops for him knew no bounds, because they had implicit faith in his ability, and knew he was a sympathizing friend in all their trials. I witnessed an incident that showed his tenderness of heart and sympathy for his men.

About a week after the seven days' battles around Richmond, which ended in McClellan's retreat to the James at Harrison's Landing, I had business at headquarters, then established about three miles out of Richmond. On my arrival I learned he had been called to town by President Davis, but would return about noon. By the time he came half a dozen generals were waiting for him. He saw them one at a time and despatched their business, and they departed. My business required me to wait till a written order could be prepared for me. During this delay a fine-looking, tall, and stalwart soldier came in, dressed in dirty shirt and trousers, and with an old slouch hat in his hand. The General accosted him: "Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

"General, I have come straight to headquarters to get a furlough for a few days."

The General said: "Don't you know I have issued a general order that no furloughs can be granted at this time?"

"Yes; that order was read at dress-parade last night, and that's the reason I have come to you, for I knew it was no use for me to apply through my captain and colonel."

"Then do you expect me to be the first to disregard my own orders?"

"Yes, General; and if you will listen to me, I think you will do it."

"Well, let me hear what you have to say."

"You see, General, I am from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I left my wife and children there last summer on my farm with plenty of 'niggers' to support them well, and came over and volunteered for the war. I have been in all the fights, and have never been absent a day from duty. I get letters from home now and then, and everything has been going on well till lately. Here is a letter from my wife, brought over lately by some scouts, and she says since the Yankees have got to scouting about there the 'niggers' are doing badly, and she thinks they will all run away. Now, General, I am in for the war, and my wife backs me in it, but you see if I lose them 'niggers' it will leave my wife and little children in a mighty bad fix. I want a furlough for about a week. I know where I can get a boat and some help, and I'll go over there some dark night and bring the 'nigger' men over here and hire them out to support my family. My mind will then be easy, and I'll never ask for another furlough. Now, General, take the thing home to yourself and you can't refuse me, I know."

The General directed him to wait on the porch outside and he would think about it. The man retired, and the General walked the room several times and remarked to those present, "That is a hard case. That man is evidently honest and truthful, and I am sure is a good soldier, and the poor fellow is in great trouble. But I can't violate my own orders and give him a furlough." After some reflection he remarked, "I have it," and called to one of his staff and said, "Ascertain that man's name, company, and regiment, and make an order detailing him for secret service across the Potomac for ten days." He then informed the soldier what he had done, and directed him to cross the river and procure all the information he could, and before his return he might make his own arrangements about his negroes, and when he came back to report any information he obtained about the enemy to headquarters.

It was this sort of interest in his men that endeared him so much to them. At the time of this incident his mind was occupied with the great events of the preceding two weeks, and, with his generals and the Cabinet at Richmond, he was doubtless absorbed with the gravest public questions; and yet he took time to hear a soldier's story of family troubles, and actually to invent a way to relieve him without impairing his discipline.

The great simplicity of his habits was another ground of popularity. He fared no better than his troops. Their rough, scant rations were his as well. There were times when for weeks our army had nothing but bread and meat to live on, and not enough of that. On one occasion some molasses was obtained and sent to the field. One of General Lee's staff who was caterer that week—that is, he drew the rations for the headquarters mess—set a small pitcher of molasses before the General at dinner, who was delighted to eat it with his hot corn-bread. Seeing his satisfaction, the catering colonel remarked, "General, I secured five gallons for headquarters." "Was there so much for every mess the size of ours?" said the General. "Oh, no. The supply won't last a week." "Then I direct, Colonel, that you immediately return every drop you have, and send an order that no molasses shall be issued to officers or men except the sick in hospital." The Colonel was dumfounded, and never afterward boasted of his superior providence as caterer for the mess.

When the two armies were on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock in the winter of '63-'64, meat was sometimes very scarce in ours. Even the usual half-pound per diem ration could not always be issued. During one of these

periods of scarcity, on a very stormy day, several corps and division generals were at headquarters, and were waiting for the rain to abate before riding to their camps, when General Lee's negro cook announced dinner. The General invited his visitors to dine with him. On repairing to the table a tray of hot corn-bread, a boiled head of cabbage seasoned with a very small piece of bacon, and a bucket of water constituted the repast. The piece of meat was so small that all politely declined taking any, expressing themselves as "very fond of boiled cabbage and corn-bread," on which they dined. Of course the General was too polite to eat meat in the presence of guests who had declined it. But later in the afternoon, when they had all gone, feeling very hungry, he called his servant and asked him to bring him a piece of bread and meat. The darkey looked perplexed and embarrassed, and after scratching his head some time said in a deprecating tone, "Lord, Mas Robert, dat meat what I sot before you at dinner warn't ours. I had jest borrowed dat piece of middlin' from one of de couriers to season de cabbage in de pot, and seein' as you was gwine to have company at dinner I put on de dish wid de cabbage for looks. But when I seed you an' none of de genelman toche it I 'cluded you all knowed it was borrowed, and so after dinner I saunt it back to de boy whar it belonged to. I's mighty sorry, Mas Robert, I didn't know you wanted some, for den I would a tuck a piece off'n it any how 'fore I saunt it home."

So the General got no meat that day. Anecdotes like these, founded on actual fact, would spread through the army, and often reconciled a hungry, ragged Confederate to his hardships.

General Lee never indulged himself in any of the formal pomps of high military rank. All was simplicity around him, and he was as accessible to the private soldier as to the corps commander. But there was a grandeur and dignity of character about the man that was a perfect barrier to all levity of deportment and unbecoming familiarity in his presence. He was possessed, too, of the loftiest courage, and his men knew it. On one occasion in battle a portion of his line gave way under a terrible fire, and when rallied showed some hesitation in resuming their lost ground. He rode to the front and ordered them to follow him. Not a man moved. Some one cried out:

"General! that's no place for you, and we will not move an inch until you go to our rear, and then we will charge the enemy."

He had to yield, and as he rode slowly back a wild yell went up, and at a run the line rushed forward, regained their position, and drove the enemy back.

Can the world wonder that when this leader laid down his sword and ordered his handful of ragged and famishing veterans to stack arms as prisoners of war, and bade them a long and last farewell, they crowded round his horse in weeping groups, and in the excess of their sorrowing embraces almost pulled him to the ground?

Were it not for my aversion to controversy, I would here present what I have reason to believe—though I do not affirm that I know positively—was his plan of the famous campaign of 1863, ending in the disaster, to us, at Gettysburg. I know enough, however, to express the conviction that his plan of that campaign was not executed, and further, that in my opinion it never yet has been made public, and may not be till some other leading actors in the war on our side have passed away.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

To a large extent dividing the affections of the Southern people with General Lee, and challenging the respect and admiration of the world for his military genius, was General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, one of the most remarkable men of the war. I knew him intimately. When General Lee was

appointed by the Convention to the command of the Virginia troops, as I have above stated, about the 1st of May, 1861, that body decapitated all our Virginia militia officers above the rank of captain, and conferred upon Governor Letcher and an advisory military council the power of appointing field and general officers. Under this authority Jackson, who was then a professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va., was commissioned colonel and ordered to Harper's Ferry to take command; so that when I returned from my interview with General Lee at Richmond, as above detailed, I found Colonel Jackson in command of a mob.

The ordinance of the Convention removing the militia officers above the rank of captain had given great offence to our volunteers, who theretofore, in old American democratic style, had elected all their officers, either directly or through their representatives; and the idea of having these popular favorites superseded was abhorrent to the rank and file. It must be remembered that our volunteer uniformed companies, a sort of holiday soldiery up to that time, were made up of our best young men, who felt they had certain inalienable rights, among which was the right to elect their own officers; and glorious good fellows were these officers in times of peace, and many of them rose to high positions during the war—but there were some unfit for their places in time of war, and to get rid of these the convention had to make a clean sweep of all.

Up to this time our little army at Harper's Ferry was a curiosity. We had about one thousand rank and file. There was one major-general in command, with three brigadiers under him, and a corresponding number of field and staff officers; all were magnificently attired and epauletted—splendidly mounted, and surrounded with gorgeous retinues. Troops were scarce, but as for officers, we were simply magnificent in numbers and display. When, therefore, Colonel Jackson, a quiet and taciturn gentleman, appeared upon the scene, with only an adjutant who was also from the Institute, and both clad in old threadbare undress uniforms, and took a little room at the village hotel, and issued a short simple order assuming the command, and dismissing all our generals, and colonels, and lieutenant-colonels, and majors, and a multitude of staff officers "like unto the sands upon the seashore," there was great commotion, consternation, and indignation, all of that night; and the next day a mass meeting was called of the troops and deposed officers to consider what was best to be done. Jackson knew what was going on, but kept quietly in his quarters awaiting orders from Richmond. These were brought by me from General Lee, and were the fruit of General Harper's despatches which I had taken to Richmond. I delivered them to Colonel Jackson and repaired to my camp. My men were not much excited, because my battery was independent and was not affected by the decapitation of officers. But the indignation meeting was in full blast hard by, and defunct officers were denouncing the action of the Convention. Among the orders I had brought to Colonel Jackson was one directing him to muster all the companies into service for a year or during the war, at their option. I called my men together and explained this order, and they unanimously decided to muster in for the war. On reporting this to Colonel Jackson a half hour later, he was much gratified, and had the company mustered in that evening. He then gave the first exhibition of his qualities as a commander by issuing a peremptory order to captains to muster in their companies by 10 o'clock next day, and never was the moral power of a determined will more clearly manifested than in the result of this order. The mass meeting had adjourned until next day. It never met again, for there was not an officer or man who dared resist the Colonel's order.

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In less than five days after Jackson took command, where all had been uproar and confusion the utmost quiet and most perfect order prevailed. The men were drilled four or five hours a day, and in ten days were in good fighting condition. Jackson was omnipresent. At daybreak in the morning he was up and out among the men, encouraging them by kindly words and his gentle manners. In a little while he became exceedingly popular, and never lost his popularity to the day of his death.

No one at that time even suspected Jackson to be a man of great genius. He soon exhibited the qualities of a good soldier. He obeyed his superiors implicitly and promptly, and exacted from his subordinates the most unquestioning obedience. He was the most pleasant officer in our army to those under his command who performed their duties faithfully, but inexorable toward a delinquent, no matter what his rank or personal relations with him. His whole military creed may be summed up in one word, "*duty*." He performed every duty imposed upon him as if his life depended upon its fulfilment, and he could not understand how any one could wilfully do otherwise. And if they did, and he found it out, punishment was sure to follow. He was no martinet, however. He knew the profession of arms required study and long training to attain efficiency, and his kindly, generous nature prompted him to correct errors that he saw were honestly committed, and impart instruction with the gentleness of a father training his child.

Colonel Jackson was superseded in the command at Harper's Ferry about the middle of May, 1861, by General Joseph E. Johnston, who proceeded promptly to organize four brigades from the original force at the "Ferry" and the reinforcements which had then arrived from various States.

Colonel Jackson was assigned to the command of the Virginia brigade, which on the 21st of July following won the title by which it was ever afterward known, as the "Stonewall" brigade. That singular appellation of a body of troops originated in this wise:

In the early part of the day we had the worst of it decidedly. The battle occurred at least five miles from the ground upon which it had been expected by our generals, and upon the extreme left of our position in the morning. Bee's, Evans's, and Bartow's brigades, together with my own and Latham's batteries, were the troops chiefly engaged in the early part of the action, and we suffered very severely. Bartow's and Bee's brigades were terribly cut up and driven from the field for a time and all seemed lost, when Jackson suddenly appeared upon the scene with his splendid brigade, and with magical rapidity took in the situation, and formed his lines to resist the rapid advance of the enemy. The heroic Bee of South Carolina and Bartow of Georgia had succeeded in rallying fragments of their brigades. To reassure his men Bee addressed them briefly, and pointing to Jackson's men as a worthy example of courage and coolness he exclaimed, "Look at those Virginians! They stand like a stone wall." A few minutes later Bartow was killed and Bee mortally wounded. The next day Bee's compliment to Jackson's men was repeated all over camp, and the name stuck to the brigade and its commander ever after.

It was not until his famous Shenandoah Valley campaign in the summer of 1862 that Jackson began to attract the attention of the whole country. I will not recount the battles and marches of the thirty days in which, with less than 15,000 men, he defeated successively Milroy, Banks, Fremont, and Shields, and recovered possession of that fruitful region. For a long time there were many people in the South who gave Jackson credit for the great fighting qualities he displayed in that campaign, but attributed the splendid strategy to his

superiors at Richmond. I was in a position to know that the plan of that rapid series of operations was conceived as well as executed by Jackson.

The morning after the battle of McDowell, in which Milroy was routed, I was alone some time with General Jackson, and was intrusted by him with his telegraphic report of the action to be transmitted to the Government at Richmond from Staunton, where I was then stationed and raising troops from the mountain counties. Two days later, Jackson, having left Ashby's cavalry in front of Fremont and Milroy in the mountains of Pendleton county, and fallen back to within twelve miles of Staunton in the valley, sent a courier to me with a telegram for General Lee at Richmond, which I was directed to transmit immediately, and on receiving the reply to send it to Jackson with all possible expedition. The message he sent was about in these words: "I think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders I don't feel at liberty to do so." General Banks was then at Strasburg, seventy miles north of Staunton. This despatch was sent to General Lee about noon on Sunday. Within two hours a reply came couched in about these terms, from General Joseph E. Johnston, who then commanded the army at Richmond: "If you can beat Banks, you may attack him. My orders were only intended to caution you against attacking fortifications." I forwarded this to General Jackson immediately, and that evening he commenced his march down the Shenandoah, and three days later struck Banks in flank at Front Royal. The result of the next three weeks' operations is known to the country. I have never had a doubt that General Jackson was entitled to the whole credit of the strategy of the campaign no less than of the fighting.

He was a remarkably taciturn and reticent officer. He never disclosed his plans to any one. His troops were often completely mystified by his movements, which were for a time inexplicable and apparently absurd, till suddenly a brilliant *dénouement* would burst upon all and show the consummate generalship of the movement.

One secret of his success was the accuracy of the information he always had of the enemy. His "right bower" was the gallant and chivalrous Colonel Turner Ashby, who commanded his cavalry, and was as indefatigable as Jackson, and kept the latter always thoroughly informed of the enemy's position and movements. I think that on the field of battle Jackson surpassed all our generals in his displays of military genius. Nothing escaped his observation, and he was as quick as lightning in taking advantage of any circumstance favoring success. A false or injudicious movement by his adversary was fatal. Numerous instances could be cited in which the scales of victory were equally poised, till some incautious advance or change of position by the enemy gave Jackson his opportunity to have his entire force upon a weak point and overcome all resistance.

Except as a soldier, Jackson was a man of ordinary talents. He was slightly deaf and appeared to disadvantage in company. He talked very little, and his conversation was commonplace. He was exceedingly modest, and never spoke of his achievements unless drawn out, and then with evident reluctance. He was as simple as a child in his manners, and as easily amused by pleasant little anecdotes. He never ventured upon the humorous in his conversation, but enjoyed displays of wit in others. His religious feelings were very strong, and marked his whole career. But for the length to which it would extend this article, I could relate many anecdotes illustrating the child-like simplicity of character of this remarkable soldier. I may do so in a future number when I come to treat of Ashby.

THE PIKE POETRY.

IT is a significant and not altogether satisfactory symptom of the present condition of public taste, that the two most marked poetical successes of the last year have been achieved by writers who are not poets, and the recognition of them has been forced upon the public by a class of people who do not read poetry. We allude to Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. John Hay.

There has been better work done by both of these gentlemen; but it weighs for little in the vulgar estimation against their ungrammatical ballads, which were probably to each of them the amusement of an idle hour, and no more. That the vigorous and delicate genius which gave us "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" should be known and spoken of as the author of "The Heathen Chinee," that Colonel Hay should have arrived through ten years of faithful and conscientious literary and political studies to be called the author of "Little Breeches," are facts which must be as annoying to them as they are interesting and puzzling to criticism. It is not enough, in face of such facts, to content ourselves with denouncing the corrupt taste which makes them possible. The facts are there, and cannot be denied. The important matter to consider is not the merit of the poems, but the cause and condition of their popularity. The two pieces we have mentioned have gained a currency which is phenomenal in the history of our literature. There is scarcely a newspaper in the country which has not published them. They have probably been printed a million of times. They are copied and gravely approved by English reviews of the first class. They are read on benefit nights at the theatres, and recited in good faith at Sunday-school picnics. They are pinned up on the walls of gin-shops, and carried furtively in the portemonnaies of Doctors of Divinity. No poem of its length in the language has furnished such a store of quotations to the newspapers as Mr. Harte's ballad of "Ah Sin." It is not too much to say that it has sensibly modified the colloquial speech of the day. Among that large class who take their ideas, and especially their liveliness, ready made from the press, the "Heathen Chinee" has had no rest for a single hour since it appeared in the pages of the "Overland Monthly." The ballads of Mr. Hay have not had, nor have they deserved, so vast and universal an incorporation into the oral literature of the time. They lack the terse quaintness which provokes quotation. But, besides obtaining a great popularity, they have been even more fortunate than Mr. Harte's in achieving a fierce and serious denunciation. They have been carried up into good controversial society, and have received the accolade of orthodox bludgeons. They have so entirely fastened themselves upon their authors, that it will require great industry and circumspection for them to escape from the baleful reputation these rhymes have given them. We were about to call them Nessus shirts, but a better metaphor would be drawn from that undergarment of Mr. Lovengood which he starched for himself with such generosity that he could not doff it without a serious loss of epidermis.

There is no greater error than the popular one which attributes to authors an incapacity to determine the comparative merits of their own works. Between themselves and others, their judgments may well be taken with great reserve; but if a writer is also a reader, and a man of anything like liberal culture, he is usually the best judge of the comparative excellence of the work he

has done. He alone knows the labor, the fire, the clear-purged vision with which he has wrought. An author will sometimes perversely insist that a piece which has been condemned by the public is his best; but he does not think so any more than a mother really thinks her half-witted child is "the brightest of the family." Bellini knew very well that "Norma" was worth all his other scores. Gounod knows the same of "Faust." When Dr. Holmes is asked for his best poem, he sends the collectors his "Chambered Nautilus." Dumas said of the "Three Guardsmen" that he never read it without pleasure and profit. Dickens was sure he had touched the ultimate expression of modern fiction in "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Tale of Two Cities," those masterpieces of construction so widely separated in time and purpose. A book is now preparing which is to give what each American poet considers his best verses, and it will probably be a better collection than the best critic could have made. We doubt if either Mr. Harte or Colonel Hay will be represented by anything in dialect, unless they yield to "the request of friends." The indiscretions of newspapers have already informed us of what they think of these portentous reputations of theirs. Mr. Harte wrote "Our Society upon the Stanislaw," as a mere piece of fun, and published it in an obscure weekly of San Francisco. He destined "The Heathen Chinese" to the same humble shelter, but was persuaded by a friend to allow it to appear in the "Overland." Mr. Hay is reported to have said the other day, in view of a hot discussion over the merits of "Little Breeches," that he could not conceive how any one could see anything good or anything bad in those rhymes. We do not regard the latter clause of this remark as entirely candid. We think Mr. Hay saw the "bad" in "Little Breeches" very plainly himself when he wrote it, as we will show further on.

In this difference of opinion between the writers and the public, we must side with the authors. We think Mr. Harte's and Mr. Hay's estimate of their poems is more just than that which they have received from the country at large. They are clever and amusing experiments in verse from men who have done much better things. They might have been accepted as welcome contributions to the not over-rich depository of American *vers de société*. But nothing but evil can result from the abnormal prominence which has been given them. It is most unjust and injurious to the writers to judge them by these mere recreations; and, worse than that, their success has excited all over the country a vast activity in the production of a lamentable crop of parodies and imitations. It is to be hoped that the new school will be left exclusively to the new scholars, so that it may perish of its own imbecility. A French satirist has said: "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux," which is perhaps only another form of stating that a bad kind is inevitably tiresome. There is no more exact test of the permanent excellence of a style than to see if it will bear imitation. We cannot imagine a poet of the Elizabethan age damaged by the study of Shakespeare. Only good, and that continually, is to be gotten from the perusal of Milton's prose and verse. No painter was ever led into error by the study of Raphael. But see the hopeless work which is made by the imitators of Swinburne; note what some promising youths have come to because they would write like Carlyle. We accept good work, no matter in what shape or guise it comes; but the work cannot be wholly good which causes the little ones to offend.

This is the condemnation of the so-called dialect school of poetry; and here it may be well to observe in passing, that the verses of Harte and Hay have no claim to the name of dialect poetry. It is gravely to be doubted

whether any rhymes written in dialect by men who are not in the habit of using that patois as their ordinary speech should be regarded as anything but literary curiosities, as *tours de force* of odd learning, precisely like the Greek verses of schoolboys and the anagrams of a century ago. The only true dialect poetry is that produced by poets whose natural language is the patois, and who therefore express themselves with more ease and vigor in that medium than in the grammatical forms which they have acquired imperfectly later in life. The songs of Jasmin the barber are no better for not being in good French. Béranger made infinitely better verses in Parisian; but each would have failed in the speech of the other. The German lyrics of Uhland and Heine are far more satisfactory than the Swabian songs of Hebel. There is a swarm of Platt-Deutsch rhymers, who have done their best with the means at their disposal, and who would have been as stiff and strange in the language of Göttingen as Burns was in that of Oxford. There have been many educated Scotchmen who have tried to imitate the ploughman of Ayrshire, but they failed as utterly as if they had tried to write Cherokee. There are a thousand nameless bards who have written better Irish than Moore. He was amusing and graceful in the dialect of his country, of course, but much more so in the language he had thought in and used all his life, as a gentleman and a scholar. It may be that the names of the two best poets who have ever written in "dialect" may occur to the reader as a refutation of what we have said. But we can only regard it as the expression of an obstinate eccentricity for any one to say (as some do) that Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" is to be ranked with poems of his average excellence. It is properly one of his "experiments," and should have been printed in that remarkable collection of caprices of versification. It is written in no dialect known to Englishmen, and is marked by a sharpness of analysis utterly unknown to the true writers of patois. The case of Mr. Lowell is entirely different. His "Biglow Papers" form one of the most valuable, we may say indispensable, contributions to the literature of the century. They contain the most brilliant wit, the most touching sentiment, the most inevitable logic, the holliest and most righteous anger, and, in the later series, the loftiest bursts of sustained feeling that have ever been united in the same volume of poems. There is but one thing to regret about them, and that is that the conscientious accuracy of their spelling will render them hard reading to the students of the future, when the language of Hosea Biglow shall survive only in the hamlets of New England. We are drifting more and more, under the influence of rapid and constant communication, into uniformity of speech. Even now there are, properly speaking, no dialects in the United States except those spoken by foreigners and negroes. There is the speech of cultivated men, the purest English spoken in the world, and there is the language of uneducated people, which varies slightly in accent, and decidedly in turns of phrase, according to the circumstances of original colonization and subsequent migration. Mr. Lowell chose the ordinary speech of Massachusetts to embody dramatically, in those perfect lyrical forms of his, the average sentiment of New England on various subjects of universal human concern. It was a thing worth doing, and worth doing well, and it has been done once for all. It requires little hardihood to predict that it never will be done again. For we may never have such questions to discuss, such a fiery storm of popular feeling to inspire the discussion, and a poet so absolutely fitted to concentrate on the problems of the hour so much inspiration, so much learning, so much Greek and so much Yankee—so pure a politician and so perfect a versifier as James Russell Lowell. The impossibility of adequately imitating a work of such in-

tellectual vigor has saved Mr. Lowell from the discredit of having founded a school. Mr. Biglow stands alone.

— His magic cannot copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

As we said, before this long digression, the condemnation of the recent Western poems is the disproportionate and deleterious influence they seem to be exerting upon the young men who write for newspapers and magazines. We should be sorry to have much of even the work which Mr. Harte and Mr. Hay have furnished introduced permanently into our literature. But what can be said of the rest of the mushroom growth which has sprung up in a night under the quickening breeze of their exaggerated success? It is not wonderful that rural youth should be excited to efforts of imitation of anything which seems to succeed. But it indicates a singularly morbid or apathetic public taste, that these crude maunderings should gain access to respectable journals. The most prominent literary weekly of this city prints in conspicuous type, and illustrates with careful engravings, a seemingly endless series of rustic rhymes, bathetic beyond expression, of the sort that any farmer-boy might write all day after his chores were done. They go unscathed of criticism, of course, for they are no more susceptible of dissection than a bowl of mush. Every village of the West has what it calls its local "dialectician." Bad grammar and slang seem the only unfailing passports to the editorial favor. Our literature seems bent on turning its wrong side out, and displaying to the world its seams and ravellings and tattered linings.

It is principally because they are the *fons et origo* of this detestable class of writings, that we object to the verses of these two young gentlemen from the West. It is not quite accurate to say that we object to them at all. They are so unambitious in design and structure that they would scarcely come within the province of serious criticism, but for the absurd degree of admiration, and in Mr. Hay's case of attack, which they have excited. They belong to the class of *jeux d'esprit* which poets have rarely written, but with which clever men have always amused themselves. The "Needy Knife-Grinder" of Canning, the "Policeman X Ballads" of Thackeray, the charades of Fraed, all belong to the same school; and some verses of the same kind, and equally good, have issued from a grave club of professors at Harvard. They are things to smile at, in rare cases to laugh at, but never in any case to criticise nor to elevate into models. They are the recreations of cultivated men, and it indicates a most lamentable lack of critical appreciation that they have been received as the fresh, original, untutored utterance of a new civilization. There is no note of the barbaric yawp in them. Truthful James and Jim Bludso could no more have been created by the typical Westerner than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could have been constructed by its tenant, or "Sam Weller" could have been evolved from the brain of a London footman. Nothing could more plainly show the incapacity of the ordinary newspaper critic than the fact that the Pike County Ballads and the Californian ones have been lumped together as of the same class. There is no more resemblance in their purpose or construction than there is between the "Castilian Days" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." In Mr. Harte's verses there is a grace, a delicacy of touch, an airy quaintness, of which there is no trace in Mr. Hay's bare and naked rhyme. In the one the fancy of the author, disdaining dramatic consistency, flits gayly about the subject, more intent on showing the brilliancy of its own wings than upon reaching its purpose; in the other the narrator, having a story to tell and a point to

make, goes at it with a dull and serious brutality unrelieved by a single glimmer of humor or conceit.

The whole course of Mr. Harte's writings indicates that it was by an accident that his tricksy muse hit upon that clever piece of verse which has given him so fatal an immortality. He has for some time been writing these ingenious and witty trifles. He has recently republished a few of his early parodies, than which there is nothing better by any one, in their way. It is impossible to excel the merciless fun of his burlesque of Ulalume, where, describing the "bibulous lustre," he says:

It was made by the barkeeper present,
Who mixed a duplicate horn—
His two hands describing a crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

We can imagine how poor Poe, who appreciated no fun but his own, would have raged at this audacity. The ancient worthies are treated with no more respect than the moderns; witness that preposterous hexameter where the

—— aged satyr

Scratched his ear with his hoof and playfully mumbled his chestnuts.

It was through passages of such careless merriment as this—which is the favorite relief of the laborious life of an American journalist—that Mr. Harte at last arrived at those charming realistic verses which at once attracted the attention and appreciation of reading people on the Atlantic coast—"Jim," wonderful in its terseness and vigor; "Chiquita," one of the most exquisite equestrian studies ever put in writing; the "Society on the Stanislaw," a piece of goblin-delight in its own wit and savagery. Nor must we forget that deft and jolly letter of Miss Jo. Folinsbee, which is worthy to be ranked with that of Mr. Locker from a "Nice Correspondent," the highest expression of the conventional gayety and tenderness of the Anglo-Saxon girl of the nineteenth century. Yet these were all, as was proper, held strictly subordinate to the reputation the author was acquiring by those incomparable prose sketches which were introducing the life of the Pacific slope to the acquaintance of the world. It is not our intention to speak of these stories at this moment. It is, for our present purpose, enough to say that they contain more poetry than all the verses Mr. Harte can write in a lifetime, and that they have suffered a great wrong by the temporary eclipse which passed over them through the phenomenal success of the "Heathen Chinese." This remarkable poem, if it must be so called, was probably written, like the rest, for the wit and humor there is in it; but it went out loaded beyond the dreams of its author with a great moral mission, which had somehow slipped in among the fun. It is not only a delicious bit of grotesque character-painting, but it is also a most unanswerable political tract. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor" is the magic phrase which will carry these verses certainly into the history of the time. Now, the best proof that this purpose was not originally in the mind of the author is, that in the first draft of the poem these words do not occur. Mr. Nye merely observes, in his natural resentment at the outrageous conduct of Ah Sin in taking care of himself,

Henceforth I'm opposed to cheap labor.

The inspiration which made the Caucasian ruffian regard the prudence of his intended victim as a part of the Mongolian crime against the country, was a happy afterthought. But even then the author evidently considered that the vital point of the piece was in its fable; for very soon afterward he uses the same machinery for his ballad about "Indian Dick," which, although equal in

grace of handling, utterly lacked the vivifying spark and fell flat from the press, and was immediately forgotten.

Only this once has Mr. Harte touched this spring of general popularity; only once has he harnessed his Pegasus to the car of controversy; and this time it appears to have been done by accident. His other poems are distinguished by the tenderness of feeling and fancy which is seen in his prose, a little hampered by the restraints of rhythm. The serious ones are not so good as the humorous ones. In his light glancing allusions to Nature he is very happy; in his attempts to describe her he fails entirely. No touch could be finer and more delicate than his where he speaks of

The few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow.

But the "Madroño" has nothing to lighten its utter flatness. His foregrounds are much better than his landscapes. He has never drawn a more satisfying picture of a frontier clearing than that which he somehow suggests without painting in that spirited poem of "The Coyote":

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through,
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing—an outcast in gray.

Since leaving the Pacific coast Mr. Harte has done little but tantalize the intense interest and curiosity felt in his work. "The Hawk's Nest" was very finely characterized, and his "Grey Port Legend" was the best, so far, of his serious efforts; but there was nothing in either of them worthy to be ranked with his prose. The public is cheated in every hour of labor which this unique and gifted artist withdraws from his portraiture of the men and manners of the furthest West.

Mr. Hay's verses have those qualities of controversial purpose and dramatic expression which are wanting to Mr. Harte, and they have very little else. In wit, fancy, and grace, the Pike Ballads are no more to be compared with the Californian's rhymes than an Arkansas bowie knife to a Damascus blade; the one glittering with quaint devices of gilded arabesque, and the other sullen and solid, good for nothing but to go to the heart of a man. "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" owe their success purely to two causes—their dramatic truthfulness of expression and the controversial point of their closing stanzas. They are the genuine utterances of the Pike. In Harte's ballads the Pike is quaint, and witty, and grotesque. In Hay's he comes upon the page with the timothy-seed in his hair, reeking of whiskey, tobacco, and rustic oaths. Harte always sees him with the eye of a poet and romancer; Hay with that of a constable or a photographer. If Dickens had lived a little while in California, he would have written much such sketches as Harte. But Hay is, so far as we remember, the only writer born and reared in a Western village who has at the same time culture enough to appreciate the value of absolute dramatic truth. McConnell was born in Illinois, but his "Western Characters" are deformed by the constant effort of an imperfectly educated man to give a literary shape to his work. Judge Baldwin's "Flush Times" shows genuine power, but he cared nothing for truth in his pursuit of ludicrous situations. The vernacular in which the stories of little Gabe and the Prairie Belle are told is the daily speech of the Mississippi Valley, and could never have been acquired by any one not native to the soil. But the mere truth of the ballad of "Little Breeches" would never have commended it to the popular taste. Truth is not popular with the masses. The clodhopper who saw Gar-

rick in "Hamlet" was bored by his quiet fidelity to nature. The player-king was much the finer actor in his eyes. There is nothing attractive about the bare tameness of this ballad. It has not a glimmer of wit, not a touch of feeling, not a single beauty, nor even trick of expression. The story is completed before the poem is begun. In fact, all there is of the poem is contained in the last two lines, with their disrespectful reference to the conventional angels. These words—

I think that savin' a little child,
And bringin' him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafin' round The Throne—

touched the spark to a train of doubt and protest which had long been accumulating in the common mind, and thousands of people who would not have dared to utter the same thought of themselves took to quoting these liberating rhymes with a sort of timid delight. Among cultivated people the old theatrical idea of heaven had long ago gone by the board. Coleridge had spoken injuriously of the angels as "a sort of celestial poultry." But there was remnant enough of the old mythology yet extant to excite the loud applause of those just escaping from it and the bitter ire of those who still supported it. In both cases there was a mingled feeling. The scoffers could not help believing a little, and the believers knew they doubted a little, and Mr. Hay's verses profited both by the belief and the doubt. There has rarely been a case where so slight a thing has been so denounced, and of course every attack increased the general popularity of the ballad. Now there can be little doubt that Mr. Hay knew what he was doing when he wrote these rhymes. Arriving from Europe in the height of the popularity of Mr. Harte's poems, he tried this experiment to see how a genuine Western feeling expressed in genuine Western language would impress Western people. And this is what we meant in saying he did not seem to us quite candid in asserting his surprise that people should see anything good or anything bad in the piece. There is, perhaps, from his point of view, nothing good. There is no poetry, no wit, no incident worth writing. There is a commonplace realism, which is the natural result of a cultivated and critical mind. But all there is of this lucky ballad is the picture it presents of the unconscious struggle of credulity and dissent in the ordinary Western mind, and such things cannot be handled with impunity. The father of little Gabe, a natural democrat and rationalist, cannot help protesting against the maintenance of a standing army of *fainéant* angels, and yet he is still so full of ready faith that he finds no difficulty in believing in the rescue of his four-year-old by supernatural means. He does not object to a contingent of seraphs mobilized and made useful. Those who say that this is unnatural and not dramatically true know very little of the rural Western mind and character.

This mingling of the dramatic and controversial purpose is more plainly seen in the subsequent ballads. Mr. Eytinge has had the happy idea, in his illustrations of "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," to make the same person the narrator of the two stories. If not true, it is well imagined. The spirit and tone of the two ballads is precisely the same. There is in both the same human tenderness, the same spirit of undeveloped protest, and the same ignorant Christian faith. The concluding lines of "Jim Bludso" have been fiercely criticised by the religious press on the ground of impiety:

Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

While we all trust that in His infinite compassion He will treat us with the utmost possible lenity, is it to be wondered at that to the uninstructed conscience of a backwoodsman the heroic self-sacrifice of his erring friend should seem to entitle him to a kindlier judgment than his former life would warrant? The accomplished and discriminating critic of the "World" considers this final stanza a blemish, and so it is, artistically considered; but it could not be cut off without depriving the Pike of his most cherished privilege of drawing a didactic moral from his story. Of "Banty Tim" nothing can be said which would not be a repetition of what has gone before. It is a harsh, unpleasant, and inflexible likeness—the Southern Illinoisan in flesh and blood; and the picture has no merit whatever outside of its truth and its moral. Even the moral is left to be inferred. There is no idealization of humanity in the abstract. The feeling which controls Tylmon Joy is that of instinctive manly obligation, and the nation's debt to its humble defenders is a mere matter of analogy. The profanity and coarseness of the sergeant's language result merely from that unnecessary truthfulness which Mr. Hay appears to be addicted to. Nothing which is natural is vile, was an old Latin maxim; but Mr. Hay has given it a triumphant contradiction in this intense bit of realism. The "Mystery of Gilgal," the only one of the ballads which has no evident moral purpose, is the only one which has, strictly speaking, any literary merit.

The poems in English which fill out this dainty volume are manifestly the result of an energetic ransacking of old portfolios at the bidding of the enterprising publisher. The best are still controversial. "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde" is full of an energetic malice, which was more needed in 1865, when it was written, than now. The "Surrender of Spain" shows a successful handling of a difficult metre, though Mr. Hay should not need to be told that *Savoyard* is not accented on the second syllable. In the matter of orthodoxy, the "Monks of Basle," which has entirely escaped objection, contains more that is doubtful than all the "Pike" rhymes together. As a whole, the English poems of Mr. Hay are not good enough to approve, and not bad enough to condemn. If they were his sole or even his principal claim to public attention, they would merit more severity and more applause. But as it is, they can properly be dismissed without serious criticism, as a mere episode in the literary life of a gentleman employed in far different and more earnest work. It is by his "Castilian Days," just published, and by his proposed volume of prose sketches of Western life and character, that he is to be judged. Both he and Mr. Harte should keep all the poetry they have to flavor their prose, and not waste it in writing verses. Artists of fidelity and conscience, as these gentlemen are, they should be assured that if there is an uncultivated taste which prefers their eccentricities to the genuine product of their talents and their industry, there is a juster and wider tribunal which will far more richly reward more meritorious work. Besides the wrong to one's own mental and moral nature which is the result of accepting a low aim in the hope of temporary popularity, no true success is ever thus attained. The public is always worthy of the best a man can do. Shakespeare and Milton wrote in an age far inferior to this in culture, and, writing as well as they could, met with a reasonable appreciation. We do not know any young gentleman of the present day who is in danger of shooting above the heads of reading people, even if he writes as well as he can.

“PAR NOBILE FRATRUM—THE TWO NEWMANS.”

“THE truth, friend,” exclaims Mr. Arthur Pendennis, debating some question with his comrade Warrington; “where is the truth? Show it me. I see it on both sides. I see it in this man who worships by act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier; I see the truth in that man as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavors to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation.”

Perhaps many American readers, meeting with this passage, may have supposed that the two brothers here described were merely typical figures, invented almost at random by Thackeray to enable Pendennis to point his moral. But in England people know that the two brothers are real personages, and still live. I saw one of them a few nights ago, the one last mentioned by Arthur Pendennis. I saw him, as he is indeed often to be seen, the centre and leader of a little group or knot, a hopeless minority, vainly striving by force of argument and logic, of almost unlimited erudition, and a keen bright intellect, to obtain public attention for something which the public persisted in regarding as an idle crotchet, an impotent craze. The other brother, the elder, is a man whose secession from the Church of England has lately been described by Disraeli, in the preface to the collected edition of his works, as having “dealt a blow to the Church under which it still reels.” “That extraordinary event,” says Disraeli, “has been ‘apologized for’ but has never been explained. It was a mistake and a misfortune.” Probably no reader of “The Galaxy” will now need to be told that the typical brothers alluded to by Pendennis are John Henry and Francis W. Newman.

The Atlantic deals curiously and capriciously with reputations. Both these brothers Newman seem to me to be less known in America than they deserve to be. John Henry in especial I found to be thus comparatively ignored in the United States. He is beyond doubt one of the greatest, certainly one of the most influential Englishmen of our time. He has engraved his name deeply on the history of his age. He has led perhaps the most remarkable religious movement known to England for generations. He is one of the very few men whose lofty and commanding intellect has been acknowledged and admired by all sects and parties. Gather together any company of eminent Englishmen, however select in its composition, however splendid in its members, and John Henry Newman will be among the few especially conspicuous.

Perhaps most of my readers will be of opinion that Newman's intellect has been sadly misused; that his influence has been for the most part disastrous. But no one who knows anything of the subject can deny the greatness alike of the intellect and of the influence. Let me add, too, that no enemy ever yet

called into question the simple sincerity, the blameless purity of John Henry Newman's purposes and character. Of later years he has been rarely seen in London, for his duties keep him in Birmingham, where he is at the head of a religious and educational institution. I have heard that years are telling heavily on him, and that when he now preaches he is listened to with the kind of half-melancholy reverence which hangs on the words of a great man who is already beginning to be a portion of the past. But his influence was a power almost unequalled in its day, and that day has not yet wholly faded.

The Newman brothers are Londoners by birth, sons of a wealthy banker of Lombard street—the British Wall street. Both were educated at Ealing school, and both went to the University of Oxford. John Henry is by some four years the senior of Francis, who was born in 1805, and who now looks at least a dozen or fifteen years younger than his distinguished brother. Both men were endowed with remarkable gifts; both had a splendid faculty of acquiring knowledge. John Henry Newman became a clergyman of the Established Church. He was a close and intimate friend of Keble, of Pusey, and of Manning. He grew to be regarded as one of the rising stars of Protestantism. No name, soon, stood higher than his. His friends loved him, and Protestant England began to revere him. Now observe the change that came on these two brothers, alike so gifted and earnest, alike so wooed by the promise of brilliant worldly career. Two movements of thought, having perhaps a common origin in the dissatisfaction with the existing intellectual stagnation of the Church, but tending in widely different directions, carried the brothers along with them—"seized," to use the words of Richter, "their bleeding hearts and flung them different ways." The younger brother found himself drawn toward rationalism. He could not subscribe the Thirty-Nine Articles for his degree as a Master; he left Oxford. He wandered for years in the East, endeavoring, not very successfully, to teach Christianity on its broadest basis to the Mohammedans; and he finally returned to England to take his place among the leaders of that school of free thought which the ignorant, the careless, or the malignant set down as infidelity. In the mean time his brother became one of the pioneers of a still more unexpected movement. In the English Church for a long time everything had seemed to be settled and at rest. The old controversy with Rome appeared out of date, unnecessary, and perhaps vulgar. Everything was just as it should be—stable and respectable. But it suddenly occurred to some earnest, unresting souls, like that of Keble—souls "without haste and without rest," like Goethe's star—to insist that the Church of England had higher claims and nobler duties than those of preaching harmless sermons and enriching bishops. Keble could not bear to think of the Church taking pleasure since all is well. He urged on some of the more vigorous and thoughtful minds around him that they should reclaim for the Church the place which ought to be hers as the true successor of the Apostles. He claimed for her that she, and she alone, was the real Catholic Church, authorized to teach all nations, and that Rome had wandered away from the right path, foregone the glorious mission which she might have maintained. One of Keble's closest and dearest friends was John Henry Newman, and Keble regarded Newman as a man qualified beyond all others to become the teacher and leader of the new movement. Keble preached a famous sermon in 1833, and inaugurated the publication of a series of tracts designed to vindicate the real mission of the Church of England. This was the Tractarian movement, which had early, various, and memorable results. John Henry Newman wrote the most

celebrated of all the tracts, the famous "No. 90," which drew down the censure of the University authorities on the ground that it actually tended to abolish all difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Yet a little, and the gradual workings of Newman's mind became evident to all the world. The brightest and most penetrating intellect in the English Protestant Church was publicly and deliberately withdrawn from her service, and John Henry Newman became a priest of the Church of Rome. To this had the inquiry conducted him which led his friend Dr. Pusey merely to endeavor to incorporate some of the mysticism and the symbols of Rome with the practice and the progress of the English Church; which had led Dr. Keble only to a more liberal and truly Christianlike temper of Protestant faith; which had sent Francis Newman into radical rationalism. The two brothers were intellectually divided forever. Each renounced a career rich in promise for mere conscience' sake; and the one went this way, the other that.

Disraeli has in no wise exaggerated the depth and painfulness of the sensation produced among English Protestants by the secession of John Henry Newman. It was of course received upon the opposite side with corresponding exultation. No man, indeed, could be less qualified than Mr. Disraeli to understand the tremendous, the irresistible force of conviction in a nature like that of Newman. The brilliant master of political tactics has made it evident that he did not understand the motive of Newman's secession any more than he did the meaning of the title of Newman's celebrated book, "*Apologia pro Vita sua*." "That extraordinary event," says Disraeli, speaking of the secession, "has been apologized for, but has never been explained." Evidently Disraeli believed that the English word "apology" is the correct translation of the Latinized Greek word "*apologia*," which it most certainly is not. Nothing could have been further from Newman's mind or from the purpose, or indeed from the title of his book, than to apologize for his secession. On the contrary, the book is sharply and pertinaciously aggressive. It was called forth by an attack made on Dr. Newman by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. I think Kingsley was in the main right in his views, but he was rough and blundering in his expression of them, and he is about as well qualified to carry on a controversy with John Henry Newman as Governor Hoffman would be to undertake a rhetorical competition with Mr. Wendell Phillips. Kingsley's bluff, rude, illogical way of fighting, his "wild and skipping spirit," were placed at ludicrous and fearful disadvantage. Newman "went for him" unsparingly, and literally tore him with the beak and claws of logic, satire, and invective. One was reminded of Pascal's attacks on the Jesuits—only that this time the wit and power were on the side which might fairly be called Jesuitical. Out of this merciless onslaught on Kingsley came the "*Apologia pro Vita sua*," in which Newman endeavored to vindicate and glorify, not excuse or apologize for, his strange secession. The book is well worth reading, if only as a curious illustration of the utter inadequacy of human intellect and human logic to secure a soul from the strangest wandering, the saddest possible illusion. You cannot read a page of it without admiration for the intellect of the author, and without pity for the poverty even of the richest intellectual gifts where guidance is sought in a faith and in things which transcend the limits of human logic.

John Henry Newman threw his whole soul, energy, genius, and fame into the cause of the Roman Catholic Church. Rome welcomed him with that cordial welcome she always gives to a new-comer, and she utilized him and set work for him to do. Macaulay has shown very effectively in one of his essays

how the Roman Church seldom loses any one it has gained, because it is so skilful in finding for everybody his proper place, and assigning him in her service the task he is best qualified to do, so that her ambition becomes his ambition, her interest his interest, her conquests his conquests. Newman appears to have been made a sort of missionary from Rome to the intellect and culture of the English people. Within the Church to which he had gone over he became an immense influence and almost unequalled power. The Catholics delighted to have a leader whose intellect no one could pretend to despise, whose gifts and culture had been panegyricized in the most glowing terms, over and over again, by the foremost statesmen and divines of the Protestant Church. Newman was appointed head of the oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham, and was for some years rector of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin. He rarely came before the public. In all the arts that make an orator or a great preacher he is strikingly deficient. His manner is constrained, awkward, and even ungainly; his voice is thin and weak. His bearing is not impressive. His gaunt, emaciated figure, his sharp, eagle face, his cold, meditative eye, rather repel than attract those who see him for the first time. The matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech, or lecture, is always admirable, and the language is concise, scholarly, expressive—perhaps a little overweighted with thought; but there is nothing there of the orator. It is as a writer, and as an "influence"—I don't know how better to express it—that Newman has become famous. I doubt if we have many better prose writers. He is full of keen, pungent, satirical humor; and there is, on the other hand, a subtle vein of poetry and of pathos suffusing nearly all he writes. One of the finest and one of the most frequently quoted passages in modern English literature is Newman's touching and noble apostrophe to England's "Saxon Bible." He has published volumes of verse which I think belong to the very highest order of verse-making that is not genuine poetry. They are full of thought, feeling, pathos, tenderness, beauty of illustration; they are all that verse can be made by one who just fails to be a poet. An English critical review not long since classed the poetical works of Dr. Newman and George Eliot together, as the nearest approach which intellect and culture have made in our days toward the production of genuine poetry. When Newman made his famous attack on Dr. Achilli, an Italian priest who had renounced the Roman Church, and whom Newman publicly accused of many crimes, the judge who had to sentence the accuser to the payment of a fine for libel pronounced a panegyric on his intellect and his character such as is rarely heard from an English judgment seat. Not long after, when the subject came up somehow in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone broke into an encomium of John Henry Newman which might have seemed poetical by hyperbole to those who did not know the merits of the one man and the conscientious truthfulness of the other. We have heard the testimony borne by Mr. Disraeli to the importance of Newman's intellect as a support of the English Church, and the shock which was caused by his withdrawal. Seldom, indeed, has a man seceded from one church and become the aggressive, unsparing, intolerant champion of its enemy, and yet retained the esteem and the affection of those whom he abandoned, as this good, great, mistaken Englishman has done.

The two brothers then are hopelessly divided. One consorts with the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Manning, and is the idol and saint of the Ultramontanes, and devotes his noble intellect to the task of making the Irish Catholic a more bigoted Catholic than ever. The other falls in with the

little band, that once seemed a forlorn hope, of what we may call the philosophical radicals of England. He becomes a professor of the rationalistic University of London, and a contributor to the free-thinking "Westminster Review." Judging each brother's success merely by what each sought to do, I suppose the career of the Catholic has been the more successful. Not that I think he has made much way toward the conversion of England to Catholicism. With all its Puseyism and ritualism, England seems to have little real inclination toward the doctrines of Rome. There is indeed a distinguished "convert" every now and then—the Marquis of Bute some two years ago, Lord Robert Montagu last year; but the great mass of the English people remain obstinately anti-papal. The tendency is far more toward Rationalism than toward Romanism; with the Newman who withdrew from all churches rather than with the Newman who renounced one church to enter another. Therefore, when I say that the career of John Newman appears to me to have been more successful than that of Francis, I mean only that he has been a greater influence, a more powerful instrument of his cause than his brother ever has been. The boast was made unjustly for Voltaire that he almost arrested the progress of Christianity in Europe. I think the admirers of John Newman might claim for him that he actually did for a time at least arrest the progress of Protestantism in England. He had indeed the great advantage of passing from one organization to another. Like Coriolanus, when he seceded he became the leader of the enemy's army. It was quite otherwise with his brother, who leaving the English Church was thenceforward only an individual, and for the most part an isolated worker. But indeed, with all his intellect, his high culture, and his indomitable courage, Francis Newman has never been an influential man in English politics. It may be that his keen logic is too uncompromising; and there can be no practical statesmanship without compromise. It may be that there is something eccentric, egotistic (in the less offensive sense), and crotchety in that sharp, independent, and self-sufficing intelligence: Whatever the reason, nine out of ten men in London set down Francis Newman as hopelessly given over to crotchets, while the tenth man, admiring however much his character and his capacity, is sometimes grieved and sometimes provoked that both together do not make him a greater power in the nation. I never remember Francis Newman to have been in accord with what I may call the average public opinion of English political life, except in one instance; and in that case I believe him to have been wrong. He was in favor of the Crimean war; and for this once therefore he found himself on the side of the majority. As if to mark the contrast of views which it has been the fate of these two brothers to present during their lives, it so happened that, so far as John Henry's opinions on the subject could be learned by the public, they were against the war. At least they were decidedly against the Turks. I remember hearing him deliver at that time a course of lectures in an educational institution, having for their subject the origin and the results of the Ottoman settlement in Europe. I well remember how effectively and vividly he argued, with his thin voice and his constrained, ungraceful action, that the Turk had no greater moral right to the territory he occupies, but does not cultivate and improve, than the pirate has to the sea over which he sails. But Francis Newman was then for once mixed up with the majority; and I doubt whether he could have much liked the unwonted position. He certainly took care to explain more than once that his reasons for taking that side were not those of the average Englishman. He thus might have given some of his casual associates occasion to say of him, as Charles Mathews says of woman

in general, that even when he is right he is right in a wrong sort of way. For myself I am inclined to reverse the saying, and declare of Francis Newman that even when he is wrong he is wrong in a right sort of way. He was right, and in a very right sort of way, when he came out from his habitual seclusion during the American civil war, and stood up on many a platform for the cause of the Union. Like his brother, he is a poor public speaker. At his very best he is the professor talking to his class, not the orator addressing a crowd. His manner is singularly constrained, ineffective, and even awkward; his voice is thin and weak. There is a certain very small and rare class of bad speakers, which has yet a virtue and charm of its own almost equal to eloquence. I am now thinking of men utterly wanting in all the arts and graces, in all the power and effect of rhetorical delivery, but who yet with whatever defect of manner can say such striking things, can put such noble thoughts into expressive words, can be so entirely original and so completely masters of their subject, that they seem to be orators in all but voice and manner. Horace Greeley always is, to me at least, such a speaker; so is Stuart Mill. These are bad speakers as Jane Eyre or Consuelo may have been an unlovely woman; all the rules declare against them, all the intelligences and sympathies are in their favor. But Francis Newman is not a speaker of this kind. He is feeble, ineffective, and often even commonplace. Nature has denied to him the faculty of adequately expressing himself in spoken words. He is almost as much out of his element when addressing a public meeting as he would be if he were singing in an opera. Few Englishmen living can claim to be the intellectual superiors of Francis Newman; but you would never know Francis Newman by hearing him speak on a platform. The last time I heard him address a public meeting was on an occasion to which I have already alluded. He was presiding over an assemblage called together to protest against compulsory vaccination. The Government and Parliament have lately made very stringent the enactment for compulsory vaccination, in consequence of the terrible increase of small-pox. There is in London, as in all other great capitals, a certain knot of persons who would refuse to wash their faces or kiss their wives if Government ordered or even recommended either performance. Therefore there was a small agitation got up against vaccination, and Francis Newman consented to become the president of one of its meetings. This meeting was held in Exeter Hall—not indeed in the vast hall where the oratorios are performed, and where once upon a time Henry Ward Beecher pleaded the cause of the Union; but in the "lower hall," as it is called, a little subterranean den. Some eminent classic person, I really forget who, being reproached with the small size of his apartments, declared that he should be only too glad if he could fill his rooms, small as they were, with men his friends. The organizers of this meeting might have been content if they could have filled the hall, small as it was, with men and women their friends. The attendance was not nearly up to the size of the room. There on the platform sat the good, the gifted, and the fearless Francis Newman; and immediately around him were some dozen embodied and living crotchets and crazes. There was this learned physician who has communication with the spirit-world regularly. There was this other eminent person who has long been trying in vain to teach an apathetic Government how to cure crime on phrenological principles. There was Smith, who is opposed to all wars; Brown, who firmly believes that every disease comes from the use of salt; Jones, who has at his own expense put into circulation thousands of copies of his work against the employment of medical men in puerperal cases. Robinson, who is ready to spend his last coin for the purpose of proving that

vaccination and original sin are one and the same thing. How often, oh, how often have I not heard those theories expounded! How often have I marvelled at the extraordinary perversion of ingenuity by which figures, facts, philosophy, and Scripture are jumbled up together to convince you that the moon is made of green cheese! We just wanted on this memorable occasion the awful persons who prove to you that the earth is flat, and the indefatigable ladies who expound their claims to the British crown feloniously usurped by Queen Victoria. There sat Francis Newman presiding over this preposterous little conclave, and having of course what seemed to him satisfactory and just reasons for the position he occupied. He spoke rather better than usual, and there was a bewildering bravery of paradox writhing through his speech which must have delighted his listeners. The meeting came to nothing. The papers took hardly any notice of it (London papers were never in my time so entirely conventional, respectable, and Phillistinish as they are just now); and Newman's effort went wholly in vain. I have mentioned it only because it was illustrative or typical of so much in the man's whole career. So much of lovely independence; such a disdain of public opinion and public ridicule; such an absence of all perception of the ridiculous! Thus it was that he endeavored to rouse up the English public, who except for the extreme democracy always have had a strong hankering for the Austrian Government, to a sense of the crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its subjects. Thus he was for reform in Parliament when Parliamentary reform was a theme supposed to be dead and buried; when Palmerston had trampled on its ashes, and Disraeli had made merry over its coffin. Thus he came out for the American Union when John Bright stood almost alone in the House of Commons, and Mill and Goldwin Smith and two or three others were trying to organize public opinion outside the House. The same qualities after all which made Newman nearly sublime in these latter instances, were just those which made him well nigh ridiculous in the anti-vaccination business. But in all the instances alike the same thing can be said of Francis Newman. There is a turn or twist of some kind in his nature and intellect which always seems to mar his best efforts at practical accomplishment. Even his purely literary and scholastic productions are marked by the same fatal characteristic. All the outfit, all the materials are there in surprising profusion. There is the culture, there is the intellect, the patience, the sincerity. But the result is not in proportion to the value of the materials. The blending is not complete, is not effectual. Something has always intervened or been wanting. Francis Newman has never done and probably never will do anything equal to his strength and his capacity.

I am not inviting a comparison between these two brothers, so alike in their sincerity, their devotion, their courage, and their gifts—so singularly unlike, so utterly divided, in their creeds and their careers. My own sympathies, of course, naturally go with Francis Newman, who has in a vast majority of instances been a teacher of some opinion, a champion of some political cause of which I am proud to be a disciple and a follower. But I suppose the greater intellect and the richer gifts were those which were given up so meekly and wholly to the service of the dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church. The career of John Henry Newman may probably be regarded as having practically closed. His latest work of note, "The Grammar of Assent," does not indeed seem to show any falling away of his intellectual powers; but I have heard that his physical strength has suffered severely with years, and he never was a strong man. He is now in his seventieth year, and it is therefore only reasonable to regard him as one who has done his work and whose life is fully

open to the judgment of his time. May I be allowed to say that I think he has done some good even to that English Church to which his secession struck so heavy a blow? Newman was really the mainspring of that movement which proposed to rescue the Church from apathy, from dull easy-going quiescence, from the perfunctory discharge of formal duties, and to quicken her once again with the spirit of a priesthood, to arouse her to the living work, physical and spiritual, of an ecclesiastical sovereignty. The impulse indeed overshot itself in his case, and was misdirected in the case of Dr. Pusey, plunging blindly into Romanism with the one, degenerating into a somewhat barren symbolism with the other. But throughout the English Church in general there has been surely a higher spirit at work since that famous Oxford movement which was inspired by John Henry Newman. I think its influence has been more active, more beneficent, more human, and yet at the same time more spiritual, since that sudden and startling impulse was given. For the man himself little more needs to be said. Every one acknowledges his gifts and his virtues. No one doubts that in his marvellous change he sought only the pure truth. His theology, I presume, is not that of the readers of "The Galaxy" in general, any more than it is mine; but I trust there is none of us so narrowed to his own form of Christianity as to refuse his respect and admiration to one so highly lifted above the average of men in goodness and intellect, even though his career may have been sacrificed at the shrine of a faith that is not ours. For me, I am sometimes lost in wonder at the sacrifice, but I can only think with respect and even veneration of the man.

The younger brother needs no apology or vindication, in the United States especially. He is, be it understood, a thoroughly religious man. He has never sunk into materialism or frittered away his earnestness in mere skepticism. He is not orthodox—he has gone his own way as regards church dogma and discipline; but except in the vulgarest and narrowest application of the word, he is no "infidel." The United States owe him some good feeling, for he was one of the few eminent men in England who never were faithless to the cause of the Union, and never doubted of its ultimate triumph. I have now before me one of the most powerful arguments addressed to an English audience for the Union and against secession that reason, justice, and eloquence could frame. It is a pamphlet published in 1863 by "F. W. Newman, late Professor at University College, London," in the form of a "Letter to a Friend who had joined the Southern Independence Association." How wonderful it seems now that such arguments ever should have been needed; how few there were then in England who regarded them; how completely time has justified and sealed them as true, right, and prophetic. I read the pages over, and all the old struggle comes back with its rancors and its dangers, and I honor anew the brave man who was not afraid to stand as one of a little group, isolated, denounced, and laughed at, confiding always in justice and time.

The story of these two brothers is on the whole as strange a chapter as any I know in the biography of human intellect and creed. I think it may at least teach us a lesson of toleration, if nothing better. The very pride of intellect itself can hardly pretend to look down with mere scorn upon beliefs or errors which have carried off in contrary directions these two Newmans. The sternest bigot can scarcely refuse to admit that truthfulness and goodness may abide without the limits of his own creed, when he remembers the high and noble example of pure, true, and disinterested lives which these intellectually-sundered brothers alike have given to their fellow-men.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XII.

I ONLY THOUGHT OF IT.

THERE was great perturbation down at Fawn Court. On the day fixed, Monday, June 5, Lizzie arrived. Nothing further had been said by Lady Fawn to urge the invitation; but, in accordance with the arrangement already made, Lady Eustace, with her child, her nurse, and her own maid, was at Fawn Court by four o'clock. A very long letter had been received from Mrs. Hittaway that morning, the writing of which must have seriously interfered with the tranquillity of her Sunday afternoon. Lord Fawn did not make his appearance at Richmond on the Saturday evening, nor was he seen on the Sunday. That Sunday was, we may presume, chiefly devoted to reflection. He certainly did not call upon his future wife. His omission to do so, no doubt increased Lizzie's urgency in the matter of her visit to Richmond. Frank Greystock had written to congratulate her. "Dear Frank," she had said in reply, "a woman situated as I am has so many things to think of. Lord Fawn's position will be of service to my child. Mind you come and see me at Fawn Court. I count so much on your friendship and assistance."

Of course she was expected at Richmond, although throughout the morning Lady Fawn had entertained almost a hope that she wouldn't come. "He was only lakewarm in defending her," Mrs. Hittaway had said in her letter, "and I still think that there may be an escape." Not even a note had come from Lord Fawn himself, nor from Lady Eustace. Possibly something violent might have been done, and Lady Eustace would not appear. But Lady Eustace did appear, and, after a fashion, was made welcome at Fawn Court.

The Fawn ladies were not good hypocrites. Lady Fawn had said almost nothing to her daughters of her visit to Mount street, but Augusta had heard the discussion in Mrs. Hittaway's drawing-room as to the character of the future bride. The coming visit had been spoken of almost

with awe, and there was a general conviction in the dovecote that an evil thing had fallen upon them. Consequently, their affection to the new comer, though spoken in words, was not made evident by signs and manners. Lizzie herself took care that the position in which she was received should be sufficiently declared. "It seems so odd that I am to come among you as a sister," she said. The girls were forced to assent to the claim, but they assented coldly. "He has told me to attach myself especially to you," she whispered to Augusta. The unfortunate chosen one, who had but little strength of her own, accepted the position, and then, as the only means of escaping the embraces of her newly-found sister, pleaded the violence of a headache. "My mother," said Lizzie to Lady Fawn. "Yes, my dear," said Lady Fawn. "One of the girls had perhaps better go up and show you your room." "I am very much afraid about it," said Lady Fawn to her daughter Amelia. Amelia replied only by shaking her head.

On the Tuesday morning there came a note from Lord Fawn to his lady love. Of course the letter was not shown, but Lizzie received it at the breakfast table, and read it with many little smiles and signs of satisfaction. And then she gave out various little statements as having been made in that letter. He says this, and he says that, and he is coming here, and going there, and he will do one thing, and he won't do the other. We have often seen young ladies crowing over their lovers' letters, and it was pleasant to see Lizzie crowing over hers. And yet there was but very little in the letter. Lord Fawn told her that what with the House and what with the Office, he could not get down to Richmond before Saturday; but that on Saturday he would come. Then he signed himself "Yours affectionately, Fawn." Lizzie did her crowing very prettily. The outward show of it was there to perfection, so that the Fawn girls really believed that their brother had written an affectionate lover's letter. Inwardly Lizzie swore to herself, as she

read the cold words with indignation, that the man should not escape her.

The days went by very tediously. On the Wednesday and the Friday Lady Eustace made an excuse of going up to town, and insisted on taking the unfortunate Augusta with her. There was no real reason for these journeys to London, unless that glance which on each occasion was given to the contents of the iron case was a real reason. The diamonds were safe, and Miss Macnulty was enjoying herself. On the Friday Lizzie proposed to Augusta that they should jointly make a raid upon the member of Her Majesty's Government at his office; but Augusta positively refused to take such a step. "I know he would be angry," pleaded Augusta. "Pshaw! who cares for his anger?" said Lizzie. But the visit was not made.

On the Saturday—the Saturday which was to bring Lord Fawn down to dinner—another most unexpected visitor made his appearance. At about three o'clock Frank Greystock was at Fawn Court. Now it was certainly understood that Mr. Greystock had been told not to come to Fawn Court as long as Lucy Morris was there. "Dear Mr. Greystock, I'm sure you will take what I say as I mean it," Lady Fawn had whispered to him. "You know how attached we all are to our dear little Lucy. Perhaps you know——" There had been more of it; but the meaning of it all was undoubtedly this, that Frank was not to pay visits to Lucy Morris at Fawn Court. Now he had come to see his cousin Lizzie Eustace.

On this occasion Lady Fawn, with Amelia and two of the other girls, were out in the carriage. The unfortunate Augusta had been left at home with her bosom friend; while Cecilia and Nina were supposed to be talking French with Lucy Morris. They were all out in the grounds, sitting upon the benches, and rambling among the shrubberies, when of a sudden Frank Greystock was in the midst of them. Lizzie's expression of joy at seeing her cousin was almost as great as though he had been in fact a brother. She ran up to him and grasped his hand, and hung on his arm, and looked up into his face, and then burst into tears. But the tears were not violent tears. There were just three sobs, and two bright eyes full of water, and a lace handkerchief, and then

a smile. "Oh, Frank," she said, "it does make one think so of old times." Augusta had by this time been almost persuaded to believe in her—though the belief by no means made the poor young woman happy. Frank thought that his cousin looked very well, and said something as to Lord Fawn being "the happiest fellow going." "I hope I shall make him happy," said Lizzie, clasping her hands together.

Lucy meanwhile was standing in the circle with the others. It never occurred to her that it was her duty to run away from the man she loved. She had shaken hands with him, and felt something of affection in his pressure. She did not believe that his visit was made entirely to his cousin, and had no idea at the moment of disobeying Lady Fawn. During the last few days she had been thrown very much with her old friend Lizzie, and had been treated by the future peeress with many signs of almost sisterly affection. "Dear Lucy," Lizzie had said, "you can understand me. These people—oh, they are so good, but they can't understand me." Lucy had expressed a hope that Lord Fawn understood her. "Oh, Lord Fawn—well, yes; perhaps—I don't know. It so often happens that one's husband is the last person to understand one."

"If I thought so, I wouldn't marry him," said Lucy.

"Frank Greystock will understand you," said Lizzie. It was indeed true that Lucy did understand something of her wealthy friend's character, and was almost ashamed of the friendship. With Lizzie Greystock she had never sympathized, and Lizzie Eustace had always been distasteful to her. She already felt that the less she should see of Lizzie Fawn the better she should like it.

Before an hour was over Frank Greystock was walking round the shrubberies with Lucy—and was walking with Lucy alone. It was undoubtedly the fact that Lady Eustace had contrived that it should be so. The unfitness of the thing recommended it to her. Frank could hardly marry a wife without a shilling. Lucy would certainly not think at all of shillings. Frank, as Lizzie knew, had been almost at her feet within the last fortnight, and might, in some possible emergency, be there again. In the midst of

such circumstances nothing could be better than that Frank and Lucy should be thrown together. Lizzie regarded all this as romance. Poor Lady Fawn, had she known it all, would have called it diabolical wickedness and inhuman cruelty.

"Well, Lucy, what do you think of it?" Frank Greystock said to her.

"Think of what, Mr. Greystock?"

"You know what I mean—this marriage?"

"How should I be able to think? I have never seen them together. I suppose Lord Fawn isn't very rich. She is rich. And then she is very beautiful. Don't you think her very beautiful?"

"Sometimes exquisitely lovely."

"Everybody says so, and I am sure it is the fact. Do you know—but perhaps you'll think I am envious."

"If I thought you envious of Lizzie, I should have to think you very foolish at the same time."

"I don't know what that means"—she did know well enough what it meant—"but sometimes to me she is almost frightful to look at."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. She looks like a beautiful animal that you are afraid to careen for fear it should bite you—an animal that would be beautiful if its eyes were not so restless and its teeth so sharp and so white."

"How very odd."

"Why odd, Mr. Greystock?"

"Because I feel exactly in the same way about her. I am not in the least afraid that she'll bite me; and as for careening the animal—that kind of careening which you mean—it seems to me to be just what she's made for. But I do feel sometimes that she is like a cat."

"Something not quite so tame as a cat," said Lucy.

"Nevertheless she is very lovely, and very clever. Sometimes I think her the most beautiful woman I ever saw in the world."

"Do you, indeed?"

"She will be immensely run after as Lady Fawn. When she pleases she can make her own house quite charming. I never knew a woman who could say pretty things to so many people at once."

"You are making her out to be a paragon of perfection, Mr. Greystock."

"And when you add to all the rest that

she has four thousand a year, you must admit that Lord Fawn is a lucky man."

"I have said nothing against it."

"Four thousand a year is a very great consideration, Lucy."

Lucy for a while said nothing. She was making up her mind that she would say nothing—that she would make no reply indicative of any feeling on her part. But she was not sufficiently strong to keep her resolution. "I wonder, Mr. Greystock," she said, "that you did not attempt to win the great prize yourself. Cousins do marry."

He had thought of attempting it, and at this moment he would not lie to her. "The cousinship had nothing to do with it," he said.

"Perhaps you did think of it."

"I did, Lucy. Yes, I did. Thank God, I only thought of it." She could not refrain herself from looking up into his face and clasping her hands together. A woman never so dearly loves a man as when he confesses that he has been on the brink of a great crime, but has refrained and has not committed it. "I did think of it. I am not telling you that she would have taken me. I have no reason whatever for thinking so."

"I am sure she would," said Lucy, who did not in the least know what words she was uttering.

"It would have been simply for her money—her money and her beauty. It would not have been because I love her."

"Never—never ask a girl to marry you unless you love her, Mr. Greystock."

"Then there is only one that I can ever ask," said he. There was nothing, of course, that she could say to this. If he did not choose to go further, she was not bound to understand him. But would he go further? She felt at the moment that an open declaration of his love to herself would make her happy forever, even though it should be accompanied by an assurance that he could not marry her. If they only knew each other—that it was so between them—that, she thought, would be enough for her. And as for him—if a woman could bear such a position surely he might bear it. "Do you know who that one is?" he asked.

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"Lucy, is that true?"

"What does it matter?"

"Lucy; look at me, Lucy," and he put his hand upon her arm.

"No, no, no," she said.

"I love you so well, Lucy, that I never can love another. I have thought of many women, but could never even think of one as a woman to love except you. I have sometimes fancied I could marry for money and position, to help myself on in the world by means of a wife; but when my mind has run away with me, to revel amidst ideas of feminine sweetness, you have always—always been the heroine of the tale, as the mistress of the happy castle in the air."

"Have I?" she asked.

"Always, always. As regards this," and he struck himself on the breast, "no man was ever more constant. Though I don't think much of myself as a man, I know a woman when I see her." But he did not ask her to be his wife; nor did he wait at Fawn Court till Lady Fawn had come back with the carriage.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING WHAT FRANK GREYSTOCK DID.

FRANK GREYSTOCK escaped from the dove-cote before Lady Fawn had returned. He had not made his visit to Richmond with any purpose of seeing Lucy Morris, or of saying to her when he did see her anything special—of saying anything that should, or anything that should not, have been said. He had gone there, in truth, simply because his cousin had asked him, and because it was almost a duty on his part to see his cousin on the momentous occasion of this new engagement. But he had declared to himself that old Lady Fawn was a fool, and that to see Lucy again would be very pleasant. "See her;" of course I'll see her," he had said. "Why should I be prevented from seeing her?" Now he had seen her, and as he returned by the train to London, he acknowledged to himself that it was no longer in his power to promote his fortune by marriage. He had at last said that to Lucy which made it impossible for him to offer his hand to any other woman. He had not, in truth, asked her to be his wife; but he had told her that he loved her, and could never love any other woman. He had asked for no answer to this assurance, and then he had left her.

In the course of that afternoon he did

question himself as to his conduct to this girl, and subjected himself to some of the rigors of a cross-examination. He was not a man who could think of a girl as the one human being whom he loved above all others, and yet look forward with equanimity to the idea of doing her an injury. He could understand that a man unable to marry should be reticent as to his feelings, supposing him to have been weak enough to have succumbed to a passion which could only mar his own prospects. He was frank enough in owing to himself that he had been thus weak. The weakness had come upon himself early in life, and was there, an established fact. The girl was to him unlike any other girl, or any man. There was to him a sweetness in her companionship which he could not analyze. She was not beautiful. She had none of the charms of fashion. He had never seen her well dressed, according to the ideas of dress which he found to be prevailing in the world. She was a little thing, who, as a man's wife, could attract no attention by figure, form, or outward manner; one who had quietly submitted herself to the position of a governess, and who did not seem to think that in doing so she obtained less than her due. But yet he knew her to be better than all the rest. For him, at any rate, she was better than all the rest. Her little hand was cool and sweet to him. Sometimes, when he was heated and hard at work, he would fancy how it would be with him if she were by him, and would lay it on his brow. There was a sparkle in her eye that had to him more of sympathy in it than could be conveyed by all the other eyes in the world. There was an expression in her mouth when she smiled which was more eloquent to him than any sound. There was a reality and a truth about her which came home to him, and made themselves known to him as firm rocks which could not be shaken. He had never declared to himself that deceit or hypocrisy in a woman was especially abominable. As a rule he looked for it in women, and would say that some amount of affectation was necessary to a woman's character. He knew that his cousin Lizzie was a little liar—that she was, as Lucy had said, a pretty animal that would turn and bite; and yet he liked his cousin Lizzie. He did not want women to be perfect, so he

would say. But Lucy Morris, in his eyes, was perfect; and when he told her that she was ever the queen who reigned in those castles in the air which he built, as others build them, he told her no more than the truth.

He had fallen into these feelings, and could not now avoid them, or be quit of them; but he could have been silent respecting them. He knew that in former days, down at Bobsborough, he had not been altogether silent. When he had first seen her at Fawn Court he had not been altogether silent. But he had been warned away from Fawn Court, and in that very warning there was conveyed, as it were, an absolution from the effect of words hitherto spoken. Though he had called Lady Fawn an old fool, he had known that it was so—had, after a fashion, perceived her wisdom—and had regarded himself as a man free to decide, without disgrace, that he might abandon ideas of ecstatic love and look out for a rich wife. Presuming himself to be reticent for the future in reference to his darling Lucy, he might do as he pleased with himself. Thus there had come a moment in which he had determined that he would ask his rich cousin to marry him. In that little project he had been interrupted, and the reader knows what had come of it. Lord Fawn's success had not in the least annoyed him. He had only half resolved in regard to his cousin. She was very beautiful no doubt, and there was her income; but he also knew that those teeth would bite and that those claws would scratch. But Lord Fawn's success had given a turn to his thoughts, and had made him think, for a moment, that if a man loved, he should be true to his love. The reader also knows what had come of that—how at last he had not been reticent. He had not asked Lucy to be his wife; but he had said that which made it impossible that he should marry any other woman without dishonor.

As he thought of what he had done himself, he tried to remember whether Lucy had said a word expressive of affection for himself. She had in truth spoken very few words, and he could remember almost every one of them. "Have I?" she had asked, when he told her that she had ever been the princess reigning in his castles. And there had been a joy in the question which she had not attempted to

conceal. She had hesitated not at all. She had not told him that she loved him. But there had been something sweeter than such protestation in the question she had asked him. "Is it indeed true," she had said, "that I have been placed there where all my joy and all my glory lies?" It was not in her to tell a lie to him, even by a tone. She had intended to say nothing of her love, but he knew that it had all been told. "Have I?" he repeated the words to himself a dozen times, and as he did so, he could hear her voice. Certainly there never was a voice that brought home to the hearer so strong a sense of its own truth!

Why should he not at once make up his mind to marry her? He could do it. There was no doubt of that. It was possible for him to alter the whole manner of his life, to give up his clubs, to give up even Parliament, if the need to do so was there, and to live as a married man on the earnings of his profession. There was no need why he should regard himself as a poor man. Two things, no doubt, were against his regarding himself as a rich man. Ever since he had commenced life in London he had been more or less in debt; and then, unfortunately, he had acquired a seat in Parliament at a period of his career in which the dangers of such a position were greater than the advantages. Nevertheless he could earn an income on which he and his wife, were he to marry, could live in all comfort; and as to his debts, if he would set his shoulder to the work they might be paid off in a twelvemonth. There was nothing in the prospect which would frighten Lucy, though there might be a question whether he possessed the courage needed for so violent a change.

He had chambers in the Temple; he lived in rooms which he hired from month to month in one of the big hotels at the West End; and he dined at his club, or at the House, when he was not dining with a friend. It was an expensive and a luxurious mode of life, and one from the effects of which a man is prone to drift very quickly into selfishness. He was by no means given to drinking, but he was already learning to like good wine. Small economies in reference to cab-hire, gloves, umbrellas, and railway fares, were unknown to him. Sixpences and shillings were things with which, in his mind, it

was grievous to have to burden the thoughts. The Greystocks had all lived after that fashion. Even the dean himself was not free from the charge of extravagance. All this Frank knew, and he did not hesitate to tell himself that he must make a great change if he meant to marry Lucy Morris. And he was wise enough to know that the change would become more difficult every day that it was postponed. Hitherto the question had been an open question with him. Could it now be an open question any longer? As a man of honor, was he not bound to share his lot with Lucy Morris?

That evening—that Saturday evening—it so happened that he met John Eustace at a club to which they both belonged, and they dined together. They had long known each other, and had been thrown into closer intimacy by the marriage between Sir Florian and Lizzie. John Eustace had never been fond of Lizzie, and now, in truth, liked her less than ever; but he did like Lizzie's cousin, and felt that possibly Frank might be of use to him in the growing difficulty of managing the heir's property and looking after the heir's interests.

"You've let the widow slip through your fingers," he said to Frank, as they sat together at the table.

"I told you Lord Fawn was to be the lucky man," said Frank.

"I know you did. I hadn't seen it. I can only say I wish it had been the other way."

"Why so? Fawn isn't a bad fellow."

"No, not exactly a bad fellow. He isn't, you know, what I call a good fellow. In the first place, he is marrying her altogether for her money."

"Which is just what you advised me to do."

"I thought you really liked her. And then Fawn will be always afraid of her, and won't be in the least afraid of us. We shall have to fight him, and he won't fight her. He's a cantankerous fellow—is Fawn—when he's not afraid of his adversary."

"But why should there be any fighting?"

Eustace paused a minute, and rubbed his face and considered the matter before he answered. "She is troublesome, you know," he said.

"What, Lizzie?"

"Yes: and I begin to be afraid she'll give us as much as we know how to do. I was with Camperdown to-day. I'm blessed if she hasn't begun to cut down a whole side of a forest at Portray. She has no more right to touch the timber, except for repairs about the place, than you have."

"And if she lives for fifty years," asked Greystock, "is none to be cut?"

"Yes—by consent. Of course the regular cutting for the year is done, year by year. That's as regular as the rents, and the produce is sold by the acre. But she is marking the old oaks. What the deuce can she want money for?"

"Fawn will put all that right."

"He'll have to do it," said Eustace. "Since she has been down with old Lady Fawn, she has written a note to Camperdown—after leaving all his letters unanswered for the last twelvemonth—to tell him that Lord Fawn is to have nothing to do with her property, and that certain people, called Mowbray and Mopus, are her lawyers. Camperdown is in an awful way about it."

"Lord Fawn will put it all right," said Frank.

"Camperdown is afraid that he won't. They've met twice since the engagement was made, and Camperdown says that, at the last meeting, Fawn gave himself airs, or was, at any rate, unpleasant. There were words about those diamonds."

"You don't mean to say that Lord Fawn wants to keep your brother's family jewels?"

"Camperdown didn't say that exactly; but Fawn made no offer of giving them up. I wasn't there, and only heard what Camperdown told me. Camperdown thinks he's afraid of her."

"I shouldn't wonder at that in the least," said Frank.

"I know there'll be trouble," continued Eustace, "and Fawn won't be able to help us through it. She's a strong-willed, cunning, obstinate, clever little creature. Camperdown swears he'll be too many for her, but I almost doubt it."

"And therefore you wish I were going to marry her?"

"Yes, I do. You might manage her. The money comes from the Eustace property, and I'd sooner it should go to you than a half-hearted, numb-fingered, cold-blooded Whig, like Fawn."

"I don't like cunning women," said Frank.

"As bargains go, it wouldn't be a bad one," said Eustace. "She's very young, has a noble jointure, and is as handsome as she can stand. It's too good a thing for Fawn; too good for any Whig."

When Eustace left him, Greystock lit his cigar and walked with it in his mouth from Pall Mall to the Temple. He often worked there at night when he was not bound to be in the House, or when the House was not sitting; and he was now intent on mastering the mysteries of some much-complicated legal case which had been confided to him, in order that he might present it to a jury enveloped in increased mystery. But, as he went, he thought rather of matrimony than of law; and he thought especially of matrimony as it was about to affect Lord Fawn. Could a man be justified in marrying for money, or have rational ground for expecting that he might make himself happy by doing so? He kept muttering to himself as he went the Quaker's advice to the old farmer, "Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is!" But he muttered it as condemning the advice rather than accepting it.

He could look out and see two altogether different kinds of life before him, both of which had their allurements. There was the Belgrave-cum-Piccadilly life, the scene of which might extend itself to South Kensington, enveloping the parks and coming round over Park Lane, and through Grosvenor Square and Berkeley Square back to Piccadilly. Within this he might live with lords and countesses and rich folk generally, going out to the very best dinner parties, avoiding stupid people, having everything the world could give, except a wife and family and home of his own. All this he could achieve by the work which would certainly fall in his way, and by means of that position in the world which he had already attained by his wits. And the wife, with the family and house of his own, might be forthcoming, should it ever come in his way to form an attachment with a wealthy woman. He knew how dangerous were the charms of such a life as this to a man growing old among the flesh-pots, without any one to depend upon him. He had seen what becomes of the man who is

always dining out at sixty. But he might avoid that. "Doant thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is." And then there was that other outlook, the scene of which was laid somewhere north of Oxford Street, and the glory of which consisted in Lucy's smile, and Lucy's hand, and Lucy's kiss, as he returned home weary from his work.

There are many men, and some women, who pass their lives without knowing what it is to be or to have been in love. They not improbably marry—the men do, at least, and make good average husbands. Their wives are useful to them, and they learn to feel that a woman, being a wife, is entitled to all the respect, protection, and honor which a man can give, or procure for her. Such men, no doubt, often live honest lives, are good Christians, and depart hence with hopes as justifiable as though they had loved as well as Romeo. But yet, as men, they have lacked a something, the want of which has made them small, and poor, and dry. It has never been felt by such a one that there would be triumph in giving away everything belonging to him for one little whispered, yielding word, in which there should be acknowledgment that he had succeeded in making himself master of a human heart. And there are other men, very many men, who have felt this love, and have resisted it, feeling it to be unfit that Love should be lord of all. Frank Greystock had told himself, a score of times, that it would be unbecoming in him to allow a passion to obtain such mastery of him as to interfere with his ambition. Could it be right that he who, as a young man, had already done so much, who might possibly have before him so high and great a career, should miss that, because he could not resist a feeling which a little chit of a girl had created in his bosom—a girl without money, without position, without even beauty; a girl as to whom, were he to marry her, the world would say, "Oh, heaven! there has Frank Greystock gone and married a little governess out of old Lady Fawn's nursery"? And yet he loved her with all his heart, and to-day he had told her of his love. What should he do next?

The complicated legal case received neither much travelling nor unravelling from his brains that night; but before he

left his chambers he wrote the following letter:

“MIDNIGHT, Saturday,

“All among my books and papers,

“2 Bolt Court, Middle Temple.

“DEAR, DEAR LUCY: I told you to-day that you ever had been the queen who reigned in those palaces which I have built in Spain. You did not make me much of an answer; but such as it was, only just one muttered doubtful-sounding word, it has made me hope that I may be justified in asking you to share with me a home which will not be palatial. If I am wrong—? But no; I will not think I am wrong, or that I can be wrong. No sound coming from you is really doubtful. You are truth itself, and the muttered word would have been other than it was, if you had not—! may I say, had you not already learned to love me?

“You will feel, perhaps, that I ought to have said all this to you then, and that a letter in such a matter is but a poor substitute for a spoken assurance of affection. You shall have the whole truth. Though I have long loved you, I did not go down to Fawn Court with the purpose of declaring to you my love. What I said to you was God’s truth; but it was spoken without thought at the moment. I have thought of it much since; and now I write to you to ask you to be my wife. I have lived for the last year or two with this hope before me; and now—. Dear, dear Lucy, I will not write in too great confidence; but I will tell you that all my happiness is in your hands.

“If your answer is what I hope it may be, tell Lady Fawn at once. I shall immediately write to Bobsborough, as I hate secrets in such matters. And if it is to be so, then I shall claim the privilege of going to Fawn Court as soon and as often as I please.

“Yours ever and always, if you will have me,

“F. G.”

He sat for an hour at his desk, with his letter lying on the table, before he left his chambers, looking at it. If he should decide on posting it, then would that life in Belgravia-cum-Pimlico, of which in truth he was very fond, be almost closed for him. The lords and countesses, and rich county members, and leading politicians, who were delighted to welcome him,

would not care for his wife; nor could he very well take his wife among them. To live with them as a married man, he must live as they lived, and must have his own house in their precincts. Later in life, he might possibly work up to this; but for the present he must retire into dim domestic security and the neighborhood of Regent’s Park. He sat looking at the letter, telling himself that he was now, at this moment, deciding his own fate in life. And he again muttered the Quaker’s advice, “Doan’t thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is!” It may be said, however, that no man ever writes such a letter, and then omits to send it. He walked out of the Temple with it in his hand, and dropped it into a pillar letter-box just outside the gate. As the envelope slipped through his fingers, he felt that he had now bound himself to his fate.

CHAPTER XIV.

“DON’T THOU MARRY FOR MUNNY.”

As that Saturday afternoon wore itself away, there was much excitement at Fawn Court. When Lady Fawn returned with the carriage, she heard that Frank Greystock had been at Fawn Court; and she heard also, from Augusta, that he had been rambling about the grounds alone with Lucy Morris. At any exhibition of old ladies, held before a competent jury, Lady Fawn would have taken a prize on the score of good-humor. No mother of daughters was ever less addicted to scold and to be fretful. But just now she was a little unhappy. Lizzie’s visit had not been a success, and she looked forward to her son’s marriage with almost unmixed dismay. Mrs. Hittaway had written daily, and in all Mrs. Hittaway’s letters some addition was made to the evil things already known. In her last letter Mrs. Hittaway had expressed her opinion that even yet “Frederic” would escape. All this Lady Fawn had, of course, not told to her daughters generally. To the eldest, Augusta, it was thought expedient to say nothing, because Augusta had been selected as the companion of the, alas, too probable future Lady Fawn. But to Amelia something did leak out, and it became apparent that the household was uneasy. Now, as an evil added to this, Frank Greystock had been there in Lady

Fawn's absence, walking about the grounds alone with Lucy Morris. Lady Fawn could hardly restrain herself. "How could Lucy be so very wrong?" she said, in the hearing both of Augusta and Amelia.

Lizzie Eustace did not hear this; but knowing very well that a governess should not receive a lover in the absence of the lady of the house, she made her little speech about it. "Dear Lady Fawn," she said, "my cousin Frank came to see me while you were out."

"So I hear," said Lady Fawn.

"Frank and I are more like brother and sister than anything else. I had so much to say to him; so much to ask him to do! I have no one else, you know, and I had especially told him to come here."

"Of course he was welcome to come."

"Only I was afraid you might think that there was some little lover's trick—on dear Lucy's part, you know."

"I never suspect anything of that kind," said Lady Fawn, bridling up. "Lucy Morris is above any sort of trick. We don't have any tricks here, Lady Eustace." Lady Fawn herself might say that Lucy was "wrong," but no one else in that house should even suggest evil of Lucy. Lizzie retreated smiling. To have "put Lady Fawn's back up," as she called it, was to her an achievement and a pleasure.

But the great excitement of the evening consisted in the expected coming of Lord Fawn. Of what nature would be the meeting between Lord Fawn and his promised bride? Was there anything of truth in the opinion expressed by Mrs. Hittaway that her brother was beginning to become tired of his bargain? That Lady Fawn was tired of it herself—that she disliked Lizzie, and was afraid of her, and averse to the idea of regarding her as a daughter-in-law—she did not now attempt to hide from herself. But there was the engagement, known to all the world, and how could its fulfilment now be avoided? The poor dear old woman began to repeat to herself the first half of the Quaker's advice, "Doan't thou marry for munny."

Lord Fawn was to come down only in time for a late dinner. An ardent lover, one would have thought, might have left his work somewhat earlier on a Saturday,

so as to have enjoyed with his sweetheart something of the sweetness of the Saturday summer afternoon; but it was seven before he reached Fawn Court, and the ladies were at that time in their rooms dressing. Lizzie had affected to understand all his reasons for being so late, and had expressed herself as perfectly satisfied. "He has more to do than any of the others," she had said to Augusta. "Indeed the whole of our vast Indian empire may be said to hang upon him just at present;" which was not complimentary to Lord Fawn's chief, the Right Honorable Legge Wilson, who at the present time represented the interests of India in the Cabinet. "He is terribly overworked, and it is a shame; but what can one do?"

"I think he likes work," Augusta had replied.

"But I don't like it, not so much of it; and so I shall make him understand, my dear. But I don't complain. As long as he tells me everything, I will never really complain." Perhaps it might some day be as she desired; perhaps as a husband he would be thoroughly confidential and communicative; perhaps when they two were one flesh he would tell her everything about India; but as yet he certainly had not told her much.

"How had they better meet?" Amelia asked her mother.

"Oh, I don't know; anyhow; just as they like. We can't arrange anything for her. If she had chosen to dress herself early, she might have seen him as he came in; but it was impossible to tell her so." No arrangement was therefore made, and as all the other ladies were in the drawing-room before Lizzie came down, she had to give him his welcome in the midst of the family circle. She did it very well. Perhaps she had thought of it, and made her arrangements. When he came forward to greet her, she put her cheek up, just a little, so that he might see that he was expected to kiss it; but so little, that should he omit to do so, there might be no visible awkwardness. It must be acknowledged on Lizzie's behalf, that she could always avoid awkwardness. He did touch her cheek with his lips, blushing as he did so. She had her ungloved hand in his, and, still holding him, returned into the circle. She said not a word; and what he said was of no moment; but they had met as lovers, and

any of the family who had allowed themselves to imagine that even yet the match might be broken, now unconsciously abandoned that hope. "Was he always such a truant, Lady Fawn?" Lizzie asked, when it seemed to her that no one else would speak a word.

"I don't know that there is much difference," said Lady Fawn. "Here is dinner. Frederic, will you give—Lady Eustace your arm?" Poor Lady Fawn! It often came to pass that she was awkward.

There were no less than ten females sitting round the board at the bottom of which Lord Fawn took his place. Lady Fawn had especially asked Lucy to come in to dinner, and with Lucy had come the two younger girls. At Lord Fawn's right hand sat Lizzie, and Augusta at his left. Lady Fawn had Amelia on one side and Lucy on the other. "So Mr. Greystock was here to-day," Lady Fawn whispered into Lucy's ear.

"Yes; he was here."

"Oh, Lucy."

"I did not bid him come, Lady Fawn."

"I am sure of that, my dear; but—but——" Then there was no more said on that subject on that occasion.

During the whole of the dinner the conversation was kept up at the other end of the table by Lizzie talking to Augusta across her lover. This was done in such a manner as to seem to include Lord Fawn in every topic discussed. Parliament, India, the Sawab, Ireland, the special privileges of the House of Lords, the ease of a bachelor life, and the delight of having at his elbow just such a rural retreat as Fawn Court—these were the fruitful themes of Lizzie's eloquence. Augusta did her part at any rate with patience; and as for Lizzie herself, she worked with that superhuman energy which women can so often display in making conversation under unfavorable circumstances. The circumstances were unfavorable, for Lord Fawn himself would hardly open his mouth; but Lizzie persevered, and the hour of dinner passed over without any show of ill-humor or of sullen silence. When the hour was over Lord Fawn left the room with the ladies, and was soon closeted with his mother, while the girls strolled out upon the lawn. Would Lizzie play croquet? No; Lizzie would not play croquet. She thought it probable that she might catch her lover and force

him to walk with her through the shrubberies; but Lord Fawn was not seen upon the lawn that evening, and Lizzie was forced to content herself with Augusta as a companion. In the course of the evening, however, her lover did say a word to her in private. "Give me ten minutes to-morrow between breakfast and church, Lizzie." Lizzie promised that she would do so, smiling sweetly. Then there was a little music, and then Lord Fawn retired to his studies.

"What is he going to say to me?" Lizzie asked Augusta the next morning. There existed in her bosom a sort of craving after confidential friendship, but with it there existed something that was altogether incompatible with confidence. She thoroughly despised Augusta Fawn, and yet would have been willing—in want of a better friend—to press Augusta to her bosom and swear that there should ever be between them the tenderest friendship. She desired to be the possessor of the outward shows of all those things of which the inward facts are valued by the good and steadfast ones of the earth. She knew what were the aspirations, what the ambition of an honest woman; and she knew, too, how rich were the probable rewards of such honesty. True love, true friendship, true benevolence, true tenderness, were beautiful to her, qualities on which she could descant almost with eloquence; and therefore she was always shamming love and friendship and benevolence and tenderness. She could tell you, with words most appropriate to the subject, how horrible were all shams, and in saying so would be not altogether insincere. Yet she knew that she herself was ever shamming, and she satisfied herself with shams. "What is he going to say to me?" she asked Augusta, with her hands clasped, when she went up to put her bonnet on after breakfast.

"To fix the day, I suppose," said Augusta.

"If I thought so, I would endeavor to please him. But it isn't that. I know his manner so well! I am sure it is not that. Perhaps it is something about my boy. He will not wish to separate a mother from her child."

"Oh dear, no," said Augusta. "I am sure Frederic will not want to do that."

"In anything else I will obey him," said Lizzie, again clasping her hands.

"But I must not keep him waiting, must I? I fear my future lord is somewhat impatient." Now, if among Lord Fawn's merits one merit was more conspicuous than another, it was that of patience. When Lizzie descended he was waiting for her in the hall without a thought that he was being kept too long. "Now, Frederic! I should have been with you two whole minutes since, if I had not had just a word to say to Augusta. I do so love Augusta."

"She is a very good girl," said Lord Fawn.

"So true and genuine, and so full of spirit. I will come on the other side because of my parasol and the sun. There, that will do. We have an hour nearly before going to church; haven't we? I suppose you will go to church."

"I intend it," said Lord Fawn.

"It is so nice to go to church," said Lizzie. Since her widowhood had commenced she had compromised matters with the world. One Sunday she would go to church and the next she would have a headache and a French novel and stay in bed. But she was prepared for stricter conduct during at least the first months of her newly-married life.

"My dear Lizzie," began Lord Fawn, "since I last saw you I have been twice with Mr. Camperdown."

"You are not going to talk about Mr. Camperdown to-day?"

"Well; yes. I could not do so last night, and I shall be back in London either to-night or before you are up to-morrow morning."

"I hate the very name of Mr. Camperdown," said Lizzie.

"I am sorry for that, because I am sure you could not find an honest lawyer to manage your affairs for you. He does everything for me, and so he did for Sir Florian Eustace."

"That is just the reason why I employ some one else," she answered.

"Very well. I am not going to say a word about that. I may regret it, but I am, just at present, the last person in the world to urge you upon that subject. What I want to say is this. You must restore those diamonds."

"To whom shall I restore them?"

"To Mr. Garnett the silversmith, if you please, or to Mr. Camperdown; or, if you like it better, to your brother-in-law, Mr. John Eustace."

"And why am I to give up my own property?"

Lord Fawn paused for some seconds before he replied. "To satisfy my honor," he then said. As she made him no immediate answer he continued. "It would not suit my views that my wife should be seen wearing the jewels of the Eustace family."

"I don't want to wear them," said Lizzie.

"Then why should you desire to keep them?"

"Because they are my own. Because I do not choose to be put upon. Because I will not allow such a cunning old snake as Mr. Camperdown to rob me of my property. They are my own, and you should defend my right to them."

"Do you mean to say that you will not oblige me by doing what I ask you?"

"I will not be robbed of what is my own," said Lizzie.

"Then I must declare"—and now Lord Fawn spoke very slowly—"then I must declare that under these circumstances, let the consequences be what they may, I must retreat from the enviable position which your favor has given me." The words were cold and solemn, and were ill-spoken; but they were deliberate, and had been indeed actually learned by heart.

"What do you mean?" said Lizzie, flashing round upon him.

"I mean what I say, exactly. But perhaps it may be well that I should explain my motives more clearly."

"I don't know anything about motives, and I don't care anything about motives. Do you mean to tell me that you have come here to threaten me with deserting me?"

"You had better hear me."

"I don't choose to hear a word more after what you have said, unless it be in the way of an apology, or retracting your most injurious accusation."

"I have said nothing to retract," said Lord Fawn solemnly.

"Then I will not hear another word from you. I have friends and you shall see them."

Lord Fawn, who had thought a great deal upon the subject, and had well understood that this interview would be for him one of great difficulty, was very anxious to induce her to listen to a few further words of explanation. "Dear Lizzie," he began.

"I will not be addressed, sir, in that

way by a man who is treating me as you are doing," she said.

"But I want you to understand me."

"Understand you! You understand nothing yourself that a man ought to understand. I wonder that you have the courage to be so insolent. If you knew what you were doing, you would not have the spirit to do it."

Her words did not quite come home to him, and much of her scorn was lost upon him. He was now chiefly anxious to explain to her that though he must abide by the threat he had made, he was quite willing to go on with his engagement if she would oblige him in the matter of the diamonds. "It was necessary that I should explain to you that I could not allow the necklace to be brought into my house."

"No one thought of taking it to your house."

"What were you to do with it, then?"

"Keep it in my own," said Lizzie stoutly. They were still walking together, and were now altogether out of sight of the house. Lizzie in her excitement had forgotten church, had forgotten the Fawn women—had forgotten everything except the battle which it was necessary that she should fight for herself. She did not mean to allow the marriage to be broken off, but she meant to retain the necklace. The manner in which Lord Fawn had demanded its restitution—in which there had been none of that mock tenderness by which she might have permitted herself to be persuaded—had made her, at any rate for the moment, as firm as steel on this point. It was inconceivable to her that he should think himself at liberty to go back from his promise because she would not render up property which was in her possession, and which no one could prove not to be legally her own! She walked on full of fierce courage, despising him, but determined that she would marry him.

"I am afraid we do not understand each other," he said at last.

"Certainly I do not understand you, sir."

"Will you allow my mother to speak to you on the subject?"

"No. If I told your mother to give up her diamonds, what would she say?"

"But they are not yours, Lady Eustace, unless you will submit that question to an arbitrator."

"I will submit nothing to anybody. You have no right to speak on such a subject till after we are married."

"I must have it settled first, Lady Eustace."

"Then, Lord Fawn, you won't have it settled first. Or rather it is settled already. I shall keep my own necklace, and Mr. Camperdown may do anything he pleases. As for you, if you ill-treat me, I shall know where to go to."

They had now come out from the shrubbery upon the lawn, and there was the carriage at the door, ready to take the elders of the family to church. Of course in such a condition of affairs it would be understood that Lizzie was one of the elders.

"I shall not go to church now," she said, as she advanced across the lawn toward the hall door. "You will be pleased, Lord Fawn, to let your mother know that I am detained. I do not suppose that you will dare to tell her why." Then she sailed round at the back of the carriage and entered the hall, in which several of the girls were standing. Among them was Augusta, waiting to take her seat among the elders; but Lizzie passed on through them all, without a word, and marched up to her bed-room.

"Oh, Frederic, what is the matter?" said Augusta, as soon as her brother entered the house.

"Never mind. Nothing is the matter. You had better go to church. Where is my mother?"

At this moment Lady Fawn appeared at the bottom of the stairs, having passed Lizzie as she was coming down. Not a syllable had then been spoken, but Lady Fawn at once knew that much was wrong. Her son went up to her and whispered a word in her ear. "Oh, certainly," she said, desisting from the operation of pulling on her gloves. "Augusta, neither your brother nor I will go to church."

"Nor—Lady Eustace?"

"It seems not," said Lady Fawn.

"Lady Eustace will not go to church," said Lord Fawn.

"And where is Lucy?" asked Lydia.

"She will not go to church either," said Lady Fawn. "I have just been with her."

"Nobody is going to church," said Nina. "All the same, I shall go myself."

"Augusta, my dear, you and the girls

had better go. You can take the carriage of course." But Augusta and the girls chose to walk, and the carriage was sent round into the yard.

"There's a rumpus already between my lord and the young missus," said the coachman to the groom; for the coachman had seen the way in which Lady Eustace had returned to the house. And there certainly was a rumpus. During the whole morning Lord Fawn was closeted with his mother, and then he went away to London without saying a word to any one of the family. But he left this note for Lady Eustace:

"DEAREST LIZZIE:

Think well of what I have said to you. It is not that I desire to break off our engagement; but that I cannot allow my wife to keep the diamonds which belong of right to her late husband's family. You may be sure that I should not be thus urgent had I not taken steps to ascertain that I am right in my judgment. In the mean time you had better consult my mother.

"Yours affectionately,
'FAWN."

CHAPTER XV.

"I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED-GUINEA BROOCH."

THERE had been another "affair" in the house that morning, though of a nature very different to the "rumpus" which had occurred between Lord Fawn and Lady Eustace. Lady Fawn had been closeted with Lucy, and had expressed her opinion of the impropriety of Frank Greystock's visit. "I suppose he came to see his cousin," said Lady Fawn, anxious to begin with some apology for such conduct.

"I cannot tell," said Lucy. "Perhaps he did. I think he said so. I think he cared more to see me." Then Lady Fawn was obliged to express her opinion, and she did so, uttering many words of wisdom. Frank Greystock, had he intended to sacrifice his prospects by a disinterested marriage, would have spoken out before now. He was old enough to have made up his mind on such a subject, and he had not spoken out. He did not mean marriage. That was quite evident to Lady Fawn;

and her dear Lucy was revelling in hopes which would make her miserable. If Lucy could only have known of the letter, which was already her own property though lying in the pillar letter-box in Fleet street, and which had not already been sent down and delivered simply because it was Sunday morning! But she was very brave. "He does love me," she said. "He told me so."

"Oh, Lucy, that is worse and worse. A man to tell you that he loves you, and yet not ask you to be his wife!"

"I am contented," said Lucy. That assertion, however, could hardly have been true.

"Contented! And did you tell him that you returned his love?"

"He knew it without my telling him," said Lucy. It was so hard upon her that she should be so interrogated while that letter was lying in the iron box!

"Dear Lucy, this must not be," said Lady Fawn. "You are preparing for yourself inexpressible misery."

"I have done nothing wrong, Lady Fawn."

"No, my dear—no. I do not say you have been wrong. But I think he is wrong—so wrong! I call it wicked. I do indeed. For your own sake you should endeavor to forget him."

"I will never forget him," said Lucy. "To think of him is everything to me. He told me I was his Queen, and he shall be my King. I will be loyal to him always." To poor Lady Fawn this was very dreadful. The girl persisted in declaring her love for the man, and yet did not even pretend to think that the man meant to marry her! And this, too, was Lucy Morris—of whom Lady Fawn was accustomed to say to her intimate friends that she had altogether ceased to look upon her as a governess. "Just one of ourselves, Mrs. Winslow, and almost as dear as one of my own girls!" Thus, in the warmth of her heart, she had described Lucy to a neighbor within the last week. Many more words of wisdom she spoke, and then she left poor Lucy in no mood for church. Would she have been in a better mood for the morning service had she known of the letter in the iron post?

Then Lady Fawn had put on her bonnet and gone down into the hall, and the "rumpus" had come. After that, everybody in the house knew that all things

were astray. When the girls came home from church their brother was gone. Half an hour before dinner Lady Fawn sent the note up to Lizzie, with a message to say that they would dine at three—it being Sunday. Lizzie sent down word that as she was unwell she would ask to have just a cup of tea and “something” sent to her own room. If Lady Fawn would allow her, she would remain up stairs with her child. She always made use of her child when troubles came.

The afternoon was very sad and dreary. Lady Fawn had an interview with Lady Eustace, but Lizzie altogether refused to listen to any advice on the subject of the necklace. “It is an affair,” she said haughtily, “in which I must judge for myself—or with the advice of my own particular friends. Had Lord Fawn waited until we were married; then indeed——!”

“But that would have been too late,” said Lady Fawn severely.

“He is at any rate premature now in laying his commands upon me,” said Lizzie. Lady Fawn, who was perhaps more anxious that the marriage should be broken off than that the jewels should be restored, then withdrew; and as she left the room Lizzie clasped her boy to her bosom. “He, at any rate, is left to me,” she said. Lucy and the Fawn girls went to evening church, and afterward Lizzie came down among them when they were at tea. Before she went to bed Lizzie declared her intention of returning to her own house in Mount street on the following day. To this Lady Fawn of course made no objection.

On the next morning there came an event which robbed Lizzie’s departure of some of the importance which might otherwise have been attached to it. The post-office, with that accuracy in the performance of its duties for which it is conspicuous among all offices, caused Lucy’s letter to be delivered to her while the members of the family were sitting round the breakfast table. Lizzie, indeed, was not there. She had expressed her intention of breakfasting in her own room, and had requested that a conveyance might be ready to take her to the 11:30 train. Augusta had been with her, asking whether anything could be done for her. “I care for nothing now, except my child,” Lizzie had replied. As the nurse and the lady’s maid were both in the

room, Augusta, of course, could say nothing further. That occurred after prayers, and while the tea was being made. When Augusta reached the breakfast-room Lucy was cutting up the loaf of bread, and at the same moment the old butler was placing a letter immediately under her eyes. She saw the handwriting and recognized it, but yet she finished cutting the bread. “Lucy, do give me that hunchy bit,” said Nina.

“Hunchy is not in the dictionary,” said Cecilia.

“I want it in my plate, and not in the dictionary,” said Nina.

Lucy did as she was asked, but her hand trembled as she gave the hunch, and Lady Fawn saw that her face was crimson. She took the letter and broke the envelope, and as she drew out the sheet of paper she looked up at Lady Fawn. The fate of her whole life was in her hands, and there she was standing with all their eyes fixed upon her. She did not even know how to sit down, but, still standing, she read the first words, and at the last, “Dear, dear Lucy,”—“Yours ever and always, if you will have me, F. G.” She did not want to read any more of it then. She sat down slowly, put the precious paper back into its envelope, looked round upon their all, and knew that she was crimson to the roots of her hair, blushing like a guilty thing.

“Lucy, my dear,” said Lady Fawn—and Lucy at once turned her face full upon her old friend—“you have got a letter that agitates you.”

“Yes, I have,” she said.

“Go into the book-room. You can come back to breakfast when you have read it, you know.” Thereupon Lucy rose from her seat, and retired with her treasure into the book-room. But even when she was there she could not at once read her letter. When the door was closed and she knew that she was alone she looked at it, and then clasped it tight between her hands. She was almost afraid to read it lest the letter itself should contradict the promise which the last words of it had seemed to convey to her. She went up to the window and stood there gazing out upon the gravel road, with her hand containing the letter pressed upon her heart. Lady Fawn had told her that she was preparing for herself inexpressible misery; and now there had come to

her joy so absolutely inexpressible! "A man to tell you that he loves you, and yet not ask you to be his wife!" She repeated to herself Lady Fawn's words, and then those other words, "Yours ever and always, if you will have me!" Have him, indeed! She threw from her, at once, as vain and wicked and false, all idea of coying her love. She would leap at his neck if he were there, and tell him that for years he had been almost her god. And of course he knew it. "If I will have him! Traitor!" she said to herself, smiling through her tears. Then she reflected that after all it would be well that she should read the letter. There might be conditions; though what conditions could he propose with which she would not comply? However, she seated herself in a corner of the room and did read the letter. As she read it, she hardly understood it all; but she understood what she wanted to understand. He asked her to share with him his home. He had spoken to her that day without forethought; but mustn't such speech be the truest and the sweetest of all speeches? "And now I write to you to ask you to be my wife." Oh, how wrong some people can be in their judgments! How wrong Lady Fawn had been in hers about Frank Greystock! "For the last year or two I have lived with this hope before me." "And so have I," said Lucy. "And so have I; with that and no other." "Too great confidence! Traitor," she said again, smiling and weeping, "yes, traitor; when of course you knew it." "Is his happiness in my hands? Oh, then he shall be happy." "Of course I will tell Lady Fawn at once—instantly. Dear Lady Fawn! But yet she has been so wrong. I suppose she will let him come here. But what does it matter, now that I know it? 'Yours ever and always, if you will have me. F. G.' Traitor, traitor, traitor!" Then she got up and walked about the room, not knowing what she did, holding the letter now between her hands, and then pressing it to her lips.

She was still walking about the room when there came a low tap at the door, and Lady Fawn entered. "There is nothing the matter, Lucy?" Lucy stood stock still, with her treasure still clasped, smiling, almost laughing, while the tears ran down her cheeks. "Won't you eat

your breakfast, my dear?" said Lady Fawn.

"Oh, Lady Fawn! oh, Lady Fawn!" said Lucy, rushing into her friend's arms.

"What is it, Lucy? I think our little wise one has lost her wits."

"Oh, Lady Fawn, he has asked me!"

"Is it Mr. Greystock?"

"Yes; Mr. Greystock. He has asked me. He has asked me to be his wife. I thought he loved me. I hoped he did at least. Oh, dear, I did so hope it. And he does."

"Has he proposed to you?"

"Yes, Lady Fawn. I told you what he said to me. And then he went and wrote this. Is he not noble and good, and so kind? You shall read it, but you'll give it me back, Lady Fawn?"

"Certainly I'll give it you back. You don't think I'd rob you of your lover's letter?"

"Perhaps you might think it right."

"If it is really an offer of marriage—," said Lady Fawn very seriously.

"It couldn't be more of an offer if he had sat writing it for ever," said Lucy as she gave up her letter with confidence. Lady Fawn read it with leisurely attention, and smiled as she put the paper back into the envelope. "All the men in the world couldn't say it more plainly," said Lucy, nodding her head forward.

"I don't think they could," said Lady Fawn. "I never read anything plainer in my life. I wish you joy with all my heart, Lucy. There is not a word to be said against him."

"Against him!" said Lucy, who thought that this was very insufficient praise.

"What I mean is that when I objected to his coming here I was only afraid that he couldn't afford, or would think, you know, that in his position he couldn't afford to marry a wife without a fortune."

"He may come now, Lady Fawn?"

"Well, yes; I think so. I shall be glad just to say a word to him. Of course you are in my hands, and I do love you so dearly, Lucy! I could not bear that anything but good should happen to you."

"This is good," said Lucy.

"It won't be good, and Mr. Greystock won't think you good, if you don't come and eat your breakfast." So Lucy was led back into the parlor, and sipped her tea and crunched her toast, while Lydia came and stood over her.

"Of course it is from him," whispered Lydia. Lucy again nodded her head while she was crunching her toast.

The fact that Mr. Greystock had proposed in form to Lucy Morris was soon known to all the family, and the news certainly did take away something from the importance which would otherwise have been attached to Lizzie's departure. There was not the same awe of the ceremony, the same dread of some scene, which, but for Frank Greystock's letter, would have existed. Of course Lord Fawn's future matrimonial prospects were to them all an affair of more moment than those of Lucy; but Lord Fawn himself had gone, and had already quarrelled with the lady before he went. There was at present nothing more to be done by them in regard to Lizzie than just to get rid of her. But Lucy's good fortune, so unexpected, and by her so frankly owned as the very best fortune in the world that could have befallen her, gave an excitement to them all. There could be no lessons that morning for Nina, and the usual studies of the family were altogether interrupted. Lady Fawn purred, and congratulated, and gave good advice, and declared that any other home for Lucy before her marriage would now be quite out of the question. "Of course it wouldn't do for you to go, even to Clara," said Lady Fawn, who seemed to think that there still might be some delay before Frank Greystock would be ready for his wife. "You know, my dear, that he isn't rich; not for a member of Parliament. I suppose he makes a good income, but I have always heard that he was a little backward when he began. Of course, you know, nobody need be in a hurry." Then Lucy began to think that if Frank should wish to postpone his marriage, say for three or four years, she might even yet become a burden on her friend. "But don't you be frightened," continued Lady Fawn; "you shall never want a home as long as I have one to give you. We shall soon find out what are Mr. Greystock's ideas; and unless he is very unreasonable we'll make things fit."

Then there came a message to Lucy from Lady Eustace. "If you please, Miss, Lady Eustace will be glad to see you for a minute up in her room before she starts." So Lucy was torn away from the thoughts of her own happiness,

and taken up stairs to Lady Eustace. "You have heard that I am going?" said Lizzie.

"Yes; I heard you were to go this morning."

"And you have heard why? I'm sure you will not deceive me, Lucy. Where am I to look for truth, if not to an old, old friend like you?"

"Why should I deceive you, Lizzie?"

"Why, indeed? only that all people do. The world is so false, so material, so worldly! One gives out one's heart and gets in return nothing but dust and ashes—nothing but ashes and dust. Oh, I have been so disappointed in Lady Fawn."

"You know she is my dearest friend," said Lucy.

"Pshaw! I know that you have worked for her like a slave, and that she has paid you a bare pittance."

"She has been more like a mother to me than anything else," said Lucy angrily.

"Because you have been tame. It does not suit me to be tame. It is not my plan to be tame. Have you heard the cause of the disagreement between Lord Fawn and me?"

"Well—no."

"Tell the truth, Lucy."

"How dare you tell me to tell the truth? Of course I tell the truth. I believe it is something about some property which he wants you to give back to somebody; but I don't know any more."

"Yes, my dear husband, Sir Florian, who understood me—whom I idolized—who seemed to have been made for me—gave me a present. Lord Fawn is pleased to say that he does not approve of my keeping any gift from my late lord. Considering that he intends to live upon the wealth which Sir Florian was generous enough to bestow upon me, this does seem to be strange! Of course I resented such interference. Would not you have resented it?"

"I don't know," said Lucy, who thought that she could bring herself to comply with any request made to her by Frank Greystock.

"Any woman who had a spark of spirit would resent it, and I have resented it. I have told Lord Fawn that I will on no account part with the rich presents which my adored Florian showered upon me in

his generosity. It is not for their richness that I keep them, but because they are, for his sake, so inexpressibly dear to me. If Lord Fawn chooses to be jealous of a necklace, he must be jealous." Lucy, who had in truth heard but a small fragment of the story—just so much of it as Lydia had learned from the discreet Amelia, who herself had but a very hazy idea of the facts—did not quite know how much of the tale, as it was now told to her, might be true and how much false. After a certain fashion she and Lizzie Eustace called themselves friends. But she did not believe her friend to be honest, and was aware that in some matters her friend would condescend—to fib. Lizzie's poetry, and romance, and high feelings had never had the ring of true soundness in Lucy's ears. But her imagination was not strong enough to soar to the altitude of the lies which Lizzie was now telling. She did believe that the property which Lizzie was called upon to restore was held to be objectionable by Lord Fawn simply because it had reached Lizzie from the hands of her late husband. "What do you think of such conduct as that?" asked Lady Eustace.

"Won't it do if you lock them up instead of wearing them?" asked Lucy.

"I have never dreamed of wearing them."

"I don't understand about such things," said Lucy, determined not to impute any blame to one of the Fawn family.

"It is tyranny, sheer tyranny," continued the other, "and he will find that I am not the woman to yield to it. No. For love I could give up everything—but nothing from fear. He has told me in so many words that he does not intend to go on with his engagement!"

"Has he indeed?"

"But I intend that he shall. If he thinks that I am going to be thrown over because he takes ideas of that kind into his head, he's mistaken. He shall know that I'm not to be made a plaything of like that. I'll tell you what you can do for me, Lucy."

"What can I do for you?"

"There is no one in the world I trust more thoroughly than I do you," said Lizzie, "and hardly any one that I love so well. Think how long we have known each other! And you may be sure of this: I always have been, and always will be, your friend with my cousin Frank."

"I don't want anything of that kind," said Lucy, "and never did."

"Nobody has so much influence with Frank as I. Just do you write to me to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after, a mere line, you know, to tell me how the land lies here."

"There would be nothing to tell."

"Yes, there will—ever so much. They will be talking about me every hour. If you'll be true to me, Lucy, in this business, I'll make you the handsomest present you ever saw in your life. I'll give you a hundred-guinea brooch; I will, indeed. You shall have the money and buy it yourself."

"A what!" said Lucy.

"A hundred guineas to do what you please with!"

"You mean thing!" said Lucy. "I didn't think there was a woman so mean as that in the world. I'm not surprised now at Lord Fawn. Pick up what I hear and send it you in letters, and then be paid money for it!"

"Why not? It's all to do good."

"How can you have thought to ask me to do such a thing? How can you bring yourself to think so badly of people? I'd sooner cut my hand off; and as for you, Lizzie, I think you are mean and wicked to conceive such a thing. And now good-by." So saying, she left the room, giving her dear friend no time for further argument.

Lady Eustace got away that morning, not in time, indeed, for the 11:30 train, but at such an hour as to make it unnecessary that she should appear at the early dinner. The saying of farewell was very cold and ceremonious. Of course there was no word as to any future visit—no word as to any future events whatever. They all shook hands with her, and special injunctions were given to the coachman to drive her safely to the station. At this ceremony Lucy was not present. Lydia had asked her to come down and say good-by; but Lucy refused. "I saw her in her own room," said Lucy.

"And was it all very affectionate?" Lydia asked.

"Well, no; it was not affectionate at all." This was all that Lucy said, and thus Lady Eustace completed her visit to Fawn Court.

The letters were taken away for the post at eight o'clock in the evening, and be-

fore that time it was necessary that Lucy should write to her lover. "Lady Fawn," she said in a whisper, "may I tell him to come here?"

"Certainly, my dear. You had better tell him to call on me. Of course he'll see you, too, when he comes."

"I think he'd want to see me," said Lucy, "and I'm sure I should want to see him." Then she wrote her answer to Frank's letter. She allowed herself an hour for the happy task; but, though the letter when written was short, the hour hardly sufficed for the writing of it.

"DEAR MR. GREYSTOCK;"—there was matter for her of great consideration before she could get even so far as this; but after biting her pen for ten minutes, during which she pictured to herself how pleasant it would be to call him Frank when he should have told her to do so, and had found, upon repeated whispered trials, that of all names it was the pleas-

antest to pronounce, she decided upon refraining from writing it now—"Lady Fawn has seen your letter to me—the dearest letter that ever was written—and she says that you may call upon *her*. But you mustn't go away without seeing *me* too." Then there was great difficulty as to the words to be used by her for the actual rendering herself up to him as his future wife. At last the somewhat too Spartan simplicity of her nature prevailed, and the words were written very plain, and very short. "I love you better than all the world, and I will be your wife. It shall be the happiness of my life to try to deserve you."

"I am, with all my heart,

"Most affectionately your own

"LUCY."

When it was written it did not content her. But the hour was over, and the letters must go. "I suppose it'll do," she said to herself. "He'll know what it means." And so the letter was sent.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

THE day is dying or dead,
 For the dull-red sun is lost in a dull-gray cloud,
 The air grows chill and the hum of wings grows loud,
 It will rain to-morrow, I said.
 But e'en as I spake, lo the tawny light, like a stain,
 A blur on the cloud, which suddenly brightened and spread,
 Till a fire brake out on the dusky edge of the world;
 Then a segment of sky, like a wedge of blue, cleft the ridge in twain.
 Pushing it outward ever and upward, high and higher,
 Shivering base and crown in fragments rounded and curled.
 While from its chasms and rifts came gleams of purple and red,
 Ruby, and girasole, and gold, and glimmer of fire;
 And yonder—look! where the misty sea, far off and dim,
 Is one with the misty sky—the bulging cheeks of the sun
 Fair with smiles as he silently drops below the rim;
 And now indeed the day is over and done.
 'Twill be fair to-morrow, I said.

H. E. WARNER.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AND NEW ORLEANS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND COMMAND OF THE FIRST THREE
NAVAL EXPEDITIONS OF THE WAR.

FIRST PAPER.

THE rebellion which commenced in the spring of 1861, though long threatened, found the country almost wholly unprepared for the conflict. Few in the Free States could be made to believe there would be an appeal to arms for the alleged or real grievances of which certain impassioned leaders complained. There had been severe party strife for years, threats to nullify or resist Federal laws, which gradually assumed a sectional character; but the real differences or causes of difference were not such as to lead necessarily to hostilities, had not war or the subversion of the Government been the design of some of the ambitious and trusted men in high official position.

But while almost the whole of the people of the Northern States were disbelievers in any civil war, a very different condition of things existed at the South. There the apprehensions were serious and almost universal that a fierce struggle was to take place. A majority of the people in nearly every State were opposed to armed resistance to the Government, and opposed to any scheme for dissolving the Union. Yet they had been persuaded, and actually believed, that they were greatly wronged and oppressed by Federal legislation. But their opposition to violent measures was tame and negative from the very fact that there was no substantial cause for complaint, while the decisive element was mischievous, positive, energetic, and belligerent. The secession or disunion party had by activity and vigilance obtained possession of the State governments through the South in 1860, and made extensive preparations to resist the General Government.

The election of Abraham Lincoln, brought about by the secession leaders who had deliberately and designedly broken up the Democratic organization, was made the pretext for seceding from the Union. As soon as the result of the election in 1860 was known, before any action had been taken, and while the Democratic party had the President and a majority of Congress, the State of South Carolina took instant measures

for dissolving her connection with the Federal Government. This extraordinary and revolutionary movement, unprovoked and uncalled for by any serious grievance or aggressive action of the Federal Government, was followed by other States. Members of Congress with dramatic ostentation and parade resigned their seats and left Washington. Scenes similar to these, but not carried to so great length, had previously occurred, and the Administration and others from the North appear to have viewed these proceedings, now as then, as an excess of party bitterness which would exhaust itself in words. No effective measures were taken to counteract them and strengthen the Government.

When, therefore, Congress adjourned and the change of administration took place on the 4th of March, 1861, the new incumbents found the Government wholly unprepared by any extra-legislative authority or preparation to maintain itself against the formidable combination that had so long been maturing schemes for its destruction. The Navy Department was perhaps in the most feeble and deplorable condition of any branch of the Government for the emergency—without vessels, or armament, or men, and without legal authority to increase or strengthen either.

A blockade of three thousand five hundred miles in length, greater in extent than the whole coast of Europe from Cape Trafalgar to Cape North, was ordered in April; and as we had not vessels, guns, or men for such a work, a navy had to be improvised to enforce it. Ships in the merchant service which could be made available were forthwith procured, guns were manufactured, men were enlisted, and the whole resources of the country were put in immediate requisition to meet the crisis. But although the energies and abilities of the nation were taxed and called out with wonderful and unexampled rapidity, they did not satisfy the impatience of the people, who had been taught, and were willing to believe, the rebellion could be suppressed and peace be restored in ninety days.

The Government discharged as it best could with the limited means at its disposal the new and extraordinary duties which, in addition to ordinary current affairs, devolved upon it. The change of administration involved in some respects a change of policy and of men in the civil service. The President and Cabinet were inexperienced in their new positions, and entitled to encouragement and support even had the times been propitious. Coming from old opposing parties, their political principles were not in all respects homogeneous. Little time was given them, however, for concert and concentration before war—intestine war, the worst and most to be deplored of all conflicts—was precipitated upon the country.

The first call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for three months seems, since the experience we have had through four eventful years with a million of men under arms, to have been insignificant in numbers and ridiculous in time for the suppression of that formidable rebellion, which shook the continent, shattered the framework of the Government, and taxed the energies of the nation; but without any previous preparation the call embraced as many as the country could readily arm, equip, supply, and organize; and few then believed we were to have a protracted war. Little, comparatively, was attempted, and but little was accomplished at the beginning. The rebels, having resistance in view, were better prepared than the Government for the conflict. Reverses to the Union cause followed, with murmurs and general dissatisfaction because the Administration was apparently so dilatory and inefficient in its movements, and because our undisciplined troops were not invincible and irresistible.

Time was necessary to equip our few naval vessels; to procure and to prepare the purchased and chartered steamers for naval service; to recall our foreign squadrons; to manufacture ordnance, to get supplies, and to enlist seamen. No allowance was made for these things by the inconsiderate and unthinking, who, under the impression that vessels were ready and equipped, and crews enlisted and trained, were loud in their complaints of the inefficiency of the navy and the Navy Department. But those who were intelligent and informed on the subject, instead of complaining, were amazed that so much

in so brief a period was accomplished. The rebels felt and acknowledged it. A joint Committee of the Confederate Congress, "appointed to investigate the administration of the Navy Department" of the insurgents, in their report apologizing for the disasters which had overwhelmed and annihilated their navy, dwell on the energy and power which they had encountered. They say: "The vast naval resources, great commercial school for seamen, numerous artisans, and vast workshops enabled him to augment this formidable force with a rapidity unequalled in naval history, while the naval resources of the world were open to him. It would have required many years, even under the most favorable circumstances, for us to have built and equipped as many and such vessels as the enemy began the war with."

Admiral Du Pont, writing from Port Royal July, 1862, said to a friend: "I do not hesitate to say that nothing has ever come up to the energy of the Navy Department in any country. The improvised navy for which Mr. Welles was so abused, and which in my judgment saved us a foreign war by preventing the blockade from being broken by the English and French, are among its great deeds."

While most persons anticipated a speedy suppression of the insurrection and the restoration of harmony and peace, the Secretary of the Navy came to a different conclusion. He saw that this was no mere impulsive outbreak. The retiring Administration, without being specially committed to the secession movement, had studiously abstained from the exercise of any authority to prevent or suppress it. It had placed no garrisons in the forts of the South, though the local authorities were organizing actively for armed resistance to Federal laws. Were the new Administration to attempt to send troops or supplies, which was anticipated and expected by the secessionists and their sympathizers, the movement would be denounced and resisted as just cause of offence. This was made manifest when the Administration in pursuance of its duty endeavored to send provisions to the small garrison in Sumter. That peaceful attempt of the Government to discharge its duty was made the pretext for an assault on the fortress and the flag.

While the retiring Federal Administra-

tion had done nothing toward maintaining the national authority in the insurrectionary region, the State governments which were in the hands and under the control of the secessionists had been able to organize powerful combinations under local State laws to obstruct and break down the Federal Union. Their proceedings had been deliberate, and so extensive and powerful, and Congress had left the Federal Government so wholly unprepared for the conflict, that the Secretary of the Navy was convinced the struggle would be severe, and that the duration of the war would extend far beyond the three months for which the troops had been ordered out. He took his measures accordingly. Without specific legal authority, he proceeded not only to buy and charter merchant steamers, but he assumed the responsibility of immediately ordering, without law and without appropriations, the construction of over thirty naval steamers, none of which could be completed within six months from the attack on Sumter and long after the terms of the 75,000 men had expired, which many supposed would close the insurrection. It is not necessary to speculate on what would have been said and done had the insurrection been suppressed within ninety days, with this large increase of our naval force and immense expenditure. As it was, the first business movement on the first day of the extra session, before even the message of the President had been received stating the object for convening Congress, was the introduction of a resolution by the then Chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate, inquiring by what authority and at what rates the Secretary of the Navy had increased his expenditures and made contracts and purchases for the navy.

At home and abroad the blockade was pronounced an impossibility; but the Navy Department put forth all its energies to establish and make it effective. There were soon employed in the various navy and private ship yards, foundries, and machine shops a force of not less than twenty thousand mechanics and workmen, exclusive of seamen enlisted in the service. As soon as a small force was placed before the principal ports to cut off traffic with the rebel States, the Navy Department commenced projecting expeditions on the coast. The first of these

was for the capture of the batteries which the rebels had constructed at Hatteras Inlet, from which point they were sending out small marauding craft to capture vessels engaged in trade which approached the North Carolina coast. Preparations for the Hatteras expedition, an enterprise which originated in and was put in operation by the Navy Department, were begun in July. General Scott, who was consulted, and of whom military coöperation was asked, consented to spare troops from Fortress Monroe to accompany the expedition when the navy was ready, provided the detachment was not detained after the result, whatever that might be. On the 9th of August I wrote Flag Officer Stringham in relation to the Hatteras expedition, that "in order to take the batteries to which you allude, General Scott assures me he will authorize General Butler to detail a military force to accompany the expedition." When this assurance was given General B. F. Butler was in command at Fortress Monroe; but on the 13th of August, four days after, General Wool was ordered to relieve him, which he did on the 19th of August. The order which General Scott promised on the 9th to issue to General Butler was promptly given when required to General Wool, but still on condition and with an express understanding that the troops should return to Fortress Monroe, and not remain at the inlet to garrison the forts. General Butler, relieved by General Wool, sought and was assigned to command the 900 men that were detailed to accompany the navy, and embarked with Flag Officer Stringham in the Minnesota, which sailed from Hampton Roads on the 26th of August.

The success at Hatteras, the first naval expedition, and it may be said perhaps the first substantial victory of the war, was followed by the more important expedition to Port Royal under Admiral Du Pont. In this expedition the coöperating military force was commanded by General Thomas W. Sherman. Both of these expeditions originated in the Navy Department. They were quietly planned, and matured with a secrecy unknown to the military operations of that period. Hence probably the correspondents and writers of the day, who usually obtained their first information of events through the War Department or from army officers, mis-

stated and gave erroneous accounts of these and other expeditions, and awarded not unfrequently credit to military officers which strictly belonged to naval commanders. Naval officers were invariably prohibited from giving information of naval movements for publication, and newspaper correspondents, always inquisitive and generally intelligent, were for this reason carefully excluded from the expeditions, and as far as possible from all knowledge in regard to naval operations. This rigid and restrictive policy of the navy was in such marked contrast to that of the military, where correspondents were generally welcomed and often furnished with every facility to obtain and publish army operations, was unsatisfactory, led to much misrepresentation of the Navy Department, and sometimes to gross injustice to the navy. Many of the perverted statements which had their origin in pique toward those who excluded, and favor toward those who received and encouraged them in their efforts to be the first to lay before the public news which all desired to know, but which it was impolitic and often injurious to publish, have gone into the histories which, hastily got up, were afterward without examination adopted as authentic. Nearly every one of these histories passes over the naval commander or represents him as a subordinate attached to a military enterprise. They speak, not of Flag Officer Stringham's expedition, but of "General Butler's expedition to Hatteras." Some of them assume that the expedition originated with and was achieved by him, when he merely went under orders with two battalions which were sent in compliance with a request made by the Navy Department for troops to assist Flag Officer Stringham, the naval commander, in a naval expedition of which he knew nothing until he received orders from General Scott directing him to aid and cooperate in a naval enterprise.

The preliminary arrangements for the expedition which resulted in the capture of Port Royal, a more important and more elaborate undertaking, were commenced really before those of Hatteras. As early as the 25th of June a board was convened in the Navy Department, composed of Captain, afterward Rear-Admiral S. F. Du Pont, Professor A. D. Bache, Chief of the Coast Survey, with whom the Secretary of War

associated, by special request, Major, subsequently General J. G. Barnard of the Corps of Engineers. Later, Commander, now Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, who officiated as secretary, was added to this board.

The object and purpose of the Navy Department in convening this board, and the date when the expedition under Flag Officer Du Pont was first contemplated, will be best understood by publishing the original order, which was on the 25th of June, only two months after the proclamation of blockade had been issued and before it had been made absolutely efficient at all points:

[Confidential.]

NAVY DEPARTMENT, June 25, 1861.

Captain S. F. DU PONT and Prof. A. D. BACHE,
Board, etc.

GENTLEMEN: The Navy Department is desirous to condense all the information in the archives of the Government which may be considered useful to the blockading squadrons, and the Board are therefore requested to prepare such matter as in their judgment may seem necessary; first, extending from the Chesapeake to Key West; secondly, from Key West to the extreme southern point of Texas. It is imperative that two or more points should be taken possession of on the Atlantic coast, and Fernandina and Port Royal are spoken of. Perhaps others will occur to the Board. All facts bearing upon such a contemplated movement are desired at an early moment. Subsequently similar points in the Gulf of Mexico will be considered. It is also very desirable that the practicability of closing all the Southern ports by mechanical means should be fully discussed and reported upon.

Very respectfully, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES.

On the 18th of September a division of the Atlantic squadron took place. Captain Du Pont was appointed commander of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. On the 12th of October he received final orders, and sailed on the 29th.

In his final instructions, which were strictly confidential, Bull's Bay, St. Helena, Port Royal, and Fernandina were named as accessible and desirable points; but the preference of the Department for Port Royal was not put in writing, lest it might by some means become public and the rebels put on their guard. The views of the Department in favor of Port Royal were made known to Flag Officer Du Pont in conversation, but the opinions of that officer did not at first coincide with those of the Department. His choice was Bull's Bay, from an apprehension that Port Royal was

too strongly fortified and that he could not get his flag-ship, the *Wabash*, over the bar. But he came into the measure at the last moment—having been finally persuaded, as he afterward admitted, by the Assistant Secretary, who visited New York for that purpose before he sailed; and he frankly said after the result, that to have gone to Bull's Bay, which was his design, would have been an error. The destination was, however, left indefinite in his orders, and his conclusions were not to be communicated to the commanders of the various vessels until they sailed, when the point of rendezvous was indicated in sealed orders, which were not to be opened until at sea. This uncertainty in regard to the final destination of the squadron prevented the enemy from concentrating a formidable force at Port Royal to resist the Union arms.

As usual with large expeditions, the departure of Du Pont's squadron was delayed, and it did not get off until the 29th of October. As soon as the arrangements for that enterprise were completed, and before the squadron left Hampton Roads, the attention of the Department, previously occupied, was intently directed toward New Orleans, the most important place in every point of view in the insurrectionary region, and the most difficult to effectually blockade. The whole country, and especially the great Northwest, was interested in the free and uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi, the ocean outlet of the immense central valley which contains within its slopes one-half the States and territory and is the very heart of the Union. New Orleans is the great depot for its products, and Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which protected it, were the gates that barred ocean communication with the city. To gain possession of the river and of the city was one of the first objects which addressed itself to the Administration after the war opened, and was imperatively demanded by the great States which were specially interested. The unity of the inhabitants and States of the valley under one government, and the unresisted communication of its people through the natural and national highway which belonged alike to those on the upper as well as the lower Mississippi, called out the combined energies of all. The Government sympathized with and responded to the demands that were made

for the assertion and maintenance of this great national right without restriction or interruption.

Military plans had been projected from the beginning to obtain control of this national thoroughfare and the city near its mouth; but all of these schemes contemplated a combined army and navy movement which should descend from Cairo on the upper waters of the Mississippi. The idea of a naval conquest of New Orleans from the Gulf was not entertained by the army or the Administration. When, therefore, the Navy Department had perfected its arrangements for the Port Royal expedition and given final instructions to Flag Officer Du Pont, it began to consider the embarrassments and difficulty of blockading the Mississippi Delta, and the practicability of an effective demonstration in the Gulf. As early as the 31st of July the Department had proposed to Commodore Mervine, then in command of the blockading squadron in the Gulf, to establish and hold a battery at or near the head of "the passes of the Mississippi," and he was authorized to take for that purpose naval guns that were at Tortugas, a large number having been borrowed by the War Department and sent out to Fort Pickens on the recommendation of Captain Meigs of the Engineers, but never used. These guns were left exposed on the beach at Tortugas.

The following is an extract from the communication of the Department referred to:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 31, 1861.

Flag Officer WM. MERVINE, commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron.

SIR: . . . A large number of naval guns sent out to Fort Pickens have been landed at Tortugas. If you deem it practicable in your judgment to establish and hold a battery at or near the head of the passes of the Mississippi (and the subject is most earnestly pressed upon your immediate attention), you are authorized to take any number of these guns and construct such a battery. An engineer officer will probably be detailed by the senior army officer at your request, and laborers to assist might be hired at Key West. The necessity of taking measures to effectually close the river seems to leave no alternative but the construction of one or more batteries, and any expenditures to accomplish this will be approved by the Department. . .

Very respectfully, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES.

The capture of the forts and the city by a naval expedition from the Gulf was at that time entertained by no one, and as

effective blockade of the numerous passes by naval vessels alone seemed impossible. One or more batteries above the delta was deemed the best, and perhaps the only effectual method of preventing communication. In the mean time the rebels had in July taken possession of and repaired the fortifications at Ship Island, ten or twelve miles off the coast, and some sixty miles from New Orleans, about equidistant from Mobile, and one hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. The strategic importance of this place was felt, and as soon as the Department became aware of the facts the following communication was addressed to Flag Officer Mervine:

[Confidential.]

NAVY DEPARTMENT, August 23, 1861.

Flag Officer WILLIAM MERVINE, commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron.

SIR: In your despatch No. — of the 22d July, you report that you intend to visit Ship Island.

It has been a matter of surprise and regret that you should have permitted so important a position as Ship Island to have been fortified and retained by the insurgents. At this distance it is difficult to understand the reasons for the apparent inactivity and indifference that have governed in this matter. If the force under your command is not all that we could wish, or all that we intend it shall be, still it is sufficient for some demonstration, and it would be well to make up in activity and extra exertion for the want of numbers.

You have large ships, heavy batteries, young and willing officers, with men sufficient to dispossess the insurgents from Ship Island. They might have been prevented entirely from intrenching themselves upon it. In order to have done this, smaller vessels would have been necessarily substituted to guard the passes. This, it would seem, might have been done.

I allude to these matters, not knowing what action you have taken in the premises since the 22d ult. There is great uneasiness in the public mind, as well as anxiety in the Department, on the apparent inactivity of our squadrons.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELLES.

The naval preparations made in consequence of these orders alarmed the rebels, who during their occupation of Ship Island had intrenched themselves and rebuilt the fort which had been previously destroyed.

Captain W. W. McKean relieved Flag Officer Mervine of the command of the Gulf squadron in September. The works on Ship Island were abandoned by the rebels with some precipitation soon after, and on the 17th of September Commander Melancton Smith of the steamer Massa-

chusetts landed a force and took possession of the island. Our men proceeded to mount cannon, and strengthened the fort by a formidable armament of nine-inch Dahlgren guns and rifled cannon. Barracks were also erected from the materials which the rebels left on the island when they fled; and having in view at that early day an effective naval demonstration in that quarter, the island was held by the navy until troops could be sent to occupy it. The importance of retaining the island for naval operations was duly appreciated by the Government, and on representations from the Navy Department a military force of 2,500 men was promised for its occupation. This force was intended to relieve the seamen from confined shore duty and allow them more active service afloat. Some effort was required to effect this object, and circumstances favored the application.

General Butler had rendered important services early in the war at Annapolis and Baltimore. These services were as much of a civil as military character, and as such were valued by the Administration. The leading and educated army officers, while they recognized the ability of General Butler as a civil magistrate, municipal officer, or chief of police, did not admit that his education, training, genius, or capacity were military, or adapted to his military aspirations or the position assigned him. He had been relieved from command first at Baltimore and then at Fortress Monroe. But his brief administration at Baltimore and some of his acts and papers had made him popular in that stormy period. In order therefore that he might have command commensurate with his office and retain nominal military rank and position, he was early in the autumn, after he accompanied Flag Officer Stringham to Hatteras, sent to the New England States, which were made a distinct military department, to which he was assigned, with authority to raise by enlistment a force to serve on the coast wherever wanted. In raising these troops a difficulty had occurred between him and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, causing additional embarrassment to the Administration, from which it was felt all would be relieved were this restless officer sent to Ship Island or the far Southwest, where his energy, activity, and impulsive force might be employed in desultory aquatic and

shore duty in concert with the navy. Many of the men to be enlisted by him would come from the seaboard, and a considerable portion of them were fishermen and mariners who could, it was said, perform such amphibious coast duty as might be needed at Ship Island, Beaufort, or elsewhere. As this duty would be chiefly that of seconding naval operations—acting in coöperation with and to a considerable extent under the direction of naval officers—it was thought a fortunate circumstance that such an opening presented itself for the employment of General Butler and the regiments he was raising in New England. He could, as the navy had obtained possession of Ship Island, be detailed with his command for duty at that station, and in due time elsewhere on the coast.

In a letter to Flag Officer McKean, then in command of the squadron in the Gulf, that officer was informed on the 2d of November of this promised military force, and directed to hold Ship Island until its arrival:

[Confidential.]

NAVY DEPARTMENT, November 2, 1861.

Flag Officer W. W. MCKEAN, commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron.

SIR: . . . General Butler with 2,500 men will sail for Ship Island about the 20th November. You will therefore hold possession of that island, and, if practicable, move up the nine-inch guns from Tortugas. . . .

Very respectfully, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES.

The troops did not leave as soon as was promised, and on the 25th of November a further communication on the same subject was addressed to Flag Officer McKean, from which I make the following extract:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, November 26, 1861.

Flag Officer WILLIAM W. MCKEAN, commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron, Key West, Florida.

SIR: The Constitution calls in a few days with a force to take possession of Ship Island. You will, therefore, transfer to the senior officer in command of this force possession of all Government property not actually required by you for establishing a naval depot. You will coöperate with this officer in the protection of this position. . . .

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES.

The occupancy of Ship Island by the navy, and the procurement of 2,500 troops for the station, were preliminary to other and more extensive operations which the Government had in view in that quarter.

Representations had been made that a strong Union feeling existed in Texas, which only needed the protection and encouragement of an armed Union force to be fully developed. A demonstration on the coast of Texas was consequently entertained. Mobile was, however, a more favored point with military men, in view of the combined army and navy movement which was organizing to descend from the North and obtain possession of the Mississippi river and ultimately of New Orleans. An effort in the direction of Mobile seemed a preferable military movement to Galveston or any part of Texas. But while the attention of others, when turned to the Southwest, was divided between Texas and Mobile, the Navy Department, on which devolved the duty of establishing an effective blockade of the coast and the interdiction of all traffic with New Orleans, felt the necessity of more efficient and decisive measures than the mere possession of outposts like Ship Island and the Mississippi Delta to accomplish the object. The difficulty of guarding and closing the passes of the Mississippi, and all water communication with New Orleans, which was as difficult as the blockade of Wilmington at a later period, the escape of the Sumter, the disaster to the naval vessels commanded by Captain Pope and others, the knowledge that formidable iron-clad vessels were being rapidly constructed at New Orleans, the low alluvial banks of the river, on which the army was disinclined to attempt to plant and erect batteries and garrison them in that sickly swamp, were facts keenly felt; and it seemed that a vigorous blow at the centre by the capture of New Orleans itself would be less difficult, less expensive, less exhausting, would be attended with less loss of life and be a more fatal blow to the rebels, than the most extensive, stringent, and protracted blockade that could possibly be established. The army movements were tardy and indefinite, and, regardless of the navy and the blockade, they began to tend toward Mobile rather than New Orleans, as a better objective point for military operations. These uncertain and vacillating military schemes convinced the Navy Department that it could not rely on the army to aid in enforcing the blockade; that what was a primary object with the navy was a secondary one with the army. While, there-

fore, we continued to assist in the movement for descending the river, whatever might be its termination, we felt the necessity of projecting other and more effective and definite measures, having in view the capture of New Orleans and the possession of the lower Mississippi by a naval expedition, which should ascend from the Gulf. But it was not easy to convince others, and particularly military men, that such an enterprise was feasible. Little encouragement was received from any quarter. In general and desultory conversation with military and naval men and others, the passage of the forts and capture of New Orleans was spoken of as a desirable but not a practicable naval undertaking. Yet it was noted and remembered by the Navy Department that our steamers had passed and repassed the batteries at Hatteras and Port Royal, had overcome them without serious injury to the vessels, and it was asked why could not the forts in the Mississippi be passed in like manner? There were, it is true, a narrow channel, a rapid, adverse current, and regularly constructed forts to be encountered, which might prove more formidable than the batteries at Hatteras and Hilton Head; but with steamships the propelling power of the vessel—now no longer dependent on wind and tide—was subject to the commander, and with some loss of vessels, some sacrifice of life, it was believed the forts might be run. This was an occasion when it became necessary to take great risks to accomplish great results. What was early spoken of as a possibility—an event hoped for rather than attainable—gradually gained favor with the Navy Department, until the conclusion was reached that it was not only practicable, but the best step which could be taken for perfecting the blockade, getting possession of the river, and to aid in suppressing the rebellion. The Assistant Secretary, Mr. Fox, who had been familiar with the river while in the merchant service, was earnest and unequivocal for a purely naval attack, and was confident the passage of the forts might be effected without military assistance. When, therefore, intelligence of the capture of the forts at Port Royal was received and the manner in which it had been effected—the squadron under Du Pont, like that under Stringham, having passed and repassed the batteries, Du

Pont's in a circle, thus incurring double risk, without material injury to the vessels or serious loss of life—the views of the Navy Department in regard to the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and the capture of New Orleans, hitherto speculative and uncertain, were confirmed, and measures for its accomplishment were commenced.

President Lincoln was made acquainted with our views and our programme for passing the forts and the capture of New Orleans by the navy, and our belief in its success, based on the fact that steam had wrought a revolution in naval warfare, practical proof of which was furnished in the achievements of the navy at Hatteras and Port Royal. If the forts were passed, the fall of New Orleans was certain. He became deeply interested, but was at first somewhat incredulous as to the feasibility of the enterprise. Among the important movements projected, this had not been one. Military men, of whom there were many in and about the War Department whom he saw daily, had not suggested it. They had a different programme, and he had faith that the combined army and navy descent of the river which had been resolved upon, and was a favorite scheme in army circles, would sooner and more easily secure the city than any naval expedition ascending from the Gulf. His attention had been wholly directed to this combined movement for descending the Mississippi, which seemed more plausible and more powerful than the proposed ascent, where the fleet must struggle against a strong current and pass two of the most formidable forts on the continent. But, it was urged, the very fact that they were formidable, that the rebels confided in their strength, was an argument in our favor. On that side of the city they felt secure, and their chief preparations were and would be to resist approaches by the immense organizations from above, of which they had been and would continue to be duly warned. They were not making extra preparations for an attack from a different direction, and their suspicions should not be aroused. Secrecy would conduce to the success of a naval expedition. If it were to go forward, it was advisable that the measure should be discussed as little as possible, and for the time it was not necessary that the War Department should be made ac-

quainted with our purpose. The naval success in the two preceding expeditions, of which he had known but little and which had been quietly conducted, inspired the President with confidence in naval management and naval power, and with very little hesitation he came into the project. Difficulty was experienced, however, in getting satisfactory and reliable topographical and hydrographical information, and correct knowledge of the actual defences at the time. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as already stated, was acquainted with the river and the general aspect of the place, and felt confident the low shores and batteries could oppose no insurmountable obstruction, for the larger vessels could overlook them.

About this time Commander D. D. Porter returned with the steam frigate *Powhatan* from an irregular cruise on which he had been improperly sent. Having wholly failed to carry out the plan on which he had been surreptitiously despatched, he was subsequently ordered to the Gulf squadron, and had been stationed for a period off one of the mouths of the Mississippi. On his return the Navy Department, having decided to make a naval attack on the forts and city, was glad to avail itself of his recent observations, and of whatever information he possessed in regard to the river and the forts. He was therefore questioned and soon taken into our confidence. He entered with zeal into the views of the Department, but expressed great doubts whether the forts could be passed until reduced or seriously damaged. This he said might be effected by a flotilla of bomb-vessels with mortars, which could in forty-eight hours demolish the forts or render them untenable. Commander Porter's proposition was a departure from the original plan of the Navy Department, and was strongly objected to by the Assistant Secretary. It would not, however, have been good administration to have omitted any means considered by the army and Commander Porter, whom it consulted, essential to success; and as a mortar flotilla would furnish additional power and would probably render success more certain, it received favorable consideration from the President and Secretary of the Navy, and was adopted as a part of the programme.

As a coöperative military force would

be necessary, President Lincoln desired that General McClellan, who had just been installed General-in-Chief, should be advised of the plan and his approval and coöperation obtained. He therefore made an appointment for consultation at that officer's residence. At that time General McClellan occupied the house of Bayard Smith on the corner of H and Fourteenth streets, the present Washington residence of the Hon. Samuel Hooper of Boston. I had proposed that the conference should take place at the Executive Mansion, but the President objected that we should be constantly interrupted by persons whom he could not refuse to see—members of the Cabinet and others.

This meeting took place not far from the middle of November. My impression is, it was on the evening of the 15th. It was prior to the 18th of that month. I was accompanied to the conference by Assistant Secretary Fox and Commander D. D. Porter, both intelligent men in their profession and each acquainted with the passes of the Mississippi and aware of the difficulties to be overcome. These gentlemen called at my house by previous arrangement to talk over the subject about an hour before the meeting, and went with me to General McClellan's. The President, General McClellan, and the two gentlemen named, with myself, were the only persons present at the conference.

General McClellan listened attentively to the proposition, but I thought with little confidence in its success. To reduce the forts and capture New Orleans he seemed to suppose must of necessity be a military operation, which would require an army of at least 50,000 men. He could not spare so large a force, nor had he a competent military officer of high rank whom he could detail to command such an expedition and conduct the siege. When, however, he understood it was to be a naval expedition, and that a military force of 10,000 men to garrison the forts and hold the city after the navy had obtained possession was all that was required, he came readily into the arrangement. We had already obtained the promise of 2,500 men for Ship Island, who were to be largely reinforced for a descent on Texas or an attack on Mobile. These troops, which were being recruited, might go forward with that expectation, and at the

proper time when the navy was ready could be diverted to the Mississippi and New Orleans.

The proposal of Commander Porter for a bomb flotilla met his decided approval. He deemed such a battery absolutely essential to success. As our preparations would be formidable and consequently attract attention, and as there were spies and rebel sympathizers among us, it was concluded it would be best that the impression should continue that Texas or Mobile was the objective point, without specifying which; and to make matters still more indefinite, Charleston and Savannah were talked of. Profound and impenetrable secrecy in regard to New Orleans was enjoined upon each and all.

Major Barnard, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac, who had been employed on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and knew their strength, was by advice of General McClellan consulted. This officer fully appreciated the magnitude of the movement and its immense importance to the country. He also approved ascending the river to capture the city, but considered it all-important that the forts should be reduced before any attempt was made to go above them. This he recommended should be a combined army and navy movement with ironclads and mortars.

The original proposition of the Navy Department was to run past the forts and capture the city, when, the fleet being above and communication cut off, the lower defences must fall. But the military gentlemen deemed the reduction of the forts before the passage of the naval vessels was attempted to be absolutely indispensable. The General-in-Chief, whose time and mind were occupied with the immense army then organizing in front of Washington, designated Major Barnard for consultation and advice in this naval expedition, to which he could not give the attention its importance demanded. Major Barnard in successive interviews, and finally in a private memorandum, after giving the whole subject consideration, states: "I should consider necessary, first, a powerful fleet bearing from 300 to 400 guns (as many XI. and IX. guns as can be had); second, half a dozen ironclad gunboats (or as many more as can be had); third, 10,000 troops (all these might not be necessary in reducing the

works, but they should be with the expedition to take immediate advantage of its success). I should hope to reduce the works without regular siege operations; but even if it became necessary to resort to them, the powerful artillery of the fleet would make a large siege train unnecessary. . . . The fleet should be accompanied by say 15 to 20 mortar vessels, such as are now being equipped. . . . But to pass those works (merely) with a fleet and appear before New Orleans is merely a raid—no capture. New Orleans and the river cannot be held until communications are perfectly established."

These were the general views of an officer who appreciated and always did justice to the navy; who did not think 50,000 men or regular siege approaches necessary; but who called for half a dozen or more ironclads when we had not one, and deemed fifteen or twenty mortar vessels essential, and the reduction of the forts before the passage of the vessels was attempted to be necessary.

Commander Porter took a similar view in regard to the reduction of the forts before the passage of the ships. He proposed to destroy the works in forty-eight hours with a mortar flotilla, and was confident he could effect their destruction in that time. In its essential features his proposition corresponded with those of the army engineer. Both made it a point that the forts should be first reduced. Both were strongly combated by the Assistant Secretary, who adhered to the original naval programme, that the steamers could pass the forts without reducing or even bombarding them. But in deference to military authority and the confident assertions of Commander Porter, the proposition of the latter for a mortar flotilla was adopted as an auxiliary force, which might render assistance and be of no detriment to the expedition.

The labor of preparation, especially after the scheme of a bomb flotilla was adopted, became immense, and was entered upon with alacrity and energy. Suitable vessels were to be purchased and adapted to war purposes; immense mortars and shells were to be cast and mortar beds prepared; guns, carriages, projectiles, ordnance of every description ordered, and stores and supplies of all kinds provided.

It was now an interesting inquiry what

naval officer should be selected to command the expedition. An officer was wanted to carry out a plan already determined upon by the Department—a plan that was not in all respects concurred in by the military authorities, which had not received their full sanction, nor had the original programme the approval of any naval officer. The duty to be imposed upon him was novel, and required courage, audacity, tact, and fearless energy, with great self-reliance, decisive judgment, and ability to discriminate and act under trying and extraordinary circumstances. He was to be made fully acquainted with the object and purposes of the Department, and to identify himself with them. He was also to be informed of the deviations which, on the suggestion and recommendations of others, had from abundance of caution been made. These he was to adopt or dispose of as he might judge best when on his post and in full command, but with a distinct understanding that he would be held accountable for the result. Every prominent name in the higher grades of the navy was studied and scanned. The merits and characteristics of each officer in the service had been canvassed in every particular after the war commenced, and the especial traits and reliability of each one examined, that we might know his qualities and fidelity, in order that we might rightly judge to what place or position he was best adapted. Seniority had its influence, but was not always satisfactory. Among the few marked for ability, nautical experience, and long and faithful service, but who had never yet been given a high command nor been fully tested and tried as chief, was Captain David Glasgow Farragut. Other names were considered and their merits weighed, examined, and compared. The important question of earnest, devoted loyalty to the Constitution and the Union was of course a primary consideration. There was little doubt that the naval officers who had continued in service until the close of 1861, when this subject was under consideration, were faithful; but there were different degrees of fidelity as well as of capacity. Some officers had wavered at the beginning, who became afterward zealous in the cause; some throughout were cool and indifferent, who nevertheless obeyed orders as a matter of duty; but most of those who remained in

the navy were patriotic and devoted to the country and the flag. Such as believed their obligations to their State or section to be paramount to those they owed their country had, prior to or at the commencement of hostilities, shown the sincerity of their convictions by tendering their resignations and leaving the service. With scarcely an exception, those who withdrew were Southern men.

But the general demoralization which prevailed throughout the South caused the Navy Department, and for that matter every branch of the Government, to hesitate and doubt who that belonged to that section could be trusted. So general was the defection that confidence in all was impaired. Such was the uncertainty in regard to men, and so sectional the conflict, that the Navy Department felt it a duty at the commencement of difficulties to supersede every Southern officer in command of a vessel on a foreign station. But while the great body of Southern officers left the service in that crisis, those that remained were, with scarcely an exception, of undoubted and marked fidelity and patriotism. Sacrifices which others did not and could not make they submitted to. From a sense of duty and love of country they became aliens, exiles from their homes and kindred. Prominent among these was Captain Farragut, a Southern man by birth, a resident of the South from choice. He had never been a party man, and the doctrine of secession when introduced struck him with abhorrence, as not only an error but a crime. Nationality is a sentiment with men who are employed professionally and for life in the Federal service; and among military, and especially naval officers, there is an undoubted tendency to centralism. Extraordinary efforts were made by leaders in the secession movement to enlist the State pride, local feeling, and personal ambition of naval officers of the South, and to weaken their Federal attachment. To a considerable extent these intrigues were successful. Failing to make themselves acquainted with the true political theory and structure of our system, many officers, naval and military, educated by their country and paid from its treasury, became estranged from the Union and abandoned the flag. Not so with Farragut. Nothing could shake his fidelity to the country and Government, which he

loved with filial devotion and had served from his earliest youth. Residing at Norfolk, unemployed, on waiting orders, in the winter and spring of 1861, he watched with amazement and intense interest the exciting political movements of the period, and for the first time in his life became an active partisan. With his whole heart and energies he maintained the cause of the Union, and contributed to its success in Virginia by the triumphant vote in February, when the secessionists were beaten by 60,000 majority. In the belief that this clear expression of the popular sentiment was conclusive and the State made faithful, he reposed in comparative yet vigilant security until the firing on Sumter, when the violence of the secessionists, followed by the secret action of the Convention at Richmond, warned him that Virginia had swung from her moorings. The Convention was composed of a majority of nominal Union men, but many of them were of a passive and negative character, who trusted there would yet in some way be a compromise. The secessionists, who were violent, positive, revolutionary, and wanted no compromise, cowed and controlled them. On the day when intelligence was received that the ordinance of secession had passed the Convention, Captain Farragut determined to abandon Norfolk and the State. His home should be in the Union; he would recognize and serve under no flag but that under which he was born, which for fifty years, in every land and clime, he had supported, and to defend which he had always been ready to yield his life; his hand should never be raised against it, nor would he be indifferent to its cause. Collecting hastily a few valuables, he placed his wife, sister, and their children in a carriage, put his loaded pistols in his pocket, and within two hours from the reception of the news that Virginia had decided to secede he proceeded to the Baltimore steamer, then at the wharf. Leaving all else behind, he resolved not to be denationalized or torn from the Union; he would know no country but that which he had loved and served from his childhood. The next day he passed through Baltimore, then in that excited insurrection which followed the massacre of the Massachusetts volunteers. The ordinary channels of travel by steamers and railroads were interrupted, and in the general

confusion it was difficult to procure means of transportation or to leave the city. He found by accident that a common canal boat was leaving the wharf for Philadelphia. On this boat, which had indifferent accommodations for about eighteen persons, there were crowded nearly three hundred—fugitives, like himself and family, seeking refuge in the North. He reached New York after some annoyance and inconvenience with but slight pecuniary means to sustain himself and his exiled and dependent family. Being on waiting orders—for the Department, which did not then know these particulars, was moving with cautious, vigilant, and wary steps, careful and guarded whom to trust, and in the employment of Southern officers particularly circumspect—Captain Farragut felt his pecuniary resources insufficient for his support in the great metropolis. Always modest and unobtrusive, and almost a stranger in New York, he found a resting place for a few days under the roof of a friend whom he had previously known, until he could obtain a secluded place out of the city, adapted to his limited means. He succeeded in getting a modest cottage at Hastings on the Hudson at a rent of \$150 per annum, which he plainly furnished, and to which, with one servant, he retired to await events—ready, however, and anxious to serve his country and give himself to her cause.

Active employment was not immediately given him, partly for reasons already stated, and partly because there were not at that early day naval vessels and positions for all in the higher grades.

A sifting of the naval officers was required to preserve harmony and render the service efficient. Some of them were old and infirm; some were physically and others mentally incompetent; but none would admit infirmity, and all wanted employment. While it might have been wrong to dismiss any of them from the service, it would have been a greater wrong to have given some of them active duty. Congress, therefore, at the extra session in the summer of 1861, took steps to relieve the Department of this difficulty, and under the act of August 3, 1861, for the better organization of the military establishment, a board of officers was convened to name such as should be retired from active service. Captain Farragut was made a member of that board. The duty

was delicate and responsible, requiring sagacity, just discrimination, impartiality, and decision; for they were to take the Register and pass on the merits of each and every officer on the active list of the navy.

I had met and been favorably impressed by Captain Farragut some fifteen years previously, during the Mexican war, when I was officiating in the Navy Department as chief of a naval bureau. He at that time made what was considered a remarkable proposition to the then Secretary of the Navy, John Y. Mason, which was a plan to take the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. I was present when he stated and urged his plan. It was characterized by the earnest, resolute, and brave daring which at a later day was distinctly brought out in our great civil conflict. Secretary Mason heard him patiently, but dismissed him and his project as visionary and impracticable. The officer and the interview I remembered; and though we had not met for years, the impression then made upon me remained and was alluded to. He was gratified with my allusion to it, and remarked they thought him crazy, but he was still satisfied the enterprise was feasible and that he would have taken the castle had he been permitted the opportunity. Naval men in whom I confided spoke well of him, but I think few, if any, appreciated his high and really strong qualities, and most of them, if aware of the New Orleans expedition, and had the choice of a commander devolved upon them, would likely have selected some other favorite. Farragut was attached to no clique, which is sometimes the bane of the navy, was as modest and truthful as he was self-reliant and brave, had individuality, and resorted to none of the petty contrivances common with many for position and advancement.

A division of the Atlantic squadron had been made in the autumn, when Flag Officer Du Pont embarked for Port Royal; and the extensive coast west of the Florida peninsula justified a division of the squadron in the Gulf. Such a division would throw the contemplated New Orleans expedition within the limits of the western squadron, and the necessary appointment of an additional flag officer would serve as a cover to the expedition, and not excite curiosity or comment as to any ulterior purpose. In scanning the

Register with the Assistant Secretary for the flag officer to command the expedition he spoke favorably of Farragut, and his recommendation chimed in with my own impressions and convictions. Further inquiries were necessary, however, before deciding so important a question. This was attended with some difficulty and embarrassment. There were rivalries and jealousies in the service to be encountered. The knowledge of the expedition was confined to a few, and could not well be imparted to others, even to those whose opinions it was an object to ascertain. Nor would it do to select and make known the purpose in hand to one who would hesitate, or who had not the combined dash, daring, heroism, good sense, and judgment to execute the important trust. The responsibility of selecting the commander was great. Everything depended upon it, and the country would, and ought to, hold the Secretary of the Navy responsible for the selection. Many excellent officers in secondary or subordinate positions, who implicitly obey orders, fail as leaders or commanders-in-chief. In the long interval of peace our officers had not had opportunity to develop their respective peculiar or extraordinary qualities and capabilities, nor had the Department the benefit of any such development to assist in its choice. Farragut had a good reputation, had been severely trained, and had always done his duty well, but had never commanded a squadron or achieved eminent distinction. His name is now a household word, and his fame extends abroad; but in 1861 he was not more prominent than others of his grade. Those great qualities which have since been brought out were dormant. He had a good but not a conspicuous record. All who knew him gave him the credit of being a good officer, of good sense and good habits, who had faithfully and correctly discharged his duty in every position to which he had been assigned. There were others also endowed with these traits, but the question was, Had he, or any one, the higher qualities which are essential for a chief, and were indispensable for this the most important naval expedition ever undertaken by the United States, and which in fact had, in some respects, no precedent or parallel in naval annals? Would he adopt the Department plan, make it his own, and carry it into

effect? We had at that time no admiral or chief naval officer to identify himself in our programme, and whom to consult, and collision and rivalries among the commanders of squadrons were to be avoided; at the same time subordinates were to be impressed with confidence and zeal.

Flag Officer McKean, who succeeded Commodore Mervine in command of the Gulf squadron, found his health giving way under his extensive and exacting duties; it was therefore necessary as well as expedient that a division of the squadron should be made.

The Assistant Secretary, Mr. Fox, was directed to obtain Commander Porter's opinion of Captain Farragut. There had been an intimacy between the families of Farragut and Porter, dating back to the administration of Mr. Jefferson, when the father of Admiral Farragut had conferred essential favors on the elder Porter, who had reciprocated those favors by assisting young Glasgow Farragut, then a boy nine or ten years of age, to obtain a midshipman's warrant. He adopted him as a protégé, and made him virtually one of his family. In gratitude and affection young Farragut soon after took the name of David, and was so baptized in the Episcopal church at Newport. As Commander Porter had been let into the secret of the expedition, and the relations between him and Farragut were such as here stated, there was propriety in getting his opinions preliminary to inquiries of Farragut himself. Admirals Shubrick, Joseph Smith, and one or two others, spoke well of him for the position of flag officer, without being at the time aware of the other and important ultimate design of the Department. It now became important to ascertain the ideas, feelings, and views of Captain Farragut himself, and this, if possible, before informing him of the expedition, or committing the Department in any respect. Nothing, as has been stated, was put on paper which related to the actual destination of the expedition, and every movement was made with caution and circumspection. Under these circumstances it was thought best to intrust Commander Porter with a confidential mission to proceed to New York on business relating to the mortar flotilla, and while there to ascertain, in personal interviews and conversations on naval matters and belligerent operations gener-

ally, the views of Captain Farragut on the subject of such a programme and naval attack as was proposed by the Navy Department, without advising him of our object or letting him know that the Department had any purpose in Porter's inquiries or knew of them. The following letter, written to Commander Porter, is so worded as to furnish no information of the expedition or the special object intrusted to him. It is the first preparatory order for bomb vessels and mortars destined for the Mississippi. His authority to see and sound Captain Farragut was unwritten:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, November 18, 1861.

Commander DAVID D. PORTER, U. S. Navy,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Proceed to Philadelphia and New York and examine at those places the schooners purchased by the Government, whether any of them are suitable for bomb vessels. In New York Mr. George D. Morgan, 84 Exchange Place, and Commander Henry H. Bell, will show you what vessels of that class are already fitted for service. If, in your judgment, none of these are capable of being arranged for mortars, you are authorized to purchase six suitable vessels, and Commander Bell will arrange them as you may suggest. Consult with the Ordnance Bureau before you leave Washington relative to the mortars.

You will also examine the iron-clad vessels now building at Philadelphia, New York, and Mystic, Connecticut, and report the result on your return. Upon the completion of this duty, you will return to Washington.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELLES.

Commander Porter's report of his interviews with Captain Farragut was favorable, and that officer was, on the 15th of December, detached from special duty and ordered to Washington, that the Department, before committing itself in this important matter, might be fully assured in regard to him in all respects. The proceedings had reached such a point, the programme was so well settled and defined, and the preparations were so far advanced, that we could no longer postpone the selection of the officer who was to command; and it was equally necessary he should know the fact and the labor, dangers, and responsibilities he was to assume. Captain Farragut, under this summons, arrived in Washington on Saturday the 21st of December, and in order that the Department should continue uncommitted, the Assistant Secretary was authorized to have a free, social, and discretionary talk with him on the subject, before his interview with myself. This he did on the

day Captain Farragut arrived at the house of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Blair, where he dined, and who, as I afterward learned, was present at that interview. Captain Farragut entered at once so heartily into the subject, and was so earnest and enthusiastic, that Mr. Fox unhesitatingly made known to him the purpose of the Department, and exhibited a list of the vessels which were being prepared for the expedition. Then, and in subsequent interviews with myself, he gave his unqualified approval of the original plan, adopted it with enthusiasm, said it was the true way to get to New Orleans, and offered to run by the forts with even a less number of vessels than we were preparing for him, provided that number could not be supplied. He was made acquainted with the project of a mortar flotilla, to be commanded by Commander Porter. This, though not of his advisement, he said he would take with him; as it was a part of the enterprise, and some of the vessels and mortars had already been procured; but they were of less importance, in his estimation, and he placed less reliance on them than others. In every particular he came up to all that was expected and re-

quired. To obey orders, he said, was his first duty; to take any risk that might be imposed upon him by the Government, to obtain a great result, he considered obligatory; and believing it imperative that a good officer and citizen should frankly, but respectfully, communicate his professional opinions, he said, while he would not have advised the mortar flotilla, it might be of greater benefit than he anticipated, might be more efficient than he expected, and he willingly adopted it as a part of his command, though he apprehended it would be likely to warn the enemy of our intentions. He expected, however, to pass the forts and restore New Orleans to the Government, or never return. He might not come back, he said, but the city would be ours. Admiral Farragut was never profuse in promises, but he felt complimented that he was selected, and I saw that in modest self-reliance he considered himself equal to the emergency and to the expectation of the Government. He was, therefore, on the 23d of December, directed to hold himself in readiness to take command of the West Gulf squadron and the expedition to New Orleans.

GIDEON WELLES.

DEAD.

THE belle of the ball to-night!
 The fairest where all were fair!
 With eyes, they said, more dazzling bright
 Than the diamonds with which I was all alight—
 With a *heart*—ah! the darkness *there*!

Whence could the words have come
 That fell in a sparkling stream
 From my lips? for my stricken soul was dumb
 And dark in death, and my senses numb,
 And I danced as if in a dream!

I felt that my face was bright,
 I heard that my lips were brave.
 Ah! bravely they challenged and won, in fight
 With tongues wit-sharpened—while, wan and white,
 My soul lay dead in her grave!

Dead!—and her ghost, so pale,
 From my eyes looked forth, and met
 Two eyes in the crowd—ah! I saw them quail
 And shrink, like serpents beneath the bale
 Of that look they shall never forget!

M. T. G.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. THEOBALD FOLLOWS UP HIS LUCK.

SUCH, reader, is the real, true, unvarnished history of this memorable Saturday evening. Half an hour later young Rawdon, musing much on the fatuitous constancy, and much on the painful want of discrimination to be met with in woman's nature, is on his road back to the station. Half an hour later Mrs. Theobald stands blankly looking out into the wet dark night again, not a thought but the miserable, ever-present one of Theobald, and of her own corroding jealousy, in her heart. But such is not the way that history is written by the wise heads of Liddington. The station master's niece is Mrs. Pippin's housemaid, or the Theobalds' cook is first cousin to Mrs. Coventry Brown's scullion: one need not be mathematically precise as to the channels through which parochial small-talk diffuses itself!

— that small, small, imperceptible
Small-talk, which cuts like powdered glass
Ground in Tophana.

"Rawdon Crosbie came down from London last night expressly to call on Mrs. Theobald, her husband away from home, and she received him! But then what can you expect? Mrs. Pippin herself overheard her say to the Duke of Malta, of all men, that Nothing was against her principles; and what made it additionally awkward, dear Lydia was obliged to hear it too. Still Lydia Pippin is no chicken. Lydia Pippin must be seven-and-twenty if she's a day!"

"For my part, I don't know what society is coming to. A young woman like Mrs. Theobald to receive a bachelor's visit at such an hour of the night, and her husband absent!"

"Mrs. Theobald is in the habit of having bachelor parties in her husband's absence. All actresses, it is well known, have these free manners!"

"Mrs. Theobald"—the story like a snow-ball acquiring bulk and consistency as it rolls—"Mrs. Theobald gave a large bachelor party last night, her husband absent; and, whatever his faults, poor

creature, one must *feel* for Francis Theobald! Rawdon Crosbie and a party of young men and actresses (of free manners) came down to it by the express. Sure of it? Ah, we have our information from only too good a source, Mrs. Coventry Brown's Sarah," and so forth.

Coming out of church, people talk over the latest Theobald scandal in whispers. It reaches the deaf old rector before the deaf old clerk has helped him off with his gown in the vestry. It reaches Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie. It reaches poor Emmy, who indeed has the news "broken" to her, with the sort of feline tenderness you may see shown to a disabled mouse, by Adonis Hervey. It reaches every house in the neighborhood, excepting perhaps The Folly—an atmosphere unfavorable to the milk-and-water gossip which forms strong meat to the unsophisticated palates of the Liddington babes.

Along the "primrose paths" of The Folly everything glides at its usual smooth and tranquil downhill pace. An opportune acquisition to Lady Rose's household arrived last night in the person of a certain well-known, somewhat too well-known London celebrity, Colonel Desmond, an old and devoted friend of Miss Childers. "Poor Harry Desmond has got a wife somewhere about in the world, so people *can't* say anything spiteful about him and me," Loo will declare. "Delightful to enjoy one honest friendship without being suspected of base matrimonial motives." And sauntering slowly at Harry Desmond's side among the roses and butterflies, or reclining in the shadiest of pagoda summer-houses, while Harry Desmond smokes and tells her the last news from town, right pleasantly does Loo improve the shining hours of this Sunday afternoon in Mr. Smylie's absence.

Lady Rose devotes herself exclusively to Theobald, and, if she does not succeed in amusing him, keeps him at least from being more than negatively bored. Mr. Theobald is exceedingly sleepy to-day, if the truth be told. He was up late last night, Colonel Desmond and the Duke both being fond of a little play, and won

largely—as you will often observe men to win at cards when they are letting the best stakes of life slip unheeded through their fingers! The temperature of the Folly gardens is delicious; the Duke's cigars are irreproachable; Lady Rose possesses that excellent thing in woman, a low-pitched, soothing voice, and what she says is not of a nature to call for any brain exertion whatever in the way of replies. Under these favorable conditions Francis Theobald, veritable lotus-eater that he is, dreams through the hours from luncheon till dinner-time, unruffled in spirit, unvexed by any haunting thought of to-morrow, or of the domestic jars to-morrow is likely to bring with it.

He has by nature the fatallest short mental vision with which mortal was ever endowed. It is not that he will not look—the man *cannot* look beyond the present moment. He has drifted into this friendship, flirtation, intrigue, call it by what name you will, with Lady Rose, not caring for her, caring for Jane in his heart as he has always done, but won by the French cook and round games, and the absolute dulness of Theobalds, and the necessity—necessity that has brought many worthier men than he to grief—of doing something with one's evenings. And now, not knowing what he risks, not seeing whither he goes, behold him drifting further and further still!

Jenny lost her temper, they both lost their tempers, about that ridiculous note yesterday. (The way Lady Rose received it, Theobald at her side, was angelic. No other word befits the occasion.) Wise for him to keep out of the way till the storm blows over, as it must do, like all other storms. Poor Jenny! As it is Sunday, she will be sure to have Brabazon, or Dolly Standish, or some other young fellow from the fort, to amuse her; and then she will have finery for the races to think of, and the races themselves, and the race ball on Wednesday—but no; everything unpleasant will be forgotten long before Wednesday—or so Mr. Theobald thinks!

At dinner the Duke, who has been absent the best part of the afternoon, remarks casually that he was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Theobald at home when he called on her to-day. “And I am over head and ears in love with your daughter, Theobald,” adds his Grace pleasantly. “She has promised to marry

me when she is eighteen, and her mamma consents. Do you?”

Mr. Theobald, thus addressed, puts up his glass and with the most perfect equanimity in the world looks across the table into the Duke of Malta's face. “I consent to whatever my wife tells me is best,” he remarks meekly. “In everything connected with domestic matters I look upon myself simply as non-existent.”

Colonel Desmond, knowing pretty well the extent of his Grace's admiration for Mrs. Theobald—for, indeed, the Duke of Malta is not over-reticent in such matters—Colonel Desmond gives Theobald a curious kind of look and turns the conversation. Lady Rose and Loo Childers exchange glances.

At night the Duke is again a heavy loser. When Lady Rose proposes next day to Theobald that he shall remain at Beaudesert till the morning of Wednesday, the race day, it almost appears to him in the light of a duty that he should follow up his luck and do so. But he must of course go over to Theobalds first, see his wife, and find out if her plans for the week will be disconcerted by his prolonged absence.

“Oh, that of course,” cries Lady Rose, wincing in the spirit, but with her softest smile and voice. “And if you can only persuade Mrs. Theobald to have no better engagement, and to dine with us to-day, do.”

So in the afternoon Lady Rose's pony carriage is at Mr. Theobald's disposal, and he drives over to Theobalds. Jane is not at home. “Missus have gone out for a walk, and Miss Blossy too,” Esther the housemaid explains to her master. “And the Duke of Malta is with them, sir!” In rather an awe-struck tone, this. “The Duke of Malta called soon after Miss Blossy's dinner, and I heard missus say they might as well all walk over to Lidlington together.”

Mr. Theobald receives the intelligence with perfect sweet temper, just a little relieved perhaps at being quit for the moment of domestic explanations. He inquires how Mrs. Theobald is, and Miss Blossy; then saunters, whistling, his hands in his pockets, into the breakfast room, and writes the following affectionate note, which he leaves folded, but unsealed, upon the table:

DEAREST JENNY: I am thinking of stopping at The Folly till Wednesday morning. Explain

why when we meet. I shall come over in good time to drive with you and Min to the course.

Your most affectionate husband, F. T.

If there is anything to bring me back sooner, be sure you let me know. How about persuading Min to stay for the ball in the evening?

Having done which, Francis Theobald feels that he has discharged every domestic and social duty that can possibly be expected of him, and, with the lightened heart that ever waits on a conscience at ease with itself, goes back to Beaudesert and to Lady Rose Golightly for another couple of days.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF THINGS.

ALL grades and sections of Chalkshire society go, as we have seen, to the Lidlington flower show; the serious-minded early, the carnal-minded late, the halters between ultra-fast and ultra-slow at the intermediate hour that corresponds with the vague and neutral-tinted hue of "their philosophy."

But as regards the races it is otherwise. A clever hand may trim even here, but it must be with a difference. Thus Mrs. Crosbie, while disclaiming all prejudice on the score of races as races—has not Mr. Crosbie for years consented to act as one of the stewards?—finds that the glare of the chalk soil on the common has a tendency to affect the eyes, and (unless peradventure any persons of title offer her a seat in their carriage) makes a point of paying a round of distant visits with Emma on the race day. The Pippin family remain at home, and avoid subscribing to the fund on principle, but watch the race-goers from behind their drawing-room window-blinds, and think no evil of attending the race ball in the evening. Mrs. Coventry Brown considers it a "dooty" to grace the course with her presence, but leaves *after the cup race*, a compromise the fine-drawn delicacy of which it would be hard to overpraise. The absolutely, impractically unworldly set not only shjure horse-racing itself, but also the very sight of those who frequent the unhallowed sport, strictly keeping within doors for the day, and putting up the shutters of such windows as command a view, near or distant, of the Belial-thronged road.

And this is the set to which Francis Theobald's sisters belong. Great, there-

fore, is the shock occasioned to Thomas, the serious coachman, when, on the morning of August the 1st, in this particular year of grace 188—, he receives orders from Miss Charlotte Theobald's own fair lips to get out the brougham! Thomas, with whom it is an article of faith that the servants in unworldly families should have the race day to themselves and to the quiet enjoyment of beer and skittles at "The Unicorn."

However, what Miss Charlotte rules not even Thomas, a despot in his way, may gainsay. Round drives the brougham, a quarter of an hour after the order is given, to the Miss Theobalds' front door, and forth a minute later emerge the two Miss Theobalds; black-robed, funeral-faced, with crape veils concealing their maiden faces from the profane eye of man.

"To my brother's—the shortest road," ejaculates Miss Charlotte as Thomas, finger to hat, stands inquiring—his whole mental nature in a state of confusion—as to which road he shall take. "To my brother's, I say. Are you deaf?"

And then away, with blinds closely drawn down, the sombre, old-fashioned brougham starts off—*against* the tide of race-going vehicles, vans, farmers' carts, ginger-beer trucks, and the like, so not without peril to shafts and wheels and Thomas's temper—in the direction of Theobalds.

It is exactly half-past ten when Dioeletian's Roman nose enters the great gates from the avenue, and the first sight that greets the Miss Theobalds is that of two summer-clad youthful figures leaning forth, laughing and talking with resonant cheerfulness, from the drawing-room window—a small voice within, by dint of the volume with which it is executing the "Ten Little Nigger Boys," giving the impression of a whole room full of uproarious company in the background.

The figures dart away, the "Nigger Boys" have died into profoundest silence by the time the brougham stops. But if Francis and his wife have any intention of denying themselves in this shameless manner to their own flesh and blood, Miss Charlotte Theobald thanks Heaven *she* has sufficient moral courage, sufficient sense of right, to circumvent their intentions.

"Your mistress is at home," she asserts the moment Esther the housemaid opens the door. "Let me out of the car-

riage, Thomas. I saw Mrs. Theobald at the window as we passed."

And straight from the brougham into the house and on to the drawing-room Miss Charlotte stalks, mutely followed, with deprecating steps, with various melancholy little shakes of the head, by the elder sister.

What an altered house Theobalds has become after only four weeks of misrule—a four weeks' reign of anarchy! Its aspect makes Miss Charlotte choke, and brings tears to the milder eyes of Anne Theobald. Open windows and doors let in dust, draughts, and sunshine as they list. The indecent sound of a servant singing—singing over her work—may be heard from the kitchen. A tiny spade, a garden hat, a battered doll, indications of a child's untidy, ungoverned life, are everywhere. An old smoking-cap of Mr. Theobald's is stuck with a rakish air on the venerable head of Blossy's friend, the Mandarin. The very Cupids on the ceiling wear a dissipated and bacchanalian aspect. Upon the drawing-room carpet shreds of muslin and ribbon lie thick as on the floor of a milliner's workshop. Odors of millefleurs and musk tell still of the "half-world" presence of Miss Minnie Arundel.

"And this is what Theobalds has sunk to," says the elder Miss Theobald, throwing back her veil, while she raises her handkerchief to her eyes. "In less than five weeks they have taken as many years' lawful wear out of the carpet."

"Theobalds and all belonging to Theobalds will sink a good deal lower yet," is Miss Charlotte's response. "Reserve your tears, Anne, pray. You will have a worthier occasion for them, depend upon it, than a few dozen yards of spoiled carpet."

After this they relapse into silence, ceremoniously standing, each of them, as though they were in the house of an utter stranger; and at the end of two or three minutes' time Jane makes her appearance.

She wears no finery, has copied nothing from the simpering fashion-book dolls after all. A white muslin dress made up hastily by her own hands over night, a sailor hat trimmed with a band of blue ribbon, a pair of neatly-fitting primrose gloves—this is Jane's attire for the Chalkshire races. Just the kind of holiday dress she would have been able to afford in

the days before she ever saw Mr. Theobald, the days when an outing with Uncle Dick to Sydenham or Hampstead comprised all that the poor little ballet child knew or could have imagined of possible terrestrial enjoyment.

Charlotte Theobald eyes her fixedly and with cutting minuteness. An hour spent with Min, who came down by the nine o'clock train, an hour of Min's high spirits and lively heart-whole chatter, has given color and animation to Jane's face. But the lines of the face have changed; the softness, the ineffable grace of earliest youth have gone from it forever since that evening, four weeks ago, when she entered the room singing, laughing, full of careless, undoubting trust in the future, upon her husband's arm.

A form of iciest hand-shaking is gone through between the sisters-in-law. Then, each seating herself upon the edge of a chair, and keeping frightfully, uncompromisingly upright, the Miss Theobalds ask after their brother. With a little flush of the cheek Jane answers that Theobald has been staying away from home, whereupon Miss Charlotte, who knows accurately where he is, and how long he has been there, inquires into details.

"Theobald is staying at The Folly," says Jane in a voice of well-assumed unconcern. "He has been there the last three or four days. But if you want to see him, you'll only have to wait a few minutes. Theobald is to be here in time to take my sister and me to the races."

A pause. Anne Theobald fidgets with her bonnet strings, clears her throat, then begins some remark as to "the weather having cooled down since the rain, but—"

"I came to speak to Francis," interrupts Charlotte, her eyes still riveted on Jane's face. "But in his absence I suppose I must say what I have got to say to you alone. Indeed, I don't know but that it is best so. You are going to the races, it appears. And to the race ball afterwards? So I concluded." A sniff for every full stop. "There are never any Lady Patronesses for the race ball."

"Well, that at least is one advantage," says Jane bravely. "Lady Patronesses remind me of Ladies' Committees, and Ladies' Committees remind me of black-balling."

"I should have thought you would re-

quire nothing to remind you of *that!* Ahem. It is four weeks last Saturday since you entered this house."

"Four weeks last Saturday!" echoes Jane, bitterly recollecting what new experiences of life she has gained during these four fatal weeks.

"I said to my brother then, in your presence, that as long as you remained in the neighborhood I hoped I should never have cause for painful discussions on any subject. In hoping this I was a fool. Mrs. Francis Theobald," bringing out each syllable with cruel, stinging emphasis, "do you, can you, by any effort, do you think, bring yourself to understand the meaning of the word *disgrace*?"

Forth flashes the mutinous spirit from Jane's blue eyes. "If I understand? Really I hardly know what you are talking about. If I understand the meaning of plain English? To the best of my belief, yes."

("We—we have lived in Chalkshire for more than two hundred years," interpolates the elder Miss Theobald plaintively, "and respected by everybody, high and low. When poor mamma died we sent out more than a hundred and twenty cards of thanks for inquiries.")

"Because if you do, you will the better appreciate the motive of our visit. The Theobalds for generations past have borne a good name and kept up an honorable position in this county. You have lived here exactly four weeks and three days, and in that time have succeeded in dragging our name and our honor into the mud."

"I!" exclaims Jane, every nerve in her body tingling with sudden passion. "I!"

"Yes, you. But if you will hear me out, if you will have the goodness to command yourself, you will find that I do my best to judge you righteously. You don't belong—plain speaking in a matter like this is quick speaking—you don't belong in any way to the world that condemns you here. And I try to believe as a Christian, and from a sense of what I owe my brother, I try to believe that the scandal you have occasioned has been brought about partly through ignorance. As a Christian, I say, I try to believe this."

"You are most considerate, I'm sure," exclaims Jane, with quivering lips.

"My sister was for going to the seaside, shirking the pain of our position, and leaving things to take their chance. But I," says Miss Charlotte, "am no

coward! I will never shirk a trial, however dark, that Providence may choose to send me. Whatever you do, to whatever you may sink, you will still be my brother's wife; and I shall no more be able to disown you than if your conduct were honest, your reputation unsullied."

At the word "honest" Jane Theobald rises to her feet. She rises, stands before her sisters-in-law erect, and speaks out what she thinks! Jane has great dramatic power by nature. Her attitude, her face, are in this moment really fine. Every syllable she utters, though her voice is scarcely raised to common speaking pitch, falls with extraordinary point and power on her hearers' ears.

"I do not belong to your world, you say, to the world of your Chalkshire society? No, I do not. I belong by birth, by bringing-up, by every strongest affection I have, to the class of poor, hard-working people—strolling actors, orchestra people, ballet-girls, vagabonds of all kinds. I say this with pride. As far as want of hypocrisy can entitle any man or woman to the name 'honest,' my world is an honest one far than the world of Chalkshire society."

At these fearful words the elder Miss Theobald feels herself actually to shrivel. She has the narrowest bit of a soul that ever mortal absorbed in contemplation of its own gastric imperfections had; is not so much intolerant towards as utterly incomprehensive of the wants and sorrows and frailties of lives alien to her own. That ballet-girls, strolling actors, and other dreadful vagrant creatures of the kind exist, Anne Theobald knows to be a fact, a dark but undeniable fact. That such creatures should seek to justify their existence, feel no shame in it, unblushingly exalt it above a recognized, clerically-organized, aristocratically-headed county society, stuns her!

"We should have done much better to go to Scarborough—I told you so, Charlotte. I told you any attempt at interference would be worse than useless."

"You always tell me that what involves trouble to yourself will be worse than useless, Anne," says Miss Charlotte, with an expression of verjuice. "Pray, if we are not going to stand by our brother's wife in her downfall, who will stand by her? What's the use of kneeling and bemoaning our lot as miserable sinners in church every Sunday if we abandon the

miserable sinners most nearly connected with our own families to their fate?"

Jane's face becomes as red as fire.

"Really, before this agreeable conversation goes further, I think I must beg for a little enlightenment," she cries. "Evidently I am the miserable sinner you speak of. In what consists my sin? What is my 'dishonesty' of conduct? What is the 'scandal' I have occasioned in the neighborhood?"

The muscles of poor Anne Theobald's dust-colored face twitch convulsively. "We are sorely chastened, but we should have accepted the chastisement humbly," she remarks. "We should have done better, far, to go to Scarborough!"

"What you ask is natural," says Miss Charlotte, addressing Jane with cold dignity. "I wish to be just to all men. I will repeat to your face, *verbatim*, what is said behind your back. In the first place, there were the circumstances attending your meeting with the Crosbys at Spa. In the next, your intimacy here with young Rawdon Crosbie—at that time an engaged man—though unvisited by the ladies of the family. You were then seen with him, I believe, with some person of your own connection, at a public supper-room in London. And then you were blackballed by the Lidlington Croquet Club."

Anne Theobald's lips again murmur forth something, but the word "Scarborough" is all that is audible.

"On Saturday evening last Rawdon Crosbie came down from London and (not going near his own people) visited you here between the hours of eight and ten, your husband absent. It is also said that the Duke of Malta is becoming a constant visitor at your house."

Miss Charlotte pauses, a little out of breath.

"But still, of what am I accused?" asks Jane, not moving from her position. "All this I take to be the prologue, the opening flourish. Of what am I accused?"

"You are accused of conduct unbefitting your name and our brother's station!" cries Anne Theobald, for once in her life startled into decision. "And I did think you would have received our visit in a better spirit—we, who have never had the carriage out on a race day before. I'm sure Thomas must have thought of poor mamma as he drove us along; but of course we know there is

such a thing as Higher Duty. Any one of the actions my sister has named is sufficient justification to society for its verdict on you. No one ought, no one could visit a woman setting public opinion at naught as you do."

"No one does visit me," says Jane, coolly. "Society has told me I don't belong to it; I ask to be judged by something a little higher than society's opinions."

"A little higher!" gasps Anne Theobald, faintly.

"Yes, a little higher. I ask to be judged by the right and wrong of things. In the world I come from we may be lax, we *are* lax of conduct, most of us, and we know it. But what is wrong for one is wrong for all. What is right for one is right for all. You, ladies and gentlemen by birth, our betters, our masters, have, it seems, a sliding scale—a very sliding scale," cries poor Jane, "of virtue! What was my first sin against Chalkshire respectability? That I was not a certain dilapidated old *roué* Princess whom Mrs. Crosbie wished to scrape acquaintance with at Spa. My second? That I and my sister, an actress, were not ashamed to be seen at a place in London where Mrs. Crosbie was not ashamed to be seen herself. My third? That the Lidlington Croquet Club, blackballed me! The Lidlington Club that they say has long striven in vain for the honor of having a Lady Rose Golightly amongst its members. And this is justice!"

She laughs, a scornful, miserable little laugh enough, and the eldest Miss Theobald rises from her chair.

"I think you might have spared us this," she cries in a trembling voice. "Dispute the first principles of morality, call wrong right and right wrong, if you choose. You might at least, I think, abstain from maligning the society you have outraged."

"And I," says Miss Charlotte, laying a thin hand on each of her knees, "I think it would be much better, Anne, if all this useless talk on abstract subjects were left on one side. What justice is there in the world, I should like to know? None. There's a law for the rich and a law for the poor. A law for men, and a law for women. A law for the well-born, a law for those who are not. We are as much hypocrites here in Chalkshire as anywhere else. But all that has nothing

to do with the common-sense of things. I will not talk goody talk on a question that I know to be one of expediency. Lady Rose Golightly may do as she chooses, and float still, as she has always floated, because she is Lady Rose Golightly. If you," turning harshly to Jane, "continue to act as you are acting now, you'll go to the Dickens! Take my warning or leave it. I have fulfilled my duty. And I am ready to stand by you if I can. Anne, we may return home."

And with a more vigorous sniff than usual, Miss Charlotte Theobald starts to her feet, then, followed closely and in silence by the elder sister, moves towards the door.

With her heart swelling until the sensation is one of agony, Jane stands and watches them. Harsh, unwomanly, unpitying though Charlotte Theobald may be, Charlotte Theobald *is*, she feels, the one human hand outstretched upon this earth to save her. And she half yearns to grasp it! Miss Theobald's cold platitudes did but kindle her into fiercer rebellion; the coarse sincerity of Miss Charlotte's "You are going to the Dickens" has all but pierced her heart.

"I—I am sorry Theobald is not at home," she cries, a visible tremor in her voice.

"I am sorry for it, too," says Charlotte with cruel emphasis. "I am sorry your husband does not keep at home. Excuses enough are made for his conduct by the world. Not by me. Placed as you are, young, ignorant as you are, I say, though I know I stand alone in my opinion, that Francis's sin is the greater of the two."

At these words—words probing to the bottom that hidden, cruellest wound under which she languishes—Jane remains mute; the color leaving her cheek, her eyes fixed intently, piteously, upon Charlotte Theobald's hard face.

"Don't—don't say anything against Theobald, please," she falters out at last.

"Oh, I say nothing against anybody," answers Charlotte tardy. "I confine myself to facts. Lady Rose was the ruin of his youth. All the world knows that. After Lady Rose Beaudesert jilted him, Francis never cared a straw again for his family or his honor, or what became of either. She will be the ruin of him now. Men never outlive those idiotic sorts of infatuation!" cries Miss Charlotte, with an angry sniff over the generalization.

"I'm sure I wish Francis would let the house and go away somewhere," says the elder sister, Jane remaining silent and passive under this new form of attack. "It was a dreadful mistake his ever returning to a neighborhood where he was known. Whichever way one turns one sees nothing but unpleasantness, whichever way one turns disgrace——"

—Looks one suddenly, straight in the face, in the gayly-dressed smiling person of Miss Minnie Arundel! "Theobald has come, Jenny," cries Min, bursting into the room with the most delightful self-possession and good temper. "He drove up by the stable road, and has gone to change his coat, and where can I find him some blue gauze for his hat? Theobald says we shall not have much time to lose."

The severe goddess of good taste has not, it must be confessed, presided over Miss Minnie Arundel's race attire. It is a rare thing indeed for the poor little hard-worked actress to get a holiday, except on Sunday, and when she does get one she celebrates it by as elaborate a display of finery as her finances for the time enable her to command. Flounces, furbelows, paniers, the latest absurdity of a Regent street bonnet, jewels of different kinds on the throat and wrist, pearl powder, millefleurs, patchouli! What an apparition to enter the stately drawing-room, to stand beneath the hallowed carved ceiling of Theobalds! Our brother's wife is, alas! an actress; but indirectly, by training only. Here is the veritable thing, fresh, or faded, as you will, from the foot-lights of last night, surrounded by the very living, breathing corruption of the atmosphere of the stage.

Charlotte Theobald gives her an acrid stare, just as she would give an acrid stare to any woman younger, fairer, happier than herself. The soul of Anne Theobald is, if I may use the irreverent metaphor, literally taken off its legs. After regarding life on principle, for half a century, as a respectable but melancholy process through which the human race has to moulder, patiently dyspeptic, into another world, now to be brought into closest contact, under one's very roof-tree, with an actress—a creature "with borrowed color and curl," whose business it is, professionally, to put a false light and glitter and gloss on human life, and whose triumphs consist in enabling men, for a brief space, to forget the tomb, indiges-

tions, and other conditions of mortality; a creature with "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" for her acknowledged motto; and whose place in the great scheme of a decorously organized universe is nowhere!—I say to be thrown thus suddenly across this living, overdressed, pearl-powdered antithesis to every belief and prejudice of her being, takes Anne Theobald's tottering soul off its legs.

"Come, Charlotte, come!" she gasps, putting her hand on her sister's arm as if for support. "We have been here too long already."

But Charlotte Theobald walks back a step, and looks once more into Jane's face. "Good-by to you," she says, and gives her thin right hand. The word heartiness would be misapplied to any action of Charlotte Theobald's; but there is honesty, a certain kind of remote sympathy, even in its grip. "It isn't likely I should pay another visit to Theobalds under present circumstances, but when you want a friend—mind what I say—when you want a friend, and the time may come sooner than you think, you'll know where to find one."

And then the sisters depart.

This is the last compromise between Jane's two lives; her last cold hand-shake, so to speak, with the world of conventional-ity, to which she was not born, and which, from this day forth, shall be burthened by her presence no more.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

A BROILING sun overhead, dust in your eyes, nostrils, throat; men with blackened faces and banjos; small girls in dingy spangles holding forth tin cups with shrill professional whine; dishonest directors of itinerant roulette boards; honest country merchants of cholera-ripe plums and apples; the bill-venders with their "cards of the running 'orses, weights, names, and colors of the riders;" the mob with its hoarse throat ever ready to yell down the latest failure, or to yell in the latest success (like some other more highly-cultivated mobs). Is not the description of one race course the description of all?

To Miss Minnie Arundel the day is one of unalloyed delight. She loves, she dotes on races at all times, and has quite an

amazing stock of little horsey expressions, which she fits in generally upside-down, to show her knowledge of all that is going on to the young men with whom she talks. But the delights of the Chalkshire race course far exceed any that she has tasted even in the classic ground of Epsom, Ascot, or Goodwood. Officers of all shades of the service, London swells and even Titles of moderate rank, have held Miss Arundel's champagne glass and lost gloves to her before now. Never until this first day of August, 186-, and upon this Chalkshire race course, did she taste the supreme ecstatic sweets of a Duke's attention!

Actresses are but mortal very mortal; and when we consider that every lady, young and old, here present would welcome the Duke of Malta's attendance by her carriage side in breathless triumph, we should really be lenient in our judgment upon poor Min.

"Am I to call him my Lord Duke, or Your Highness, or what, Jenny?" she whispers to Jane after the first flurry of introduction. "These things may all come easy enough to you, with Theobald for a coach; but remember I never spoke to anything higher than a baronet in my life."

"Call him what you like, my dear," is Jane's answer, "so long as you take him off my hands. Only, don't let him go, Min. We may not enjoy ourselves particularly. That we can't help. But ours shall be the best attended carriage on the race course. Don't let the Duke go."

And well does Miss Arundel succeed in carrying out letter and spirit of the injunction. While private carriages stand in a row, their occupants neglected, Francis Theobald's hack sociable is surrounded. Not once during the day, save so far as a cat may allow a mouse to get back its liberty, is the Duke let go.

This is how women of Jane's temperament walk on to perdition. Their hearts may be breaking with love or jealousy; Jane's heart is breaking to-day! But they will show a brave front before the transgressor, before their sisters, before the world. If they are to die, it shall be in harness. Some vanity shall be gratified, some duke shall not be "let go" till the last.

What cares Jane in truth for the Duke of Malta, for Colonel Mauleverer, Brabazon—for any of the men whom by a smile, a word, a look she manages to keep in at-

tendance? Why, if she followed inclination she would sooner talk to young Rawdon than to any of them—Rawdon, jealously hovering round, but seldom approaching her carriage; sooner still would be left alone. If she were alone, must not Theobald of very necessity keep by her side? Ah, but the Chalkshire world is looking at her; Mrs. Coventry Brown's carriage is actually next to the hack sociable; Lady Rose Golightly's not twenty yards distant. And Theobald himself—shall not Theobald be taught, by his own vision, that though he neglect her other men do not; that let his faithlessness, his indifference, be what they may, the means of reprisal lie fatally ready to her hand!

Theobald, during the early part of the day at least, keeps aloof from Lady Rose Golightly's carriage and near his wife's. Whatever anger he felt against poor Jenny for her obstinacy about the note died before Lady Rose's dinner reached its second course last Saturday. He drove up to Theobalds this morning in the perfectly affectionate and conciliatory frame of mind that good husbands are wont to feel after short absences from home. And Jane's reception of him, Jane's changed face, the way in which, Miss Arundel being present, she tolerated, but shrank from his kiss, have touched him much more deeply than Jane herself suspects.

As long as the world lasts the impossibility of women understanding and making allowances for men's feelings in matters pertaining to love will probably be one of the great sources of darkness and confusion in the social arrangement of things. A woman loving a man, Jane loving Francis Theobald, *could not* after a quarrel exist three days away from him, two miles distant, and seek no reconciliation. But Francis Theobald, who loves Jane quite as much, I should say, as most men love their wives, has not only existed unreconciled but happy; nay, has very nearly forgotten that the quarrel ever took place. The renewal of his old flirtation with Lady Rose has amused Mr. Theobald a little; his *écarté* with Lady Rose's brother has amused him a good deal more. The French cook, the wines, the general lotus-eating life of Beaude-sert's Folly, have in every way been an agreeable episode to befall one in these Chalkshire wilds. Still, what—so Mr. Theobald would argue—what has any of

this got to do with Jane—his sweet and blooming Jane, *his* wife, *his* property? As well think he would love Blossy ~~less~~ because he had been amusing himself pleasantly for a few days away from home! But how bring the property, above all if it be property, of Jane's illogical temper to understand this?

Mr. Theobald keeps near his wife's carriage; more than once, when a vacancy occurs, gets possession of a place beside Jane.

"Forgive me, Jenny," he whispers to her at last, several little jests and complimentary speeches on her appearance having fallen blankly to the ground. "I see you are angry about something or another—forgive me!" holding out a lavender-gloved hand that the crowd sees not, but that Jane sees, of reconciliation.

In every quarrel of their lives hitherto, Mr. Theobald has not needed to sue long for pardon. A word, a look of his has been enough to bring Jane always with passionate repentance into his arms. But jealousy, save of the most trivial and ridiculous nature, has never been the cause of their discussions till now.

"I don't know what you mean by 'forgive!'" She lowers her parasol so that no one but Theobald can see her face or hear her voice. "You have taken your way, I shall take mine. It's too late in the day to talk about forgiveness now."

"Jenny! Too late ever to talk of forgiveness between you and me?"

Every fibre of her heart thrills to his voice. If they were alone instead of with these thousands of eyes around them, who knows but that salvation might come to her even yet?

"Jenny, my love, before the day is over you'll promise to forgive me, won't you?" And Mr. Theobald's hand shifts its position, and, accidentally or otherwise, touches his wife's arm.

Such miracles as take place around us, of which no one takes notice! Here, under the open eyes of Chalkshire, is a tender little love scene going on between man and wife—between Mr. and Mrs. Theobald, of all couples in the world!

"I cannot forgive without conditions," says poor Jane, her breath coming thick and fast.

"Mrs. Theobald, what do you say to lunch?" asks the old colonel's chirpy Irish voice. "Sorry to disturb you, Theobald—thanks"—Mr Theobald, like a

well-bred husband, retiring the moment his place is wanted. "If you and Miss Arundel are ready to honor us with your presence? The cup race won't come off for another half hour, and this is the hottest time of the day. It will refresh you to get under shelter."

Colonel Mauleverer opens the door of the sociable. Jane and her sister descend and walk down the course to the tent of the regiment, some twenty or thirty yards distant. Jane is escorted by Colonel Mauleverer, the Duke of Malta on her other side; Brabazon brings Miss Minnie Arundel. Certainly they are the two "best attended" women on the course. The moral sense of Chalkshire is scandalized by this fragrant setting at naught of public opinion. Young men in these days seem to have forgotten the A B C of good manners. Impossible for a regiment to receive more attention than has been received by this one from families of the highest standing in the neighborhood. And see the return they make for it! Persons of unenviable notoriety openly invited to lunch before a lady present has received an invitation. Will any one enter the regimental marquee *second* to Mrs. Francis Theobald and her sister? On this point the moral sense of Chalkshire maintains wise silence until the moment of temptation comes.

The marquee is just a degree or two better than the race course; but the lunch and the iced champagne are unexceptionable, and Min is soon in a seventh heaven of demonstrative enjoyment. A colonel of a regiment cutting her chicken, a duke replenishing and again replenishing her champagne glass: can life have any brighter half hour in store for Miss Minnie Arundel? If Blanche Bolingbroke, who boasts so ridiculously of the one lord of her acquaintance, could but see her! But there is a single drop wanting in every cup of mortal happiness.

"You are eating nothing, Mrs. Theobald," says kind little Captain Brabazon, who has made his way to Jane's side. "I'm afraid this black-hole of ours is too hot for you. Come over by the doorway, where you'll have more air."

"I don't know what you mean by 'nothing,'" says Jane. "I've been eating steadily ever since I came. Lobster salad? Well, if there's one temptation more than another that's too strong for

me, it's lobster salad—just the smallest help, though."

"And come over by the doorway. You will have as much draught as you like there."

"Yes, by Jove, it's the only cool place going," cries that most foolish of ensigns, Dolly Standish, edging up to Jane, as Brabazon goes away with her plate. "I haven't been able to speak to you to-day, Mrs. Theobald; other fellows never gave me a chance. Theobald coming to lunch with us, I hope? Oh, no; there he is opposite, in Lady Rose's carriage."

Jane raises her eyes and blushes as though she were convicted of a crime. Yes, there is Theobald, placidly eating his chicken and drinking his champagne in the society of Lady Rose and Loo Childers; to outward seeming, as well assorted a little party of three as could be found upon the race course.

"I take it for granted that you will belong to us at the races to-morrow?" Lady Rose said to Theobald when she parted from him last night. It was settled that he must leave Beaudesert at an hour next morning when not the very warmest friendship could make Lady Rose Golightly visible. "Although you say differently, you must remember that I look upon you as my guest still, and I take it for granted that you will lunch with us at the races to-morrow?"

And Theobald, who through Brabazon had already heard of Jane's engagement, answered with a dubious "Yes." He was not responsible, no head of a family could be responsible, for what might happen in any given interval. But if the fates proved favorable, and if everybody lived, and if Lady Rose remained of the same mind still, he would be charmed.

Well, everybody has lived and Lady Rose has remained of the same mind, and the fates, it may be assumed, have proved favorable. At all events, he is "her guest" still.

How could it be otherwise? When Jane and Miss Arundel, with their staff of attendants, walked away to the marquee, what was Theobald to do? Keep guard over the empty carriage till their return? Form an insignificant unit in the train of his wife's admirers? Jealous wives forget the positions into which their own love of admiration, their own levity may force the most exemplary husbands. The

only course open to Mr. Theobald was to saunter up to Lady Rose; he met with honey-sweet smiles of welcome; finally, under gentle imperious command, take his place in her carriage, have a snowy white damask placed over his knees, and eat, drink, and be merry, as his wife is doing in the regimental marquee almost immediately opposite.

"I would go and ask Theobald to join us, only he looks so happy where he is," says the foolish ensign. "A pity to disturb people when they are happy."

"A thousand pities!" cries Jane, her eyes kindling. "Particularly when every one else is happy too."

She eats her lobster salad when Captain Brabazon brings it to her, takes a glass of champagne—another; begins to be in spirits. Her clear out-ripping laugh makes itself heard across the course as far as Lady Rose Golightly's carriage.

"Our friends in the marquee seem to be having a very jovial party. I feel quite jealous at not being invited," says Lady Rose.

Her tone is the perfection of well-bred amiability. And still, the "very" is italicized! Still, the next time poor Jane's laugh rings aloud, its merriment jars with a degree of discordance in Mr. Theobald's ears. However contented he may be in great things, however callous to the world's moral disapproval of his choice, a man who has married beneath him is never quite without some trivial vulnerable points. Lady Rose ought surely to know enough of human nature generally, and of Francis Theobald's nature in particular, to be aware of this.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DAYLIGHT ORGIE.

ONCE during the day, generally immediately before the cup race, it is a received Chalkshire opinion that ladies, well escorted, may be seen for a quarter of an hour or so on foot. Accordingly, while Jane and her sister are still in the marquee, some half dozen of the Chalkshire notabilities pass backward and forward along the course; among them Mrs. Coventry Brown, with Mr. Crosbie—papa, not Rawdon—for attendant swain.

The race day is the one day of the year on which Mr. Crosbie is allowed to take his pleasure abroad as a bachelor, and

"moult tristement" that pleasure is taken, if one may judge from the sombre expression of his honest red-and-tan old English face to-day.

The thermometer at the present hour of the afternoon stands at about a hundred and ten in the sun, and Mrs. Coventry Brown's too, too solid flesh is rapidly suffering decrease of tissue through evaporation. Her pearl-colored gloves—cruel enemies to Mrs. Coventry Brown at all times are kid gloves—seem to have grown a couple of sizes smaller than when she left home this morning; the white tulle that envelops her face becomes gelatinous. Her brow is bedewed, her complexion redder than the roses in her bonnet. She is glad of any excuse to give her bulky limbs pause in their walk, and an excuse fortunately presents itself in the hum of convivial voices, the peals of hearty laughter, that are issuing from the regimental marquee just as she and Mr. Crosbie pass along.

"A very uproarious party, upon my word, and of both sexes! But that's the worst of races, Mr. Crosbie. I always leave my own girls at home. In my position as a head of society, I'm obliged to patronize the public amusements of the neighborhood, but I always say a race course is no place for the young and innocent!"

"So people tell me," says old Crosbie. "So people tell me, Mrs. Brown. For my part, I think all places much the same. Everything depends upon the spirit you look at them in."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Crosbie," the big blonde head gives a Lord Burleigh shake under its superimpendent flower garden, "that may be all very well, my dear friend, for you and me. But the young, the young, alas! are only too open to corrupt influences. Now what?"—Mrs. Coventry Brown's voice lowers, her great yellow eyes glare with feline fixity before her—"what do you call a scene like this?"

"Well, ma'am, I believe I should call it a rather noisy lunch party," says Mr. Crosbie, glancing toward the officers' tent and at a certain girlish figure that stands, with fair flushed face, a champagne glass in her hand, just within the entrance.

"And I," says Mrs. Coventry Brown, "should call it a Orgie! Yes; a day-

light Orgie! Mr. Crosbie, you are a steward of these races. Then allow me to tell you this: I have seen the cup run for, as a dooty, and subscribed handsome to the race fund for years; but if this kind of thing is going to be tolerated publicly . . . How do you *do*, dear Lady Rose?" in a parenthesis of eager smiles, the great yellow eyes having succeeded in arresting a languid look of recognition from Lady Rose Golightly; "Miss Childers, delighted to see you looking so well. . . if this kind of loose manners is going to be tolerated publicly, Mr. Crosbie, the sooner persons of character withdraw their patronage from the Chalkshire races the better."

She returns to her carriage, but keeps Mr. Crosbie in solemn conversation for another five or six minutes after she has entered it; and when the poor old fellow leaves her his face betokens pretty clearly what kind of agreeable utterances the oracle has been giving forth. He takes a turn or two along the course, his hands behind him, his eyes moodily fixed on the ground, then walks up abruptly to his son (who, as Mrs. Coventry Brown took care to point out, is always to be found in Jane's neighborhood), and, for the first time to-day, addresses him point-blank.

"I should be glad to have a few words with you, Rawdon, if you have five minutes to spare."

"Five minutes or an hour," answers Rawdon promptly. "It seems to me the races lag a little, father; don't you think so? Too long an interval between each race—or what is it?"

Old Crosbie answers, crustily, that the races are conducted as they always have been, and as they always will be, while he has anything to do with them. He wants no new-fangled opinions upon any matter that is under his control and management. However, he puts his hand, with a friendly enough gesture, within young Rawdon's arm, and thus linked together, the father and son walk away toward a quieter portion of the course.

Very glad the Chalkshire world is to see that they are upon *speaking terms* still. Mrs. Crosbie will not admit her son to her presence—did you not know that?—oh dear, yes; he has not been near The Hawthorns, although, unhappily, he still comes into the neighborhood, for a fortnight past—becomes hysterical if his

name is even mentioned. And no wonder. Thirty thousand pounds, and so nice a girl as Emma, transferred by the lad's own folly to that ridiculous old Major Hervey. But the father, it seems, is more lenient—hopes still, perhaps, to patch matters up. At all events, it is a relief, a very great relief to the charitable disposition of the Chalkshire world to see that poor Mr. Crosbie and his son speak still!

"Rawdon," says Mr. Crosbie, as soon as they find themselves among the ginger-beer stalls and Aunt Sallies of the back regions, and well beyond the range of friendly listening ears, "this is not the time or place I should have chosen for speaking to you, but as you don't come to my house I have no choice left, and what I have to say won't take very long. You are making a confounded idiot of yourself, sir!"

Rawdon is silent. From the time he was five years old he has been in the habit of disputing first principles with Mrs. Crosbie. With his father, his kindly, honest, narrow-minded, unintellectual old father, Rawdon is never able to find a word of argument.

"Yes, a confounded idiot. A confounded idiot." Eloquence is not a natural gift of Mr. Crosbie's. "I am no more strait-laced than other men. You have never found me backward in indulgence towards any of your follies; no, nor in money either; and from the first, as I told your mother, I thought you too young to be engaged. Still it was your own doing. You chose to propose to Emma, and she accepted you. Well, I won't talk of the delicacy, the generosity you should have felt towards a girl placed as she is in our house. Common manly feeling, common self-respect, might have made you behave yourself with *decency* as her lover."

"I was unaware that I had not behaved myself with decency," says Rawdon, but in no very firm voice. "Emma and my mother have taken up prejudices which I refuse to share; just that."

"It is not 'just that' at all," says old Crosbie angrily. "For God's sake let us have none of your fine rhodomontade hair-splitting, sir! Stick to the course you have taken, if you will. Don't defend it. This woman you have chosen to run after—"

"Say nothing against her!" cries Raw-

don, flushing. "Say of me what you like, but not a word against her!"

"Have the civility to hear me out, if you please, and you will find that I am going to say nothing against her! This woman you have chosen to run after may or may not be what everybody in this neighborhood says she is. The subject is one I've no interest in. As long as you were your own master, you might have made a fool of yourself with her or any other woman you liked, and I should have trusted to time to give you wisdom. But an engaged man is not his own master. From the day in Spa on which you asked Emma to marry you, you were bound in honor to respect her feelings; and on that very day, it seems, you fell into this—entanglement. Now, what is the end of it? What is your position? What is the position of all of us at this moment?"

"My position," says Rawdon, with an uneasy attempt at a laugh, "is that of a jilted man. You must be aware—my letters to you must have made you aware—that the breaking off of the engagement was Emma's doing solely."

"Emma's doing solely! Would she, would any girl of spirit remain bound to a man who openly, grossly showed his indifference to her as you did? I don't talk of what happened in London," goes on Mr. Crosbie, who is not more ultramontane than other people as to the sinfulness of little sins; "I don't talk of their coming across you at those confounded supper-rooms where that donkey Hervey should never have taken them—though that was bad enough in the eyes of an innocent girl like Emma—I speak of what happened before; the way in which for one whole week you philandered after the woman, here in Chalkshire, with Emma breaking her heart about you at home."

"Breaking her heart! Well, sir, you must allow at least that the wound has quickly healed! If Emma in a fortnight can derive comfort from Major Hervey's attentions, you must allow that I have not been the means of completely destroying her happiness."

Now those two syllables "Hervey" embody all the bitterest slumbering animosities of Mr. Crosbie's nature. For five-and-twenty years the poor man has been snubbed by the Herveys, has lent money to the Herveys, has been made to feel that if there be a point on which the

Hervey glory *could* sustain tarnish or decrease, it has been in the connection of the family with himself. Rawdon's dislike to them is hereditary, one of those far-reaching, mysterious taints in the blood which no counter-training can eradicate.

"Major Hervey! Yes, do you think that lessens my regret over your folly? For the last ten days I've had the fellow staying in my house—he's there with Emma now, afraid the heat on a provincial race course would be too much for his complexion, I suppose. For ten days I've had the fellow in my house, drinking my claret with that confounded sneer of his, till I hate the thought of dinner, on my soul I do! Hate the thought of sitting down at my own table! And now there's the old woman coming—the two old women, by God! Maria's the worst of the two. If Emma marries him, I shall never be able to call my house my own again, and through you, sir! Through you, you young jackanapes, giving up as true and good-hearted a girl as ever lived, because you must needs make one in the train of a flaunting, flirting play-actress like this Mrs. Theobald."

The rebuke is not couched in very dignified terms, but it cuts Rawdon's heart like a knife. A lad of his age may fall most insanely, most unlawfully in love without his whole moral nature tumbling to pieces. Affection for his father, dislike, jealousy of the Herveys, are feelings that have grown with Rawdon's growth, strengthened with his strength. Never did either hold more powerful sway over him than in this very hour when the rupture with all his boyish life, his boyish life and its prejudices and affections, is so imminent.

"I repeat that it was Emma herself who broke off the engagement," he says a little sullenly. "You know the story from the first as well as I do. When we met Mr. and Mrs. Theobald in Spa you did not share my mother's prejudices against them, sir. If I recollect right, you said you would leave your card on Francis Theobald and his wife when they returned to Chalkshire."

"And what prevented me from doing so but your disgraceful conduct?" cries old Crosbie, angrier than ever. Like all men under petticoat government, he winces sorely at any allusion to his fetters. "She is not a woman for Emma to

know—your mother was right about that; she and her goings-on are a scandal to the neighborhood; but for old friendship's sake I would have left my card on the man himself had your disgraceful conduct left me a choice in the matter."

For a minute or more young Rawdon makes no reply. "You have used words I never thought to hear from you, father," he cries at last in a queer, constrained sort of voice. "But I suppose it is just as well we should understand each other thoroughly. I have kept away from home hitherto——"

"You have. Think what the bitterness of that alone has been to your mother and to me! My son lurking about the neighborhood (you were here on Saturday night—don't think your actions are not remarked) and ashamed to come to his own father's house!"

"For the present—until your feelings toward me become juster—I will keep away still. If—if Emma marries Major

Hervey, I suppose you and my mother will consider my disgrace condoned?"

"When you give up your present connections, you mean—talk common sense—when you give up connections that are taking you to the devil—yes, to the devil, sir—I have no doubt we shall have plenty of your company again. When temptation's over and their prospects in life ruined, most young men turn filial and virtuous. We have all read the parable of the prodigal son."

And with this ends the conversation. The tinkling of a bell announces that the horses are about to be saddled for the cup race, and, arm linked in arm still, Mr. Crosbie and his son walk once more along the course, and before the eyes of the Chalkshire world.

"But if you want to know how things really stand between them, look at the expression of poor old Crosbie's face." The charitable dispositions of Chalkshire find scope for action in the thought.

LOVE SONG.

O H, that for one consummate hour
 To me might come the poet's power!
 That I, with his transcendent art,
 To song might grandly set my heart!
 Might pour my soul out in accords
 Of such impassioned, perfect words,
 They should immortalize the song,
 By helping Love and Truth along!
 Peace! *Lives* make poems finer far
 Than the finest word-songs are!
 When, with kind, unselfish deed,
 Answering your neighbor's need,
 Or bravely taking up your cross,
 Patient under wrong and loss,
 Then, unconsciously, you wake
 Harmonies no words can make;
 Something sweeter than all song
 Helps heavenly Love and Truth along.

MARY FREEMAN GOLDBECK.

POSSLE POLL.

WHEN I was in the south of France I made the acquaintance of a dear, old, fat, comfortable English lady—fat, comfortable, and good, inside and out—who brewed capital tea and told capital stories. One of these was about a parrot, whose eminent graces and virtues won for him the title of "Apostle Paul." The story was a translation of a French poem, and its pathos and bathos must have been extremely touching and ridiculous in the original; possessing withal the unusual flavor of a delicately insinuated moral, for the benefit of those, in convents and out, who spend their lives in useless tattle, or teaching poodles with unpleasant-looking noses to stand on their hind legs and beg for a biscuit, or in coaxing parrots to talk.

Here is the story in her own words, as far as I can remember them. The good old lady talked fast, and snipped off the parrot's name; thus, after a fashion, removing the shock and smoothing down the irreverent edge. You will admit that "Possle Poll"—thus pronounced—is not an inappropriate appellation for a bird of his species.

"About ten or twelve years ago the nuns of a convent just out of Bordeaux were presented with a young parrot, who developed such wonderful graces, such fervent piety, who was besides so intelligent, handsome, and brilliant, so candid and amiable, that he rivalled the confessor in the respect and affection felt for him; indeed, it is left on record that in more than one heart the bird had the advantage of the holy father. All the house adored him, save a few old nuns, whom time and the toothache had rendered cross and capacious; and the 'Possle Poll,' for that was the name given to him, ate sugar and cake, said and did what he pleased, pulled the veils of the pretty young nuns, pecked at their soft cheeks, and was perfectly happy.

"Twenty tongues were incessantly asking him questions, and he replied to all with justice, clearness, and elegance. Thus," interpolated the old lady, "Cæsar of old, and in our own day Mr. G. P. R. James and your American, General B. F. Butler,

dictate to two, three, or four persons at once, with equal justice, clearness, and elegance.

"The parrot went everywhere about the convent. Hedined with the nuns in the refectory, but having an indefatigable stomach he amused himself in the intervals between meals with pocket loads of sweetmeats which the nuns always kept for him. At night he slept in any cell he chose, and happy was the one whose retreat it pleased him to honor with his presence. He always preferred the novices, and seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing their fresh little toilets; for let me whisper in your ear, nuns have toilets; plain veils require careful setting as well as lace ones. Sackcloth itself may be jauntily arranged, and fuckaback have an air. The Possle Poll had witnessed many a piquant twitch given to a nun's tucker, and many a parting glance in the glass before she came down to the grate in the parlor to entertain company; but this is in confidence.

"So the parrot lived, petted and happy, the undisputed lord of all hearts. For him Sister Harriotte forgot her pigeons; three canary birds died out of pure rage; and two big, jealous French cats, after fighting him and then mauling each other fearfully, took to their respective cushions, and never after held up their heads. Yet, alas! a day was approaching full of crime and astonishment, when the Possle Poll would be only an object of mingled pity and horror; his morals ruined; the idol of so many hearts debased, degraded, and deposed forever. Prepare for tears. Come they must; but let us delay them for a while if possible.

"You may believe that in a home like this our hero's conversational talents were cultivated to the highest pitch. The nuns never ceased talking except when they were eating, and Possle Poll, with praiseworthy emulation, never stopped at all, edifying and delighting the sisters at the table with remarks which were always pickled and preserved in the very unctious of propriety. He was an innocent and a beautiful fowl; he had no knowledge of evil; he knew nothing about the equally

depraved sciences of thimble-rig and political economy; he never uttered a bad word, but, on the contrary, could tell you all about the winking pictures, and the solid chapels flying to Rome through the air. He was even with the oldest and most devout nun of them all in canticles, Oremuses, and Pax vobiscums. For the delectation of the younger nuns he would recite some of the most touching of the "Confessions of Lamartine," that sentimental work having been smuggled into the convent by a giddy novice.

"The old nuns and holy mother taught him Christmas carols; and Possle Poll, shutting up his eyes, would give them with all the pious lengthiness, holy sighs, and languishing cadences of his instructors; groaning, sniffing, and croaking in such perfection, that they would fall upon him in a sort of rapture and enfold him to their hearts with such tender energy that he would wriggle like a tadpole out of their caressing hands, ruffled up and breathless.

"You need not suppose that the knowledge of a wonder like this could long be confined within the gates of a convent. The fame of the wonderful parrot spread far and wide. People came from Bordeaux to see him, and Possle Poll, carried into the parlor by Sister Agnes in her best veil and tucker, graciously displayed his accomplishments. Polished, dignified, brimful of the holy gentilities which the younger sisters had taught him, the illustrious bird would commence his recitations. Canticles, mysticals, 'Confessions,' and prayers followed each other in rapid succession; and what was remarkable, nobody fell asleep; they wondered; they applauded; they clamored for encores. But the Possle Poll, as if impressed with the emptiness of this world's approbation, and convinced of the nothingness of earthly glory, would bow himself out with a solemn air and a few words of blessing uttered in a low tone.

"Thus he lived, fat as a monk, and quite as reverend; handsome and learned; loving and loved; petted, perfumed, cockered up, and, in short, the pink of perfection; and all this would still have been his, with perfect happiness, if—he had never travelled.

"O cruel recollection! O fatal journey! Take warning, my friends, and stay at home! Let this unhappy example

show you that too flattering a success is dangerous, if not ruinous to one's morals.

"The renown of our hero's achievements reached at last to a convent at Brest, a meek fold, but one where the ladies were by no means reluctant to ask for whatever they wanted. To hear of the parrot was to desire to have him. The desire soon became devouring. Fifty heads were hopelessly turned at once; fifty hearts would have been consumed at one fell swoop, if fifty tongues had not prevailed upon the holy mother to write and beg that the wonderful bird might be allowed to pay them a visit.

"The letter was sent, but oh! when will come the answer? There is no more sleep in the house. Sister Agatha will surely die of it!

"In due course of time this dreadful epistle reached Bordeaux, and was carried out to the convent. Awful business! A chapter is held upon it! A jury of the older nuns sat upon it, so to speak, and, with many reluctant sniffs and accelerated toothaches, determined to let their darling of the convent go for two weeks, as they were far too prudent to embroil themselves in a quarrel with their sisters at Brest. Consternation followed. Tears and lamentations were the order of the day. The pretty little vestry nun turned pale and cried, 'O heavens! better die at once!' The four young sisters who kept the refectory in exquisite neatness sighed, wept, groaned, and fainted respectively. The whole place was in mourning. They sat out in the dew; they caught cold; they lost their voices and gained rheumatism. Suffumigations of sulphur, metallic tractors, Holloway's pills, and other medical cures founded upon pure bosh, were brought out of the cupboards, and administered by the Old Mother Hubbards of the convent; who, instead of telling the young novices the innocent legends of that immortal friend of childhood, spent their time in gravely telling how St. Patrick swam across the Channel on a paving-stone; or solemnly held up for imitation the example of St. Simeon, who stood on the top of a tall pillar, and bowed his head to his feet \$11,000 in a year—quite a useful pillar of the church.

"At last the fatal moment arrived, and the sisters crowded around Possle Poll to bid him adieu. They all groaned like

turtles; like a ship in a hurricane; like a cow when her calf is torn away; like I don't know what. They kissed him; they bathed him with tears; never was he so charming, so precious; and—he was gone!

"The rascal of a steamboat which was to carry him from Bordeaux to Brest contained three slashing, swearing dragoons, two saucy soubrettes, a monk, four wild young Americans just graduated from Harvard College, and a wet nurse—pretty society for a young innocent thing just out of a convent! The Possle Poll concluded that he had gone to another world. It was no longer canticles and orisons, but words which he had never heard. The dragoons sang roystering songs in honor of Bacchus, a deity of whom he was utterly ignorant; the soubrettes kept up a constant chatter in broken English—full of sparkle, animation, and vulgarity—with the young Americans; and the boatmen swore with vigor. Poor Possle Poll, unhappy and frightened, crouched in a corner, heaving dismal sighs, and turning up his eyes like a duck in thunder.

"In the course of the voyage the young Americans determined, as their vernacular has it, to 'trot our hero out,' and Brother Jean Baptiste the monk was deputed to introduce himself and the company. He asked the bird some questions, which I regret to state were not of a strictly sacerdotal nature; but the benign fowl, assuming his most saintly manner, shutting up his eyes and heaving a solemn sigh, replied, 'Hail, sister.'

"You may guess if they shouted with laughter; and they poured out compliments with such an avalanche of villainous words that the parrot, listening in amazement, thought within himself that the good sisters were an ignorant set, and probably had not taught him the true *verve* and beauty of the French language. Accordingly he set himself to learn them with all his might. He did not speak much, but oh, how he listened and studied! for in two days (such is the terrible progress of evil in young minds) he forgot all the canticles, *Pax vobiscums*, and prayers, and in less than no time was as off-hand a swearer as the fast young Americans, as the dragoons, as the very worst of the crew. He exhibited the '*verve* and beauty' of the French language, as shown in this connection, with an intense vim and relish, irresistibly

and, if I may so express it, awfully funny. He swore infinitely worse than an imp at the bottom of a holy-water box.

"We have heard, and we believe the charitable apothegm, that 'nobody becomes abandoned at once'; but, dear me, Possle Poll utterly scorned this maxim. His amazing talent was as apparent in wicked courses as in good; he had a contempt for mediocrity in anything, and became a blackguard in the twinkling of an eye. When he did speak, he swore roundly; the company applauded, and he swore again. A great vanity seized him; drinking songs, coarse jests, and slang were learned and repeated with avidity. The young Americans and the soubrettes, who perhaps were the most innocent of his instructors, taught him to sidle up to the priest, and, with his head very much on one side, to troll out to the tune of Jullien's *Prima Donna Waltz* this elegant stanza:

"Jean Baptiste, pourquol,
Jean Baptiste, pourquol,
Jean Baptiste, pourquol vous grease
Mi leetle dog's tail mit tar?

"During these terrible, these deplorable scenes, the nuns at Bordeaux were praying and submitting to all manner of penances, worthy of the Hindoos, to insure the safe return of this vagabond, this wicked, swearing wretch of a bird; while the sisters at Brest were half crazy with impatience and longing for the advent of—as they were led to believe—this tender, polished, edifying fowl, almost an angel in feathers.

"At last the boat arrived. A sister stood on the dock. She had been there over and over again since the letter was sent. Her eager eyes saw the vessel and our hero afar off. He, too, saw her, and knew her at once. The great flapping white cap, the big cross, the sanctimonious side glances, the white cotton gloves, and, above all, when the boat touched the dock, the sound of her drawling, snuffling voice exasperated Possle Poll, and we have reason to believe that internally he gave her over to warm regions. He infinitely preferred the slashing dragoons and the laughing soubrettes to any more litanies or canticles. He refused to go with her; he barked at her like a three-headed dog, putting her into a horrid and unspeakable fright, and assailing her with such a shower of vocifer-

eration that the poor nun was fain to turn her back and her flappers until it was over, as a donkey turns his back and ears to a hail storm; then seizing him in a lull, she flew back to the convent.

"It is reported that he bit her in going; but be that as it may, he made such noise on his arrival that though all the nuns were at prayers they jumped up and set the bell ringing for joy. They also sang, or shrieked with ecstasy, clapping their hands and crying to each other, 'He is come! he is come! O sister, what joy!'

"The great parlor was filled in a twinkling. The young nuns flew; the old ones hobbled and stumbled in their haste; it is on record that Mother Celestine, who was enormously fat, ran for the first time in forty years.

"Ah, the blessed spectacle!' for, pitiful as the thought of it is, one is not less handsome for being less virtuous. His grand military strut and *petit matre* airs only made him more irresistibly charming. There the little scamp stood, ogling the nuns, but not deigning to speak. Certes, he rolled his eyes so impudently, that the novices felt themselves blushing scarlet; and when Mother Celestine, with a majestic air, came forward for the purpose of interchanging a few pious sentiments with Possle Poll, this unfeeling villain, with blazing contemptuous effrontery, sang out, 'Zounds! what a pack of fools you nuns are!'

"History records that the young Americans from Harvard taught him these words, which caused Mother Celestine to exclaim, 'For shame, my dear brother!' But the dear brother had no shame in him; for like an utter reprobate he began to dance and sing, and ended with this love ditty also taught to him by the Harvard graduates:

"Oh if I had a lumty-tum, tumty-tum too,
In the land of the olive and fig,
I would sing on the lumty-tum tumty to you,
And play on the thingumy-jig.

"And oh! if in lumty-tum battle I fall,
A tumty-tum's all that I crave.
Oh bury me deep in the what-you-may call,
And plant thingumbobs over my grave.

"It is impossible to give any imitation of his nasal drawl and the half shutting up of his eyes during this ridiculous performance; but, oh! what added horror and fright seized the trembling, shrinking nuns when he ended it with a frightful

oath, and thundered out a thousand horrible words which he had learned on board the vessel. He raged like a pirate! Heavens! what words foamed out of his beak—words never to be mentioned before ears polite! The sisters flew out of the parlor, thinking the end of the world had come. Poor Mother Celestine, in unwieldy haste, tumbled over her nose and broke out her last front tooth. They fell up stairs and down stairs, crying, 'Saint Barnabas have mercy on us! Is this the way the sisters talk at Bordeaux? Is this the blessed, holy bird, or is it the devil incarnate? What a heretic! what a detestable, abominable creature! For heaven's sake let us get rid of him, or we shall all go to the bad place together!'

"With difficulty Possle Poll was put shrieking and biting into his cage, all the nuns weeping at their bitter disappointment, while they found it impossible not to admire the beautiful exterior which hid such a depraved heart. As to Possle Poll, when he found he was going back, he grew exceedingly benign all at once, and with a sudden effort of memory, expanding his chest like an air-cushion, he poured out a blessing upon the sisters, but ended it, I shame to state, with the word '*Sapristé!*' which means something fearful, though what I do not know.

"But who can paint the despair of his old adorers, the nuns at Bordeaux, when he commenced immediately on his return to serenade them with a dragoon's song? Confusion and horror filled their hearts! Another chapter was held by nine old nuns, and, in spite of the intercessions of the younger sisters, he was sentenced to a week of solitary confinement. Then they told their beads from morning till night in hopes of his conversion. It was useless; it was hopeless.

"At last came the end of it all. One morning there was heard such an acceleration of frightful sounds that the holy mother and all the sisters rushed in a body to the dingy little prison-cell, full of fear and grief. What a sight they beheld? One of the enormous cats, remembering his wrongs, had jumped from a neighboring tree through the high window, and, never stopping to count the cost, had clapper-clawed Possle Poll, tearing out his best feathers, hissing like a whole nest of rattle-snakes, and spitting like an American, while the enraged bird had

nearly bitten off the cat's ears, which were bleeding profusely; and now, with yells and screams, he was savagely picking out his eyes. There stood Grimalkin, back and tail up in two tremendous arches, all four sets of claws flying out at once, while Possie Poll was dancing a frenzied rigadon, ducking, swooping, doubling, biting, sparring, and sometimes sprawling, rending the air with his screams, until breathless and exhausted he rushed up to the holy mother and gasped out, 'Oh! oh! I'm having a h—ll of a time!'

"This capped the climax! The holy mother was struck dumb! Like Sam Johnson, that precious vainglorious philosopher, the occasion and her dignity demanded the use of compound words a mile long; and for a moment all words failed. With dilated eyes she stood there stiff and grim, like a rusty conductor waiting for a flash of lightning to come—an inspiration.

At last, with a sort of hicough of majestic indignation and an ultra-tragic expression of countenance, she uttered these remarkable words: "Wretch! this is unnonebreathutterably unishortendurable! Apage Sathanas!!"

"Thus, *Dies Illa* was changed into *Dies Ire*, and half an hour thereafter Possie Poll was in his cage and out of the convent, covered with shame and green baize.

"I was told that an American sea-captain bought him in Bordeaux for ten francs, saying that he would make a nice present for his (the captain's) wife. If they were utterly ignorant of the 'verve and beauty' of the French language, perhaps he would. This was to be the captain's valedictory to foreign lands and faithless oceans; so when his ship sailed away Possie Poll bade farewell forever to convent life, to slashing dragoons, and to la helle France."

Thus ended the old lady's story, to which I beg to add a short appendix. And first I desire to make a solemn remark or two, so startlingly not original that it may cause this paper to be "declined with

* Although this desperate battle is an *absolute fact*, I hesitated long about putting it in print, on account of the shocking impropriety of the expression with which it culminated, also a faithful record. A more euphemistic word might have been substituted, but my fidelity as a historian would then have been sacrificed.

thanks." But I am irresistibly impelled to observe that this round world is very small; or else most unlooked-for chances bring people to the knowledge of each other, to say nothing of parrots. If a traveller in the Desert of Sahara were to meet another, an utter stranger, coming in the opposite direction, and the two were to stop and ask questions, twenty to one they would find that they had acquaintances in common, perhaps were distantly related.

And so pray believe it when I declare that I have seen the veritable Possie Poll in the flesh and feathers. The sea-captain who bought him was as thorough a Yankee as ever coveted his neighbor's goods, and is at this moment a member in good and exemplary standing in a church over which my own cousin is pastor. And this in the quaint old town of Newburyport, from whence Timothy Dexter, upsetting all rational theories, made a fortune, as noodles will sometimes, by sending warming-pans to the West Indies.

Captain Josiah Brick—that is his name, and a tight little four-square brick he is—owns a pretty place just out of the town. It is kept like a ship of war, as neat as a pin. Of course from all the front windows there is a full view of his beloved Atlantic Ocean, smooth, treacherous, smiling back to a smiling heaven, or heaving wild and black against the stormy clouds. A flagstaff in front of the house is decorated with the national bunting; one small room is fitted up with berths, so that he can "turn in" at any "bells" he chooses, day or night; and a "lookout" or observatory, almost as high as a mast's head, at the top of the house, is furnished with charts and a telescope.

As Captain Brick did not understand the French language, he basied himself on the smooth and prosperous voyage homeward with teaching Possie Poll English; and as the good man allowed no swearing which he understood as such on board the vessel, the bird entered at once upon an ethical course of studies. He had forgotten most of his wickedness by the time the ship, which was a sailing vessel, reached home. Some of the bad English words taught him by the fast Harvard boys clung to him, as poverty will to a poet; but if by any chance they slipped out, he got a sound box on the side of his head; which discipline proved,

so effectual that very soon he would give utterance only to the first syllable, cutting off with a loud and very gruff "ahem!" all superfluity of naughtiness.

Possle Poll was welcomed with delight by good Mrs. Captain Brick. There was a childless house, and the bird was again in danger of being spoiled with indulgence. The only other inmate of the family is Beppo, a magnificent Newfoundland dog, who lives in lazy majestic harmony with Possle Poll, or rather Bob, for that is his new name, though if you ask him he will say it is "Possle Bob," evidently admiring the dignity of a title, as would be natural to one brought up with European prejudices.

The kind, good-hearted captain is perhaps a little eccentric. He found upon his return home permanently, after trying it faithfully, that he must give up going to church. It was "anchored so tight; there was such a dead calm." He missed the breeziness and the exhilarating roll of the Atlantic. The want of motion gave him a headache, and then sent him to sleep. He began to "enjoy poor health" on Sundays, and "be took with dreadful cricks in his back."

But my reverend cousin has wonderful good sense, and he met this difficulty with an original display of the same. He caused a chair with very large rockers to be placed in the middle of the broad aisle, and smilingly presenting it to the good old sailor, said, "There, Captain, rock away like a ship in a high gale, while I lecture you upon your sins."

Headaches, and sleepiness, and "cricks" in the back vanished under this sensible and (I submit it) truly Christian treatment. Of course such an unheard-of innovation created a tumult in the congregation. Well-meaning old ladies wept and prayed; sharp-nosed young ladies—who had torn the records of their births out of their family Bibles—were shocked and scandalized; and Deacon Snipe resigned. But my reverend cousin's thoughts about this time were so set upon things above that apparently he had not the faintest idea of the metaphysical rocking going on in the church below. He accepted, almost with pleasure—such a contented mind as he had—the resignation of Deacon Snipe, who knew rather less than the man in the moon about broad Christianity. The sharp-nosed young la-

dies and well-meaning old ones subsided, it is to be presumed, for like the star-spangled banner they are "still there"; and now any one who chooses to make a pilgrimage to the church may see Captain Brick rocking for dear life, perfectly happy, thinking himself in "the cradle of the deep" and under the droppings of the sanctuary at one and the same time.

My visit and self-introduction to Mrs. Brick was rather damped at first by Possle Bob strutting up and assailing me with "Nobody wants you here; good-by"; but I put my mortified feelings into my pocket, especially as he mounted upon a table near me the next moment, and began to sing in a stentorian voice, enough to awaken the Sphinx, this classical ditty:

"His rod was of the stanchest, sturdiest oak,
His line a cable which the sea ne'er broke.
His hook he baited with a salmon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

Then changing his tune to a nasal drawl, irresistibly comic, he sang:

"Beneath this stone and mound of clay
Lies Araminty Young,
Who on the twenty-ninth of May
Began to hold her tongue."

"Poor dear! Boo hoo! boo hoo!" (pretending to cry).

The bird's beauty was now a thing of the past. His feathers were ragged and his head quite bald.

Curious to know if he were really a venerable patriarch, I said to Mrs. Brick: "A wicked young man, who was quite bald, once told me that baldness was always owing to one of two things, early piety or old age. He made a bow at this point and left me to draw the inference. Is Bob's correct life at the convent the cause of his baldness?"

"Oh no," she answered laughing; "it came upon him quite suddenly. One morning about four years ago, Captain Brick was in the kitchen cutting up some meat for Beppo's breakfast, and Bob stood on the table closely inspecting the operation. Putting the plate down on the floor, the Captain called Bob, saying, 'Well, if you eat all that, you'll eat enough.'

"Bob hopped from the table repeating, 'Well, if you eat all that, you'll eat enough,' and standing close to the plate he watched with absorbing interest the one gape and the one swallow with which every piece went down the dog's throat; and when the plate was licked clean, which it was in about two minutes, Bob

sailed away repeating under his breath in a tone of intense disgust, 'Well, if you eat all that, you'll eat enough.'

"At this moment the cook, who had just poured some hot spiced vinegar on a dish of stewed cockles, left the kitchen. Bob, who never let a chance escape him, seized the opportunity to hop up on the table and inspect the cockles, while Beppo stood below. His longing eyes and wagging tail said, as plainly as words, 'Come, Bob, give us a cockle, that's a good fellow.' So the good fellow began to twitch the hot cockles out of the dish and throw them at Beppo, who snapped them up with more gape and swallow, to the mingled delight and disgust of the bird. But all of a sudden the fun was stopped by the irate cook, who, rushing in, caught up a dipper of scalding water and threw it upon Bob's head, screaming, 'Steal hot cockles, will you?' Then bringing the back of the dipper down with a sounding whack upon Beppo's nose, and screaming again, 'Steal hot cockles, will you?' she drove them both howling out of the kitchen. This is how he came to be bald, for the hot water shaved poor Bob's head as clean as a door-knob."

"It was a week after," said Mrs. Brick, "that the late excellent Rev. Dr. Cleaveland of New Haven and another clergyman, whose head was quite bald, and whose name I cannot now recall, came here to see Captain Brick on some missionary business. The Captain unfortunately had gone to Boston for the day, but I made them heartily welcome, and begged them to remain to dinner.

"Bob, as usual, had his place at the table; a round piece of oil-cloth does duty as his plate, from which I assure you he eats very daintily, and I never doubted but that he would behave beautifully on this occasion.

"I asked Dr. Cleaveland to come, and we sat down. Dr. Cleaveland asked a blessing, during which Bob helped himself to a sweet pickle, and not liking the taste popped it into the gravy-boat, but I got it out without its being observed.

"The good doctor gave me a piece of roast beef, helped his friend, and then took a very modest portion upon his own plate; but no sooner had he begun to eat than that good-for-nothing Possle Bob sidled round to him, looked attentively down on the plate, then up at the good minister,

and then in a scornful, withering tone observed, 'Well, if you eat all that, you'll eat enough!' and waited gravely to see him do it.

"The confusion of the reverend gentleman was prodigious. He dropped his knife and fork and sat speechless. To be thus accused of gluttony was crushing; but as soon as I could speak I explained Bob's rudeness, and harmony was restored.

"Not for long, though. Bob pecked at his lettuce and sponge-cake only for a moment; then turning the side of his head he regarded the other clergyman with his 'piercing and unfathomable eye.' The bald head of the good man awakened some memory. 'Ah!' said Bob to himself, 'it must be so.' Gravely picking his way across the table, he got close to the venerable and reverend object of his scrutiny, walked up his arm to his shoulder, with the air of a soldier leading a forlorn hope, stretched his neck to the utmost, and taking a grim survey of his victim's bald and polished cranium, suddenly screamed in his ear, 'Steal hot cockles, will you?' Up jumped the minister two feet in the air, upsetting his plate and tumbler of water, and screaming as loud as the bird, who, suspecting that this last caper was a little too much from even a spoiled bird or child, made his escape into the kitchen, where he hid in a corner behind the door."

As his mistress ended, Bob uttered a pious "*Oh grievous!*" over his own outrageous conduct to the ministers; then saying once more to me, "Nobody wants you here; good-by," I took the hint and my leave.

It was only a few weeks ago that I heard that poor Possle Bob had lately died, universally admired and lamented. But before he departed he sat for his portrait in oils, and also in what Fanny Fern most deservedly calls "a worsted abomination," which has cascades of tears or lilies of the valley, I don't know which, in white floss silk, all round the margin. His mausoleum is at the foot of his favorite cherry tree, and for his epitaph we might appropriately alter his own song thus:

Beneath this tree, as cold as clay,
Lies Possle Poll so young,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold his tongue.

And lest you should say that his soul and his tattle have already transmigrated, I have finished. FANNY BARROW.

DRIFT-WOOD.

TALK OF TRAVEL.

In that corner of the Locust which Temple and I affect, and where we like to gather a little knot of club cronies, the lions last night were a party of travellers just returned eastward and westward from the Yo-Semite and the Rhine; the one with new stories, and the other with that old tale which, begging Walt Whitman's pardon, will never grow less charming or wondrous. We were doubtful which party had derived the more use and amusement from its jaunt, but agreed that both had done better than to dance and dawdle the summer away at Saratoga. It would have been trite for us to go on and discuss the benefits of travel were it not now somewhat the American fashion to deride this pastime.

Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus;

Repeat at Jerusalem—place the notice high on Jaffa's gate, and on Mount Moriah;

The same on the walls of your Gothic European cathedrals, and German, French, and Spanish castles.

Thus sings, or "yawps," the great American barbaric bard; and so, Fred, let us grind the old books to pulp, fill our shelves with the inspiring literature of the Patent Office, and, idling no longer on Tibers and Rhines, gawk iadustriously at county fairs, and hymn the praises of "libertad," Tammany, and novel frying-pans.

"I am not much an advocate for travelling," says Emerson, "and I observe that men run away to other countries because they are not good in their own, and run back to their own because they pass for nothing in the new places. For the most part, only the light characters travel. He that does not fill a place at home, cannot abroad. He only goes there to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd. You do not think you will find anything there which you have not seen at home? The stuff of all countries is just the same." But how if a man is not distressed by the down-east mania for "filling a place?" How if the brazen rogue neglects his "insignificance," or actually flaunts it in people's faces? How if he never minds what figure he is cutting, or not cutting,

but traverses the earth because the earth is good, and visits men and cities because there are other grapes in the world besides Concord grapes? Temple, you rascal, you light character, was it because you were not good in America that you ran off to Rome? or did you vainly think to hide your insignificance, sly dog, in mingling with the Hottentots? Luckily, theories against travel are barren. It is to a European journey that we owe "English Traits," and think what might have befallen this good Dutch-Yankee city had Columbus objected to travelling!

Discovery at times, and commerce always—indeed the search for any specific object, as health, a bargain, a new fashion, or a new fossil—is plain justification for travel; but I maintain that even the careless rambling which fills the philosopher with fine scorn is for most people good training. The dry-goods drummer himself takes on a gloss of manners under the friction of his restless life. The greatest boor, the most selfish glutton somehow acquires a veneer of courtesy and consideration for others through travel, while so needful is it for most men to get out of the business rut that his last summer at Sharon has vastly improved even plodding Boggs yonder, and has turned him temporarily from a mechanical drudge to a man. Perhaps to a scholar or gentleman of elegant leisure, perhaps to one whose orb of life is chiefly filled with self-education, this safeguard against narrow-mindedness is not important; but most men and women fall into fatal routines from which only the lever of travel and observation can raise them.

Nor are the educational uses of travel to be despised by any one. "Home-keeping youth," says Valentine in the play, "have ever homely wits." Two days in a third-class town may brighten even a man whose own city is an Athens, just as two days at a bustling hotel will give new thoughts to one who has been secluded ten years in his refined home. A local career breeds inordinate conceit. John Chinaman will discover something to learn beyond his great wall, though Dr. Confucius may whisper in his ear, "You

do not think you will find anything there which you have not seen at home?" When Outis ended his ignoble career at the university, he was thought incapable of taking an interest in anything. He went to Germany, whence he returned after some years a hard student, a pleasant, well-informed man, full of anecdote and thought, eager to improve our streets, regulate our railroads, beautify our public buildings, add pleasure and profit to our country resorts, popularize art, purify city governments, and, in a word, to give the fruits of his foreign travel to his native land, now for the first time appreciated. Temple aided him to use the press, and Bague, who is a city father, graciously accepted some of his more trifling municipal reforms; but this public spirit was, after all, secondary to that appetite which Outis brought home for his profession, of which he is now an ornament.

There is endless suggestiveness in travel. Every traveller knows, every untraveller man can fancy, the mental spurring, the scholarly inspiration of a visit to historic places. The tourist who plucks an ivy leaf from Virgil's tomb, on the hillside hard by Naples, notes that the laurel planted there by Delavigne has disappeared like the one planted by Petrarch. As he sits in Tasso's hotel at Sorrento, he imagines the poet returned in disguise from prison to beg at his sister's door. He brings a souvenir from Cicero's villa and another from the ruins of Hadrian's—a city in itself; he sees Pompeii sown thick with vestiges of the great men of Rome; years after he vividly recalls Tivoli, the temple of the Sybil, and its fine view of the cascades, "for which turn to your Horace, Phil, where you will find them discussed in melodious Latin, and, when found, make a note of." It was Augustus who was thus airing his eloquence while following in his round of reminiscence the coast of the bay of Naples, which he had sketched on the club table, and which, as he proceeded to inform us, in order to soothe our local pride, was not so beautiful in itself as the bay of New York, owing its chief charm, indeed, to the presence and liveliness of Vesuvius, without which the bay would be tame. Presently our orator took a traveller's liberty of leaping a few ages and latitudes to Scotland. "At Ayr you

have the Kirk where Tam o' Shanter saw wonders: at Abbotsford the door of the Tolbooth in which Effie Deans was imprisoned; at Stirling, the room in which Douglas of the Bloody Heart was murdered; in Edinburgh the stained spot where Rizzio fell; at Perth the place whence Macbeth saw Birnam wood advance to Dunsinane; and further north, at Inverness, the site of that castle in which trustful Duncan perished." So ran on the youth, in a prattle which might fill many pages, his own example being the best answer to those words of Emerson which we had maliciously quoted against him.

Success in travel turns of course on the way you perform it. Books written by tourists are apt to record too little of what the voyager sees in proportion to what he reads or remembers to have read. The popular book of European travels, for example, is a rehash of Murray, garnished with Lempriere, and plentifully seasoned with bits of Byron. It is provoking to have a man undertake to use his eyes where ours cannot go, and then to give us only what already lay under our study-lamps. Has any reader met Newman Hall's story of his travels in the "Land of the Forum and the Vatican"? It is a goodish book, with much fact, thought, observation, and, save for its steady smell of the shop (for Newman is always aloft in the pulpit, thundering away at the "scarlet woman"), can be read through without annoyance. But, not content with his own eyes and brains, this stray clergyman must needs give us, within the narrow compass of his single volume, literally a thousand quotations of prose and poetry, mostly trite. This sort of spicing is familiar to us stay-at-home literary cooks, but in Newman more marvellous yet are his wife's memory and his travelling library; for, besides the stacks of verses, scriptural, Shakespearian, and other, inserted at leisure, the daily journal of his spouse contains hundreds of lines recalled or referred to on the spot. When Mr. and Mrs. Hall near the Italian coast they remember a dozen lines out of "Childe Harold," followed by a similar batch from Rogers. At Florence they recall those celebrated "leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," and anon reflect that "Of all the fairest cities of the earth"—and so on; after which they "sit speech-

less with delight," silently recalling thirteen lines of Wordsworth. This is the kind of thing that perpetually recurs in the good-natured journal: * *Saturday, March 19*. As soon as I awoke, I pulled from under my pillow and read aloud those beautiful lines of Rogers in which he describes," etc. And on that, off we go with

I am in Rome! Off as the morning ray
Visits these eyes—

and so on for ten, twenty, three-and-thirty lines. In sooth, we are often vouchsafed such little peeps at private emotions and devotions: thus, near Genoa—"the other passengers having retired, we sang some favorite trios, winding up with our usual evening hymn;" and again at Rome, he tells us, "How often did we pace up and down, too full of thought for utterance, except in the continual reiteration of the words, 'This is the Roman Forum'"—which last phrase is then, as usual, the cue for a long quotation. That on the Tiber Newman should "call to mind the heroism of Horatius," with sundry verses of Macaulay, was as natural as that he should remember Byron profusely in the Colosseum, or that elsewhere the lines of Horace should come to his lips—"Vidimus flarum Tiberim," etc. Presently, "we recall the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of M. Antony," and give them to our readers; we "think of Byron's beautiful lines" at the tomb of the Scipios; we "set forth from Tivoli with our thoughts full of Horace;" we imagine Cicero, at his villa, exclaiming "*O præclarum prospectum* (*Acad. Quest. IV. 25*);" and we regularly close each chapter of our book in sermon-fashion with manifold words of Scripture, and benedictions or maledictions, as the case may be.

However, Newman at least boldly used his eyes, whereas most travellers evidently see only what the courier or guide-book tells them to see, and that so jumblingly as to remember no more of it than I do of a table of logarithms. Couriers drive people wild in picture galleries by haranguing them in their detestable gibberish, and by dragging them before pictures which they do not want to see, or away from pictures which they would enjoy. They fill every tranquil landscape with their terrific chattering; they spoil the sanctity of churches by their business

ways, and disturb the peace of hotels by their quarrels. The cicerone, always abominably ignorant, yet talks more or less nonsense about everything, always on the hypothesis of a total stupidity in his hearers. "A party chaperoned by a courier," angrily adds Augustus, for it was he that had the floor again, "is a party led by a donkey. The *valet-de-place* is better, for he ought to know his own city; but even he is generally a bore, with more tongue than brains."

Guide-books must certainly have one great recommendation over couriers—they are dumb. But in those precious Murrays and Budeckers are routes and routines fit to give a man, if he compasses them, an indigestion like that of eating his way through the St. Nicholas *carte*, dish by dish. Of course, without them, half the pleasure and use of hasty tours would be lost; and especially in art it is a necessity for most travellers to have the best works, and the specific points of merit in those works, pointed out to them, because they pay only a few flying visits to galleries where pictures are gathered by thousands, and where it might take even an artist a month to fully discriminate. But, on the other hand, it is humiliating in any gallery to find groups of bewildered people conning their books, spending more time over the print than the pictures, and quite servilely toning their notes of admiration to those there set down for them. Here is fat, good-natured Mrs. Jones, who wishes to do and feel whatever and only whatever is highly proper, staring wildly with all her eyes at a dim, smoked surface, which, as her book tells her, should be a masterpiece of Michael Angelo. At the end of some hours or days of hard study, an observer of genius might begin to draw the real glory of the work forth from its gloom; but chubby Mrs. J., having inspected it three minutes, whispers, "Isn't it perfectly lovely?" and, checking it thus, X, waddles off to new scenes.

Dear Mrs. Jones and Mr. Jones, it is not for all eyes to see what the guide-book maker sees or feigns to see in objects of art, depending as they do for just appreciation so much on individual taste or education. It is affectation for ordinary travellers to pretend to find in every piece of art all that the poet has seen. We cannot all detect in the Dying Gladiator, though perfect in itself, what Lord

Byron found there, nor draw from the Marble Faun the secret revealed to Hawthorne. Yet visitors stand "spell-bound" before the former, and claim to sympathetically follow the poet's course of comment.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

So ebbs and flows the masterly cadence of Byron, while to most people, I am sure, the Gladiator has only the visage of a brutish athlete, with finer feelings, if there ever were any, quite gone. He thinks of nothing in the world but his own agony—not proud enough even to mourn his defeat. The face is not a noble one in the highest sense, and the superb statue was clearly meant for a physical, not a sentimental study. The painter in Roth's story found the long-sought face for his "Christus Judex" in the Old Man of the Mountain; but to ordinary observers it would suggest almost anything else—an Olympian Jove, or if not, then, let us say, with its long chin and high brow, perhaps an Olympian olive-crowned Dante Alighieri.

"As for the sacred subjects," breaks in Augustus, "which one is expected to admire, it is not always easy to do that, with angels like birds of paradise and the cherubs so many humming-birds hovering about the saints, who, on their part, besides having the regular aureole, are often in the oldest pictures put upon a golden ground. In such venerable masters the biblical figures are very stiff and the drawing very correct, yet with no pretence at perspective, and with that peculiar want of relation between central subject and surroundings which we dote upon in Asiatic art. After all, the ugliest pictures in Europe are the treasured Adams and Eves, most of which are laughable, but some too hideous to be comic. I never saw a good one, and will confess, Temple,

to never having heard a compatriot go into ecstasies over *them*. Think of Adam and Eve standing a little apart, with a bush between them, and each stretching out to the other a pump-handle arm. The figures are usually too hideous to be human. If correct likeness, I turn Darwinian at once; for we must certainly have embellished wonderfully since the time of our progenitors. Till I saw her in Europe, I fancied Mother Eve rather a handsome woman."

Augustus had been rapidly drifting into various heresies. Temple's only resource was to give him another shot from an author already quoted. "A masterpiece of art," says Emerson, "has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal. In sculpture, did ever anybody call the Apollo a fancy piece, or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different?"

"Do you talk of the Apollo?" persists the discontented youth, bridding at Temple's rebuke; "then for one I own that the Apollo del Belvedere disappointed me, though, I admit, simply and solely because I had unreasonably looked for too much. But I believe the same has been true of many men; and as for the Laocoön, that wondrous, beautifully horrible group, I would not have complained of finding the offspring of such a sire a little less delicate and a little more athletic. I suppose," continued this obstinate Sir Oracle, "that when a man goes either to the falls of Niagara or the galleries of the Vatican, he should take the guide-book as his Bible, and anybody else's eyes rather than his own."

There is always an Augustus in every club, fond of saying reckless and ridiculous things, and there are always three or four young brother artists who immediately give him battle. So, in the present case, when we saw such a belligerent trio gathered, and our easy talk about travel about to turn to deep disquisitions on art, Temple and I bade the debaters good-night.

PHILIP QUILLIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

HERBERT SPENCER.

By the extensive circulation of his various works, both miscellaneous and philosophical, Mr. Spencer has been made widely known in this country, not only as a clear and vigorous writer, but as one of the deepest and most advanced thinkers of the time. His claims as a scientific investigator, though less conspicuous, are equally valid. In working out the great system of philosophy upon which he is now engaged, the magnitude of the undertaking compels him to draw largely upon the work of others for his facts, and especially is this the case when dealing with the natural sciences. Not unfrequently, however, he brings up against a question yet in the dark, but the clearing up of which is essential to his further progress; and it is then that we get an example of his abilities in the department of physical research. A notable instance of this kind occurred during the preparation of his work on biology. When considering the differentiations among the inner tissues of plants, he was met by an unsettled point of great importance concerning the function of the so-called vascular tissues. It was claimed by some that these were carriers of the plant juices; others maintained that their office was respiratory, and still others that they served to give strength to the parenchyma.

Laying aside his principal work, Mr. Spencer attacked the problem with characteristic vigor, and after two months of careful experiment and observation brought his results before the Linnean Society, in a lengthy paper, afterward published in its Transactions, and since inserted in the second volume of the "Biology." Without going into the details of the investigation, which may be found in the paper itself, Mr. Spencer shows that these vessels are distributors of sap, and that the occasional presence of air is in no way inconsistent with this function; that their walls are more permeable in some places than in others, and wherever most permeable there the formation of wood is most rapidly taking place, the escape of sap at these points being largely due, as he

believes, to intermittent mechanical strain.

He also accounts for the downward flow of the elaborated sap, which takes place through the same system of vessels that carry upward the crude materials from the roots. In the course of the investigation Mr. Spencer came upon a set of organs occurring in the leaves of many plants, and also found in the common turnip root, which turned out to be quite new to science. Their function he made out to be similar to that performed by the spongioles of the roots—absorbents which by their structure, position, and connections, evidently fulfilled the purpose of taking up the elaborated juices in the leaf for distribution to the various parts of the plant. His conclusions at once commanded wide attention, and receiving the endorsement of such men as Hooker and Busk, they are now accepted by many as a part of the settled truths of science.

Were it needful, other instances of a similar character might be cited; but this is enough to show, what indeed is not disputed, that as an accurate experimenter and close observer Mr. Spencer takes a prominent place among the scientific workers of the day. In him we have the wonderful example of a man who, highly gifted as a writer, and himself a contributor to the fund of scientific truth, is at the same time successfully building up a system of philosophy that, broadly based in the natural sciences, promises to surpass anything ever before accomplished by the human mind.

ALLEGED DANGERS OF VACCINATION.

MANY people, among whom are a few physicians, believe that in the ordinary process of vaccination there is great danger of conveying other affections besides the one intended. They assert that cutaneous and other diseases are thus frequently communicated, and also maintain that much of the so-called scrofula met with at the present day arises from the diffusion of syphilitic taint by means of vaccination. On these grounds they condemn the practice, and justly if their views are correct; for the death of a few

thousands each year from small-pox, horrible as it may at first appear, is as nothing compared to the wholesale poisoning of present and future generations.

Happily, however, no such dismal alternative has yet been shown to exist. Indeed the facts all point the other way. While the objections to the measure are mainly theoretical, or, what is little better, rest upon crude and unreliable evidence, the testimony in its favor, furnished by careful and extensive observations and numerous experiments, is both abundant and conclusive, establishing, beyond a reasonable doubt, that when vaccination is properly performed other diseases are never communicated. Parents do not like to believe there is anything constitutionally wrong with their children, and, when other diseases follow, vaccination is most likely to be blamed for what is really due to other causes. For instance, abscesses or symptoms of blood-poisoning sometimes develop soon after the operation, and these cases are triumphantly appealed to as examples of transferred disease; when ninety-nine times in a hundred an examination of the child from which the lymph was taken will show it to be perfectly healthy. The real origin of these cases, as was long ago pointed out by Mr. Ellis of London, is probably traceable to access of air, or what the air carries with it, to the wound, rather than to the bad character of the vaccine matter itself. Mr. Ellis was led to this conclusion by the superior results which his own mode of vaccinating gave over the common method. In the ordinary way the air has free entrance to the wound. By his method the epidermis is raised by the effusion of serum from below, a result of the irritant cantharidine applied to the skin. The little bleb or blister thus formed is pricked, a drop of fluid let out, and then a fine vaccine point is put into this spot, and after a minute of delay withdrawn. The epidermis falls back on the skin and quite excludes the air, and not the air alone, but also what the air contains. Out of hundreds of cases of revaccination thus performed, not a single instance of blood poisoning or of abscess occurred, whereas these are not uncommon results of the old mode of procedure. Professor Tyndall, advertising, in a recent address, to the results of Mr. Ellis's practice, says: "They point if true to a cause distinct from bad lymph

for the failures and occasional mischief incidental to vaccination; and if followed up they may be the means of leaving the irrational opposition to vaccination no ground to stand upon, by removing even the isolated cases of injury on which the opponents of the practice rely." The most experienced vaccinators, on the one hand, and those who have had most to do with the treatment of infantile ailments, on the other, agree in the belief that disease is not communicable by vaccination. Mr. Marson, an English physician, in the performance of more than fifty thousand vaccinations, "has never seen other diseases communicated with the vaccine disease, nor does he believe in the popular reports that they are so communicated." Mr. Lees, whose observations were equally extensive, has borne similar testimony. Dr. W. Jenner, who in six years had some thirteen thousand sick adults and children under observation, states: "That in no case had he reason to believe, or even to suspect, that any constitutional taint had been conveyed from one person to another by vaccination." During a period of seventeen years Dr. West treated twenty-six thousand infants and children, with a like experience; and Prof. Paget, after an extensive familiarity with the diseases of children, expresses the opinion that the worst which can be charged upon vaccination is that, by disturbing for a time the general health, it may rarely give opportunity for the external manifestation and complete evolution of some constitutional affection which but for it might have remained rather longer latent.

Where every person in a community has been properly vaccinated, there is little chance for small-pox to obtain a foothold; and it is also very certain that the presence of the unvaccinated is a standing invitation to the development and spread of epidemics. The opponents of vaccination, and a far larger number who from ignorance or carelessness neglect the precaution, thus become, so far as the public health is concerned, a "dangerous class," which like other dangerous classes it is for the interest of the community at large to remove. It is to be hoped that as knowledge widens and the intelligence of the masses is increased, this baseless dread and heedless neglect of so beneficent a measure will voluntarily disappear, but until then the safety of the community

demands the adoption of coercive measures; and it is the opinion of many eminent physicians that these should come in the shape of compulsory vaccination rather than be left as they now are, to be applied only after the invasion of small-pox has actually taken place.

ECONOMY IN GAS-BURNING.

AN English commission has again overhauled this subject, giving their attention to the principles which regulate the development of light from gas, and the application of these principles to the construction and use of gas-burners. They pronounce the usual forms of gas-burners to be very defective—wasteful by imperfect combustion, and to the same degree efficient contaminators of the air. The commission say that the waste is at the very lowest estimate twenty-five per cent.; and as the annual gas rental of London is equal to ten millions of dollars, the economical question is a serious one.

In their experiments the commission employed an argand burner, in which the supply of air to the flame is regulated by a chimney, and they adopted as a standard "Sugg's London Argand Burner No. 1." Several burners were tested together under a common rate of consumption of five feet of gas per hour. Taking the illuminating power of the argand standard as 100, two "bat-wing" burners gave lights represented by 86 and 82. But six "fish-tail" burners gave the following results: 73, 62, 52, 47, 36, and 19; that is, with the same consumption of gas the last gave less than one-fifth the light of Sugg's argand. The report takes pains to expose the common fallacy that the more gas is turned on the better will be the light. It says a burner is to gas and the development of light what a boiler is to coal and the development of steam. "In the early days of the steam engine, before boilers were properly adapted to their work, there was an enormous waste of power, so that one ton of coal in a locomotive of the present day generates as much force as six did forty years ago. But a well-constructed boiler is fitted to do its work best *when consuming a certain fixed quantity of coal*; and there is in like manner in the case of every gas-burner a certain rate of consumption at which the highest illuminating power in proportion to the supply is attained. Above or below this

point there must be more or less waste, and there is as much above it as below it. It is now conclusively established that the quantity of gas does not influence the development of light; and that the differences perceived in the illuminating power of different quantities of the same gas are due to the *differences of the burners*, each burner doing justice to the gas at a particular rate of consumption, and declining in illuminating power when the supply falls short of this rate or exceeds it." Of course good argand burners cost much more than the usual kinds, but so delicate is the process that the greatest perfection and economy can only be secured by a well-constructed mechanism. This will be appreciated by remembering that gas flames give out their maximum of light only when on the point of smoking. Nice adjustments are required to maintain the combustion at this exact rate of intensity, which is also the maximum of economy.

AGE OF BLOOD STAINS.

IN a late murder trial in London, Dr. Letheby gave evidence stating the results of his examination of blood stains found upon the clothes of the prisoner. He testified that the blood was that of a vertebrate animal, but whether it was human blood he could not say. To a question of the judge as to how long it takes for a blood stain to dry up and change so as to be insoluble in water, he replied a fortnight. When questioned he said it depended upon the state of the air. Dr. Taylor says it is difficult after a week to give an opinion as to a blood stain, but a good deal depends upon the acidity or otherwise of the atmosphere. In London a blood stain would become insoluble quicker than in the country; and after a large experience the result of his observations is that the solubility might remain for a fortnight.

METEORIC AND COMETARY PHENOMENA.

IT is a fundamental assumption of science that laws are universal, and it follows from this that the progress of science must largely consist in establishing new connections between groups of phenomena which before seemed to have nothing in common. As an example of this may be cited the recent tendency of inquirers to link the phenomena of meteorites with

those of comets, a view that has been recently thrust into prominence by the President of the British Association. The periodical appearance of "shooting stars" is well known, and they are now thus explained: As the earth courses along its orbit it falls in with a stream of cosmical dust also coursing through space. Some of the particles of this dust-cloud drive into our atmosphere, and their motion is impeded by its resistance. Under the law that arrested motion is converted into heat, these cosmical particles, which are at first cold and dark, by friction and impeded motion quickly become hot and luminous, and coruscate brilliantly across the sky as falling stars. On or about the 7th of August we pick up the outlying stragglers of the stream; but we are in the thick of it about the 10th and 11th, and clear of it altogether about three days later. Professor Newton has taken the lead in showing that these are not properly meteorological phenomena, but are astronomical; while the Milan astronomer Schiaparelli has pointed out that they are somehow related to comets. Although these shooting stars *appear* to fly at random through the sky, yet it was found that this is not the case. From observations of their tracks, and continuing backward the lines of their trails, it was determined that these lines all meet in one region of the sky, which for the August meteors is in the region of the constellation Perseus, from which they have been called *Perseides*. Schiaparelli determined the form and position of the stream or orbit in which these meteors travel, and found them to be coincident with similar data of a comet which visited our sky in 1862. It was afterward found that the orbit of the November meteor group was identical with the train of a comet which appeared in 1866. Various other unexpected coincidences are thought to confirm the interrelation of comets and meteors. According to this view, if the meteors are cometic, the comets must be meteoric, and here comes a possible clue to the nature of their light. Huggins has shown that the light of the nebulae, so far as hitherto sensible to us, proceeds from incandescent hydrogen and nitrogen gases, and that the heads of comets also give us light of incandescent gas; and it has since been suggested by Professor Tait that these incandescent, gaseous exhalations, both in

the case of the nebulae and comets, proceed from the collisions of meteoric stones.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

This subject took a prominent place in the deliberations of both the geological and biological sections of the late meeting of the British Association, coming forward in connection with papers and discussions on certain English and Continental bone caves. In the geological section it was first called up by a paper on the explorations of Kent's cavern in Devonshire. These explorations have been carried on since 1865, under the auspices of the British Association, and this paper constituted the seventh report concerning the progress of the work. In Kent's cavern a deposit of black mould is usually found on the surface, and imbedded in this are great numbers of objects, some of them belonging to the present day, but most of them going back to the Romano-British or pre-Roman times. Below the mould is a floor of granular stalagmite, averaging about twenty inches in thickness. Below this is cave earth, and below the cave earth in certain parts of the cavern is another stalagmitic floor, which differs from the first in being crystallized. Beneath the crystalline stalagmite there is a breccia in some parts of the cave.

Besides a large number of bones, portions of bones, and fragments of antlers, a total of fully 2,900 teeth has been found in the part of the cavern known as Smerdon's Passage and its ramifications. Seven hundred of these were reported last year at Liverpool. The remaining twenty-two hundred, exhumed since the end of August, 1870, belonged to different kinds of animals, in the following ratio: Hyena, 335 per thousand; horse, 295; rhinoceros, 161; Irish elk, 55; ox, 35; deer, 27; badger, 22; elephant, 20; bear, 18; fox, 12; lion, 6; reindeer, 5; wolf, 4; bat, 2; rabbit, 1; dog less than 1. The teeth of hyena, horse, and rhinoceros were found most frequently in the second foot-level. The badger was most frequently met with in the uppermost foot-level, and never below the third. The teeth of the lion occurred most frequently in the third, and those of the wolf were oftenest met with in the uppermost. Bat and rabbit were restricted to the uppermost level. Twelve flint flakes and chips were found in the second reach of the passage, three

in the first or uppermost level, three in the second, three in the third, and three in the fourth. A lance-shaped bone tool was found in the first foot-level of the second reach, lying with teeth of hyena, rhinoceros, bear, horse, Irish elk, and badger.

After the reading of the paper, which contained a long list of other objects found in the cavern, it was urged by Mr. Vivian that here they had a reliable chronometer to prove the high antiquity of the objects found in the cavern. Flint implements, reported by Mr. Evans to be of human workmanship, had been found below the lowest crystalline stalagmite in the cave, and if the deposition of stalagmite went on formerly as it did now, it would have required a million of years to form those two floors. Consequently they must assign a far greater antiquity to man than had yet been done, seeing that articles of human workmanship had been found below that stalagmite. Mr. Prestwich, President of the London Geological Society, maintained, on the other hand, that they had not yet the means of measuring the actual time at which these implements were carried to the place in which they were found.

A paper was next read on the contents of a hyena's den in Herefordshire, which also elicited an animated discussion. During excavations for iron ore several bones and teeth had been found in this cave, which were pronounced by Professor Owen to be the relics of mammoth rhinoceros and horse. In the *débris* which had fallen from the roof, pottery, probably Roman, and human bones in an unfossilized condition had been found, and in the inner cave flint flakes and stone instruments of man's manufacture and the remains of extinct mammalia. The report was lengthy, but the facts adduced went to show that long years ago King Arthur's cave was a deep fissure in the rock of mountain limestone, which was gradually silted up by the introduction of the lower cave earth, by the wash of rain and water through crevices and fissures, and that during that period it was a hyena's den, and also the occasional haunt of ancient Herefordshire men, who left there their manufactured weapons and sharpened tools. This lower cave earth, which had been bored to a depth of twenty feet, was sealed above by a thick floor of stalagmite, and above the stalagmite there rest-

ed a layer of stratified sand and gravel, of considerable thickness. Upon this was found another floor of stalagmite, which in turn supported the *débris* of the fallen roof. The report closes with the following: "In that ancient cave earth are associated the remains of ancient man and the extinct mammalia; and what with the evidence of the old river bed and the stalagmites, I doubt if there be better authenticated evidences of the antiquity of man in the records of cave history."

In the discussion which ensued, it was claimed by several gentlemen that no evidences of man had been discovered which dated back as far as the glacial epoch, and consequently that these caves and their contents were referable to a period more recent than the glacial epoch. Mr. Pengelly, while agreeing that there was no evidence of the existence of man during the glacial age, contended that the evidence we have sent him back to a vast antiquity. The age of the glacial period was yet undetermined, but it was enormous. He agreed with Mr. Prestwich that the time had not yet come when they could measure the antiquity of man; but though they could not measure the amount of time, they felt that it was like a great mountain, the height of which they could not determine, but which nevertheless impressed them with the vastness of its height. The antiquity of man was enormous, but in Europe it did not go so far back as the glacial age. In opposition to all this Mr. Vivian argued that man as represented by the bone implements was antecedent in point of date to the time when the reindeer was prevalent in that district. He called that a glacial period, and man existed before that period. There could be no question of that, for in their caverns they found the reindeer imbedded in the upper stalagmitic floor, and then the flint implements found below the ten feet of ancient stalagmite showed traces of man's handiwork; and it was impossible for those who looked carefully at the depositions of the cavern to believe that the reindeer did not represent a glacial condition, and that the stalagmitic floor represented a much higher period than the glacial period.

THE annexed poem, which appeared during the recent meeting of the British Association, is so clearly related to the proceed-

ings of that learned body that we cannot deny it a place in this month's miscellany.

THE BRITISH ASS.

(ROARED IN A DEN OF SCIENTIFIC LIONS, AUGUST 7, 1871.)

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

Some men go in for Science,
And some go in for Shams,
Some roar like hungry Lions,
And others bleat like Lambs ;
But there's a Beast that at this Feast
Deserves a double glass ;
So let us bray, that long we may
Admire the BRITISH ASS !

Chorus—With a tow, row, row, etc.

On England's fragrant clover
This beast delights to browse,
But sometimes he's a rover
To Scotland's broomy knowes ;
For there the plant supplies his want
That doth all herbs surpass,
The Thistle rude—the sweetest food
That feeds the BRITISH ASS !

We've read in ancient story
How a great Chaldean swell
Came down from all his glory
With horned beasts to dwell .
If you would know how it happened so
That a King should feed on grass,
In " Section D, Department B,"
Inquire of the BRITISH ASS !

To Grecian sages, charming,
Rang the music of the spheres,
But voices more alarming
Salute our longer ears ;
By Science told we now are told
How Life did come to pass—
From world to world the seeds were hurled
Whence sprung the BRITISH ASS !

In our waltzing through creation,
We meet those fiery stones
That bring, for propagation,
The germs of flesh and bones ;
And is it not a thrilling thought
That some huge misguided mass
Will come some day, and sweep away
Our dear old BRITISH ASS !

The child who knows his father
Has aye been reckoned wise,
But some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise,
If it be true that when we view
A comely lad or lass,
We find the trace of the Monkey's face
In the gaze of the BRITISH ASS !

The Ancients, childish creatures !
Thought we derived from Heaven
The godlike form and features
To Mankind solely given ;
But now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
And when we grin, we betray our kin*
To the sires of the BRITISH ASS !

NICK (BOTTOM).

* "He who rejects with scorn the belief that the shape of his own canines, and their occasional

NERVOUS AND MUSCULAR ACTION.

WHAT is it that takes place in a nerve or muscle when they are called into activity? This is a scientific question of extreme interest, and which is now engaging the closest attention of physiologists. The view of Herbert Spencer, as explained in a former number of "The Galaxy," that the molecular impulse in nerve and muscle is a wave-movement, isomeric, or a mere regrouping of the constituents in the case of nerve fibre, but accompanied by decomposition in the case of the nerve centres and muscles, has been strongly confirmed by the recent researches of Professor Bernstein. By means of the galvanic current he has been enabled to track out the impulses which pass along nerves, and to establish their wave character. In the nerves of a frog the waves have a length of about .7 of an inch, a duration of from .0006 to .0007 of a second, and travel at the rate of about ninety-two feet in a second. Professor Bernstein regards the muscle impulse as a wave, analogous to the nerve impulse, and is led to consider the muscle wave as "antecedent to and causation of a muscle contraction." But there is a marked contrast between the character of the waves in the two cases; "for the muscle wave, with a length of only .4 of an inch, lasts as long as .004 of a second, and accordingly travels with a velocity of not more than from ten to thirteen feet in a second." With reference to these results Dr. Michael Foster observes: "The difference between the nerve wave and the muscle wave is just what would naturally be expected. The work of the nerve is simply to transmit impressions; there is no conversion of movement of molecules into movement of mass; all attempts to detect any loss of energy in the form of heat, during the simple passage of a nervous impulse along a nerve, have hitherto failed, and the wave of impulse travels along a nerve with at least undiminished strength and velocity. In the muscle, on the other hand, there is conversion of movement of molecules into movement of mass, energy is given out in the form of heat, and the molecular wave of impulse is transformed into the mass wave of con-

great development in other men, are due to our early progenitors having been provided with these formidable weapons, will probably reveal by sneering the line of his descent."—Darwin's "Descent of Man," I., 127

traction. We have, in the character of the muscle wave, its slowness and its shortness, the tokens of the coming transformation."

DANGERS OF CHLORAL HYDRATE.

WE have before alluded in these columns to the dangerous but growing practice in the community of using the hydrate of chloral independent of the advice and supervision of the physician. Yet, in spite of repeated warnings from the medical press and elsewhere, its employment, like alcohol and opium, as a narcotic luxury, is daily increasing, and frequent deaths from it are the consequences. The same is true in English communities, where its indiscriminate use has become so common that Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., the man who first introduced the compound to the profession, and who from long and careful observation and experiment has become better acquainted with its properties than any one else, has felt compelled to utter solemn public warning against the abuse. He states that the *habitué* to this influence becomes a diseased person, and in not a few cases already the habitual dose has been the last—involuntary, or rather unintentional suicide being the result. In this respect it is different from either alcohol or opium; for with these an increase, or what comes to the same thing, a frequent repetition of the dose is the source of danger, while with the chloral the accustomed dose may be the fatal one. In cases where chloral hydrate is producing dangerous symptoms threatening to be fatal, Dr. Richardson recommends warmth, food, and artificial respiration as the great remedies for the emergency.

STEAM-BOILER INCRUSTATION.

WATER is rendered hard by the presence of earthy salts, such as carbonate of lime and magnesia, and these are kept in solution by the aid of the free carbonic acid gas which the water contains. By boiling, the gas is expelled and the salts precipitated, when they appear as a crust on the bottom and sides of the vessel, as may be seen in any old teakettle where hard water has been habitually used. Dr. J. G. Rogers, in an important paper read at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, after enumerating the various substances which

in boiler waters contribute toward the formation of this crust, gives us some valuable practical information concerning the effect of the crusts upon the boilers, and how their formation may be prevented. Both dissolved and suspended matters are thrown down by boiling and evaporation, and slowly accumulate as a whitish, tough, porcelain-like layer, which may attain an unlimited thickness. The evil effects of this formation are due to the fact that it is a poor conductor of heat. Its conducting power compared with that of iron is as one to thirty-seven and a half. This known, it is readily appreciated that more fuel is required to heat water through scale and iron than through iron alone. It has been demonstrated that a scale one-sixteenth of an inch thick requires the extra expenditure of fifteen per cent. more fuel. As the scale thickens the ratio increases: thus when it is one-fourth inch thick sixty per cent. more fuel is required; at one-half inch, one hundred and fifty per cent., and so on. To raise steam to a working pressure of ninety pounds, the water must be heated to 320 deg. Fahr. This may be done through a one-fourth-inch iron shell by heating the external surface to about 325 deg. Fahr. If a one-half-inch scale intervenes, the boiler must be heated to 700 deg. Fahr., almost a low red heat. The higher the temperature at which iron is kept, the more rapidly it oxidizes; and at any temperature above 600 deg. it soon becomes granular and brittle from carbonization or conversion into the state of cast-iron. Weakness of boiler thus produced predisposes to sudden explosions, and makes expensive repairs necessary. To prevent the formation of scale, the author recommends the use of tannate of soda. This is put into the boiler at regular intervals in amounts proportioned to the hardness of the water. It quickly dissolves, and, without foaming or injury to the boiler, effectively accomplishes the desired result. In the reaction which takes place the tannic acid leaves the soda and combines with the lime of the carbonates to form tannate of lime. This is precipitated as a light flocculent, amorphous substance, which does not subside, but eventually finds its way to the mud receiver, in the comparatively still water of which it is deposited as a mushy sediment that may be readily blown off as often as required. The sul-

phate of lime is decomposed by the carbonate of soda of the first reaction, soluble sulphate of soda and carbonate of lime being formed. The latter is converted into tannate of lime by fresh portions of the tannate of soda. The presence of the alkali prevents all action of the acid on the iron. Extensive practical trial of this method has demonstrated its utility in all kinds of boilers; and its perfect efficacy, safety, economy, ease of application, and general adaptability will commend it for general use.

USES OF THE UVULA

To the anatomist and physiologist this organ has hitherto appeared to be of very little account; to the doctor, however, its importance has been very great, since from its peculiar structure and position he could hang any number of throat affections upon it, and afterward display his skill by removing the consequent elongation, diseases and all, with a single stroke of the knife. Peculiar facilities for studying its functions have led an English investigator, Sir Duncan Gibb, to the conclusion that its uses have been greatly underestimated, and that when these are better understood many of its abuses will cease.

The organ itself is a little teat-shaped body hanging from the centre of the lower or free edge of the soft palate, where it appears when the tongue is not fully depressed to divide the passage from the mouth into the throat into two distinct portions. Further depression of the tongue, however, will show that it is not connected below, but is pendulous, ending in a blunt point just over the little valve which protects the opening into the wind-pipe. Sir Duncan Gibb thus sums up its uses: First, it acts as a sentinel to the fauces in exciting the act of deglutition when anything has to be swallowed. Second, it compresses the soft palate and holds its posterior free border firmly against the wall of the pharynx in deglutition, so that nothing can pass upwards. Third, it modifies speech in the production of loud declamation, and the guttural forms of language by lessening or diminishing the pharyngo-nasal passage, when it acts as an elevator. Fourth, its elevating power is increased to the most extreme degree in the highest ranges of

the singing voice, and is very moderately exerted in the lower ranges. Fifth, therefore, in its uses, deglutition and vocalization are the functions that are intimately associated with the uvula, and both become more or less impaired if it is destroyed, wholly removed, or seriously injured.

TAILLESS TROUT.

In the department of zoölogy and botany at the last meeting of the British Association, Mr. C. W. Leach read a paper describing a tailless variety of trout, specimens of which were exhibited. They were taken in a lake about one thousand feet above the sea-level, and not above an acre in extent. This was so shallow that a man could wade through it, had a hard firm bottom, with but few weeds; and although surrounded by other lakes, these tailless trout were found only in it. They fed on the small crustaceans occurring in the lake, and were all in good condition. A sportsman who had fished the place for thirty years had never found one with a perfect tail, whence it was suggested that the trout being unable to mix with other trout were perpetuated in this way. Cases were cited of streams where the trout were found with deficient fins, the tail fin being sometimes altogether wanting. Concerning the trout without tails no attempt was made to account for the peculiarity, but the author of the paper mentioned as one of the popular notions regarding it, that because of the shallowness of the water the fish had ground their tails away against the bottom.

REPUTED CURE FOR SNAKE BITES.

Mr. HETIODORO RUIZ, of Opín in Colombia (New Granada), reports to his government the successful treatment of snake bites by cauterization. That country abounds in venomous snakes, and their bites are quite frequent. In all, this gentleman had treated some seventy cases. His method is to drop melted sealing-wax on all the fang-marks, and he looks upon the result as due not so much to the cauterant action of the hot wax as to the complete exclusion of the air which the adhesion of the wax secures. At first the wax was given internally as well as applied to the wound, but that part of the treatment has since been abandoned as useless.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"SONGS of the Sierras." By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Joaquin Miller has had an experience unique among American men of letters. He had gained an enviable position in England before his name was ever heard of in this country. Only in the case of Irving do we see anything similar, and even he attained a certain celebrity at home before he made his great success in England. But Mr. Miller was not only unknown in his native land, he was rejected of it. He had worn out the patience and filled the waste-baskets of California editors. The most famous and most appreciative of them all had returned one of his poems with the expressive endorsement, "Frensy." The poet had passed through New York hugging his manuscripts to his breast, conscious of a spark in them that made them worth somebody's serious reading, and, arriving in England, his reception proved that the unreasoning instinct of the mountaineer was true. He was a poet after all, in spite of San Francisco, and without consulting New York. The criticisms, or rather eulogies, of the British reviews came over to us with the vivid paragraphs of the letter-writers, reinforcing the public curiosity by overdrawn details of the poet's outlandish life. Long before a poem of his was printed in the United States, the press was flooded with eulogies of his work and impertinences about his person.

By this abnormal introduction Mr. Miller has certainly gained notoriety and prepared an immediate circulation for his poems, though it may be doubted whether this beating of the gong by his publishers has insured him a kindlier reception than his own talents would have done. Those who are easily influenced by foreign opinion accepted the new poems blindly before they saw them, one kind lady saying "that in literature Miller had discovered America," and another "thanking him for living," and another calling him the "splendid savage." These unreserved phrases roused an equally unreasonable spirit of revolt among that estimable class of Americans who object to the unknown

because it is popular, and who make it a point of honor to read the blessings of the English backward. Nothing more strikingly shows the great change which has come over our literary relations with the mother country than the fact that Mr. Miller owes his success in England to being an American, and will owe his severest criticisms in this country to the circumstance of having been unduly praised by English reviews.

Those who read Mr. Miller's poems in a spirit of fairness will be about equally surprised at the extravagance of a portion of the English reviews and at the vulgar abuse of a part of the Western press. The qualities which our English friends imagine they have found in the "Songs of the Sierras" do not exist there. They have agreed with one accord in calling these poems distinctively American, full of originality, of truth, of instinctive local color. They have judged the author by an entirely different criterion from that which they would have applied to an English writer, or to one of our own standard poets, who, they are good enough to say, are more English than American. They do not ask of him any skill in versification, any cultivated command of rhythm, any mastery of the conventional forms of metaphor and construction. They demand that he shall in form and in matter be different from anything they have before known; that he shall make some show at least of speaking the word of that perplexing enigma which hides beyond the sunset so many weighty questions of art and politics and society from the inquiring minds of the older world. A few of them think they catch some glimpse of this in the lines of Mr. Whitman, and in fact a lively and energetic imagination can find anything it looks for in our Brooklyn poet's reveries. We once knew a gentleman who refreshed himself and filled his mind with ideas by the daily reading of a few pages of Webster's Dictionary. Mr. Miller now comes to the same anxious inquirers with a certain bright-colored portraiture of scenes they know nothing about, and they have credulously accepted his song as a "native wood-note

wild," giving voice to the absolute truth of the far Western life.

We think Mr. Miller's poems have great and genuine merit, but not at all the merit ascribed to them by English criticism and the hasty and indiscriminating acceptance of the English verdict in this country. They are not true to life; they are not distinctively American; they are not in the strictest sense original—that is to say, of a new kind. The beauties in his poems—and they are numerous—are precisely those which we admire in better and older poets, and are the product of a refined and delicate poetical organization, cultivated after a fashion by the appreciative study of great and faulty masters of English verse. Their defects are due to imperfect education and to the carelessness and haste to which partially tutored writers are so prone. His Indian girls are wooden figures taken from the sidewalk in front of tobacco shops, and touched up with colors out of "Lara" and the "Corsair." His Don Carlos is a vealy youth who dishevels his hair and talk in the hope of resembling Manfred; and his Kit Carson is nothing less than a libel upon that simple and heroic figure of our frontier history. That brave, silent, and continent mountaineer looks grotesquely enough in that Byronic harlequinade, stealing Digger brides and then leaving them to perish in a prairie fire—impossible, by the way, on a plain where a great herd of buffalo had passed. And everywhere where Mr. Miller attempts the dramatic presentation of character, or the portraiture of phases of border life—in short, wherever he is most admirable in the eyes of his English critics—he is false, unnatural, and inartistic. So far from seeking his inspiration in real life, he seems to have written with a pen in one hand and a copy of Byron in the other. But he only attains his worst when he mingles his false ideas of human nature and his originalities of versification together. The poem of "Ina" is full of such turgid and halting passages as these:

Afar to the south now the red-tongued thunder,
Mine equal brother, my soul's own companion,
Talks low in his sleep like a giant deep-troubled;
Talks fierce in accord with my own stormy spirit.
But beyond him the supple California lion
Has aroused him up in a dangerous rivalry.
The beast, I could beard him alone in his lair,
And toy with his mane, though it tossed like a
fire.

Yet in this same poem, when the writer stops trying to be Western and original, and follows for a moment in the footsteps of the English lyric school of to-day, he hits upon such exquisitely dainty and elegant assonance as we find in this song:

O tempest-tossed sea of white bosoms,
O breasts with demands and desires,
O hearts filled of fevers, of fires,
Reaching forth from the tangible blossoms,
Reaching far for impossible things!
Beat not, O break not your warm wings
On the cruel, cold bars any more.
Lo! the sea, the great sea has his shore,
And lies in his limit; the moon
Has her night and the sun has his noon.

Leaves fade, and the frosts are before us!
Leaves fall, and the winter winds are;
Loves fall! let us cross and deplore us;
Loves die! Lift your hands as at war.
Lift your hands to the world and deny it;
Lift your voice, cry aloud and deny;
Cry aloud "Tis a lie!" and belie it
With lives made a beautiful lie.

This melodious song, which would be beautiful for its mere melody if it had no meaning, is the work of an artist and not of a mountaineer. It is not in any sense the voice of the Sierra or the plain. It shows a marvellous growth in dexterity and ease—for it is evidently, like the "Hunter's Song," of a later date than the rest of the poem—since the poet came down from his hills and began to mingle with people of culture. In the poem of "Walker in Nicaragua," which is the best in the book, we see continual proofs of this capability of culture in the writer; and in the short lyrics which are prefixed to the longer poems, and which seem all to have been written in England, the improvement is positive and rapid. The little song which preludes the tribute to Burns and Byron is irresistible in its tinkling sweetness, and the poem is full of a grace and dignity which does not injure its force, for one of the finest passages the author has written is that reminiscence of the Pacific coast,

Where white clouds crush their drooping wings
Against the snow-crowned battlements.

We regret we have no space for the extracts we have marked, in further illustration of the genuineness and the calibre of Mr. Miller's poetical talent. But the book will be widely circulated and read, and the public will do full justice to this meritorious artist, who, after he has outgrown the injudicious eulogies of his friends, will gain and keep an honorable

position among our poets. He is not the great American poet so long expected and so foolishly clamored for. The American poet must build his lofty song on the foundation of all that has been done, from Chaucer to our day. He will not make better rhymes from the mere circumstance of having herded cattle in Illinois, or of having dug gold in Nevada. Mr. Miller gained many friends in London by the simple directness and manhood of his character, and it was reasonable that the first reviews of his writings should be tinged by the personal regard of the critics for the man. But his place in literature must be independent of all such considerations, and he will succeed in future in proportion as he ceases to be frontiersman and becomes artist. Meanwhile, our faith in English criticism has received another cruel blow. They have sent us this poet as a typical Western bard—a sort of unconscious instrument through which the wide life of the West was breathing—and we find him a delicate and fanciful singer, whose high promise is rather in his possibilities of sweetness and culture than in any robust individuality. They call him “the most remarkable narrative poet which America has yet produced,” and we find his strength almost entirely in his lyric passages, and his narrative always weak and false; and we beg to remind our cousins that no man now writing English can tell a story in verse so well as John Greenleaf Whittier.

“*Pink and White Tyranny. A Society Novel.*” By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Notwithstanding the statement of the title-page, Mrs. Stowe says that her book is not a novel, but “a story with a moral,” which moral is “exactly” set down because “people pick all sorts of strange morals out of stories.” Mrs. Stowe thinks that the friends of the interests of women are short-sighted and reckless in their “clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract.” The best way, therefore, to show their superficial view of the matter is to picture the miserable career of a sensible man married to a coquette, the integrity of the union being maintained by the stronger vessel, and the weaker one finally saved for a repentant death-bed. The plot and the quality of the characters on which her

moral hinges may be briefly summarized as follows: John Seymour, of New England, “a generous, just, manly, religious young fellow,” well read in the law and a flourishing manufacturer, thirty-three years of age, is fascinated by and marries Lillie Ellis, a conventional coquette, born and living in New England, but not credited to the Puritan stock, and who, aged twenty-seven, makes John believe at the time of her marriage with him she is but twenty. Lillie is depicted as heartless, extravagant, given to lying, a flirt with fast men, smoking cigarettes, on the verge of criminality, and with no personal influence over her mate but that of her caresses, such as jumping on John’s lap and fondling him when she has a point to gain, which incident forms the subject of one of the illustrations. Lillie at last dies, according to the poetic justice of Mrs. Stowe’s moral, repentant, loved by John to the last through an unlimited faith in womankind, “true to the fair illusion of first love, the dearest and most sacred of all.”

We do not think that Mrs. Stowe’s story or moral will convert the short-sighted and reckless friends of the interests of woman or of man either; and for this reason, that Mrs. Stowe, as an artist, does not conform to the requirements of artistic construction by maintaining the ideal integrity of her principal character. She makes the usual blunder of women novelists, that of creating male characters according to the sentimental standard of motive and action peculiar to her own sex. The ideal man is not a creature of sentiment, but of reason; not the victim of abandoned impulses, but the master of these and an actor through reflection and judgment. The great teachers in creative art, Shakespeare and Balzac, never exhibit in their delineations of ideal men incongruous motives and paradoxical actions. The manly and the just as well as the vulgar and unprincipled in their works are true to their characters throughout. Othello when he suspects Desdemona is not a candidate for uxorious blandishment. Hamlet when he catches Ophelia in a lie is certainly not sentimentally kind. In enjoining her to go to a nunnery and not become “a breeder of sinners,” he is consistent with Shakespeare’s ideal of man, which is that he is not “passion’s slave.” Balzac does not state his moral

"exactly," but works it out so that we perfectly grasp its profound significance. He comprehends the virtues and vices of human nature in their natural juxtaposition, and never perverts their operation with a favorite moral conceit of his own. Mrs. Stowe ignores the organic emotions of man's nature, and really portrays in her ideal man a simpleton. Taking John Seymour for what Mrs. Stowe says, and not shows, that he is, he would be so ashamed of the predicament in which he had got himself that he would never expose his weakness to the world by discarding Lillie. "Manly," "just," and "religious," he would never be caught yielding to the transparent caresses of a married flirt. We are therefore obliged, in justice to the much-abused "short-sighted" and "reckless" pleaders for the rights of woman, to enter opposite Mrs. Stowe's case in our critical calendar: Not proven.

There is a secondary character, a foil to Lillie, and another type of woman, the sister of John, named Grace, who is supposed to be a model New England girl. We find a moral in this character. Grace is "one of those women formed under the kindly-severe discipline of Puritan New England, . . . superior to those mere feminine caprices and impulses which often hurry very generous and kindly-natured persons into ungenerous and dishonorable conduct." This is about the same as to say that whatever nature a New England girl is born with, instead of being left to healthy expansion in this world of trial, subject to a common sympathy for all beautiful things, and to a common charity for all human shortcomings, had better be artificially shaped. Grace had "thin, white hands"; she could discuss everything "from jelly up to the profoundest problems of science and morals, . . . matters of amusement in every New England family" (!); she was "too thoughtful, too conscientious, too delicate to marry for anything but a purely personal affection." She is a maiden over thirty, "with no present thought or prospect of marriage," the sequel, however, disclosing her to have been from the start secretly in love, and, from Mrs. Stowe's own showing, sure of her man. Setting aside an artistic inconsistency of this sort, we doubt if the prevailing state of single blessedness among

New England women, which is the text illustrated by this character, can be explained, as Mrs. Stowe would insinuate, by a super-refinement of feeling. The fact is statistical, as well as admitted by Mrs. Stowe, that men in New England are scarcer than women, and the latter could not mate to their liking if they would. So well established is this fact that it seems to us an infraction of artistic law to push the sentimental beyond a natural condition of things. Again, while we are on the matter of artistic management, if she wishes an intelligent reader to admire the moral or physical vigor of a model woman, let her not be described as possessing "thin, white hands," a feature betokening impoverished blood, and which, in these days of physiological research, is a defect inconsistent with ideal completeness.

Mrs. Stowe depicts characters low in the scale of human and social development, like Topsy, skilfully and with fidelity to nature. Considering things objectively, she is a good limner; it is only when employing a stalking-horse for moral strides that she perverts the order of things and ceases to be a true artist. Lillie, the coquette of this story, sufficiently well drawn, is a type of character frequently encountered in our society—a flimsy, superficial feminine butterfly, so transparent that no man with ever so little experience could be deceived by her, and successful matrimonially with some juvenile or when backed up by fortune. Mrs. Stowe accounts for the existence of this creature in this fashion: "Put pretty girls who have not wise mothers where you will, there is some *man* busying himself in their instruction." "Men of profound sense" encourage spoiled children to chatter nonsense. Judges of the Supreme Court and Secretaries of State "delighted to have Lillie give her opinion in their respective departments. Scholars and literary men flocked around her, . . . satisfied that she knew enough to blunder agreeably on any subject." Lillie "numbered among her admirers many lights of the church," having flirted with "bishops, priests, and deacons," the clergy, when off duty, being "no safer guides of attractive young women than other mortal men." These passages show certain home influences which in Mrs. Stowe's opinion help to form character like Lillie's. We will not

stop to consider whether this is a war-rantable use of the above-named social factors, but pass on to other causes. Mrs. Stowe travels abroad. She does not confine the causes of her heroine's corrupt nature to the foregoing agencies, but assigns French millinery, novels, and the like, quoting from Balzac one of his subtle analyses of the Parisian woman, who lies admirably, "so naively impertinent, so pretty, so graceful, so true in her lying!" in order to account for Lillie's mendacity. We question whether all this is artistically proper. It may be admitted that "French theatres, French novels, French operas do affect American fashionable society, and that things said of the Parisian woman begin in some cases to apply to some women in America"; but in analyzing the soil which produces an indigenous plant like Lillie, would it not be well to recognize and admit demoralizing elements of its own? For instance, if we were to write a novel or wished to point a moral, we would strive to imitate the artistic integrity of Balzac, and show that a woman like Lillie was the natural product of that cold and calculating sentiment which pervades our society, due to national and individual egotism, parental neglect, a low standard of education, and reverence for social eminence on financial grounds. With human nature, as with plants and animals, like causes produce like effects. They are the same in America as in France. Why should the rank weeds of our own fertile soil be represented as nurtured and matured by a foreign atmosphere? We are chary of attributing any of the good we are remarkable for to foreign sources: why not manfully bear our burden of evil? In considering the artistic purposes of a writer of Mrs. Stowe's genius, is it pertinent to ask the following question: How is it that with all the virtues which exist organically in New England character, with the great intellectual resources of its churches, and schools, and press, with the young brought up in such model families, they should, according to her, when they mature, fall so easily into French ways and absorb the contaminating sentiments of the French mind? There must be some weakness of structure, mentally or physically, to account for such a feebleness of will. Poor Grace, in spite of her New England education, dons a

Parisian gown ordered for the occasion when her brother marries; and when mentally depressed, instead of resorting to native literature for consolation, says, "I am going to take a course of the Bible and Fénelon." Mrs. Stowe, is Fénelon American?

"SEED TRUTHS, or Bible Views of Mind, Morals, and Religion." By Pharcellus Church, D.D., author of "Philosophy of Benevolence," "Religious Dissensions, their Cause and Cure, a Prize Essay," etc. Sheldon & Co., New York, and T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

As the result of an exhaustive study of the writings of the ancient alchemists, the late General Ethan Allen Hitchcock arrived at the conclusion that these philosophers were moved by an insatiable acquisitiveness, not for gold, but for the spiritual truth which was with them the highest object of attainment, and which they symbolized by the material substance held in chief esteem among others. In an age fanatically devoted to the mere forms of religion, there survived a remnant who had a living perception of those interior and fundamental truths which are the animating soul of all forms, and continue when the forms which should embody them have been divorced from them and given over to decay. The true alchemists, as General Hitchcock claims, in all their formulas laid singular stress upon the necessity for first purifying the materials with which they dealt; but these were not the base substances of nature, but the forms of the higher organisms of the soul, through whose purification they sought to enter into the knowledge of the noble mysteries hidden from all but "the pure in heart." There were true and false alchemists. The true, whose formulas the false sought in vain to apply to the transmutation of metals, were men of whom their generation were not worthy; who were forced to hide their convictions from the prevailing unbelief under the veil of symbolism.

The theory of General Hitchcock, so far as it relates to the alchemists, may be more fantastic than sound, but certainly he is right in his main proposition. There are truths which escape theological dogmatism, the profoundest researches of science and the most subtle speculations of investigation merely intellectual.

These truths find their expression in beliefs which have passed unscathed through the flames of past inquisitions to encounter with equal confidence the fires of modern skeptical scorn. They draw their life from belief in a Revelation which has come out in our day from the protection of superstitious reverence to meet full-fronted the assaults of the most searching criticism; to be buried in the grave which science is digging for superstition, its enemies declare; to rise to a nobler and a wider comprehension among men, as its friends devoutly believe. "Seed Truths," a work by the Rev. Pharellus Church, D.D., which appears simultaneously from the press of Messrs. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh and that of Messrs. Sheldon & Co. of New York, gives new expression to this latter faith. Unlike the ancient craftsmen who sought to retain the knowledge of their mysteries in the hands of the few, our modern alchemists seek to make all men partakers in their secret; and of these modern alchemists Dr. Church is evidently one. He has sought to lay bare the interior meaning and mystery of the Revelation which has been with him the object of devout study during a lifetime. He aims to make that Revelation its own interpreter, and, discarding all attempts to establish favorite theological propositions by collating proof texts, he endeavors to catch its spirit and to interpret it as a whole. Something of the difficulty of the task he has overlooked, we think; and this attempt to bring his ideas, or rather his intuitions, within the reach of intellectual conviction will strike many of those to whom he appeals as obscure. They will here and there find themselves wishing that the author's language were as clear to others as his thought always seems to be to himself, and tantalize themselves with attempting to attach a very precise meaning to some use of word or phrase, for the sake of seizing an elusive thought, and after all be obliged to fall back on the broad scope of the book to elucidate the particular expression. The writer's generous intentness on his main purpose has no doubt induced this comparative neglect of verbal perspicuity. Though he follows the methods of thought peculiar to orthodox theology, his work is noticeable for a freedom from conventional statement, such as naturally springs from

a spiritual condition in which the practical religious interest predominates over the merely perfunctory dogmatic. It is emphatically a living book—that is, one in which the personal experience of the author is an important factor. Spiritual insight is manifest on every page, but intuition speaks to intuition, and seers have a small audience.

We are inclined to think that Dr. Church's deviations from the uniformity of Christian doctrine, as held among the churches which come under the general designation of "evangelical," are neither so wide nor so numerous as he appears himself to suppose they are. At any rate, we are confident that, whatever the orthodox doctors say of his teaching, the great body of orthodox believers are substantially with him. Indeed, his volume may fitly be described to be an attempt at logical and systematic formulation of Christian doctrine, as Christian doctrine is actually gathered by the unsophisticated sense of believers in general from the Scriptures themselves, without direct influence from current ecclesiastical symbols.

The master purpose of the book is to plead for a theology derived by exegesis from the Bible, as contrasted with the metaphysical theology excoagitated from the subjectivity of the schools; its author believing with Isaac Taylor that "those who, through a course of years, have been used to read the Scriptures unshackled by systems, and bound to no conventional modes of belief, such readers must have felt an impatience in waiting, not for the arrival of a new revelation from heaven, but of an ample and unfettered interpretation of that which has been so long in our hands."

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 "REINDEER, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes;" a journal of Siberian travel and exploration made in the years 1865-'67, by Richard J. Bush. (Harper & Brothers.) This volume is due to an abortive effort to establish telegraphic communication between the New and Old Worlds by the way of Behring's Straits, the effort being frustrated by the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable. Although the project failed, the world has gained something by it in the production of this book. Mr. Bush's account of the Siberian tribes and country—the manners and customs of

human beings crowded up in one corner of the planet where life and civilization seem scarcely possible—the wonderful service to man of dogs and reindeer, together with his descriptions of scenery and phenomena peculiar to a land under the dominion of frost, forms an entertaining and valuable addition to our travel literature.

It is of special interest in connection with the recent works of Tylor and Lubbock, who are correlating the primitive and barbarous conditions of man in various parts of the globe, and applying to human progress the great idea of evolution. Few travellers furnish more trustworthy testimony. There is no exaggeration in his narrative for sentimental or sensational purposes, no perversion of the objective to favor a foregone conclusion.

Among the wonders he records is that of remarkable human strength in the shape of strong-jawed Cossacks, who extract nails from boards with their teeth, and who test the quality of an axe by biting or trying to bite off its edge. He mentions frequently the excessive fondness of the Siberians for alcohol, a fact that gives further support to the theory that a cold temperature has quite as much to do with this vice as taste or appetite. Its prevalence in the north and gradual disappearance as one travels south indicate that physical as well as moral causes must be considered in its eradication. The custom of buying a wife obtains among some of the Siberian tribes, a custom intended to prevent young men from marrying before they are able to support families, and which, Mr. Bush says, is a better institution than would appear at first sight. Girls are estimated according to the wealth and standing of parents, and are generally disposed of by their value in reindeer, say from eighty deer down to two, although in one place he knew of a spouse who was purchased for a plug of tobacco. Feeling, affection, love seems to be of as little account in the frigid zone as in the fashionable zone of all countries. The Siberian tribes are emerging from idolatry through the rites of the Greek Church, which the Russians are slowly establishing among them. Incantation, a remnant of a primitive condition of things, still exists, and especially in the treatment of the sick. During an epidemic in which the Tchutchus were dying off rapidly, their "shamans" (similar

to the Indian medicine-man) sacrificed dogs by hundreds to appease the wrath of the Evil Spirit, the snow around their dwellings being drenched with blood; this failing to arrest the malady, they finally immolated an old chief, who forced his own son to become his executioner. An explanation of this sort carries us back to a remote antiquity, when religion consisted of sacrifice to a malevolent being, to a time long before man got to be conscious of any good principle in life. Certain Siberian tribes, as with the Esquimaux living in the same latitude, but separated by an immense continent, seem incapable of providing for the future. Famine frequently overtakes them. Through an unwillingness to labor, even for two weeks when fish are abundant, and a winter's supply can easily be stored, they neglect to catch and dry them, and thus suffer extremely. Severe cold evidently paralyzes the intellect, the warm season being simply one of passing enjoyment. Siberia is, of course, a land of furs. In some places the ermine has little value, the author having passed through a settlement where ermine were only caught to pay taxes, their skins being for sale at six cents each. The best furs are monopolized by and stored for the Russian Government. Thieves stealing furs are punished with death. Mr. Bush's accounts of the dogs and reindeer, so useful as food and as carriers, are full of interest. When the feet of the dogs get to be raw and lacerated through travelling on the ice, the natives put socks on them, it being no uncommon thing to see whole teams of these animals clad in boots. His team of dogs travelled 2,400 miles, and 1,500 in the space of twenty days. The book abounds likewise with facts in relation to meteorology and zoölogy, and especially with those which illustrate the limitations of savage development; and they are stated in such a way as not only to satisfy the scientific investigator, but to please the general reader.

"THE Book of the East, and Other Poems." By Richard Henry Stoddard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Stoddard is one of the true poets who feel that simple subjects of permanent human interest are those that invite and test genius. Obeying the Horatian precept of the poetic art, he wins the pure praise promised to the few who treat every-day

themes so as to raise them to dignity and grace. He can rescue the relation of the sexes from the wrangles of the platform, and set forth its meaning with just force and lively instances in "A Woman's Poem," "Without and Within," and "On the Town." Or he can gather up all the associations with sturdy and homely love of country, heighten them by vivid touches of fancy, and group them in grand historic procession under their symbol, in "When this Old Flag was New." The worn story of Valley Forge grows great, as freshly told in all its dreary details by the veteran who remembers it in peace at home; and a thousand orations have been wasted in failure to celebrate, as a few nobly plain stanzas can do, the work and death of Lincoln.

The extreme difficulty of style in ballad-writing—to be familiar yet not prosaic—is met by the author through careful study of rustic old English speech, with hardly a lapse into commonplace. Yet where he has yielded to the temptation of some great occasion of the hour, his measure rises into a suitable fulness and grandeur. There is a trick of illuminating, as with phosphorus, the downfall of thrones, that brings the words blazing out against the dark background of the subject; and there is a fashion of cramming, to order, a catalogue full of capitals, that passes for poetry with some newspapers. But in his "Cæsar," Stoddard commands a vehemence that is severe as well as lofty; and his "Mare Victum" condenses great thoughts in a nobly irregular melody about a great human achievement.

The most finished among these verses are the tributes to other poets, which the author's clear critical judgment and genial appreciation of their merits have shaped into words both apt and generous. It seems scarcely possible to say anything new of Shakespeare, but the vision of his creation is striking and finely expressed. "Vates Patriæ" does eloquent justice to the genius devoted to patriotism of the father of American poets; and the solemn introduction of Thackeray in "Adsum" to the immortal company

Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is—

has not a line nor a word beneath the height of its subject.

It is genuine poetic instinct as much as

the dread of mere popularity that leads the author to aim at something higher than a reputation for brilliant or sensational verse-making. It is not enough for him if he can describe picturesquely, or narrate with vigor, or command assent to his philosophy, unless he has studied in himself and can touch in others the springs of feeling. These poems are full of instances of such study and such power. "After a Funeral," "Courage and Patience," "In Memoriam," contain lines speaking with pathos for what they reveal, and with solace in what they teach. They are written not as one would write—as many have written—who fancied that he felt, and strained utterance to convey feigned emotion, but as simply and naturally as the broken words falter in sorrow too real to care whether or how it betrays itself. And the shades of gayer sentiment and fancy lightly caught and conveyed in many of the couplets are as delicate and capricious as glimpses of spring sunshine, reminding us often of Heine's wifful whimsical stanzas. Nor are those deeper questions left untouched which the restlessness of modern life rather urges than silences. "An Invocation," "Wandering along a Waste," suggest the emptiness of fame and greatness.

"Gone like a Wind that Blew a Thousand Years Ago," and "Why Stand ye Gazing," is a bold and free outburst, not necessarily irreverent, of those unsatisfied doubts as to the why, whence, and whither of human life which can neither be suppressed nor fully answered.

The "Book of the East" contains two poems which might have given its title. One, the "King's Sentinel," tells the Persian legend of the guard who gave up his child's life to redeem his master's, and conveys in very subtle and mystical touches the weird conception of the prince's spirit parted from and rejoining his body. The other is an allegory, using with some modification the Egyptian myth of Isis and Typhon as a vehicle for the story of disunion and reconstruction. The parallel is reflected in large and simple images, with a fitness far above mere ingenuity. The fable as originally adapted by Milton is singularly applied to the pursuit of truth in his treatise on the Liberty of Printing; and its presence there may have suggested the uncommon and impressive measure into which these

lines are framed, resembling that of the grand Christmas hymn, yet with certain halts and shortenings that greatly heighten its effect for the purpose sought.

But the book is really christened after the translations, which compose less than a fourth of it, from the Persian and other Eastern languages, probably derived through the medium of prose renderings, for we believe the author does not profess to be an Oriental scholar. Yet this element of weakness is unperceived, from the care with which feelings common to humanity in every clime are kept true to local coloring in expression. Among all these voices, speaking of little else than passion, it is surprising that the Chinese has the most of a certain homely tone, of humor even, and delicate imagery. But the best of such transplanted flowers, not excepting Coleridge's Circassian imitation, seem pale and sickly among the hardier, varied growth of Western sentiment. Even though the unrolling manuscripts of Japan should reveal to us a Burns or a Béranger, still, in literature as in action, "better half a year of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

If the author will do injustice to his own powers by wasting them on the reproduction of others' work, we commend as a subject more congenial to them those of the quatrains of the Persian Omar, the Tent-maker, which remain untranslated into English. Of about five hundred of these, dryly rendered into prose three or four years ago by a dragoon of the French embassy, nearly a fourth have since appeared in an English version, negligent in form, but wonderful for spirit and character. Omar, who wrote two hundred years before Dante, is an Oriental combination of Horace and Voltaire. He deals with the problems of life, creation, and the future with the most daring vigor and independence. His poems are richly imaginative and penetrated by a tone of sadness strangely consonant with the spirit of our own day. While inexorable science in the West is pushing its researches toward results that promise, if justly understood, to transform and heighten the future religion of the race rather than destroy it, such a translation of these reflections of an Eastern poetic philosopher six centuries ago would be an

interesting contribution to the sum of human thought.

"From Fourteen to Fourscore." By Mrs. S. W. Jewell. New York: Hurd & Houghton. This is a novel of unusual interest. The plot is good, the style is exceedingly graceful, and the tone of the book is pure and elevated throughout. The heroine tells her own story. She is a New England girl, with fine culture, a poetic, sensitive nature, loving all that is bright and beautiful in life, and detesting the narrow-minded and gloomy bigots who endeavor to cast a shadow over her young mind. She leaves her native village to visit friends, who give her new ideas of life, and introduce her into a circle far more brilliant than the society of Maplewood. Here she falls in love with Philip Yorke, and after many trials and a long separation, necessary both for the development of the story and that of the heroine's character, they are finally united. Mr. Yorke is drawn with great vigor, and indeed all the characters in the book are original and strongly delineated.

With the patronage of the King of Bavaria, and under the supervision of a historical commission appointed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, a work of peculiar historical interest has for the past six years been in course of publication. It is a collection of the historical songs and melodies of the German people from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, inclusive. The third and fourth volumes, lately published, complete the work ("Die historischen Volkslieder der Deutschen, vom 13.-16. Jahrhundert, gesammelt und erläutert von R. von Liliencron"). The third volume, 1507 to 1529, contains a large variety of popular poetry concerning the Turks and the Turkish invasion, and of ballads relating to the first Turkish siege of Vienna, a large number of which are attributed to Hans Sachs. Pieces of a later period, on all the leading events of German history, are also included. A supplement gives the old melodies to which the poetry was sung. It appears that many of these melodies, popular in their day, and still in use to some extent, have been preserved by their adaptation to church hymns.

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

IN the "Reminiscences of John Adolphus," recently published in London, are a number of entertaining and instructive matters, from among which we have selected a few for the benefit of our readers. The first one or two that we fall upon are clothed in a poetic form. It seems that there was an Englishman about a hundred years ago very ready at rhyming extempore after the manner of Theodore Hook, on proper names especially. Somebody who had not faith in him said, "Oh, it is absurd to say you can rhyme on all names. What would you do with Sennacherib and Jehosaphat?" Instantly came

The vallant King Sennacherib
Of any man could crack a rib,
But could not of Jehosaphat;
I'll tell you why—he was so fat.

A MR. HOMER went into bankruptcy, and some unfeeling lawyer thus explained it:

That Homer should a bankrupt be
Is not so very Odd, d'ye see,
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
That Ill he had his books conducted.

This is a fair variation on the old anecdote where one man says, "Homer's Odd, I see," and the other answers, "Homer's Ill, I add."

ADOLPHUS was himself a joker in a quiet way, as well as a recorder of jokes. When the new custom-house in London was being erected, he was passing in a boat in company with a gentleman concerned in the building, who said they must have statues on the top, and added, "Now what do you think, Mr. Adolphus, would be appropriate?" "Oh," said the other, "by all means the twelve Seizers."

WHEN Sir Samuel Shepherd was a barrister, Mr. Adolphus says, he met him one day in the Court of Common Pleas, looking for a member of Parliament to give him a frank. Mr. A. told him he would be sure to find several members in the Court of King's Bench. "Oh, yes!" he replied, "I shall be sure to find plenty of vermin there!" Then, seeming to recollect himself, he added, "But don't tell them I said so." "Indeed I shall," re-

joined Adolphus, "and in your own words—you will find plenty of *ermine* there."

OUR readers may remember the anecdote in the September "Club-Room," told by the Rev. J. C. Young, about the supposed eleventh-hour repentance of a criminal named Maskelyne, who, however, turned out to be crying because he wanted "a good bellyful afore I die." Fauntleroy, the famous forger, was even cooler in his insensibility. On the morning of his execution the ordinary of Newgate went into his cell to pray with him, and administer such spiritual comfort as his terrible position required. He found Fauntleroy solicitously airing his shirt.

HE furnishes a couple of useful items for our children's department. One of them may be added to the enormous pile of evidence to prove the transmission of qualities by descent. Old Mr. A., at about eighty years of age, was so bold as to marry a young wife, and in due course of time was presented with a son. On the day of christening the nurse handed young master about, with the usual exclamation that he was the very image of his papa. "Very like indeed," said a lady; "no hair, no teeth."

THERE was once a precocious child who was taken to a meeting (it was in an English town) in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and also to consider upon an additional supply of curates for some of the churches. Her parents, proposing to show her off, charged her to be very attentive, so that she might be able to answer questions at dinner. Sure enough, when dinner came, an obliging friend asked the little wonder what the meeting had been? "The Society for the Propagation of Curates," was the precocious answer, which closed the exhibition.

FRENCH courtesy is proverbial. A very fine instance of it actually took place on a Queen's birthday in London, and was re-

ported to Miss Emily Adolphus by an eye-witness. Too many tickets had been issued for the quarters to be occupied by spectators, and after they were quite full a Frenchman presented himself escorting some ladies, and when informed that there was no room, begged and prayed that the ladies and gentlemen would contrive to make a little space for one of the young persons with him; "*pour une enfant chérie*," he said. The good-natured English, by pressing and squeezing, contrived to make room for one, when our *preux chevalier* immediately sprang into the place, exclaiming "*C'est moi-même*," leaving his ladies to shift for themselves.

ON the night of January 25, 1842, was christened his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Barham, going out to see the illumination, and observing in almost every window the initials of the remarkable child, namely, A. E., heard some one say (but most likely it was himself), "Ah, he'll make acquaintance with the other three vowels before he comes of age."

BARHAM (Tom of Ingoldsby) was at a dinner where they were telling about an invention for extracting the ink from parchment, and reducing the parchment itself to pure gelatine. "Good," said Barham; "now a man may eat not only his words but his deeds."

ONE of Sir Walter Scott's stories not referred to in any of the Lives is given by Mr. Adolphus as follows: There was a girl who had a pet lamb and a betrothed lover, who had to leave her for a few weeks, departing amid tears and woe. At his return they sat down in great happiness to dinner, when the young lady said, "You must eat a bit of Willie; I had him killed and dressed for this happy occasion."

SIR WALTER would have enjoyed this:

A gentleman who had been reading about the East asked one day in company what bird was meant by the bulbul. A Scotchman present answered, "It must mean the cock bird of the coccoo."

THERE was a certain Mrs. Bartley, who had a maid-servant capable of having been the pattern for Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop, so well known for her "nice

derangement of epitaphs." Mrs. Bartley was paralyzed, and only lived by means of the kindest and most unceasing care and attention from her husband and friends. Lane, the lithographic artist, called at the door one morning to ask after Mrs. Bartley's health, when the servant answered, "My mistress is a little better to-day, sir; master has used an imprecation that made her tingle all over." Embrocation, it is to be supposed, was the real tingler.

MR. E. M., upon occasion of a Happy Event in his family circle, wrote the following to his aunt, an ex-domestic in the family of Mr. Adolphus:

DEER HART: This comes with hour love to you, hoping thes two lines will find you well has it leves us at pressent, my wife was put to bed this 21 of Sepr, and is as well as can bee expted, and as got a fine boy and as got six tows a pon won fut, so no more at present. Your nevey,
E— M—

THE Revolutionary incident of Captain Asgill is sufficiently well known, and how near he came to being hung in New Jersey, after drawing lots and losing, in retaliation for the atrocities of a British partisan in that neighborhood. But the sort of consolation by which his spirits were kept up is not so well known. Mr. Adolphus has recorded that an old friend of his, Harry Greville, was then serving along with Asgill, and was deputed to sit up with him and comfort him. "Well," said some friend, "what did you say to keep up his spirits?" "Oh, I don't know," said Greville; "I said, Pooh! pooh! never mind."

AN Irishman, says an ancient tale, just coming ashore from an emigrant ship, saw an elephant on the dock, the beast like himself having just come from abroad. On inquiring of a jolly sailor-man who was rowing him ashore what the baste might be, the conscienceless man of the sea told him "A mosquito;" and Patrick returned to the ship in the same boat and home in the same ship; for, he reasoned, if that was a specimen of the insects, what were the wild animals? Similar, but with a little more reason, was the conduct of an English gentleman who once upon a time

landed in Dublin, and went to dine at a hotel. The conversation became general, and an Irish gentleman addressing him said: "I presume, sir, you are an Englishman?" "I am, sir." "And a Protestant?" "Yes, sir." "Then you will have no objection to drink a glass to the glorious and immortal memory of King William, who delivered us from Popery and wooden shoes?" "Sir," said the Englishman, "I am come to this country merely to see it, and with a firm resolution not to say a word about politics or religion." However, the request was urged with so much importunity that he filled his glass and was going to comply, when a powerful Irishman six feet and a half high rushed from another part of the room, and showing a fist as large as a leg of mutton, bawled out, "By Jasus, if you offer to drink that damnable toast in my presence, I'll dhrive every tooth in your head down your throat!" The gentleman incontinently put down his glass, took up his carpet-bag, hastened back to the packet that brought him, and returned home, having "seen" Ireland to his full satisfaction.

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PHILIP WILLIAMS, Vinerian Professor, in one of his lectures put forth a metaphor almost as carefully mixed as that of the famous Irish orator who said, "I smell a rat, I see it brewing in the storm, but I will nip it in the bud." Williams, in speaking of the confusions of the law, ably illustrated them by those of his figure. "Thus," he said, "is the student launched on the wide ocean of the law, without rudder or compass, jumping like a squirrel from bough to bough, and endeavoring in vain to fish up the disjointed members of the polypus."

RIDING IN A STREET CAR.

"Hi, conductor! stop that car.
What a stupid fellow you are!
I've hurried until I'm ready to drop.
Why on earth don't the booby stop?"
These are the sounds that greet the ear
While riding down Walnut street,
And a man leaps in from a sidewalk near
And crowds himself into a seat.

The car from end to end is crammed—
Thirty-six people closely jammed
In a space intended to hold eighteen.
What do the street car companies mean
By crowding and cramming
And crushing and jamming
Human creatures in such a way?
It's barbarous, wicked, awful, I say!

The wind comes sweeping along the floor:
"Gracious! conductor, do shut that door."
"I say, old lady, get off my toes!"
"Your horrid umbrella has hit my nose."

The ladies chatter,
The horses' hoofs clatter;
The driver swears and the car wheels creak,
The passengers grumble, the babies shriek.

Irish woman comes charging in,
Adding her voice to the rest of the din:
"Shure, will any one gi' me a place?
Thank yez, honey! Bless yer swate face,
May the saints in heaven—murder! och!
S'int Patrick! It's killin' me fut ye are.
Git off me toes, ye wretch, or I'll knock
Ye—be jabbers!—flyin' out o' the car!"

From yonder Tenton's looks I augur
He has taken a surfeit of "pretzels and lager."
Has yonder sedate old lady a history?
Does her life contain any "unfathomed mystery?"
That Sister of Charity, quiet and pale,
Keeps her eyes on her prayer-book fixed:
Does the fearful clatter,
And worldly chatter,
That on every side her ears assail,
With the "Hall Mary" and creed get mixed?

Yonder a pair of crutches rest
By the side of one whose looks attest
That he served in the war. He could tell a tale
Of "hairbreadth 'scapes," and that cheek so pale
Would glow like fire as he told the way
They charged where the bullets fell like rain.
Though maimed for life
In the deadly strife,
He thinks with pride of that glorious day,
And counts his loss as his country's gain.

What are those school girls whispering about?
Some very wonderful secret no doubt;
How "Laura was mad and wouldn't speak
To Carrie and Belle for one whole week";
How "Jennie Clarke has such a sweet dress,
And Mary is going to give a party.
And Ella declared—but you'll never guess—
That she perfectly hated Will Macarty!"

Two lovers sitting side by side
Seem to intensely enjoy the ride.
A newsboy dashes into the car—
"Times," sir? "Chronicle?" Hyer ye are.
Jist half a dime, sir;
Hyer's yer "Times," sir!
And off he goes again like a flash,
And we hear him land in the mud with a splash.

Here the conductor rings the bell
And startles the passengers with a yell:
"Now then, madam, this is the place;
Didn't you tell me to stop at Race?"
Fleshy old lady lumbers out,
Rolling and lurching from side to side,
Crushing all toes along the route,
While expletives follow, a terrible tide.

Enter a woman richly dressed,
Glances on every side in quest
Of a vacant seat, but finding none,
She stares at a man till he rises from one;
But never a word
Of thanks is heard,
As she takes the place, for manners are
Quite out of place in a crowded car.

AN Edinburgh draper once put forth an advertisement ending with this fine touch, which we believe may be slightly novel even in the United States: "The lamentations at the door are protracted and heart-rending when customers contrast the purchases they have made further up with the quality and price of the goods now before them."

A VERY magnificent diction, but without corresponding accuracy of thought, was that of a "minister's man" mentioned in Dr. Rogers's "Century of Scottish Life." This worthy, who served the minister of Kinross, was a considerable reader, and had borrowed some of the minister's botanical books. As the minister stepped into his flower-garden one morning, he found William removing a favorite rhododendron. "What are you about?" he inquired angrily. Taking a hearty pinch of snuff, our modern Andrew Fairservice—evidently, like his storied predecessor, "half a scholar to his trade"—deliberately responded: "Sir, this rottendenthrum didna corroborate wi' the rest o' the shrubbery. It was in an ower lucrative situation, so I've translatit it ower here." It was impossible to refute so learned an argument as that, and the amused minister held his peace.

THERE are some other noticeable references to Scotch "ministers' men" in Dr. Rogers's afore-mentioned "Century of Scottish Life." These gentry were personages somewhat like the doctor's hired man Abel in "Elsie Venner," useful helpers, and often possessed of curious traits and "kinks" of character. Thus, the Rev. Alexander Moncrieff's man, riding home after service with the minister, offered the opinion that Mr. M. had been rather too emphatic in his assertion that even in seasons of prayer the world would mingle in the suppliant's thoughts. "Well, John," said Mr. Moncrieff, "I'll give you the horse you ride upon if you'll pray five minutes without a worldly thought." "Done," said John, who forthwith asked the minister to ride on slowly while he "prayed a bit." Mr. Moncrieff did so, and after a space John came up asking, "Did you say, sir, I was to have the bridle too?" "I fear you thought about this upon your knees, John," said the minister. John turned away his head and was silent.

DR. ROGERS has also some improving notices of Scottish clergymen:

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, Baronet—what a quantity of handles to one name!—about whom various pleasant notices may be found in Cockburn's "Reminiscences" and other Scottish biography of the beginning of this century and the end of last, was gifted with sharpness of temper and of speech. He once thought it his duty to administer a reproof to a Highland minister who was in arrears about a subscription, whereupon the delinquent divine retorted, "Sir Harry, if you're an anointed minister of the Word, you were anointed wi' vinegar."

THE Rev. Mr. Spark, minister of St. Magnus in Orkney, once asked a brother minister to conduct service for him, and afterward to baptize his infant daughter. The other readily consented, and for the singing immediately before the baptismal service mischievously gave out a portion of the fifth paraphrase, beginning (in the Scotch psalm-book) with the line

As sparks in close succession rise.

Now Mr. Sparks's helpmate, like that of the celebrated jurist in the epigram, produced him a child each year; and the congregation laughed.

A CERTAIN Scottish country minister removed from one parish to another, and one Sunday "exchanged" with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service an elderly woman inquired what had become of her "ain minister." "Oh, we're exchanging," he replied; "he's with my people to-day." "Indeed, indeed," said the matron, "they'll be gettin' a treat the day."

THE Rev. George More of Edinburgh was riding one very snowy day, muffled up in a Spanish cloak, and with a woman's shawl tied round his neck and shoulders. These garments flapping in the wind startled the horse of a "commercial traveller" who met the divine, and who, irritated at the plunging of his steed, exclaimed, "You would frighten the devil, sir!" "May be," answered Mr. More, "for it's just my trade."

DR. ROGERS has a pleasant anecdote of a Scotchman named Heriot, probably, says the author, a descendant of George Heriot, so well described in "The Fortunes of

Nigel." This Mr. Heriot, tenant on one of the Marquis of Tweeddale's farms, was selected by that nobleman, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, to become his private secretary and majordomo, after the death of the Duchess. He came on experiment, was tried and found well fitted for his duties, and was quickly in entire possession of the Duke's confidence. Walking in London one day, Mr. Heriot met a Scotch friend, who exclaimed, "Hollo, Heriot, what are you doing in London?" "I am private secretary to the Duke of Wellington," said Heriot. "You be nothing of the sort," said the Scotchman indignantly, "and I fear you're doing little good since you would impose upon me in this fashion." Returning to Scotland, he further bethought himself of warning the Duke that "one Heriot had been passing himself off as his secretary," which he did. He received from Apsley House in course of post the following satisfactory reply:

SIR: I am directed by the Duke of Wellington to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and I am your obedient servant,

J. HERIOT,
Private Secretary.

THE DISHONESTY OF WIDOW GUMP.

You didn't know Bill Gump? Well, he were the derndest fool!

But it were that cuss's luck for to own one an'mille,

Which the neighbors they all called her the ed-dicated mule;

An' I hankered for that beauty till I thought that I should spile.

Well, now, she *were* a mule!—a flea-bitten kind o' white,

Jest fifteen hands perclzely, an' the tallest kind o' go;

An' for to see her doin' tricks it were soothin' to the sight,

For she scooped the hull caboodle o' them ponies in the show.

I've seed her slip her halter, when no one weren't around,

An' then pick up her bucket an' pump herself a drink;

An' th'n pull off her saddle an' roll upon the ground;

Then go back to her hitchin' post an' look around an' wink!

I've seed her walk a log with Bill, when he were that far sprung

We had to hist him on her back; an', as a gen'ral rule,

When she stepped down at t'other eend he were sartin to be flung;

So I know'd there were a fortin in the hide o' that there mule.

But Bill he wouldn't sell her, though I tried him high and low;

I laid for him continuoal till he nearly laid me out.

Sich talents weren't no sort o' use to a bumm'n' cuss, ye know,

Which in my hands she'd rake the pile, there ar'n't no sort o' doubt.

There come a fresh an' knocked our bridge: one stringer still did stand;

An' Bill he gets right up an' says, "I'll tell yer wat I'll do"

(He were that corned he didn't know the water from the land),

"My mule agin an' X, she'll cross an' never wet a shoe."

I lit right on that proposish like a dead-beat on a nip;

For I knew the beam were icy, an' her shoes were smooth as glass;

An' the odds were ten to nothin' that there an'mille would slip,

And all my dreams of fortin that one slip would bring to pass.

I took my stand below the bridge, an' when they tumbled in,

For to save that splendid an'mille I give a de-prut dive;

But the ice was runnin' thick, an' though I worked like sin,

When I got her to the bank I were only jist alive.

I were that sore I *couldn't* 'tend the funeral, ye see,

They oughtn't to expect it; but the widdier o' that fool

She baulked right in the traces, and she lays Bill's death to me,

Which she hangs back in her breechin' an' she won't give up that mule!

An' yet there's fools that talk, an' I've often heard the same,

If we let the wimmin vote how much honestier we'll be;

But I've had enough o' widders, an' I know their little game,

Which they ha'n't no sense o' honor in a business way, ye see.

L. J. BATES.

THAT WAS an odd coincidence of sounds which happened to Sir Nicholas Tindal in walking with a guide from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Carlisle, for the sake of the scenery. His foot slipping on a hill-side he fell down, and on getting up asked his guide the name of the hill. "*Tynedale Fell*," was the answer. The legal gentleman thought his guide was jesting at him, but he was not. A *fell* in the north of England is a high hill.

THE dry humor of Scottish men is often resembled by oddities of men of learning, though with a different "local color."

Porson's grotesque puns and versifications in Greco-English are as well known and as queer, or possibly even queerer, than Swift's famous Latin-English conversations. A mystification connected with some Greek iambics of his is, however, not so well known. One day in hall at the University, Porson took occasion to observe that many of our nursery rhymes are translations from the Greek.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Tate, one of the Fellows, a credulous person, for whose benefit in fact the remark had been made.

"Yes," replied Porson; "that one about the children sliding on dry ground is from Athenæus's after-supper songs; and to-morrow I will show it to you."

Next day, sure enough, Porson brought in the verses, and beautiful Greek verses they were. Tate, and one or two more were actually deceived. Professor Dobree afterward showed these verses to a great German scholar, who, he said, was mightily puzzled by them.

SPEAKING of University Fellows, there have been in assemblies of the same divers good utterances, in which the foolish were not always spared. In the same college with Porson was one Greenwood, a dry and serious person, who spoke with gravity, and left the rest to laugh. One day he said he did not like pancakes, from the thought of their derivation, viz.: *pan kakon*—all bad. There was a very pert and forward person in hall one day. When, according to ancient custom, the large silver snuff-box was handed round, this individual said to Greenwood, who was at the head of the table, "This snuff-box is large enough, Mr. Vice-Master, to hold the freedom of a corporation."

"Large enough, sir," said the other, "to hold any freedom but yours!"

On another occasion one of the Fellows had fairly wearied the company by unsuccessful efforts at facetiousness. At last, struck by the general silence, he said: "I am sure it cannot be said that I have not done my best to divert you all."

He was answered by Dr. Ramsden, a very serious man, of Yorkshire birth and accent, and whom he had constantly attacked with profane impertinent talk: "In *ancient* times, sir, there were persons set apart for that purpose." Which made the solemn faces all look funny and the funny one look solemn.

LORD KENYON, usually a miserable blunderer in the classics, once blundered into a pretty good translation. Some one quoted Cicero's "*Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*" "Yes," said Kenyon, "that means 'Over the hills and far away.'"

We add one other, of which Professor T——r, the excellent and learned Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, is, or ought to be, able to give an account.

"Have some of the soup?" said the Professor of Law to his learned brother the Professor of Latin, who was dining with him.

"Thank you," said the Latinist, a little dubiously, "I rather think I won't to-day. Soup sometimes disagrees with me."

"But do, my dear fellow; it's splendid."

"Oh, then, I'm sure I won't; the better the soup the more harm it does, you know. *Summum jus, summa injuria!*"

As for Professor Vince, Doctor Routh, and the Rev. Mr. Bowles, they were only funny by being absurd.

Professor Vince (of Cambridge), although a very fine mathematician, was dull and matter-of-fact in ordinary conversation. Dr. Mansel, master of his college, used to write epigrams and then repeat them in hall, prefacing them by observing "That wicked man Vince has made another epigram." It was Vince who really made the geometrician's excuse for not calling on Sir Astley Cooper, who had given him an address in some square or other, and on meeting him afterward asked why he had not come. "I did come," said the accurate old fellow, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, and so I went away again."

OLD DR. ROUTH, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, was a famous scholar, and lived to be a hundred years old. He had one day been saying many kind and encouraging things to a certain favorite of his, afterwards eminent for Biblical scholarship, sanctity, and sense of the ludicrous, the Rev. John W. Burgon. So the junior at last asked the patriarch to give him some single pearl of advice, some great saying or golden rule of proceeding

which might stay by him and serve him through all his future life. The sage answered: "*Always verify citations.*" Truly, for scholars, the law is of far greater import and far more needed than any but scholars can well imagine.

The same stout old doctor, in his extreme old age, was visited by John Lord Campbell, who had long and amicable debates with him on divers subjects. At parting Dr. Routh said, "My lord, I have had pleasure in making your acquaintance, and in exchanging minds with you. I hope it will not be many years before we meet again." Lord Campbell was infinitely amused, and added, on repeating the farewell, "Did he think he and I were going to live forever?"

THE Rev. William Lisle Bowles, somewhat known as a sonneteer, was much more entertaining as a case of absence of mind. Being to dine along with his wife at a friend's, and having gone up to dress, he did not appear when the bell rang, and Mrs. Bowles requested that he might not be waited for. After the soup and fish had been served, a servant desired Mrs. Bowles to step up to her husband, who wished to see her. She found the reverend and poetic man in a terrible fury, with no trousers on, with one leg bare, and the other clad in a black silk stocking. "Here, madam," he cried out, "that idiot of a maid of yours has put me up only one silk stocking for my two legs; the consequence is, I can't go down stairs to dinner nor have my dinner at all, unless some is sent up to me here!" "Oh, my dear," replied his amiable wife, "you need not stand on much ceremony with such old friends. Put on again the stockings which you have taken off, and come down in them. I will explain matters to the company." The parson complied, and on peeling off the black stocking found the other under it.

STILL, let us not undervalue absurdity. Humor is more laughable than wit; and the jolliest specimens of humor are the unconscious ones. Such was the spectacle of the inconsistency of Diantha.

Mrs. Jones's colored cook Diantha had experienced religion, and was about to join the church. Now there was a furious feud of long standing between Diantha and Julius Cæsar, the hired man, also a

"gentleman from Africa." But, nevertheless, Mrs. Jones was astonished and pained one morning to hear a tremendous row in the kitchen, and on going to see what was the matter, surprised the convert in the act of aiming a flat-iron at the head of Mr. Julius.

"Why, Diantha!" expostulated the good lady, "how can you act so, when you remember the profession that you will so soon be called on to make? How can you join the church if you give way to such a wicked frame of mind?"

"I knows dat bery well," replied the candidate with frankness; "I knows all 'bout dat, missus. I'se 'sperienced religion, 'n I'se goin' to join the church shuah, but I'll smash dat nigga fust!"

ALL the most interesting epitaphs are possessed of the great element of unconsciousness, which indeed is one of the most usual accompaniments of genius. "Zouave" sends us all the way from Seattle, W. T., the following epitaph, copied by him from a "wooden gravestone" on Roanoke Island in 1862:

My John is dead ; hard is his bed ;
And I am left alone.
My husband dear, that was near,
Is tuk away and gone.

This next one has a curious distortion in the first line, showing that truth is not always beauty. We fancy we have already seen the substance of the other three lines somewhere.

Dearest husband, father, son, and member of Skagadahunk Lodge, No. 38, Independent Order Red Men, thou hast left us :

Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us—
He can all our sorrows heal.

We need not add that this gem came from the obituary department of the Philadelphia "Ledger."

THE following "tetching" verses, from rural sheet in the less sophisticated regions of Pennsylvania, possess a rare combination of merits. They are, as the editorial heading shows, an epitaph, on old Miller, written by young Miller (with his thumb, apparently, if the rhymes "and sich" afford any indication); and an epitaph is a good thing. Then it tells us all about the Miller family connection. Then it inculcates a weighty moral, which rings through and through it like a fish-horn

through a choir of cow-bells. The obliging correspondent who sends us the lines intimates distinctly that these two Millers are of the same stock with Joaquin of the Sierras. It must be so—Joshua, Jacob, Joaquin; three of a kind, making, by the way, a pretty strong hand. What the deceased Joshua could do as a "poick" does not appear. We suppose that Joaquin will have to try once more after the appearance of brother Jacob's effort. These are the verses:

The following lines, composed on the death of Joshua Miller of Jackson, were written by Jacob R. Miller, with the request that they be published:

He was old, had plenty of gold
To make his children wealthy;
Be sure and make your will right.

There is Mr. Miller, he's a stiller,
He went to the Boro and made a slur;
Be sure and make your will right.

There is Mr. S., we all do guess
He made the will and made it ill;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Mr. Bly, he's pretty shy,
He will take a joke and make a note;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Uncle Jake, he's wide awake,
Worked three years, don't get his share;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Uncle Sam, he ain't to blame,
He got the horse, he wants a boss;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Uncle Linus, he can't confine us;
I'm pretty tall, he's got it all;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Mary Ann, the oldest girl,
Ain't in the will; she can't be still;
Be sure and make your will right.

She was forgot, without a doubt;
Now boys and girls, we'll make it out;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Eliza White, she takes delight;
Says boys and girls, we'll make it right;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Abby Clark, it is pretty dark,
She is pretty poor, to be sure;
Be sure and make your will right.

There is Susan Bly, he's pretty shy,
She got the note, 'tis a good joke;
Be sure and make your will right.

There's Dolly Cappel, the best of all,
She got the check and got it slick;
Be sure and make your will right.

Mother says I am on my bed;
The will is wrong, I must be gone;

The will broke out without a doubt,
It broke her heart, she must depart;
She worked so hard could not say a word,
Kept in the dark just like a shark;
She is gone to rest, one of the best,
She is gone home, one of the best.

FROM the depths of New England we have received this:

Old Mr. A. was a fine old gentleman of the old school, a very tall, stately old man, with a great deal of 'presence' and some money. His sons and daughters were nice people enough, but not very successful in accumulating this world's goods, and some thought they were a little remiss in their efforts toward the same. And they used to rather encamp, so to speak, in 'the old house at home,' along with their families, in fact. Now Mr. A. stood it for a very long time, with a patience beyond that of either a father or a father-in-law. It was during the night season that his endurance gave out at last, but he breathed no word of the fact until breakfast time, when the goodly array of his descendants was seated in serried lines up and down the long table, and the moment came when most stately old gentlemen would have asked 'a blessing.' Old A. suddenly arose, while every eye was riveted upon his unaccustomed action. Rearing his towering form erect, he gave one look around, and made proclamation in the following sheriff-like terms, and with immense emphasis: "O yes! O yes! O yes! This HOTEL will be closed precisely at twelve o'clock at noon this day. All parties concerned will take notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly."

And it was so.

COLONEL GIVEN, one of Indiana's most gallant volunteer soldiers during the war, now Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is fond of a joke, and likes to make the opportunity for the perpetration of one. Some time since the Colonel, whose duties are principally with manufacturers of and dealers in spirituous and fermented liquors, made a tour of inspection of the breweries of the West. At St. Louis he found some very fine ones, having immense vaults for the storage of lager beer, great quantities of which are consumed in that city. The Colonel was going through one of these vaults under the guidance of its Teutonic proprietor,

who expatiated in broken English upon its capacity. He finally called the Colonel's attention to the huge casks, made in the vault, for holding the beer. The Colonel, a little disgusted at the German's constant praise of his premises, said the casks *were* certainly very large; "but," said he, "they've got larger ones in Pittsburgh. Why, some of those are so large that four couples can dance a cotillion on the head of them."

"Vat you say?" replied the German. "You call dem big casks? Dem is nodding. Vy, I've seen beer casks in Berlin bigger as dem—so big dat more as a hundred Dutch gals at a time *can valse on de bung-hole*."

The Colonel called for "zwei lager," and departed.

AN observing correspondent sends us a carefully-pencilled study of old H., whom he describes as "a fine old man, kind-hearted to all, and leading a blameless life." They used to call the gods of Olympus blameless, too. In both cases it was, we fancy, because it had been discovered that it did no good to find fault with them. Old H. is, it would seem, a most agile old person, having a distinct "string-halt" in each leg, and one weak knee, so that at every step the foot flies up twelve or thirteen inches, and every little while the right knee gives out, and down goes the persevering old acrobat on all fours. He likes jokes too, and makes them on occasion; so that between his antics and his wit he is quite an antiquity.

Old H. is a shoemaker by trade. Now it is well known that, from the days of Jacob Behmen downward, shoemakers have claimed high *ex-officio* endowments of spiritual might. One day three gentlemen happened to be in his shop together, who informed old H. that they had all been shoemakers, and were now clergymen.

"Good heavens, what a fall!" exclaimed he of the mystical handicraft; "I suppose it was occasioned by your hard drinking!"

Old H. though of late abstinent, used

to be himself extremely fond of liquor, whose effects, our correspondent intimates, were liable to be confounded by the casual observer with those of the aforesaid little physical failings. He was once lectured at great length for his evil practices in the matter of drink, and in particular for distressing his family by remaining absent from home when drunk.

"Wal," said old H. candidly, "I do know but what you are about right, but after all I guess it'll about average."

"How average?" inquired the friend of temperance.

"Why," rejoined old H., "sometimes I don't git quite home, and sometimes I git a leetle *by* home; but I swear I *average* home, and that's more than most people can say."

It may be imagined that the chat of this old philosopher, punctuated by means of his variegated mode of progression, his "walk and conversation," so to speak, greatly relieves the quiet of his rustic dwelling-place.

At a picnic, last summer, lunch was ready, and as all were gathering around the little piece of smooth ground that did duty as a table, and looking with eager anticipation at the dainties spread before us, McD— apologetically exclaimed, "There! I meant to have brought some calf's-foot jelly, but I couldn't catch the calf."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENIALIS.—You are correct, young man. Brevity is the soul of wit. But wittiness is its body. Now, send all your bodies to this Club-Room, and we'll put souls into them. We keep a Frankenstein on purpose.

"AJACK" writes to us all the way from St. Louis about the meaning of the colt in the spire of the Hartford Memorial church. He says he thinks it means that it may or may not be a vain thing for a colt to aspire toward heaven. No, Ajack, it doesn't. It means, in general, that it's a fine thing to a spire.

The Editor renews his request for contributions to this Department, and asks that they be addressed to W. C. & F. P. Church, Box 3,201, New York

NEBULÆ.

—THE summer season is over, and Jenkins's occupation is—not gone—would that it were!—but changed. No longer can he paragraph the watering-place notorieties and their turnouts, telling us how Bag-gins, Esq., drives a pair of bays to a landau, and Snooks, Esq., sports a team of brown roadsters. No longer can he chronicle Miss Parvenue's wealth of golden hair or her papa's wealth of Kille-mall railroad and Repudiana copper-mine shares. (Why is it, by the way, that of the many men who become bald very few try to conceal their baldness; while women, who rarely have any need of false hair, will pile on such superfluities of it? For it very rarely happens that the natural female *chevelure* goes "away in de a-wig-keit," as Hans Breitmann would say.) He must now talk of the coming town festivities and the opening of Brown's campaign. We trust he will duly record the sayings of that youth who when abroad last year told his courier to get a *vis-à-vis* for his passport. (N. B. This is historic, as the French phrase it.) Since his return the young tourist has been airing his foreign vocabulary, and the other day he remarked of a damsel with fastish proclivities that "she had that delicious *canaïlle* air which all *distingué* people have." He wasn't trying to be sarcastic either, but perfectly in earnest.

—THE French certainly have some womanish ways of revenging themselves. When Bismarck outwitted them in 1866, they gave his name to the very ugliest color they could invent; and now they have a new fashionable shade of red called *Sang Prussien*.

—MEN of the world have different ways of distinguishing different nations by their appearance, some of them sufficiently curious. A young English swell lately said to the Nebulous Person, "We can always tell an American in London because, you know"—what does the reader suppose?—"he always wears a single sleeve-button, like the French, while we have preserved the old fashion of double buttons." Some

peculiarity of pronunciation is the distinction that would suggest itself to most persons in this case. Such there are, apart from all slang or provincialism, which mark the best society of both countries very clearly. For instance, educated Americans almost invariably pronounce the word *vase* to rhyme with *case*. But a large number, perhaps the majority of educated Englishmen pronounce it *vaaz*, and this sound has a tendency to broaden into a full *au*, so that we need not be surprised to find *vase* rhyming with *draws* in Sotheby's "Homer." We believe that this is the British Museum pronunciation, and that every one there talks of the Portland *Vaux*. Some Englishmen, however, pronounce *vase* as we do, rhyming to *case*, and others again *vaze*, rhyming to *glaze*. *Boo-ee* and *boi*, respectively, for *buoy*, supply another instance of different pronunciation among the most cultivated men of the two countries.

—EVEN in the same country the standard of pronunciation is no easy matter to fix; indeed, we may say that it cannot be fixed anywhere with the accuracy desirable. To take one word of many, some Englishmen pronounce *sewer* (a drain) as a monosyllable, while others of the very same educational antecedents and social position make it a dissyllable, as we do. Nor is the student of other languages better off. The best and most recent Spanish grammars and guides differ materially as to the pronunciation of the letter D; while the experiences of Spanish tourists modify considerably all these grammatical dicta. The sound of C soft (whether in certain positions it should be *ch* or *sh*) furnishes a constant source of dispute to the Italians themselves. The puzzling varieties of German CH and G soft are familiar to the merest tyros in the language. Germany, having no capital to give the standard, was in this respect circumstanced much like ourselves (since most of us are practically prohibited from reference to London); but since Bismarck has changed all that, Berlin will doubtless give the law, and we look for a great and general

changing of G's into Y's all over the German's fatherland. Even the Parisian standard of French is not absolutely certain. Thus French orthoëpists are by no means agreed as to the components of their diphthong *OI*, and English orthoëpists are at a loss whether to express it by *vaa* or *vaw*. The fact is, that the sound in the mouth of a Parisian (and especially of a Parisian woman) fluctuates between the two (like the English fluctuation of *vase* between *vaaz* and *vauz*), and is very difficult for a foreigner to hit.

— We observe that the much debated subject of humor, its essentials and constituents, has come up again in English criticism. At this time of day anything very new will hardly be expected, and yet there is one incidental paradox which we do not remember ever to have seen noticed. Some of the prominent writers of fiction who would be—in fact who are—generally selected as examples of a total want of humor have narrowly escaped being great humorists. Victor Hugo is a case in point. Many writers—and writers above our average critical standard—would say at once, off-hand, that his worst blunders and absurdities are due to his complete lack of humorous capacity. And yet we find ever and anon in his works flashes of something which, if not genuine humor, is at least a very near approach to the real article. For instance, in “Hernani,” when the King, at the doubly critical moment of his life, accidentally adopts a form of speech to his confidant which *ipso facto* makes the latter a grandee, and the shrewd courtier immediately seizes the opportunity and asserts his new title by putting on his hat before the King, remarking to himself, “Whether he turn out Emperor or not, I am a grandee of Spain.” Again, in the “Chansons des Rues et des Bois,” his description of the modern pair who make love by algebra, gaze with delight on the leaves of check-books waving in the wind, and waylay the stranger in the forest of the opera, comes so near the humorous that we can with difficulty draw the line. Many passages might be collected from “Napoléon le Petit” and “Les Misérables” where invective is relieved by something which is more than sarcasm or satire merely—something which, if it be not humor, there is a real difficulty in designating. The trouble

with Victor Hugo seems to be that his enormous and ever-growing self-conceit has invested all his work with a certain sacredness in his own eyes, so that his bizarre conceptions are arrested at the grotesque stage without passing into the humorous.

— Among the unexecuted plans of “Ingoldsby” Barham lately made public, was that of a novel in which the different stages of the hero's life should be described by different writers. Such a work was more suited to that land of literary collaboration, France; and something like it was really achieved in 1844, when the first Mme. de Girardin (Delphine Gay), Gautier, Méry, and Sandeau produced their “Croix de Berny,” or steeple-chase novel. Hibernically so called, because it had nothing whatever to do with horses or steeple-chasing, or Croix de Berny, where French steeple-chases were held before being established at La Marche. In this work, which is really a great literary curiosity, each author took a character, and the whole book consists of letters passing between the four personages, and *professedly* written without previous consultation or intercommunication. As a mere story it is interesting, with a catastrophe sufficiently dramatic to please the lovers of the sensational; as a study and development of character it is charming. We need not be surprised that Barham's plan collapsed, for the Anglo-Saxon mind does not take kindly to joint work of this class. “No Thoroughfare,” for example; how easily Dickens's unimportant part may be dissected out of it! The Nebulous was once the accidental and almost involuntary collaborator on a small scale of a popular female author. She applied to him for permission to use in a forthcoming book *three pages* from one of his letters. For several obvious reasons (one of them being that the book was already in press) he consented. Unfortunately, the work was less successful than some of the lady's previous productions, and the Nebulous could never rid himself of the terrible idea that his three unlucky pages might have done the mischief.

— THE highest morality does not paint the devil too black. This is a truth which many good and energetic people, both thinkers and workers, constantly lose sight of, and the consequence is that they

are continually making great mistakes, both artistically and practically. Of the latter we see examples every day in our reform movements; of the former, or indeed of both combined, Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny" affords a striking instance. The utter shipwreck which a man of strong principles and grand ideas may bring upon his life by marrying a frivolous and pleasure-seeking woman is no new theme. It is as old as modern civilization, to say the least. It has been handled by several French authors, and well handled too, though of course with some of the faults characteristic of French authors. Yet much might still have been made of it, and Mrs. Stowe has made very little, either artistically or morally. Her first great fault is *painting the devil too black*—underrating the intellectual and even the moral character of her typical young woman of fashion. First, as to her intellect: a mere doll may be snubbed and put down in half a dozen ways; what gives the woman in such cases her dangerous power is being really stronger than her husband in points where intellect of some order is involved. Thus she is probably more accomplished than her husband; that is to say, she knows more of art and modern languages. (We are speaking of our own country; in France the positions would probably be reversed.) She is almost certain to think and speak more quickly, so as to beat him in a talk. To be sure, her style of argument is not very logical; but how many of our public speakers and popular writers are logical? It is *ready*; she has words and reasons or the appearance of reasons always at command. A thorough-paced city belle in the place of Mrs. Stowe's heroine would have talked "right over" her husband in their conversational sparring; and as to the cousin whom she enticed into a flirtation, she would have laughed and quizzed him off his feet when he undertook to lecture her—supposing him to be stupid enough to do such a thing, which he probably would not have done in real life, unless he were a great muff. Moreover, there is an art which very clever women often share with those of inferior capacity, the art of worry. Mrs. Stowe would doubtless scorn the idea of taking lessons from "Punch," yet Mrs. Caudle, or even Mrs. Naggleton, broadly drawn as they

are, and verging on caricature, might have taught her something here. Then again as to the moral. It is not safe to consider the domestic affections *solidairement*. True, your model woman—and we are speaking not of an impossible ideal, but of real flesh and blood existences—loves her husband, and her children, and her sisters, and her parents, defrauding none of their due; she has heart for all. But it does not follow that because a woman fails to love and honor her husband in a proper degree, she is necessarily indifferent to her other ties. Some persons' affections seem only capable of embracing a certain number of objects; they will neglect their husbands for their children, or *vice versa*. or they cannot sufficiently detach themselves from their old family (whence the proverbial character of mothers-in-law, who are often unjustly blamed for what is quite as much their daughters' fault), or they throw it overboard altogether, etc. Now if you draw a woman solely from the standpoint of her shortcoming, you paint your devil too black and spoil your moral. Another very important part of the picture is the form and manner of the husband's disaster. We believe that *the very last thing* which a gentleman and a scholar (pardon, O reader, the much-abused phrase) does under such circumstances is to seek a divorce, or even a separation. If there is anything of the epicurean or the men's man about him, he drifts into a club pillar and a waster of his energies in midnight conversation. If the ascetic and sentimental predominate in his character, or circumstances have forced upon him a country life, he subsides into a misanthropic recluse, "eating his own heart and shunning the ways of men" like Bellerophon.

— About fifteen years ago Mr. F. G. P. Neison, a distinguished actuary of London, investigated the rate of mortality prevalent among persons addicted to the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks. He confined his attention solely to well-marked cases of intemperance, and inserted in the circular which he distributed to trustworthy persons directions to enter no case in the schedule "unless the person alluded to was decidedly addicted to drinking habits during a considerable period of life." The facts collected by him were carefully analyzed and tabulated, and the mortality

exhibited was compared with that of the general population of England and Wales. Out of the six thousand one hundred and eleven such persons under observation, three hundred and fifty-seven died, whereas if the general rate of mortality had been observed the deaths would have been but one hundred and ten. "Throughout the whole range of the table," the author observes, "the rate of mortality is frightfully high, and unequalled by the results of any other series of observations made on any class of the population of this country. If there be anything," he goes on to say, "in the usages of society calculated to destroy life, the most powerful is certainly the inordinate use of strong drink." The schedule sent out by Mr. Neison required also an "enumeration of the peculiar features of the intemperance in respect to the favorite beverage"; and the following curious and significant facts were observed as to the influence of the different kinds of drink on the average duration of life. Such duration, after the commencement of the intemperate habits was found to be—

Among beer drinkers	21.7 years
Among spirit drinkers	16.7 years
Among those who drink both spirits and beer indiscriminately	16.1 years
and the rate of mortality—	
Among beer drinkers	4.597 per cent. yearly
Among spirit drinkers	5.996 per cent. yearly
Among mixed drinkers	6.194 per cent. yearly

It is well to remark here that the "intemperate habit" is usually acquired at a comparatively early period, say at age 16-30, for which age the average expectation of life in the general community is nearly double that given above for the intemperate drinkers of the least hurtful beverage. The different effects produced upon several enumerated classes of persons he found to be very singular. The average duration of life after the commencement of intemperate habits was—

Among mechanics, working and laboring men	18 years
Among traders, dealers and merchants	17 years
Among professional men and gentlemen	15 years
Among females	14 years

In a subsequent part of his work the author investigates the relative mortality in the sexes from immoderate drinking. From the table which he gives it appears that the mortality of the female sex is, on an average, about one-fifth of that of the male, varying from 23 per cent. at age 21-30 to 12 per cent. at age 71-80. "But the most curious circumstance disclosed by the figures," he says, "is the remarkable similarity between the proportion of crime in the sexes to the proportion of deaths from assigned causes of intemperance. By referring to a subsequent contribution showing the influence of age on the development of crime, it will be found that the tendency to crime in the male sex is nearly five times as great as in the female sex, or, more strictly, in the relation of 336 to 1,581; while the ratio of deaths to the population from assigned intemperate causes, at age 20 and upward, is in the exact relation of 8,011 to 36,769—a most remarkable agreement, the difference being under 2.5 per cent.; 7,814 substituted for 8,011 would give the precise relation of the figures showing the tendency of crime in the sexes. This is rather a strange coincidence, . . . and may be probably viewed by most careful observers as proving that crime legally considered, and intemperance in its ordinary acceptation, are the concomitants of each other." If the agreement noticed is more than a "strange coincidence," and subsequent analyses of criminal statistics tend to strengthen the belief that it is, the moral and social havoc caused by the excessive use of strong drink is as appalling as the physical. It will be borne in mind that the results detailed here were obtained after laborious collection and collation of facts by an experienced and able man, whose chief object was to frame a safe basis for business for life assurance operations in which he was interested. He had no theory of morals to urge, no sermon to preach save an incidental one, which the facts preached for him. This would add, if anything could, to the impressiveness of the lesson taught.

All communications intended for the Editorial management of THE GALAXY should be addressed to Messrs. W. C. and F. P. Church, P. O. Box 3,201, New York. Business communications should be addressed to the Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York.



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ADVENTURES OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI, MOTHER OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

THE Duke de Berri was the second of the two sons of the Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X. The elder son, the Duke d'Angoulême, had married the unhappy daughter of Louis XVI., whose sufferings in the Temple had moved the sympathies of all Europe. The Duke d'Angoulême was hopelessly childless. The eyes of the Legitimists were consequently directed to the Duke de Berri to continue the royal succession. Louis XVIII. was a childless old man, soon to die. His brother, the Count d'Artois, who was to succeed him, had also passed his threescore years.

On the 28th of March, 1816, it was announced to both of the French Chambers that the Duke de Berri was to marry Marie Caroline, eldest daughter of the heir to the crown of Naples. The aunt of the Princess, her father's sister, was the wife of the then Duke of Orleans, who subsequently ascended the throne of France as Louis Philippe. The announcement of the betrothal was received with apparently universal rejoicing. The Chambers voted the young Duke a bridal gift of three hundred thousand dollars. The Duke added to his already great popularity by accepting the gift only upon condition that he should be permitted to appropriate the whole of it to the relief of the poor, suffering then from a famine in the departments.

The marriage proved a happy one. The Duchess was singularly amiable, beautiful in features, graceful in proportions, and possessed of a fund of gaiety and vivacity which won all hearts. Two children were born, a son and a daughter. Both died in infancy. A third child proved to be a daughter. As the crown of France could descend only to males, great anxiety was felt lest there should be a failure in the succession which should lead to civil war.

Again it was announced, to the gratification of the nation, that the Duchess was *enceinte*. On the 13th of February, 1820, the Duke and Duchess attended the opera. In the interval between two of the pieces the Duchess left her box to visit her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, in an adjoining box. By accident a door, suddenly thrown open, struck her in the side. In her delicate state this caused some alarm. She decided to return home. The Duke led her to her carriage. As he took leave of her she said with a smile, "Adieu! we shall soon meet again."

The footman was just mounting his box, and the Duke had taken but one

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or two steps from the carriage, when an assassin, springing from the shadow of a wall, plunged a poniard to the hilt in his side, and fled, leaving it there. It was midnight. The deed was instantaneous. The assassin escaped in the darkness. The Duke, as he drew the dagger from the wound, which was followed by the gushing blood, exclaimed:

"I am assassinated; I am dead; I have the poniard. That man has killed me."

The Duchess heard the dying cry of her husband. With a shriek she leaped from the carriage before the steps could be let down, and clasping her husband in her arms, her clothes became saturated with his heart's blood.

"I am dead," said the Duke; "send for a priest. Come, dearest, let me die in your arms."

He was taken to one of the apartments of the Opera House, and medical attendants soon arrived. There was no disguising that the wound was fatal. The family friends were speedily summoned. Some one expressed the hope that he might recover.

"No," said the Duke, "I am not deceived. The poniard, I assure you, entered to the hilt. Caroline, are you there?"

"Yes," she replied; "I will not leave you."

The Bishop of Chartres, confessor of the Count d'Artois, arrived. He held a few moments of private conversation with the dying man, and then the infant daughter of the Duke was brought in. She had been taken from her bed, and was asleep in the arms of her attendant. The dying father placed his hand upon her head, and, in a voice tremulous from both weakness and emotion, said, "Poor child! may you be less unfortunate than the rest of your family."

M. Boujon, the physician of the Duke, endeavored to restore the ebbing circulation by sucking the wound. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the Duke. "For God's sake, stop. Perhaps the poniard was poisoned. Alas! how cruel it is to die by the hand of a Frenchman."

The chief surgeon, M. Dupuytren, as a last resource endeavored to enlarge the wound, that the blood might flow externally. The operation was very painful. The Duke bore it with much fortitude, convulsively clasping the hand of the Duchess. When the operation was over he said, "Spare me further pain." Then turning to his wife he said tenderly, "Caroline, take care of yourself for the sake of our infant whom you bear in your bosom."

Nearly all the members of the royal family were now assembled—Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Angoulême, the father and brother of the dying man, and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. Tidings was brought that the assassin was arrested.

"Who is the man who has killed me?" asked the Duke. "I wish I could see him to inquire into his motives. Perhaps it is some one whom I have unconsciously offended. Would that I might live long enough to implore the King to pardon him. Promise me, my father, promise me, my brother, to ask of the King the life of that man."

He then whispered a few words to Marie Caroline. In response to this whispering soon two illegitimate children, who were born to him when he was an exile in London, were brought in. He had ever recognized them, and they had been under the fostering care of himself and wife. They knelt sobbing at the bedside of their dying father. The Duke embraced the unfortunate children very affectionately, and then, turning to the Duchess, said, "I know you sufficiently, Caroline, to be assured that you will, after I am gone, take care of these orphans."

The Duchess took her own child from its nurse, and drawing to her these little ones, said to them, "Kiss your sister!"

The dying man was manifestly much consoled by this touching act. He then, in accordance with the rites of the Catholic Church, confessed to the Bishop of Chartres, and received absolution. At several of the responses he exclaimed fervently, "My God, pardon me, and pardon him who has taken my life."

Just then his uncle Louis XVIII. arrived. He was very infirm and crippled.

"My uncle," exclaimed the Duke, "give me your hand that I may kiss it for the last time. I entreat you, in the name of my death, to spare the life of that man."

The King replied, "You are not so ill as you suppose. We will speak of this again."

"Ah," sadly exclaimed the dying prince, "you do not say yes. The pardon of that man would have softened my last moments; if at least I could depart with the assurance that his blood would not flow after my death." These were his last words.

Seven months after, on the 20th of September, 1820, the Duchess de Berri gave birth to a son, now called the Count de Chambord. He was christened Henry, Duke of Bordeaux. The rejoicings in France at the birth were very great, as this infant was the last hope of continuing the line of the succession. A large number of illustrious members of the Court were present to witness the event, that there might be unequivocal evidence that the child was really of the royal line. The old King exultingly took the new-born babe in his arms, saying: "Here is a fine Duke of Bordeaux. He is born for all of us."

Taking a few drops of the wine of Pau, he moistened the lips of the child with it in imitation of the anointing the lips of Henry IV., before he received his mother's milk. He then drank to the health of the Duchess. Marie Caroline heroically replied:

"Sire, I wish I knew the song of Jeanne d'Albret, that everything should be done as at the birth of Henry IV."

The auspicious event seemed to enkindle all over France a flame of enthusiasm. The romance of the birth was peculiarly calculated to move the sympathies of the French people. Congratulatory addresses flowed in from all parts of the kingdom. The apt response of the Duchess gave new volume to the general acclaim. As the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux gave promise of the continuance of the direct line of succession in France, it was hailed with rejoicing in all the courts of Europe. The Duke of Orleans, it is said, was disappointed; for the extinction of the Bourbon line would have introduced him to the throne as the head of the Orleans branch of the family.

The united corps diplomatique of Paris, in their address of congratulation to the King, said: "Providence has awarded the greatest possible blessing to the paternal tenderness of your Majesty. The child of grief, of regret, of tears, is also the child of Europe. He is at once the guarantee and the pledge of the repose and peace which should follow after so many agitations."

The Emperor Alexander of Russia wrote to Louis XVIII.: "The birth of the Duke of Bordeaux is an event which I consider as most fortunate for the peace of Europe, and which affords just consolation to your family. I pray your Majesty to believe that I adopt the title of 'Child of Europe,' which the diplomatic body has already bestowed upon him."

Four years passed away, and in 1824 Louis XVIII. died. His brother, Count d'Artois, the grandfather of the Duke of Bordeaux, succeeded to the

throne with the title of Charles X. Six more years glided into the abyss of the past. We have reached the year 1830. Charles X., alarmed by the rapid spread of liberal opinions, which threatened the overthrow of his feudal throne, appointed a ministry every member of which was a well-known and determined opponent of liberal principles. He also issued some ordinances suspending the liberty of the press, dissolving the Chamber of Deputies because it was too liberal in its principles, and so altering the electoral franchise as effectually to place the government in the hands of the aristocracy.

The members of the ministry were well aware that there was peril in signing these ordinances, which must of necessity be obnoxious to the people. The King endeavored to nerve them to the bold deed by saying:

"The crown itself is attacked by these democratic opinions. The first unhappy step Louis XVI. made in retreat before the revolutionists was the signal of his ruin. He yielded, and all was lost. Let them conduct us if they please to the scaffold. But if we are to fall, let us fall sword in hand. I had rather be led to execution on horseback than in a cart."

The fatal ordinances were signed on the morning of the 25th of July, 1830, at the palace of St. Cloud. Many of the ministers had passed a sleepless night. It was a funereal scene. Not a word was spoken as one after another took the pen and signed the document, which demolished a throne and overthrew a dynasty. The King as he took the pen turned pale, hesitated a moment, and then said, signing the fatal paper, "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it is impossible to do otherwise than I do."

The ordinances were printed, and during the night placarded upon the streets of Paris. The populace, taken by surprise, was at first bewildered. Crowds gathered in the streets reading and discussing the decrees. Agitation rapidly increased. Influential men, lawyers, editors, and merchants, met privately to consult respecting measures of resistance. The King had a strong military force at hand in the city and the neighboring garrisons, ready, with bullet, sabre, shells, and bayonet, to enforce the decrees should there be any resistance. During all that day the excitement was swelling in violence, and very efficient measures were adopted for a general insurrection.

The morning of the 27th dawned upon Paris, presenting one of the most portentous aspects of a popular tempest which that tumultuous city has ever exhibited. The strife soon commenced, and raged with increasing fury in several streets all the day long. The King and his Court were at St. Cloud, and they were not a little alarmed in view of the report which was brought to them.

During the night of the 27th both parties prepared for the renewal of the conflict. The dawning day ushered in one of the most appalling scenes of terror and of blood. The populace could bring two hundred thousand well-armed fighting men into the streets. Fifty thousand royalist troops, many of whom were in strong sympathy with the popular cause, could make but little headway against them. At every point the soldiers were discomfited. The tricolor of successful insurrection soon supplanted the white flag of the Bourbons upon many a tower and turret.

Another night passed away, in which the maddened combatants forgot their exhaustion in preparation for the carnage of the morrow. Another morning dawned to usher in another day of wounds, misery, and death. The King stood with his glass in his hand upon the heights behind the château of St. Cloud. His heart sank within him as he beheld the tricolor unfurled from the Hôtel de Ville, from the towers of Notre Dame, and from more than twenty other prominent points in the city.

The Duchess de Berri with her two children, the daughter of whom we

have spoken and the Duke of Bordeaux, then in the tenth year of his age, was at St. Cloud with the Court. The Duchess d'Angoulême was also there, though her husband was in the city engaged in the conflict. In the midst of these terrible scenes, when the windows of the château were shaken by the explosions of artillery, the little Duke of Bordeaux and his sister were amusing themselves with a mimic game of war. The Princess commanded the insurgents. The Duke, at the head of the royal troops, crushed the foe in the most ignominious defeat. Another night passed, and another morning, that of the 29th, dawned. The insurgents were flushed with victory. The royal troops, many of whom despised the cause for which they were fighting, were disheartened, and but little disposed to continue the conflict. Still there was another day of desperate fighting, the troops generally proving loyal to their colors, though in what they admitted to be a bad cause.

Everywhere defeated, they were driven out of their last post, the garden of the Tuileries, and, rapidly retreating through the grand avenue, endeavored to join the King at St. Cloud. General Marmont, who was in command, deemed it his duty to be faithful to the King and his oath, though he detested the cause for which he was fighting. Riding in advance of his troops, he galloped across the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud, and, with a trembling voice and eyes dimmed with tears, announced to the King his humiliating defeat.

The King was now convinced that any further appeal to the sword would be unavailing. He imagined, however, that by revoking the ordinances and dismissing the obnoxious ministers the tumult might be appeased. But it was too late. The people, maddened by the strife and flushed with their triumph, resolved upon the overthrow of the throne and the expulsion of the Bourbons. A provisional government had been hastily organized by the insurgents at the Hôtel de Ville. A messenger was despatched to it with the abrogation of the ordinances. The self-constituted members of the government refused to receive the envoy, exclaiming with one accord, "Away with him! We will have no more dealings with the Bourbons." Promptly they issued a decree declaring that Charles X. had ceased to reign in France.

The King and Court in dismay retired to the château of Trianon at Versailles, three or four miles further back in the country. Here about twelve thousand royalist troops were assembled for the protection of the King. Every hour brought tidings of additional disaster and impending peril. An immense concourse of the enraged populace was on the march for Versailles. The safety of the royal family demanded immediate flight. It was night. The King set out on horseback for Rambouillet by one road, while the Duchess de Berri with her two children travelled by another route. It was midnight when the carriage reached the château of Rambouillet. The moon alone illumined the windows of the tower as the royal fugitives alighted in the silent and deserted courtyard. The little Duke of Bordeaux had fallen asleep in the arms of his governor. Charles X. as he alighted from his horse, overcome with fatigue, anxiety, and grief, bowed his head and wept. The Dauphiness, the daughter of Louis XVI., had reached Rambouillet in the morning in disguise, having escaped innumerable dangers. She was a woman of great heroism, though the anguish of her early years had given her a harsh voice, severe features, and a chilling demeanor. The King loved his niece, who was also his son's wife. Affectionately he threw his arms around her, pressing her to his bosom as she exclaimed sobbing, "Now we are together again, and I hope forever."

The next morning the King assembled his family around him and announced his intention of abdicating in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux.

His son, the Duke d'Angoulême, the natural heir, assented to the arrangement and resigned all his rights to the crown. The King immediately drew up the following act of abdication, which he sent to the Duke of Orleans:

"I am too deeply distressed by the evils which afflict or which seem to menace my people not to have sought a means to prevent them. I have therefore resolved to abdicate the crown in favor of my grandson. The Dauphin, who participates in my sentiments, likewise renounces his rights in favor of his nephew.

"You will therefore, in your quality of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, cause to be proclaimed the accession of Henry V. to the crown. You will furthermore take all the measures that befit you to regulate the forms of the government during the minority of the new King. Here I confine myself to making known these arrangements. It is a means of avoiding many evils.

"You will communicate my intentions to the diplomatic body, and you will inform me as soon as possible of the proclamations by which my grandson shall be recognized King under the name of Henry V."

There was a strong party in favor of placing the Duke of Orleans upon the throne. It was consequently for their interest to repudiate all the claims of the Duke of Bordeaux. As he was not born until seven months after the death of the Duke de Berri, some of the partisans of the Orleans family assumed that he was the illegitimate child of the Duchess. Others affirmed that the Duchess was not his mother, but that a surreptitious child had been adroitly introduced so as to secure the regal power in the hands of the Duchess and her friends. Should the child called the Duke of Bordeaux die, Louis Philippe would be the undoubted heir to the throne. Under these circumstances the Duke of Orleans was very unwilling to assume the responsibilities of the regency and of the guardianship to the child. He is reported to have said:

"If Henry V. should have only a pain in his bowels, it would be enough to make me pass in Europe for a poisoner."

Indeed, on the 20th of November, 1820, two months after the birth of the child, a document was published in London entitled "Protest of the Duke of Orleans," containing the following statements:

"His Royal Highness declares by these presents that he protests formally against the *procès verbal*, dated the 29th of September last, which document professes to establish the fact that the child named Henri Charles Ferdinand Diédonné is the legitimate son of her Royal Highness Madame the Duchess de Berri.

"The Duke of Orleans will produce in fit time and place witnesses who can make known the origin of the child and of its mother. He will produce all the documents necessary to make it manifest that the Duchess de Berri has never been pregnant since the unfortunate death of her husband; and will point out the machinations of which that very weak Princess has been the instrument."

After entering into minute and very unpleasant details respecting the alleged birth of the child, it is added:

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans is convinced that the French nation, and all the sovereigns of Europe, will be sensible of all the dangerous consequences of a fraud so audacious and so contrary to the principles of hereditary and legitimate monarchy. Already France and Europe have been victims of Bonaparte's usurpation. Certainly a new usurpation on the part of a pretended Henry V. would bring back the same misfortunes on France and on Europe.

"Done at Paris, the 30th of September, 1820."

This document was published in London. The Government of France did not permit its republication there. But now, upon the downfall of the Bourbon throne, it was issued in full, in the "*Courrier Français*" of the 2d of August, 1830, upon the very day on which the King named the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of France. It may seem strange that under these circumstances Charles X. could have consented to the regency of Louis Philippe. But the pressure of the hour was such that there was no alternative.

The populace of Paris was rapidly gathering for an expedition to attack the King at Rambouillet, a distance of about forty-five miles. The Place Louis XV. and the Champs Elysées were thronged with the teeming masses. Many of them were well armed, and organized into efficient military bands. Every kind of vehicle, omnibuses, coaches, luxurious carriages, and carts, were put in requisition to transport this army to the château where the royal fugitives were cowering in terror.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of August 2 this column, in a multitudinous mass which could not well be counted, commenced its march, without organization, provisions, or money. They pillaged the houses on the way for food. The march was continued through the night, many dropping down by the wayside from fatigue and sleepiness.

Charles X. was flattering himself with the idea that the abdication and the appointment of the Duke of Orleans to the regency had settled all the difficulty, when he was appalled by the arrival of a courier, announcing to him that "eighty thousand men were marching upon Rambouillet." Marshal Maison, who brought this intelligence, did not intentionally exaggerate. The King took him into the embrasure of a window and said:

"Marshal Maison, you are a soldier and a man of honor. Tell me, on your word of honor, is the army which has marched out of Paris really eighty thousand strong?"

The Marshal answered, "Sire, I cannot give you the number exactly; but it is very numerous and may amount to that force."

"Enough," the King replied. "I believe you, and I consent to everything to spare the blood of my guard."

Immediate arrangements were made for the departure of the royal family by way of Maintenon to Cherbourg, there to embark for exile in a foreign land. A few companies of chasseurs of the line, hussars, and lancers composed the vanguard. Then came the royal carriages. The first contained the Duchess de Berri and her two children. The King, with some of his family, was in the next. A long line followed containing numerous members of the Court. A regiment of dragoons formed the rear guard.

The Court halted the first night at the magnificent royal palace of Maintenon. The next morning at ten o'clock the melancholy march of several days was resumed. The King took leave of most of his faithful guard, reserving only his Gardes du Corps and Gendarmerie d'Elite, with six pieces of cannon, under the command of Marshal Marmont. The inhabitants of the region through which the procession passed crowded to the roadside to witness the mournful spectacle. They gazed in silence, without uttering any word of reproach or of greeting. The King appeared sad but calm. The Duchess d'Angoulême seemed stunned by the accumulation of woes which had been her earthly lot. The Duchess de Berri was cheerful, hopeful, almost gay. She seemed even to enjoy the romance of the adventure. Frequently during the slow journey the two ladies would alight from their carriages and walk by the roadside. When near Carentan some officers presented themselves and addressed the King in words of sympathy. He replied:

"Gentlemen, keep those worthy sentiments for that child, who alone can save you all," and he pointed to the little flaxen head of the Duke of Bordeaux, peering out of one of the carriage windows. At Valognes Charles X. received the standards of his guard. It was a simple but imposing ceremony. The Duchess de Berri with her two children and the Duchess d'Angoulême stood by the side of the King. His voice was tremulous with emotion as he said: "I receive these standards, and this child will one day restore them to you. The names of each of you, inscribed on your muster-rolls and preserved by my grandson, will remain registered in the archives of the royal family, to attest forever my misfortunes and the consolation I have received from your fidelity."

They reached Cherbourg in safety on the 11th of August, and immediately embarked in the packet-boat *Great Britain* for a retreat which the British Government had offered them in the ancient palace of Holyrood in Scotland. Successful diplomacy in Paris placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France without submitting the question to the suffrages of the French people. The Legitimists, adhering to the doctrine of divine right, regarded him as a usurper. The liberal party, believing in the rights of the people, regarded him as an imposition. Never did sovereign experience a more stormy reign.

A year passed away. The Legitimist party, though not strong in numbers, was strong in rank and wealth, and had generally the support of the clergy. The Duchess de Berri, fond of adventure, reckless of danger, and weary of the monotonous life at Holyrood, resolved to leave Scotland, enter France in disguise, and endeavor to rouse the Legitimist nobility and the Catholic peasantry to an insurrection against the government of her uncle Louis Philippe, and in favor of her son.

"The idea," writes Louis Blanc, "of crossing the sea at the head of faithful paladins; of landing after the perils and adventures of an unexpected voyage in a country of knights errant; of eluding, by a thousand disguises, the vigilance of the watchful enemies through whom she had to pass; of wandering, a devoted mother and banished Queen, from hamlet to hamlet and chateau to chateau; of testing humanity high and low on the romantic side, and, at the end of a victorious conspiracy, of rearing in France the ancient standard of the monarchy—all this was too dazzling not to captivate a young, high-spirited woman, bold through very ignorance of the obstacles she had to surmount; heroic in the hour of danger through levity; able to endure all but *ennui*, and ready to lull any misgivings with the casuistry of a mother's love."

With no little reluctance the ex-King gave his assent to the rash enterprise. The Duchess was to repair to Italy, where, in communication with her friends, she was to mature her plans, and then land secretly at Marseilles. To confer upon her the show of authority, the abdicated sovereign ventured to declare her regent during the minority of her son.

The Duchess, assuming the title of the Countess de Segana, left Scotland on the 8th of March, 1831, and passing through Holland reached Genoa. Notwithstanding her attempted incognita, she had not eluded the vigilance of the French spies. The timid and prudent Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, intimidated by the menaces of the French Court, requested her to leave his domains, while at the same time he secretly loaned her a large sum of money.

Marie Caroline, accompanied by a few influential friends, retired to the dominions of the Duke of Modena, who received her very kindly, and assigned to her use the palace of Massa, situated about three miles from the Mediterranean Sea. She sent confidential agents to La Vendée and to the south of France, secretly to arrange for a general and simultaneous uprising. M. de Charette summoned a meeting of a few friends of the old régime near Remouillé, on the

24th of September, 1831. Fourteen persons of high distinction were present. The discussion was long and animated. The enterprise contemplated would certainly be pronounced by the Government to be treason, and if unsuccessful it would involve the death of those engaged in it. It was decided by a majority of nine to five not to attempt the insurrection in La Vendée until Marie Caroline should have entered the south of France and the movement had commenced there. The party of the Duchess de Berri was divided into three very distinct sections. The first was in favor of employing only legal means for the restoration of Henry V. The second wished to appeal to the surrounding dynasties for their armed intervention. The third urged the immediate and revolutionary rising of the provinces. Marie Caroline impetuously advocated the principles of the third party, and thus alienated from her cause the timid Legitimist leaders in the capital, such as Châteaubriand and M. Berryer, and also of the great courts, who were indignant that the Princess should assume to act independently of their counsel and support. Charles X. was by no means in cordial sympathy with his impulsive daughter. Several gentlemen of high position accompanied the Duchess, and they soon differed in opinion among themselves. The brother of the Duchess was King of Naples. But the French Government had sent the Sicilian King a warning in these words:

"If the Duchess de Berri attempts to make Naples the theatre of her intrigues, France has troops and she has ships, and Toulon is not very far from Naples."

Marie Caroline was therefore not allowed to protract her visit to Naples, though she was received by her brother with kindness. The Pope also gave her a very gracious reception at Rome. Charles X. at Holyrood, alarmed in view of the aspect of affairs, endeavored to recall the Duchess de Berri, but in vain. The correspondence with the south and with La Vendée was pushed with renewed activity. The Duke d'Escars traversed the southern provinces, distributing secret proclamations and ordinances. There was not a court from which the Duchess de Berri could hope for aid excepting that of Madrid, where Queen Christina was her firm friend.

The 24th of April, 1832, was decided upon for the departure of the Duchess from Massa for the south of France. It was announced that the Duchess was about to visit Florence. A part of her retinue repaired with great secrecy to Leghorn. As the evening twilight was darkening into night, a travelling carriage, drawn by four post horses, stood at the gate of the ducal palace. The Duchess, accompanied by her confidential adviser, M. Brissac, and two female friends, Mlle. Lebeschue and Mme. de Podenas, entered the carriage, and the horses were driven rapidly until they reached the shadow of a high wall at some distance from the gate of Massa. Here the carriage was momentarily stopped. While one of the footmen engaged the attention of the postilion, the other opened the door, and in the darkness the Duchess, with M. Brissac and Mlle. Lebeschue, slipped out, while the *femme de chambre* of Mme. de Podenas, who was secreted on the spot, entered. Even the postilion was not aware of the change which had been made in the inmates of the carriage, and drove off at a gallop toward Florence.

The Duchess with her two companions glided along under the shadow of the wall until they reached a secluded spot on the seashore. It was then eleven o'clock at night. Here they waited the arrival of a small steamer, the Carlo Alberto, which in the darkness was to repair to that spot and take the party on board. In breathless silence they watched the arrival of the steamer. A dim lantern lent its rays to guide the boat from the steamer to the designated spot.

There was unexpected delay. Hour after hour passed and no steamer ap-

peared. The Duchess, wrapped in her cloak, fell soundly asleep upon the sand. At length a feeble light in the distance announced the approach of the steamer. Rapidly it reached its destination; a boat was sent to the shore, and at three o'clock in the morning the Duchess and her companions stepped upon the deck of the Carlo Alberto. Here they were joined by other influential friends, so that the whole party about to invade France for the overthrow of the throne consisted of two women and eleven men.

During the voyage the Duchess was cheerful almost to gayety. She seemed determined, at whatever hazard, to wipe out the reproach of pusillanimity which the Bourbon name had so often incurred. Others of the party appeared to be fully aware of the peril of the enterprise in which they had embarked and of the very many chances of failure. Though the sea seemed to be filled with French cruisers, the voyage was accomplished without interruption. It was not until midnight of the 28th that the steamer came in sight of one of the lighthouses of Marseilles, near which the party was to disembark. Two lanterns were hoisted upon the masts as a signal to the few friends rendezvoused on the shore.

It was a dark, cloudy, stormy night. The south wind was rolling a heavy sea into the offing. A boat was sent out from the shore to transport the passengers to the land. The Government was alarmed and watchful, and cruisers were vigilant in all directions. It was consequently of the utmost moment that the landing should be effected before the dawn. It was with great difficulty and danger that the Duchess and her friends upon the open sea were transferred from the steamer to the boat. The waves dashed so furiously that there was momentary danger that the frail boat would be swamped and that all on board would perish.

Marie Caroline manifested intrepidity which won for her the admiration of all who witnessed it. With much anxiety those on board the steamer saw the boat disappear in midnight darkness, over the surges of the stormy sea. The party safely effected its landing through the surf. Upon the cliff, which rose almost precipitously from the sea, a small hut had been reared for a temporary shelter. It was a wild region of the coast, where bold smugglers had chiselled out a precarious path up the steep rocks, which they climbed with caution and apprehension. The Duchess, appalled by no obstacle and shrinking from no danger, successfully and gayly effected the ascent.

In some strange way the evening before the landing of the Duchess the authorities of Marseilles received an intimation that she had already disembarked upon their shores. In consequence the posts throughout Marseilles were doubled. The conspirators had assembled their partisans, nearly two thousand in number, at an appointed rendezvous in the highest part of the city. The white banner of the Bourbons was unfurled from the steeple of St. Laurent, the alarm bells were rung, and the unintelligent populace, obedient to their leaders, and yet bewildered, began to shout "*Vive Henri Cinq!*" As the morning dawned the Duchess, to her inexpressible delight, saw the Bourbon flag waving in the breeze over the distant steeple of the church.

But soon the tumultuous, unorganized insurgents, whose leaders had hoped that the whole populace of the city would instantly rush to their banner, heard the tramp of the King's troops, approaching in solid battalions. With gleaming bayonets the troops advanced, after a short conflict dispersed the throng, captured several of their leaders, dragged down to the mire the white banner and replaced it by the tricolor. A breathless courier placed in the hands of the Duchess, in her retreat at the hut, the despairing words, "The movement has failed; you must leave France."

The ocean was now lashed by one of the fiercest of storms. No small ship could brave its fury. The alarm had been given, and the shore was lined with officers on the watch. The heroic Duchess, still undismayed, was by no means disposed to relinquish her enterprise. To all the remonstrances of her friends she replied, "I am in France now, and in France I will remain."

While at Massa she had a dream, in which her departed husband appeared before her and said, "I approve of your projects, but you will not succeed in the south. You will only prosper in La Vendée."

Thus influenced, she undertook the perilous journey on foot of four hundred miles across France. Disguised as a peasant boy, with Marshal Bourmont as her sole companion, she commenced this journey through fields and unfrequented roads. The first night they lost their way in a forest. The Duchess slept upon the ground at the foot of a tree, while her faithful companion stood sentinel by her side.

We have not space here to record the innumerable adventures and hair-breadth escapes encountered on this long journey. With singular sagacity and an unvarying spirit of mirthfulness the Duchess eluded all the bands scouring the country for her capture. She often slept in sheds, apparently insensible to fatigue, and seemed charmed by the peril and the romantic adventures which she was continually encountering. She was probably somewhat sustained by the conviction that even were she to fall into the hands of her uncle the King, he would not deal very harshly with his niece. Indeed, the King had issued orders that should the Duchess be captured by any of his cruisers she should be conveyed to Naples and delivered to her parents. She often said to Marshal Bourmont, "Don't speak to me of suffering; I was never so happy at Naples or at Paris as now."

At one time, when surrounded with perils, she boldly entered the house of a distinguished Republican and said to him, "I am the Duchess de Berri. Will you give me shelter?" He did not betray her.

On the 17th of May, after a journey of fifty days, the Duchess reached the château of Plassac, near Saintes, in La Vendée. A general rising of her followers had been appointed at this place. A large number of Vendean chiefs were there awaiting her arrival. On the 21st of May the beautiful Duchess, in the costume of a peasant boy, repaired on horseback to the appointed rendezvous. To her bitter disappointment, she found that neither in the numbers assembled nor in the enthusiasm manifested was there any encouragement to commence operations.

The whole soul of the Duchess was aroused. With passionate eloquence she implored her followers not to abandon her. Under the influence of these entreaties a few injudicious and despairing efforts were made. Though the peasants fought with great valor, they were speedily overpowered by the royalist troops, and the insurrection melted away. All parties unite in condemning the cruelty with which the victors wreaked more than savage vengeance upon the vanquished partisans of the Duchess.

Marie Caroline, undismayed by defeat, soon regained her accustomed hilarity. Through her own sagacity and the devotion of her friends, assuming various disguises, now that of a graceful boy, again that of a peasant girl, she baffled the pursuit of her foes. Accompanied by a single companion, she wandered through the woods, often sleeping upon the ground, and at times was carried through bogs and marshes by her attendant up to his waist in water.

"At one time," writes Sir Archibald Alison, "when the pursuit was hottest, she found shelter in a ditch, covered with bushes, while the soldiers in pursuit of her searched in vain, and probed with their bayonets every thicket in the

wood with which it was environed. The variety, the fatigue, the dangers of her life had inexpressible charms for a person of her ardent and romantic disposition."

More than once she boldly entered some garrison town occupied by royal troops, all of whom were engaged in the endeavor to capture her. In the costume of a peasant girl, with heavy wooden shoes on her little feet, she would banter the officers at the gates, never getting the worst in the exchange of jokes.

The Government forces were drawn out in numbers so strong, and were so vigilant, that it was impossible for her friends again to rally. French cruisers lined the shores of France, keeping such a watch by day and by night that escape by sea seemed hopeless. All the energies of the Government were called into requisition to seize her.

The Duchess decided to take refuge in the city of Nantes. She had there scarcely any partisans; consequently her presence there would not be suspected. A few Legitimists, at the peril of their lives, afforded her an asylum. Here she remained several months while the pursuit was still hotly continued, and while all who had in any degree favored her claims were banished by the Government with the most unrelenting severity.

At Nantes, Marie Caroline was sheltered in the house of Mademoiselle Duiguigny. From her retreat she had the boldness to write to her aunt the Queen, the wife of Louis Philippe, interceding for her followers, who were suffering the most terrible punishments. Her letter contained the following sentiments:

Whatever may be the consequences in which I may be involved from the position in which I am placed, for fulfilling my duties as a mother, I shall never implore your interposition for me. But I cannot refrain from pleading for those brave men who have so honorably devoted themselves to the cause of my son. I implore then my aunt, whose kindness of heart and piety are well known to me, to employ all her influence in obtaining interest in their favor.

Notwithstanding the difference in our situations, a volcano is under your feet, Madame, and you know it. God alone knows what He destines for us. Perhaps the day may yet come when you will thank me for reposing confidence in your kindness, and for furnishing you with an opportunity for manifesting it in behalf of my unfortunate friends. Believe in my gratitude. I wish you much happiness, Madame. But I have too good an opinion of you to think it possible you can be happy in your present situation.

MARIE CAROLINE.

This letter, so humane and dignified in its spirit, was conveyed to the Queen at St. Cloud. Five months passed away while the Duchess remained undetected in her retreat at Nantes. A renegade Jew of the name of Deutz, assuming great devotion to the cause of the Duchess, had wormed himself into her confidence. He had been employed by her to convey despatches to the Queen of Spain. Deutz obtained an interview with M. Thiers, and promised for a stipulated sum to guide an armed band to the retreat of the Duchess. The measures which had been adopted for the concealment of Marie Caroline were such that it was still very difficult even for the wily Deutz to ascertain the precise place of her retreat. At length the villain succeeded in obtaining an interview. The Government troops, guided by him, had so surrounded the house as to cut off every avenue of escape. In the following terms Louis Blanc describes the arrest:

Deutz was introduced to the presence of the Duchess de Berri, his benefactress. The villain's face was calm. His words breathed only devotedness and respect. Meanwhile a young man enters and hands the Princess a letter informing her that she is betrayed. Thereupon she turns to Deutz and communicates to him the news which she has received. He, mastering his confusion, replies with the most vehement protestations of gratitude and

fidelity. But no sooner had he withdrawn than bayonets glittered in every direction, and commissaries of police rushed into the house with pistols in their hands.

The Duchess de Berri, informed of the approach of the troops, had barely time to take refuge, with Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec and Messieurs Mesnard and Guibourg, in a little hiding-place formed by the angle of the wall at the end of the Duchess's chamber, and the entrance to which was concealed by an iron plate at the back of the chimney. The commissaries of police and M. Maurice Duval at their head finding no one in the house but the two Demoiselles Duguigny, Madame de Charette, and Mademoiselle Celeste de Kersabiec, who all four displayed perfect coolness, set about making the most minute search.

Sappers and masons were called in. The various articles of furniture were opened or broken. The walls were struck with axes, hammers, and crowbars. Night had fallen and the work of demolition was still going on. In the narrow space in which they were confined, the Duchess and her companions had only a small opening to breathe through, to which they were obliged in turns to apply their mouths. A fire lighted in the chimney converted their hiding-place into a hot oven; and there was a moment when the walls of their narrow enclosure were so violently shaken that those who were cooped up in it dreaded that it would become their tomb.

It was then decided by the persons engaged in the search that the house should be occupied by soldiery until the Princess should be discovered. This decision, being heard by those in the hiding-place, drove them to despair. They had been suffering the agony of confinement for sixteen hours, when two gendarmes, who occupied the chamber, lighted a great fire with peat and newspapers. The prisoners could bear this no longer. Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec cried out, "We are coming out; take away the fire." M. Guibourg kicked the iron plate, which had now become red hot. The fire was instantly brushed away by the gendarmes, and the Duchess de Berri came forth, pale, sinking, and overcome with fatigue and emotion.

Still the Duchess almost gayly said to her captors, in reference to the martyr roasted on a gridiron: "Gentlemen, you have made war upon me à la *S. Laurent*. I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have only discharged the duty of a mother, to gain the inheritance of her son."

The captive, while treated with respect, was conducted to rigorous imprisonment in the castle of Nantes. Two days after she was conveyed, with the ladies who had been captured with her, to the strong fortress of Blaye. All the personal effects of the Duchess she carried tied up in a pocket-handkerchief.

The dreary citadel of Blaye, overlooking a wretched and straggling town, stands on the left bank of the river Gironde. From the battlements of the fortress a vast extent of country, desolate and monotonous, is spread out before the eye. The region is swept by chill winds, and a more gloomy abode could scarcely be found. But the castle was strong, its defences almost impregnable. When well garrisoned, there was no danger of a surprise. This fortress was put in a state of defence, as if expecting a rigorous siege. Nine hundred veteran soldiers were placed within its barracks, while the most formidable cannon were mounted and prepared for immediate service.

The house, within the fortress, in which the Duchess was imprisoned, was surrounded by a double row of palisades twelve feet high. The windows of all the rooms and even the apertures of the chimneys were covered with strong iron bars. Everything indicated that the Duchess was to expect here protracted, perhaps life-long captivity. Separated from her friends and surrounded only by the stern and gloomy countenances of her guard, the spirits of the Duchess at last yielded to melancholy. She sank beneath the magnitude of her misfortunes. A secret anxiety, as yet unsuspected by her foes, was gnawing at her heart. A doom awaited her more to be dreaded than dungeon or scaffold—the derision of Europe.

The indications were very decisive that the Duchess was about to become again a mother. "A mysterious love affair," writes Louis Blanc, "an inex-

cusable act of imprudence, was attributed to the Duchess de Berri. And it was said that certain consequences, which could not be concealed, were inevitable. This rumor, indignantly repelled by the Legitimists as a mere impure calumny, was diligently propagated by those whose morbid curiosity it pleased, or who made use of it to serve their own unworthy purposes. But the place of all others where it was most willingly received, though conveyed and communicated from one to another in ambiguous terms, was the palace. The King himself, whether from policy or from real indifference, permitted a free course to the license of remark around him upon this subject, though the scandal fell upon his own family. And not only did he tolerate the rumors circulating about the palace as to the presumed dishonor of his niece, but he even added his own conjectures, and illustrated the subject by all the piquant details which his memory supplied of the intrigues of the old Court."

The excitement created throughout France and Europe by these rumors was intense. By many they were regarded as gross slanders. The Duchess received many letters from her friends expressive of their undying devotion to her cause. Viscount Châteaubriand addressed her in the following terms:

MADAME: You will deem it inconsiderate, obtrusive, that at such a moment as this I entreat you to grant me a favor; but it is the high ambition of my life. I would earnestly solicit to be numbered among your defenders. I have no personal title to the great favor I solicit of you in your new grandeur; but I venture to implore it in memory of a prince of whom you deigned to name me historian, and in the name of my family's blood. It was my brother's glorious destiny to die, with his illustrious grandfather, M. Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., the same day, the same hour, for the same cause, and upon the same scaffold.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

The anguish of the Duchess is represented as having been dreadful. On the 22d of February, 1833, she sent to the Cabinet of the Tuileries the following declaration:

Urged by circumstances and by the measures ordered by the Government, though I had the strongest reasons to keep my marriage secret, I think it a duty to myself and my children to declare that I was secretly married during my residence in Italy.

MARIE CAROLINE.

On the 10th of May the Duchess gave birth to a daughter. To secure the legitimacy of the child she was compelled to declare the name of its father. Immediately after the birth the official announcement was made by the attendant physician:

"I have just delivered Madame the Duchess de Berri, the lawful wife of Count Hector Lucheri Palli, Count of Campo Franco, gentleman of the chamber to the King of the Two Sicilies, domiciled at Palermo."

The daughter of a King, the bride of the Dauphin, the mother of the heir to the throne of France, was now nobody but Madame Lucheri Palli, the wife, clandestinely married, of an obscure Italian Count. The disgrace in the eyes of aristocratic Europe was so great that it mattered but little, so far as public sentiment was concerned, whether any marriage solemnities had been observed or not. The political career of Marie Caroline was now closed forever. Almost contemptuously Louis Philippe dismissed her from her prison. She was shipped with her babe to her friends in Naples, and we hear of her no more.

But after the lapse of nearly forty years, the Duke of Bordeaux, now over fifty years of age, emerges from the chaos of revolutions again to claim the throne of his ancestors.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BLACK FRIDAY.

“**G**OLD 130½.” Such was the joyful heading of the financial columns of the newspapers in March, 1866, telling all their readers that the effects of war were gradually vanishing away. The currency of the nation was once more slowly assimilating to that of the world. During the war gold had swollen in value to 285, when the promise of the nation to pay a dollar on demand was only worth thirty-five cents. Thence it had gradually sunk, until in September, 1865, it sold at 145; and by the following March it had fallen to 130½.

All our purchases from foreign nations, all duties on those purchases, and all sales of domestic produce to other nations are payable in gold. There is therefore a large and legitimate business in the purchase and sale of gold, especially in New York, the financial centre of the nation. But a much larger business of a gambling nature had gradually grown up around that which was legitimate, and at times the child was so powerful as almost to strangle the parent. These gambling operations were based on the rise and fall of gold, and these in turn depended on successful or unsuccessful battles, or on events in foreign nations that could be neither foreseen nor guarded against. The transactions were therefore essentially gambling. If gold happened to rise, those who bought it made money; those who sold it lost; the community neither made nor lost; the transaction was a mere transfer from the purse of one gambler to that of another. So large was the amount of this speculative business, gathering up all the gold-betting of the nation in a single room, that it more than equalled the legitimate purchase and sale of gold. There were large and wealthy firms who made this their chief business; and prominent among them was the firm of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co., four gentlemen under one partnership name, all wealthy and all accustomed to this business for years. Their joint wealth and business skill made them a power in Wall street. The leading mind of the firm, though not the first named, was Mr. Jay Gould, President of the Erie Railway, joint owner with Colonel James Fisk, Jr., of two lines of steamboats, and largely interested in a number of railroads and other valuable properties. Mr. Gould looked upon gold, railroads, and steamboats as the gilded dice wherewith to gamble; and he had lately purchased seven millions of gold, thereby driving the price from 131 to 140. He was an able, thoughtful, clear-headed dealer in Wall street; his advice was often sought, and was always valuable; but his ideas and operations had less reference to the real than to the marketable value of stocks. His enemies alleged that he was an adept on the corrupt side of finance, especially skilful in the impartation of fictitious values and in the creation of false impressions. During the spring of 1869 he was a buyer of gold. There was perhaps fifteen millions of that rare currency in New York outside the Sub-Treasury; and he had bought half that amount, paying therefor a bonus of a little more than two millions of dollars. As fast as he had purchased the precious metal he had loaned it out to those who needed it for the payment of duties, and who hoped to repurchase it at a lower rate. And so, though the owner of seven millions, he had none of it in hand; he merely possessed the written acknowledgment of certain leading merchants and brokers that they owed him that amount of specie, which they would repay with interest on demand.

Having this amount obtainable at any moment, Mr. Gould had the mercan-

tile community at his mercy. But there was some hundred millions of gold in the Treasury, more or less, and the President of the United States or the Secretary of the Treasury might at any time throw it on the market. On this point it was very desirable to ascertain the opinion of President Grant; more desirable to have constant access to his private ear. In the middle of June General Grant left Washington for Boston. Fisk and Gould, owners of the splendid line of steamers between New York and Fall River, at once invited the President to pass over their line, and he accepted. A handsome supper was served, and at its close the conversation was skilfully turned on the financial wants and resources of the country. After one gentleman and another had expressed their views, the President remarked that he thought there was a certain amount of fictitiousness about the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped in one way as another. The remark was shrewd and sensible, showing that the President was no believer in the inflation of the currency or the higher price of gold. It "struck across us," said Mr. Gould, "like a wet blanket." To keep the President from ordering the sale of gold while these conspirators were driving up the price, it was now necessary to bring some new argument to bear on the Presidential mind.

This was found in the device of Mr. James McHenry, a prominent English financier, who skilfully heaped together large masses of facts and figures to prove that the prosperity of the country depended on the amount of produce it could exchange for the wealth of other nations; that if gold, and the exchange that depended on gold, should materially advance in price, the harvests a bounteous Providence was then pouring into the lap of the nation would at once be hurried to the seaboard and sold to foreign nations. Three hundred ships were at that moment, he said, sailing up the Mediterranean laden with grain from the banks of the Danube; if gold should rise in America, those ships would never repossess the Straits of Gibraltar, but would come to this country ballasted with precious metals which they would exchange for wheat. To keep gold from falling therefore, to hurry forward the crops of the year and thus give employment to all our railroads and canals, and to bring into the country large amounts of the currency of the world, it was desirable that Government should cease to be a seller of gold. This theory was conveyed by Mr. Gould to a Mr. Corbin, and through Mr. Corbin to President Grant. To impress the public mind with the same argument, Mr. Corbin wrote an editorial article on the subject, and Mr. McHenry procured its insertion in the "New York Times" as a semi-official expression of the views of the Administration.

For Mr. Gould, looking around him to see in what way he could best influence Government, bethought him of his friend Mr. Abel R. Corbin, a brother-in-law of the President. Mr. Corbin was a wealthy retired merchant residing in New York, who had just lost \$50,000 in the speculative purchase of bonds. Feeling somewhat sore over the transaction, he consulted his friend Gould as to the best means of repairing that loss. Mr. Gould told him that he himself was a heavy buyer of gold, and then had a large amount of it on hand; and he offered him a share in the purchase. Mr. Corbin gladly accepted the offer, and Mr. Gould gave him a written statement that he held a million and a half of gold on his account. This was one of those happy transactions where all the gain is on one side, all the loss on the other. It was an offer of all the profit that should arise from the purchase and sale of a million and a half of gold; and how great that profit might be is evident from the fact that every rise of one per cent. put fifteen thousand dollars in Mr. Corbin's pocket. It was bought for less than thirty-three; had it been sold for forty-eight, as was most of Mr. Gould's gold, Mr. Corbin would have realized two hundred and

twenty-five thousand dollars! For this "potentiality of wealth" Mr. Corbin never paid a cent; had no legal claim on it; took no risk if it fell; and in fact when Mr. Gould made the handsome offer it had already risen considerably. The whole transaction on Gould's part was a judicious investment of that amount of the profits to secure a relative of the President's. And the sparkling bait took. From that moment Mr. Corbin was the ready helper of the gold gamblers in all their efforts to advance the price; nor was he too scrupulous as to the means employed. He made great efforts, however, to keep the President ignorant of his share in the pool.

But this was by no means Mr. Gould's only effort to bring personal influence to bear on the Administration; for he was a shrewd man of the world and skilful in indirect bribery. Meeting General Horace Porter, the private secretary of the President, at Mr. Corbin's house, he improved the opportunity to tell the General how large a dealer he was in stocks and gold; and he quietly added, "You had better let me buy you some gold; gold is going to rise before long, and suppose I purchase some for you." General Porter peremptorily declined. But Mr. Gould was not to be so easily refused the opportunity of making a handsome fortune for the private secretary of the President. He soon after slipped the following significant note into a bundle of letters forwarded to General Porter after he had left New York: "Purchased to-day \$500,000 of gold at [price forgotten by General Porter], which will be placed to the credit of General Porter. Jay Gould." But this bait did not take, although, as it turned out, it was worth seventy-five thousand dollars. General Porter promptly wrote back positively declining all interest whatever in the speculation. His integrity was incorruptible.

In one other transaction with a prominent official Mr. Gould was more successful. General Daniel Butterfield was at this time Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York. All Secretary Boutwell's orders to sell gold would be transmitted through him; if any one knew the Secretary's views as to future sales, it would probably be the New York head of the Treasury. At once an old soldier and friend of Grant's and occupying a high financial office, the President would be as likely to consult him on financial affairs as any one. It was by accident of course that in the midst of all these transactions which we are about to relate, General Butterfield told Mr. Gould one day that he needed ten thousand dollars; and by a singular coincidence Mr. Gould had that very ten thousand dollars lying idly by and for which he had no use. Mr. Gould therefore handed General Butterfield his ten thousand dollars, for which no note was given nor any receipt taken. It was not on interest. In fact, ten thousand dollars was too small a trifle to be accounted for among business men! And at the last advices, Mr. Gould had never asked for his ten thousand dollars nor had General Butterfield paid it.

And now another actor comes prominently forward on the stage in the person of Colonel James Fisk, Jr. Mr. Fisk is one of that happy class of men whom nature has endowed with great talents for business and but little conscience. Profuse in his expenditures, he was ever grasping after the wealth of others.

Possessing a bold and comprehensive mind, seizing instantly the strong points of a bargain, wholly free from any weak prejudices in favor of honesty or justice, educated to a very clear knowledge of mankind by his early training as a peddler, and having improved that knowledge by extensive dealings in Boston and New York, Mr. Fisk was the very partner the more cautious Gould desired. Each was the complement of the other. One was silent, thoughtful,

and far-seeing; the other noisy, bustling, and vivacious; but both unscrupulous and clear-headed men of business. They were types of that class of the community among whom acquisitiveness is strong and moral principle weak; the leading minds among those, too numerous in a large commercial community, who possess capital and brains, but are untrammelled by conscientiousness. In an earlier age of our national life their reputation would have kept the more honest portion of the community from dealing with them. But at a period when success is the great object of ambition, and wealth the ardent desire of all classes, they had met with great success and accumulated large wealth. They had seized the Erie Railroad, and by judicious waterings had increased its capital stock from eighteen to sixty-eight millions. They ran two steamboat lines, owned two or three judges, and one Legislature permanently, and occasionally they raided into a neighboring State and bought another. And now Mr. Gould asked his partner, who had a very strong way of "putting things," to help him influence the President. Whereupon Fisk armed himself with a letter of introduction, studied up the old theory of the benefit to the nation from the high price of gold during harvest time, counted up once more the three hundred grain-laden ships sailing up the Mediterranean, and started for Newport to see the President. "I endeavored," says Fisk, "as far as I could, to convince him (Grant) that his policy would bring destruction on us all." The sphinx heard, but made no response.

Deriving but little satisfaction from the Presidential visit, they tried to tap the Secretary. Mr. Corbin wrote to Mr. Boutwell on the question of his policy of contraction; but the Secretary replied in such formal terms that no clue could be gained to the purposes of Government.

In his earlier movements in gold, Mr. Gould had combined with certain prominent brokers of New York to buy up all they could obtain at a given price. By their joint efforts that price rose till in May it stood at 144½; but as soon as they ceased to buy, the price began to recede until in the latter part of June it again stood at 136. The others were then frightened and sold out. "All these other fellows deserted me like rats from a ship," said Gould. But for him to sell out then would involve a heavy loss, and he preferred a gain. He therefore called upon his friend and partner Fisk to enter the financial arena. It is but justice to Mr. Fisk to say that for some time he declined; he clearly saw that the whole tendency of gold was downward. But when Gould made the proposition more palatable by suggesting corruption, Fisk immediately swallowed the bait. Gould assured him that Mr. Corbin, the brother-in-law of the President, Mr. Dent, another brother-in-law, General Porter, the President's private secretary, and General Butterfield, the Assistant Treasurer, were all to have a personal interest in the speculation; and he also hinted that Mrs. Grant was to have her share. Fisk knew that jointly they could buy up all the gold in the circles of New York; but he greatly feared the Sub-Treasury with the hundred millions in its vaults. He well knew that the proposition of Government to sell the smallest part of this would at once crush the market. As the clear-headed Fisk subsequently expressed himself, "Oh, our phantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff." He therefore declined to enter into the proposed purchase till he was informed that it was tainted with corruption. When he had been led to believe this, when he was told that the nearest relations of the President were interested in maintaining the price of gold, he at once felt at home. He immediately entered the market and purchased twelve millions.

There is an old adage that there is honor among thieves. This appears not to be true on the Gold Exchange. All Mr. Gould's statements to his own part-

ner were false, except those relating to Corbin and Butterfield. And Mr. Corbin did his best. He not only talked and wrote to the President himself; not only wrote for the New York "Times," but when General Grant visited him in New York, he sent Gould to see him so often that the President, unaware of the financial trap set for him, rebuked the door servant for giving Mr. Gould such ready access. But it is worthy of note that neither Corbin, Gould, nor Fisk ever spoke to the President of their personal interest in the matter. They were only patriots urging a certain course of conduct for the good of the country.

These speculations as to the advantage to the country of a higher price of gold seem to have had some effect on the Presidential mind; for early in September he wrote to Mr. Boutwell, then at his Massachusetts home, giving his opinion of the financial condition of the country, and suggesting that it would not be wise to lower the price of gold by sales from the Treasury while the crops were moving to the seaboard. Mr. Boutwell therefore telegraphed to the Assistant Secretary at Washington only to sell gold sufficient to buy bonds for the sinking fund. Through Mr. Corbin or in some other way this letter came to the knowledge of the conspirators; for they at once began to purchase and the price began to rise. By the 6th of September it stood at 137½, a rise which made a small fortune for the speculators. To keep Corbin in good humor and true to the ring, Mr. Gould paid him twenty-five thousand dollars as the profits of the rise for that one week on half a million of his million and a half. There was a further profit of fifty thousand dollars on the remaining million belonging to Corbin, but this he preferred to leave in for a further rise. Gould and his friends now held thirty or forty millions of gold, or rather promises to pay so much gold on demand. To help him carry this enormous amount of specie, he needed a bank that should certify his checks to any amount. He and his friends, expecting this contingency, had fortified themselves by the purchase of the Tenth National Bank of New York for that purpose. The capital of this institution was a million of dollars, and Gould and his friends had bought up five thousand and ten shares, thus owning ten shares more than half. They had their own President and Board of Directors, and the bank was run entirely in the interest of the gold speculators. The most remarkable evidence of this is the fact that on the 23d day of September, the day before the bubble broke, Mr. Gould's firm had three hundred thousand dollars on deposit there at the commencement of the day's business; and on the strength of this three hundred thousand dollars the bank certified checks that day to the amount of eight millions of dollars! all of which were made good before the close of the day. It was the intent to certify a much larger amount the next day. But Government had become alarmed at the action of the bank, and sent on three examiners, who took possession of the bank at its opening that morning of Black Friday; and while these examiners did not interfere with its ordinary business, the bank did not dare to certify checks for which there was no deposit.

On the 13th of September, gold, swelling and falling like the tide, stood at 135½. The clique then commenced their largest purchases, and within nine days had bought enough to hold sixty-six millions—nearly every cent of it fictitious, and only included in promises to pay. On the evening of Wednesday, September 22, the price was 140½; but it had taken the purchase of thirty or forty millions to put it up that five cents. Could it be forced five cents higher, and all sold, the profits would be over ten millions of dollars! It was a stake worth playing for. But the whole mercantile community was opposed to them; bountiful harvests were strong arguments against them; and more than all

else, there stood the Sub-Treasury of the United States, with its hundred millions of dollars in its vaults, ready at any time to cast its plethora of wealth on their unfortunate heads. To deceive the community as well as to keep their own courage up, Fisk and his associates boldly spread the rumor that the President himself, his wife, General Porter, his two brothers-in-law, members of the Cabinet, members of Congress, doorkeepers of Congress, and numerous other influential and potential personages were interested in the upward movement, and possessed sufficient power with the Administration to keep Mr. Boutwell from selling. But Gould and Corbin both knew how slight was their hold on the President; and to improve that hold to the utmost, Corbin, while assuring Gould that there was no danger of any Government sale, and yet himself greatly in trepidation, addressed a letter to General Grant urging him not to interfere with the warfare then raging between the bulls and the bears, nor to allow the Secretary of the Treasury to do so. Not a word was said of the fact that Corbin himself was interested in a million and a half of gold, nor of Gould, nor of any others of the gold ring. It was on its surface a letter written by an unselfish, patriotic old gentleman to his brother-in-law the President, urging him for the country's sake to exert all the influence of Government in favor of peace and quiet; peace and quiet meaning the permission to certain gold gamblers to ruin half Wall street.

The letter would probably have had some effect, but unfortunately the ring overdid their business in the way in which they sent it. Hardly daring to intrust so valuable a letter to the common mails, Mr. Gould called on Fisk to furnish his most trusty henchman for its safe delivery. Mr. Fisk selected Mr. W. O. Chapin, and told him to give no rest to the soles of his feet till he had deposited the precious missive in the Presidential hands. Mr. Chapin travelled all that day, and midnight found him thirty miles off from the President, who was stopping at Washington (Pa., not D. C.). Continuing his journey over a mountainous road, losing his way, but not his letter, Mr. Chapin finally arrived at nine o'clock in the morning, to find the President, even at that early hour, playing croquet with his private secretary. Mr. Chapin delivered his letter, asked General Grant if there was any reply, and being told there was none, started for his home, first telegraphing to his employer, "Letter delivered all right."

It was a most unfortunate telegraphic message he sent back. He swears that his meaning was that the letter was delivered all right; and so the despatch reads. But the gold gamblers, blinded by the greatness of the stake at risk, interpreted the "all right" of the message as an answer to the contents of Mr. Corbin's letter—that the President thought the letter all right; and on the strength of that reading Fisk rushed into the market and made numerous purchases of gold. But that very letter, which was intended to be their governmental safeguard, led to their ruin. Carried by special messenger for a day and a half, its urgency that the Administration should sell no gold, coupled with frequent assertions in the newspapers that Mr. Corbin was a great bull in gold, excited General Grant's suspicions. He feared that Corbin was not actuated by patriotic motives alone in this secret correspondence. At the President's suggestion, therefore, Mrs. Grant wrote to her sister, Mrs. Corbin, telling her that rumors had reached them that Mr. Corbin was connected with speculators in New York, and that she hoped if this was so he would at once disengage himself from them; that the President was much distressed at such rumors. On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Corbin was greatly excited. He immediately called on Gould, showed him the letter, and said he must at once sell out what old he had, and close the transaction, so that he might instantly write to the

President that he had no interest in the speculation whatever. Gould at once replied that if that letter should be known, it would ruin him and the whole clique, and Corbin promised the utmost secrecy; evidently he had no objection to deceiving all outsiders. Corbin then proposed that Gould should sell or assume the million and a half of gold he had offered him, and should pay him \$100,000 for the rise on that amount. Gould was perfectly willing to pay him the hundred thousand dollars, and had a check to his order for that amount made out and signed; but he only proposed to pay it to him on account; Corbin must be kept in the ring to retain his influence over the President. This Corbin refused to accept; and he says he "did what I think it would have troubled almost any other business man to consent to do—refuse \$100,000 on a rising market. If I had not been an old man, I should have done it just as sure as the offer was made. I said, 'Mr. Gould, my wife says "No;" Ulysses thinks it wrong, and that it ought to end. So I give it up.'"

In his report on "The Gold Panic" to Congress, General Garfield gives us the following vivid sketch of this transaction:

"The picture of these two men that night, as presented in the evidence, is a remarkable one. Shut up in the library near midnight, Corbin was bending over the table and straining with dim eyes to decipher and read the contents of a letter written in pencil to his wife, while the great gold gambler looking over his shoulder caught with his sharper vision every word. The envelope was examined with its postmark and date, and all the circumstances which lent significance to the document. In that interview Corbin had the advantage, for he had had time to mature a plan. He seems to have determined by a new deception to save his credit with the President, and at the same time reap the profit from his speculation with Mr. Gould. He represented to Gould the danger of allowing the President any reason to believe that he, Corbin, was engaged in speculation, and said he had prepared a letter to the President denying that he had any interest in the movement, direct or indirect, and said that he must send the letter by the first mail, but that in order to send it, it must be true. He proposed therefore to Gould that they should settle the purchase of a million and a half by Gould's paying to him the accrued profits, which, as gold stood that night, would amount to over \$100,000 in addition to the \$25,000 he had already received.

"Gould was unwilling either to refuse or accept the proposition. Fearful on the one hand of losing his money, and on the other of incurring Corbin's hostility, he asked a delay until morning, and in the mean time enjoined and maintained secrecy in regard to the existence of the letter. The next morning they met again, and concerning this interview their testimony disagrees. Corbin says that Gould offered him \$100,000 on account if he would remain in the pool, but swears that by a heroic effort of virtue on his part, and urged by the entreaty of his wife, he declined the offer. Gould swears that Corbin insisted on full payment and discharge. Corbin says that Gould gave him a look of deep distrust, exclaiming, 'If the contents of Mrs. Grant's letter is known, I am a ruined man.' Corbin promised secrecy, and the conference broke up."

Gould kept this letter sacred, not only from the outside world, but from his own partner Fisk, and from all his other associates in the pool. While Fisk, unknowing how closely ruin was approaching them, was buying large quantities of gold that day, Gould improved the opportunity to sell out all the gold he had. Fisk gives this account of the transaction, in language which betrays its author:

"Mr. Gould says to me, 'Old Corbin feels troubled and nervous about some gold; he wants a hundred thousand dollars; what do you think of it?' Said I, 'If he wants that money to deal out to people, and it will help to strengthen

our position in regard to this gold, we will give him one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand.' 'Well,' said he, 'do as you please.' I went immediately and got a check for a hundred thousand dollars and gave it to Gould, who said he would give it to Corbin that night."

Fisk knew nothing of the letter. He only knew that Corbin was to be bribed, and he was willing to double the bribe if it would be made more effectual. It was not till some days after that Fisk was told that Corbin was never paid the money. Transactions for one or two hundred thousand dollars between these partners were of but little moment in the greatness of their operations.

After giving up this \$100,000 and the chance to make yet more, Mr. Corbin considered himself out of the ring. He therefore sat down and wrote to the President, telling him that he had no interest whatever in any gold speculation. For some reason best known to himself, he spoke no word about the gold Gould had bought for him; everything in his letter was in the present tense: "I have no interest in gold whatever." But General Grant understood this letter as meaning much more—that he never had had any interest in the whole transaction; and when the two brothers-in-law met on the subsequent Sunday in the White House, the President told him he could not imagine how much relief it was to know that he was not engaged in that disgraceful speculation. As Corbin says, that exonerated him more than he asked for; but he saw no necessity for undeceiving him.

On the evening of Wednesday, September 21, it was determined to close the corner within two days. The clique had been purchasing through different brokers; they now concentrated their business in the hands of William Belden, a former partner of Fisk's, and as unscrupulous as one must be to be associated in business with him. Belden rushed into the market, employed a new horde of brokers, purchased very largely, and everywhere announced that gold would yet go to 200. Principal among his brokers was Albert Speyers, a zealous, injudicious man, ready to execute any order; and he was told to take his orders from Fisk, and to buy all the gold he could reach. His first order was to buy two millions; then to buy and buy, and keep on buying. And in the execution of this order he was so successful that the next day he could not tell how much he had bought. Gold began that day at 39½; it closed at 44; a rise which of itself would clear four millions of dollars for a single day's gain! Mr. Speyers states that his charge for commissions for that and the next day was \$41,000; but they refused to pay him one cent for his services. After it was all over they offered him \$200,000 to swear that he bought for Belden and not for Fisk; but he most virtuously refused.

While Speyers was buying amid the wildest excitement, James Fisk coolly came into the Gold Room and offered to bet any part of fifty thousand dollars that gold would sell at 200; and amid all the gamblers of the Gold Room no one dared to take his bet. The operations of that room, usually amounting to seventy millions, that day reached two hundred and thirty-nine millions. The clique had a full list of some two hundred and fifty leading business men of New York short of gold, and Fisk, to frighten them into selling at his own terms, now proposed to publish that list in the public columns of the morning papers! The outrageous proposition to publish private business in the public newspapers was not an unwelcome one to the clique, for it would have shot gold up tremendously. They immediately sent to their attorneys for consultation, and it was only when told that such a proceeding would constitute a conspiracy for which they could be indicted, that they abandoned the scheme. Much as they loved gold, they loved the outside of a jail better. It was then agreed to complete their work the next day.

That next day was Friday, September 24, commonly called Black Friday, either from the black mark it caused on the characters of dealers in gold, or, as is more probable, from the ruin it brought to both sides. The Gold Room was crowded for two hours before the time of business. In the centre of the amphitheatre, and around the weak little fountain that there bubbled up its perpetual protest against having anything to do with such noisy, dirty work, excited brokers were betting, swearing, and quarrelling. Many of them were pallid with fear of the ruin that day's business would probably bring; others were gloriously happy under the expectation of high commissions; but the better portion of them were sad and thoughtful. Fisk was there, gloating over the prospect of great gains from others' ruin. His brokers were there, noisy and betting on the rapid rise of gold and the success of the corner. All alike were greatly excited, palpitating between hope and fear, and not knowing what an hour might bring forth. On Thursday night gold had closed at 144, having risen nearly five per cent. through the day. On Friday morning the first sales were made at 150, an advance of six per cent. through the silent hours of night and the noisy hours that preceded business. That an article of merchandise like gold should rise six per cent. in a single night, without the slightest demand for it from business circles, shows the gambling nature of the transaction and the tremendous pressure brought to bear by the ring. Speyers was sent into the room with orders to buy at 150; he soon received orders from Fisk to put it up to 160. Somewhat alarmed by the enormous business he was doing, he would occasionally slip out of the room to see his employer; but he was always met with smiling coolness and told to buy more and pay higher. It was a remarkable instance of a large purchaser buying at higher rates than he was asked. He would not take lower offers; only ask high prices, and Speyers immediately accepted. In the course of the forenoon another broker enters the Gold Room and informs Mr. Speyers that the excitement is so great that if he continues to buy gold he will certainly be shot in the stock room; and the excited but brave Speyers forthwith rushes into the stock room and tells the astonished stock brokers that he intends to continue to buy gold, and that if any scoundrel wants to shoot him, that is the time and place. But no one fired; and leaving the stock room, he once more reported in person to his employer Fisk, who patronizingly told him to return and be sure to put gold up to 160. The magnitude of this order may be seen in the fact that this addition of ten per cent. would of itself be equal to a profit of eleven millions on the call gold in the hands of the conspirators!

We have said that gold closed on Thursday at 144; Speyers commenced his work on Friday by offering 145, one per cent. higher than the last purchase. Receiving no response, he offered to buy at 146, 147, 148, and 149 respectively, but without takers. Then 150 was offered, and half a million was sold him by Mr. James Brown, who had quietly organized a band of prominent merchants who were determined to meet the gold gamblers on their own ground. Orders to buy were now being telegraphed into the Gold Room from all parts of the country, by those who had sold gold short and feared that it might go up as Fisk threatened to 200. For the telegraph wires stretched their long fingers out of the windows of the Gold Room, and reached them to all parts of the continent; and so instantaneous was the rise and so rapid were the manipulations of the operators in their frantic efforts to keep up with that rise, that the flashing lightning melted the wires over which the news was being forced! Outsiders were therefore left in darkness; that last rise of five per cent. had reduced many of them to ruin. Speyers now rushed out of the room for an instant and saw Fisk, and, under his instructions to put gold up to

160, bid 151, 152, 153, 154, and no takers; 155 was offered, and again James Brown came forward and sold another half million. Amid the most tremendous confusion the voices of the excited brokers could be heard slowly bidding up the value of their artificial metal. Higher and higher rose the tide of speculation; from 156 to 159 there was no offer whatever; amid deep silence Speyers called out, "Any part of five millions for 160." "One million taken at 160," was the quiet response of James Brown. Further offers were made by the brokers of the clique all the way from 160 to 163½. But Mr. Brown preferred to grapple the enemy by the throat, and he sold Speyers five millions more, making seven millions of gold sold that hour for which Speyers agreed to pay eleven millions in currency. Such figures almost stagger one to read of them! But Speyers continued to buy till before noon he had purchased nearly *sixty millions*, and other brokers had so increased the amount that Belden testifies that he has no means of knowing how much gold was bought in his name.

The purchase and sale of gold that day had been marked by great but subdued excitement. As the price rose cent by cent, men's hearts were moved within them as the trees are shaken by the swelling of the wind. But when the first million was taken at 160 a great load was removed, and when the second million was sold there was such a burst of gladness, such a roar of multitudinous voices as that room, tumultuous as it had always been, never heard before. Everybody instantly began to sell, desiring to get rid of all their gold before it had tumbled too deep. And just as the precious metal was beginning to flow over the precipice, the news was flashed into the room that Government had telegraphed to sell four millions. Instantly the end was reached; gold fell to 140, and then down, down, down to 133. There were no purchasers at any price.

During all the earlier stages of the struggle, it had been the great object of the gold clique to keep the Treasury from unlocking the doors of its vaults. By friendly relations, by patriotic suggestions, the President was urged not to permit the sale; "it would be such an injury to the country while the crops were coming forward." As the hour of the corner drew nigh, both sides brought every possible influence to bear on President and Secretary, the one side to urge, the other to prevent the sale of gold. The President returned from Washington, Pennsylvania, to its namesake of the District on Thursday the 23d, and the same evening held a consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury over the gold market. Both officials concurred in opinion that Government should not interfere as long as it was a struggle for private ends; nor bull nor bear should have influence at the capital. But both also agreed that if the price of gold should be forced so high as to threaten a financial panic, it would be their duty to interfere in behalf of the private interests of the country. The next morning prices advanced faster than ever before known in our financial history, and telegrams succeeded each other with startling rapidity asking Government to prevent a financial crash. Soon after eleven o'clock Mr. Boutwell became convinced that it was the duty of the Treasury to interfere, and called at the White House to suggest the sale of three millions. At the very commencement of the conversation General Grant advised the sale of five millions; but both agreed that gold should be sold. Mr. Boutwell returned to his office and telegraphed to New York to sell four millions the next day; and under that order the purchasers of one hundred and ten millions were prostrated. As Fisk had said, "Our phantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff."

But notwithstanding that gold was during the middle of the day selling *bona fide* for 133, Speyers obeyed his master's orders by continuing to purchase at 160. The five millions that Mr. Brown sold at 162 and 161, he bought back of others at a later hour in the day at 140. "I bought," says Speyers.

"a million from the man next to me, who bought it at 140, and who thought he had made two hundred thousand dollars by the transaction. The result of it was that Mr. Fisk did not take the gold at 160, and the party who bought at 140, instead of making money by the transaction, probably lost a good deal." It was so absurd, such a farce to be buying gold at 160 when the whole room was selling at 183, that at last even Speyers ceased to purchase. The gold ring had that day bought sixty millions of gold, paying, or rather agreeing to pay therefor ninety-six millions of dollars in currency! No such day's work was ever done before in one room on the American continent or in the world.

While Speyers and Belden were buying enormous amounts of gold at higher rates than were asked, the brokers who had bought for the clique on previous days were summoning the victims of the corner to their several offices and forcing them to settle—i. e., to pay in cash the difference between 135, at which the gold was bought, and 150, at which it was now selling. The clique had purchased fifty-six millions at low rates, and were now willing to settle at 150, thus securing to themselves a profit of about six millions. But some of the sheep appeared very unwilling to be fleeced so close to the skin, and from many it took skin and life. But when gold was selling at over 155, the victims perceived that they were entrapped. Fearing lest gold should go to 200 as they were threatened, many of them settled at 148. But large as were these profits, they would have been more than counterbalanced by the losses of the two last days, had these been settled according to the terms of the various contracts. Fisk, who was not the originator of the plan of repudiation, supposed they were ruined. "Somebody," he said, "has run a saw right into us. We are forty miles down the Delaware and don't know where we are;" and with many tears and loud bellowings he accused Corbin of being the author of their ruin. But the more cunning Gould kept quiet. "I had my plans," he testified, "and did not mean that anybody should say that I had opened my mouth that day—and I did not." What those plans were was evident by the subsequent facts, that all transactions that resulted for the benefit of Fisk and Gould were carried out to their completion; all others were repudiated and left to fall on the shoulders of the brokers who executed them, and who all failed and grew wealthy by the failure. Speyers, as we have said, was offered \$200,000 to say that he purchased for Belden and not for Fisk and Gould; but he refused and was ruined.

According to Corbin's story, he had virtuously closed all his transactions in gold by rejecting an offer of one hundred thousand dollars on a rising market. We are therefore to infer that it was pity and sorrow for his old associates that led him to act as if still in the ring; that induced him, quite an old man, to leave New York at nine o'clock in the evening, travel all night, and present himself next morning at breakfast at the White House, there to receive the congratulations of the President that he never had had any transactions in gold! By an arrangement with Fisk and Gould, he was to try and induce the President to order that no further sales of gold should be made till November; and if he succeeded he was to telegraph that fact on Sunday, and Fisk was to employ the hours of that sacred day in settling with his fellow-gamblers. But no sooner did Mr. Corbin open his lips to broach the subject than General Grant stopped him. "This matter has been concluded, and I cannot open up nor consider the subject." And so the poor baffled old man travelled again all night, and was at his New York home for Monday's breakfast. He had been bullied and badgered by Jim Fisk; had written editorials for the New York "Times"; had deceived his brother-in-law the President; had lost his reputation; and after all had only made twenty-five thousand dollars. He worked cheap.

It had been with great difficulty that the Gold Exchange Bank had succeeded in clearing nearly three hundred millions of dollars on Thursday; when it came to the enormous amount of the next day, estimated at five hundred millions, it completely broke down. It might have recovered itself, however, on the following day, had not Mr. Gould, who with some others owned a New York judge or two, applied for and obtained an injunction to prevent the bank from doing its legitimate business. Not that Mr. Gould applied in person to have the receiver appointed; he is too shrewd a man to act himself when another will do as well. But Mr. Charles J. Osborne appeared before Judge Cardozo, and asked that a receiver be appointed, because, he alleged, the bank owed him thirty thousand dollars and he could not get his money; when the truth was that the bank had already paid him that money and had his receipt for that amount in its vaults. But Judge Cardozo listened to Mr. Osborne's statement "with a smile that was childlike and bland," did not call on the bank to reply, but instantly granted the injunction. But after the receiver had been appointed, Mr. Osborne never appeared to demand his thirty thousand dollars, nor has he to this day.

The bank was now closed by judicial fiat. Numerous other injunctions were obtained, chiefly against those who claimed that certain brokers had purchased gold of them on account of Fisk and Gould. Gold having materially fallen, these parties called on Fisk and Gould for settlement, and the Court at once stepped in and ordered them to make no such claim. Of course these judicious and judicial orders put an end to all business except that which was favorable to Fisk and Gould. They continued to settle with all parties who owed them money; they were judicially enjoined from settling with those to whom, if their own brokers may be believed, they were indebted, and they have not yet settled with them. Twelve injunctions in all were obtained by them; but that the brokers who had made contracts favorable to them might bring their masters the money they had made, the willing Court ordered the receiver of the bank to pay to certain parties certain specified sums, amounting to \$318,300, and every one of these parties was in the ring.

On this petition of Mr. Osborne, A. L. Brown, Esq., one of the attorneys generally employed by Fisk and Gould, was appointed temporary receiver; and for his two weeks' services of keeping the keys of the bank and doing little or no other business he received the pleasant sum of fifteen thousand dollars, or over a thousand dollars a day. Besides this, he paid and was allowed the further sum of five thousand dollars to his partner for counsel fees; though why a prominent lawyer should pay five thousand dollars to his own partner for legal advice of which he was already himself possessed is one of those mysteries which can only be accounted for by the supposition that there was a good deal of loose money floating around, and they thought themselves entitled to their full share. This receiver received fifteen thousand dollars; his partner five thousand dollars more; Mr. Dudley Field another good slice; three other lawyers ten thousand dollars more. Another receiver was then appointed, and he was paid fifteen thousand dollars more. In all the bank paid about one hundred thousand dollars for being received against its will. The total loss to the bank through the operations of that day is stated by its President to be between three and four hundred thousand dollars.

Nor were these injunctions relative to the payment of moneys all that were obtained; the Court was used as a guardian and purifier of accused character. When an attempt was made to expel Mr. Henry N. Smith, one of the firm, from the Exchange for these frauds, Judge Barnard promptly ordered that he should not be expelled nor "in any manner interfered with in his right and

privilege of attending the said Exchange and transacting business thereon." When the Arbitration Committee of the Gold Exchange was arbitrating between certain parties and the brokers employed by the pool, and the testimony would have been unfavorable to the great gambling firm, Judge Barnard issued an order to the Committee not to arbitrate in the matter, and certain parties having claims against the firm were enjoined to "refrain from pressing their pretended claims." Such is justice in New York courts!

As the settlements between the brokers employed by the ring and their victims were all made in private, there is no means of knowing the total result. But it is the opinion of Mr. James B. Hodskin, Chairman of the Arbitration Committee of the Exchange, and therefore better acquainted with its business than any one else, that the two days' profits of the clique from the operations they acknowledged and settled for were not less than twelve millions of dollars; and that the losses on those transactions which they refused to acknowledge were not less than twenty millions. The New York "Tribune" a day or two afterward put the gains of the clique at eleven millions of dollars.

Some months after "Black Friday" had passed away, Congress ordered an investigation into its causes. Most remarkable was the testimony then obtained, or rather not obtained. Mr. Jay Gould swore that no entries of a single one of these transactions were made on their books; he carried the whole in his head. He did not know how much gold they had bought; thought there might be twenty millions or more, while his partners thought there were sixty millions. He could not recollect what orders he had given, nor what brokers had been employed; did not know Belden or Speyers; did not consult with his partners about these large transactions, nor did he know how much gold he did buy. "My recollection," he says, "about these transactions is very indistinct. The thing was over and I banished it from my mind"—and from others', too, as far as he could. One of his partners, Mr. Henry N. Smith, could not tell how much gold the firm had bought; could not tell even if he had the books before him. It was impossible for him to tell how many parties the firm settled with, though he did it himself. Another partner, Mr. H. H. Martin, was not cognizant of the books of the firm, nor of their operations; he did not know that a single member of the firm bought gold; did not know that any one gave orders to buy gold, or had any interest in the rise of gold; did not know that Fisk was a purchaser of gold. In short, none of the firm knew anything about the tremendous transactions in which they had made eleven or twelve millions of dollars, and in which they lost twenty millions which they refused to pay. It was the most oblivious, forgetful, unremembering firm of which we have any knowledge.

Looking back upon the operations of this day, as part of our financial history, it is impossible to avoid seeing how far one unscrupulous man, aided by associates equally unscrupulous, and backed by large capital and larger credit, can affect the transactions of a whole nation. For two or three days the whole business of New York stood still awaiting the result of the corner. Bankers' bills on Europe were offered at 105½ without takers; merchants' bills drawn against actual shipments were unsalable at any price. In good-will with all the world, with grand harvests, with full markets on both sides the Atlantic, came a panic that affected all business. Foreign trade came to a stand-still. The East would not send to Europe; the West could not ship to New York. Young men saw millions of dollars made in a few days by dishonesty; they beheld larger profits result from fraud than from long lives of honesty. Old men saw their best-laid plans frustrated by the operations of gamblers. Our national credit was affected by it. Europe was told that our

principal places of business were nests of gamblers, and that it was possible for a small clique, aided by our banking institutions, to get possession of all the gold there was in the land; and that when one firm had gone through business transactions to the amount of over one hundred millions of dollars, the courts of the United States would compel the completion of those bargains which resulted in a profit, while those that ended in a loss were forbidden. For two or three months the sale of bonds in Europe was affected by the transactions of that day; and not until the present generation of business men has passed away will the evil influence of Black Friday be entirely lost.

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

IN A HOSPITAL.

THIS is a story the surgeon told as he sat at a table,
 Ringed with a dozen brave spirits, the comrades who knew him and loved him,
 Drinking in delicate sips *café noir* as he made the recital,
 Sending up light cloudy wreaths from the fragrant cigar he was smoking.
 Nothing can now ever make me forget how I felt when I heard it,
 Sitting there under the great chandelier that lighted M. Victor's,
 Close by the shadows that fell from the walls of St. James where it happened.

Some one had said to him, "Tell us—you cannot refuse—tell the story."
 Pausing a moment as if in doubt as to what he should answer,
 Finally turning a calm and dispassionate face full upon us,
 All his great soul full of tenderness seen in his eyes, thus he told it:
 "Just at the corner the hospital stands where they met and were parted.
 Corporal Browning was found on the field 'mong the slain when the battle
 Lulled for an hour, and we gathered the wounded and tenderly placed them
 Far in the rear of the army and out of the reach of the bullets.
 'Surgeon in charge,' said the order that told me to take them, and quickly
 Loading a steamer that lay at the landing, at nightfall we started;
 Early next morning were lying out there in the mist at the levee.
 He was a hero, and had the imprint on his broad noble forehead—
 Nature's indelible stamp when she prides herself most on her children;
 Therefore he bore himself patiently, manfully facing his trouble,
 Bravely enduring with murmurless faith in the cause of his country.
 So, while he lay on his cot with this legend repeating his story,
 Caught by the magical spell as she listlessly walked down the ward-aisles,
 Wondering how the detested and 'cowardly Yankee' would bear him,
 Wounded and smitten with fear and lying in pain and neglected,
 Magdalen Mary stopped short with her diamonds and sin and her scorning,
 Read at a glance on his beautiful brow all his hopes and despairing,
 Felt in her true woman's heart the sharp thrust of the passion of pity,
 Tenderly stooped to his pillow and kissed him, and promised to bring him
 Daily the touch of her fingers, the help of her soothing caresses.

"Slowly the long summer days with alternate sunshine and shadow
 Brought to his comrades a joyous return to the ranks and their duties,
 But to himself only brought an increase of pain as he lay there,
 Eagerly watching each day for the footsteps whose coming could cheer him;
 Drearly counting the lapse of the hours, and noting the changes
 Wrought in the forms and features of those who were lying around him;
 Fearfully conscious of failing, and darkly foreboding the issue.
 Slowly but surely the fountains of life were dried, and we found him
 Daily grown weaker. At length came a day with a promise of duty:
 He was quite sure he'd yet march again under the brilliant old banner,

Sleep on his arms in the trenches, and wake at the sudden reveille
Sounded afar from the mouths of the enemy's cannon at daybreak.

"None of us then had the courage to tell him the truth as we knew it :
No one could find in his heart the desire or the power to tell him :
'Nature sometimes makes a final endeavor to vanquish our ailing,
Staking the last waning remnant of force, so that failing we perish.
Gathering strength of despair, she seems for a moment to conquer ;
Suddenly then as it came the excitement will vanish, and leave us
Nearer the dreadful conclusion—never more heartlessly cheated.'
Yet, when the sun o'er meridian passed and his glory was waning,
Silently into the soul of the war-stricken soldier this knowledge
Came with the lapse of his pulses ; he knew that his place would be vacant,
Felt that his life could not last ; yet he did not despair, for he thought it
Duty to suffer and bravely to die if it should be his fortune.
Therefore he calmly looked out on his last setting sun, as he listened,
Hoping to hear the familiar approach of the magdalen's footsteps.

"What though he knew or knew not of her wrongs and her shames and her sinning?
Sweet human sympathy, tender and true, was the boon that he asked for.
So, when at last she was seated beside him, he said to her : 'Lady,
Hearken ! My mother had only one son. Far away in New England,
Watching the news from "the front" and for tidings I never can send her,
Hoping and fearing and dreaming the dreams that shall never be real,
Praying for strength to endure to the end, she is waiting my coming.
Write, when I'm dead, to her, lady, and tell her I fought with the bravest ;
Tell her I fell as our captain's last word o'er the loud din resounded :
"On, my brave boys ! See the rebel ranks yield !" Ah, the fatal ball struck me
Only too soon to behold the great victory won by that battle !
Say that I bore all my pain without murmur or groan ; that I ever
Fought like a man when I stood in the front, though she held me so fragile.
Say that I never forgot her instructions, but followed them always,
Always intending to turn to her hearth when the battles were over.
Now she is left all alone ; give her pity—God knows how she needs it !
Think not my soul is as weak as my frame while you see these vain tear-drops !
Lady, *three years and forever* can hardly be counted the same thing—
There, I am calmer—I'll never be strong again, therefore there's something
Must be said further, but not to you now, for I'm weary and restless.
Sing me a song while I turn to the window and watch the faint sunlight
Painting the western horizon with amber and gold.' Then she warbled
Some little tune full of murmur and swell, till sleep, at first sembled,
Over the dying man reigned as the last golden streaks of the sunset
Faded away, and the night settled down on the just and the unjust.

"Passing at midnight, that hour full of solemnest dread and of fearing,
Making his rounds with his powders and lotions, the nurse flashed the lamplight
Full in the face of the soldier, now motionless, silent forever.
Starting—'How sudden at last !' and 'How sudden and sad !' he repeated
Turning away, he pursued the dull round of his duty, and left him
Dead on his cot in the darkness, staring straight up at the ceiling,
Mutely appealing to God through the blackness and stillness of midnight.
Early next day with its burden the dead-wagon rolled through the city
Sullen and silent ; no muffled drum told that a hero had fallen ;
Martial array and loud-volley'd salute were not for the soldier—
Only the potters-field—only an unmarked grave. But at evening,
Out of the desolate, drear-laden city a magdalen wandered,
Bearing her tribute of flowers and tears to the patriot burial.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICS BY THE PEOPLE.

MANY years ago, an eminent French astronomer asserted that no scientific man would ever venture his reputation upon such a thing as weather prognostics. The hasty remark of Arago breathed neither the spirit of his age nor that sublime faith in cosmical law which marks the true philosopher. On the outskirts of the celestial sphere, the star-gazer knew of such clusters as the "Magellanic Clouds,"

—whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to us appear,

some of which in early ages lighted the path of Tyrian sailors, and were carefully observed by the oldest Portuguese and Danish pilots revolving around the Southern Pole, as they still do. How then could he suppose the atmosphere incapable of regularity, and challenge its law-abiding character, or even remand it to the custody of a pliant Æolus?

Modern researches have revealed to our astonished contemplation the fact that the aqueous ocean is submissive to the laws of an exquisitely exact circulation—a circulation not less perfect than that of the blood in the human heart. But, aside from the light of science, mankind in all ages have consciously or intuitively understood that the aerial ocean in which they live, and which impresses all its changes upon their bodily senses, is no exception to the principle of order seen to prevail throughout creation. Whether avowedly or otherwise, men have always accepted the inspired doctrine of the wind—"It whirl-eth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits;" and this belief, both in its uniform and ascertainable nature, has doubtless led to the universal effort to prognosticate the weather. Certainly the highest price has ever been set upon intelligence of this kind. It is as invaluable to civilized man as the reports of his most trusty scouts are to the general of an imperilled army. In the absence of weather forecasts based on scientific induction, the resort is to the mere guesses of haphazard. Even to the present hour the sale of almanacs, whose vaticinations are based upon the inappreciable influence of lunar tides, and are published a whole year in advance, is profitable and immense. It is well known that in 1838, when Murphy, the almanac-maker of London, by a rare and lucky "hit" marked the 20th of January as "*Fair—probable lowest degree of winter temperature*," the rush on his publishers was so great that they could not supply the demand, which, however, was not exhausted until the sum of £7,000 had been realized.

What we have said is designed to introduce a lucid and invaluable discussion of weather phenomena, which has very recently been issued from the meteorological division in the office of the Chief Signal Officer of the Army. Under the modest and unpretentious title of "*Suggestions as to the Practical Uses of Meteorological Reports and Weather Maps*," we have in small compass the latest and earliest discoveries in weather and storm science, and an especially full treatment of American storms and cyclones.

The object of this volume is to explain the entire *modus operandi* of the national weather-signal system, and so to unfold the beautiful discoveries made in the field of cyclonic philosophy, that by a little patient attention the most unscientific farmer, shipper, seaman, merchant, or anybody, may understand and prognosticate the weather for himself.

The study of this work will go far to assure any inquiring and intelligent man, however unversed he may be in such pursuits, that a grand advance has been made upon the heretofore forbidden but tempting domain of the weather, more than realizing an old prophecy of Sir David Brewster in the "Edinburgh Review," that "if science cannot bind over the disturbing elements to keep the peace, it may at least organize an efficient police to discover their ambush and watch their movements."

It will be the writer's pleasant duty, as briefly as possible, to introduce the reader into the operations of the Signal Office, and then to point out the paths by which meteoric science has penetrated into the secrets of the atmosphere and of the movements of the tempest.

It is hoped the preliminary explanation of the Office may not be an unwelcome prelude to more scientific matter, and patience is invoked. Our aim shall be to make *every man his own weather-clerk!*

The mind in which the modern system of storm telegraphy originated was, as far as we can learn, the fertile and brilliant one of Mr. William C. Redfield of New York, who will ever be regarded by cyclonists and meteorists the father of their science and the Kepler of storm physics.

ORIGIN OF STORM SIGNALS.

Early in the year 1846, Mr. Redfield urged upon the attention of the country the possibility of using the electric telegraph in connection with the daily study of the weather, for the purpose of forewarning endangered ports of the approach and force of storms.

In his memorable paper published then in the American "Journal of Science and Arts," he said: "In the Atlantic ports of the United States, the approach of a gale when the storm is yet on the Gulf of Mexico, or in the Southern and Western States, may be made known by means of the electric telegraph, which, probably, will soon extend from Maine to the Mississippi." He significantly added: "This will enable the merchant to avoid exposing his vessel to a furious gale soon after leaving her port. By awaiting the arrival of a storm and promptly putting to sea with its closing winds, a good offing and rapid progress will be secured by the voyager." It is now more than ten years since the gifted and lamented Admiral Fitzroy most brilliantly and successfully executed this original suggestion of Mr. Redfield, and, by the sagacious application of the laws of storms discovered by the latter as early as 1821, the gallant English Admiral placed his country under such perfect meteorological surveillance, that after a single year's experiment it was officially stated at a meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Docks at Stonehouse, Plymouth, that "the deficiency (in revenue) was to be attributed chiefly to the absence of vessels requiring the use of the graving docks, for the purpose of repairing the damages occasioned by storms and casualties at sea." In that movement England was followed by France, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Italy, and Russia.

Last year the Government of the United States, seeing the great advantage of such a system to our commerce, and anxious to foster its interests, was led by the earnest efforts and able arguments of General H. E. Paine of Wisconsin, the Hon. William W. Belknap, Secretary of War, and the Hon. H. L. Dawes of Massachusetts, to embark in the enterprise.

As soon as the undertaking was authorized by Congress, the Secretary of War intrusted the organization and management of it to its present head, the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, General Albert J. Myer, to whose assiduous labors and well-directed skill its success is chiefly due.

WEATHER TELEGRAMS.

To give the reader a clear insight into the practicability of successful prediction of weather and storm phenomena, it is necessary to recount briefly the practical organization and every-day workings of the Weather Office and its numerous sub-offices.

In pursuance of the duty imposed upon the Secretary of War by the law of Congress requiring of him the announcement, by telegraph and signal, of the approach and force of storms, the office of the Chief Signal Officer at the War Department causes meteorological observations and telegraphic reports to be made daily and nightly at fifty-five stations. Three times in every twenty-four hours these observations, of the most exact kind, are taken by the observer sergeants of the Signal Service, at the identical moment of actual time, and reports of them are immediately transmitted over the wires to the office of the Chief Signal Officer at Washington. By a carefully arranged system of telegraphic circuits, copies of the full reports of all stations are sent at the same time to the Signal Service stations in most of the principal cities and towns, and at each station so receiving a tabular report or bulletin is immediately displayed for general use and information. The observations on which these reports are based are taken synchronously at all the stations, at the precise hours, 7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M., and 11:35 P. M., Washington time; and, being received at the central office, are immediately translated from cipher, and respectively, in order of reception, published at all conspicuous points as bulletins of reports, by the hours of 9 A. M., 6 P. M., and 1 A. M. These bulletins are known as the "Morning Report," "Afternoon Report," and "Midnight Report"; and wherever they are published, they exhibit the height of the barometer and its oscillations since last report, thermometric range and variation in past twenty-four hours, relative humidity of air, direction of wind, velocity of wind in miles per hour, pressure of wind in pounds per square foot, force of wind reduced to Beaufort or marine scale, amount of cloud, rainfall since last report in inches and hundredths, and general state of weather, with any noteworthy particulars.

For their telegraphic facilities and for physical advantages of position, the Secretary of War has designated the following places as stations, to which others are soon to be added:

Portland, Me.
Boston, Mass.
New London, Ct.
New York city, N. Y.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.
Washington, D. C.
Wilmington, N. C.
Charleston, S. C.
Savannah, Ga.
Augusta, Ga.
Lake City, Fla.
Key West, Fla.
Mobile, Ala.
New Orleans, La.
San Francisco, Cal.
Norfolk, Va.
Mt. Washington, N. H.

Oswego, N. Y.
Rochester, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Toledo, Ohio.
Detroit, Mich.
Chicago, Ill.
Milwaukee, Wis.
St. Paul, Minn.
Duluth, Minn.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Lynchburg, Va.
Burlington, Vt.
Keokuk, Iowa.
Grand Haven, Mich.
Vicksburg, Miss.

Escanaba, Mich.
Marquette, Mich.
Davenport, Iowa.
Leavenworth, Kansas.
Calro, Ill.
Cape May, N. J.
Galveston, Texas.
Montreal, Canada.
Punta Raasa, Fla.
Memphis, Tenn.
Nashville, Tenn.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
St. Louis, Mo.
Omaha, Neb.
Cheyenne, W. Y. T.
Corinne, Utah.
Shreveport, La.

To extend the usefulness of the bulletin, it is not only posted at the Signal Service Office, but at a number of public places in the cities and towns to which it is telegraphed, and is always open to inspection. The same is furnished to all newspapers in time for publication, and free of cost. As the observers at all stations are instructed to furnish every facility and full information to the press and public, the student of coming weather-changes, as we shall

ask our reader to become, should make sure he has before him the latest "Synopsis and Probabilities" (as they are called) issued from Washington.

For the benefit of those who wish to make daily practical use of the "Weather Synopsis and Probabilities" emanating from the Signal Office, it may be well to state here that different parts of the country are thus designated:

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, are alluded to as the New England States or the Northeast, or simply as the Eastern States.

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, and Virginia, as the Middle States, or sometimes as the Middle Atlantic States.

North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Northern and Eastern Florida, as the South Atlantic States.

Western Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, as the Gulf States.

Sometimes the Gulf States, the South Atlantic, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas are grouped together as the Southern States.

The Lower or Eastern Lakes, when used, means Lakes Erie and Ontario.

The Upper or Western Lakes are Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan.

The Northwest, popularly, means the country lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers.

The Southwest means Texas, Indian Territory, and New Mexico.

Pacific Coast or Pacific States includes California, Oregon, and Washington Territory.

The Ohio Valley includes the belt of country about two hundred miles broad between Pittsburgh and Cairo.

The Mississippi Valley includes a belt of a little greater width from below Vicksburg to Davenport, Iowa.

The "extensions" from one State to another refer to areas reaching to the central portions of the State mentioned.

In Coast is included the land between the water-edge and the coast hills or mountains which skirt them.

Winds are said to blow from northeast when they are included with the quadrant from north to east, and similarly for other directions.

THE PICTORIAL METEORIC MAP.

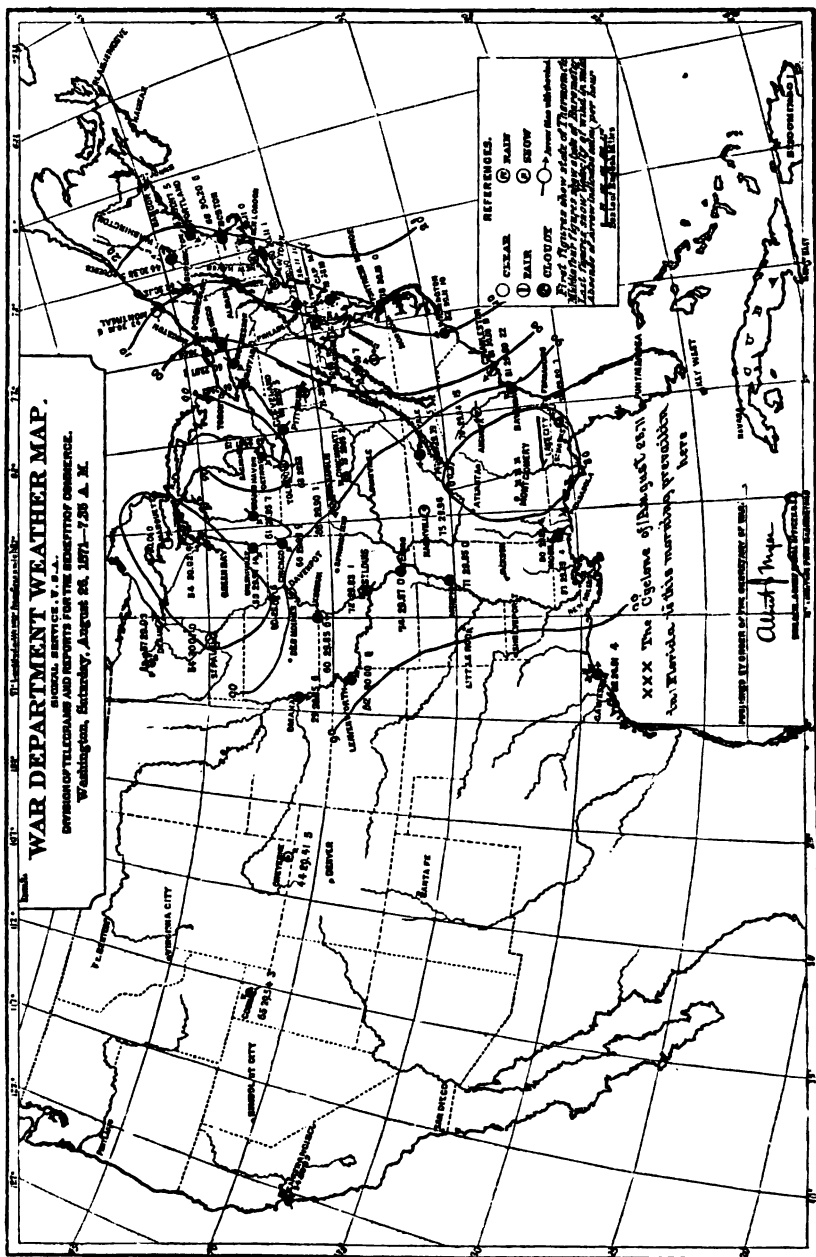
To assist the eye and mind in forming a clear and synoptic view of the condition of the great atmospheric ocean at any particular time, the weather map has been invented; and it is as invaluable to the meteorist as his Mercator's chart is to the mariner. If Mercator was "the pathfinder of the sea," the distinguished maker, if not the inventor of the isobarometric* chart, or weather map, Alexander Buchan, was the author of one of the most important suggestions ever made for finding the path of the storm.

When the tabular report by telegraph is received at the central office of any storm bureau, every particular is accurately and neatly entered in a common map of the district or county for which probabilities and storm warnings are to be made. The work is done in a few minutes by an expert hand with an ordinary lead pencil, so that at each station the figures entered indicate the height of the barometer, the height of the thermometer, and the velocity of the wind. Arrows flying with the wind at each station are rapidly drawn on the map, with the proper symbols representing the state of weather, amount of cloud, haze, moisture, etc.; and when all is ready, the meteorist begins to enter on the paper the isobarometric lines along which the atmospheric pressure is equal, or very nearly equal.

These isobars are easily drawn by noticing the points at which any given figures, *e. g.*, 30.00 inches, for the barometer occur, and connecting all such points by red-lead pencil lines. Or thus: Find the lowest barometer, say 29.45. Run

* Isobarometric (sometimes abbreviated to isobaric) lines, or isobars, means lines along which the mercury in the barometer everywhere indicates the same pressure.

your red-lead pencil line half way between stations marked 29.45 and 29.55, and mark this line at the ends as 29.50, etc. This, however, is more clearly seen in the following picture of a weather map:



A few trials will satisfy the most inexperienced learner that it is almost always possible to draw a continuous line through those places where the barometer stands at 30.00 inches. If, furthermore, from any two neighboring points,

as Savannah and Charleston, there are reported respectively 29.95 and 30.05, as is frequently the case, then half way between them it may usually be safely assumed that the barometer stands at 30.00. By connecting with red-lead pencil marks all the stations whose pressure is thus determined, there is at once made visible to the eye that narrow band or area over which the quicksilver declares there is a uniform pressure. In storms or cyclones the area of lowest tension is usually found to be circular, or of an elliptical shape.

It is generally well understood that the height of the mercury in the barometer tube is a simple and direct measure of the intensity with which the atmosphere is at that moment pressing down upon the basin of the barometer, and upon the neighboring region of the earth; and not only is the pressure downward, but equally so is it exerted upward and horizontally in all directions.

The average height of the barometer at the level of the sea, on the Atlantic coast of the United States, does not materially vary from 30.00 inches; on the western plains it rises to 30.20 in the winter. It diminishes as we approach the arctic regions.

Now draw other red lines showing where the pressure is lower than its average value (30.00), or where the barometer stands at 29.90, 29.80, etc., inches. These lines will almost invariably be found to be upon one and the same side of the line of 30.00, and to be approximately parallel to each other. Oftentimes they gradually enclose within their bounds a central area of small extent, and over which the pressure is decidedly lower than anywhere else on the map. If this central area be not too near the limiting line of the signal stations, it will be found to be completely enclosed by the encircling lines of equal pressure, or isobarometric lines as they are called—words which, for convenience, are now generally contracted into the simple noun isobars or isobars.

Similarly, if on passing the other side of the line of 30.00 inches of pressure, a system of isobars connecting the points where the barometer stands at 30.10, 30.20, etc., be drawn, there will be noticed an area of the highest pressure; but sometimes the stations are not widely enough extended to give the exact boundaries of this area. In general the areas of average and very high pressure cover a larger extent of country than those of low pressure.

It is on the outskirts of these high waves of atmosphere (revealed by the map of isobars), infinitely grander and more immense than any tidal wave or storm wave that rolls on old ocean, and within areas of low barometer, that the storm centres of tornadoes, thunder storms, and hurricanes are fond of moving.

It is the study of these areas, in which are stored away some of the most gigantic forces of nature, that now chiefly interests the meteorologist. The dimensions of the smaller areas vary from those of a few square miles, as in tornadoes, to those of five hundred miles square, as in the largest hurricanes.

While carefully studying the every-day variations of the barometer, the storm-warner must not forget each day diligently to compare the day's isobars with the mean monthly isobars found in his special isobarometric atlas. Such an atlas is furnished in Buchan's "Handy Book of Meteorology."

It will be found a great auxiliary to familiarize the eye continually with the ordinary charts of physical geography, on which are pictorially given the belts of trade winds and the anti-trade winds, the mountainous and alluvial regions, the plateaus, etc.; and it should be borne in mind that the climatic belt continually moves up and down on the earth's surface, with the sun's apparent annual motion. Relief maps, or orographic charts, showing pictorially the face of the country whose meteorology is studied, will add the liveliest interest and clearness to the investigation.

In the late European war the great Prussian commander fought his battles on his maps, following, during the most terrific action, every movement of the enemy on his outstretched chart. It is by a similar use of the meteorological map that the meteorist will best follow the evolutions of the great atmospheric forces, and be best enabled to fight and foil the fury of the desolating cyclone.

ARE THE WINDS UNDER LAW?

Complicate and conflicting as the winds seem to be, no observant mind can rest on the conviction that they are lawless and wayward parts of the terrestrial machinery. There are doubtless "wheels revolving within wheels," whose motion is as unintelligible to us, at first glance, as the oscillations and varied motions of the beam, the crank, the eccentric, and other parts of a steam engine appear to a young child. It is strange how popular imagination has, at times, almost personified the winds and invested them with the fancied power of self-control. Thus, as Macaulay tells us, on the occasion of the descent of William of Orange upon the coast of England, the people spoke of the singular and ominous behavior of the wind: "It had blown strong from the east while the Prince wished to sail down the channel, had turned to the south when he wished to enter Torbay, had sunk to a calm during the disembarkation, and as soon as the disembarkation was completed had risen to a storm, and had met the pursuers in the face." According to the Grecian myth, the storm king committed to Ulysses all the winds that could obstruct his return to Ithaca, confined in bags.

And yet, so strong is the popular faith in the regularity and law-controlled character of the winds, that if this faith, all unconscious as it is, were shaken, the industries of the husbandman and nearly all the activities of human society would be paralyzed. If the great tidal movements and currents of the atmosphere were less regular than those of the ocean, it is easy to see that the gravest and most serious consequences would ensue. The suspension in mid-ocean of the Gulf Stream, producing in a short period of time the most fearful refrigeration of Great Britain and northwestern Europe and a revolution in human life, labor, and destiny, would not be more sensibly felt than the failure of the trade winds or the anti-trades to execute their more important offices. If there is no *law* of the winds, how can we explain the fact that the very "trades" that swelled the sails of Columbus, and the very storm tracks in which the prince of discoverers first encountered the terrors of a West India hurricane, are found to-day just where he found them? The inference and conclusion, however, which the thoughtful mind draws from general principles and cosmical economy, are sustained by millions of observations, taken in all latitudes, and also (as we shall presently see) corroborated by mathematical demonstration.

To recur to the process of calculation from the weather chart, it is important to notice that, whether regarded in the light of indicators or as the causes of weather changes and of storms, no phenomena are more important than those of the winds. Upon the determination of their direction and force, and also of their probable veering over any given district, must, in almost every instance, depend the forecast or "probability" of the nature, course, and duration of the meteor.

Assuming the lines of equal barometric pressure to be drawn on the weather chart, it is at once perceived that, in well-understood accordance with the laws of mechanics, the atmosphere must be pushing from the regions of higher to those of lower pressure. The resulting movement of the air, modified by the forces of inertia and friction and by the rotation of the earth and local obstruc-

tions, is converted into the *local* winds whose directions are indicated by the arrows upon the maps, and whose velocities are given in miles per hour. These winds may be called local winds, as distinguished from the general winds in any section, and from the great currents of air to be hereafter spoken of; the general winds appear to be primarily dependent upon the existence and position of the areas of low and high pressure; the great currents, spreading as they do over whole continents and encircling the earth, are largely influenced by, if not dependent upon, the earth's axial rotation.

If the earth were not in rotation on its axis, the winds would uniformly blow in straight lines outward from the centre of every area of high barometer toward the surrounding localities of lower barometer, just as naturally as the water wave tends to spread itself out in radial lines.

Observation, however, has long since clearly shown that in our hemisphere, within any area of high pressure, the winds will be found to be not only blowing away from the centre (outward), but also to be deflected toward the right hand as they move forward. Observation has also shown with equal clearness that in our hemisphere, within any area of low pressure, the winds will blow towards the centre (inward), and will also be deflected toward the right hand as they move forward. This deflection to the right has been demonstrated by Mr. William Ferrel, of Cambridge, Mass., to be a mathematical necessity arising from the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation, which causes everything moving on its surface to deflect slightly to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern hemisphere.

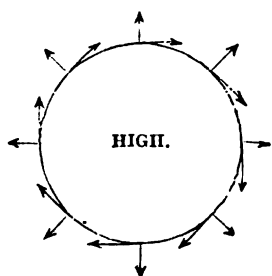
It was formerly supposed by physicists that bodies moving only on the meridian, due north and south, were subject to this deflection to the right. It was said that upon a railroad running north, as the Hudson River Railroad, the tendency of the cars and locomotive would be to bear most heavily on the right rail, and leave the track on the right side, *i. e.*, the east side when the train was moving northward, and the west side when it was moving southward. This is true as far as it goes, but, as Mr. Ferrel and others have demonstrated, the train will always bear more heavily on the right-hand rail of the track along which it advances, no matter what may be the direction in which the road lies. It has recently been discovered, in the work of the United States Signal Service, that this law is the key to the correct explanation of many if not all phenomena found in connection with storms, cyclones, and atmospheric currents. It is now known as

FERREL'S LAW.

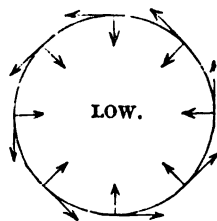
The inference drawn from it, taken with concurrent and modifying observations, has led to the construction of the following table, which shows which winds will generally prevail on every side of an area of high or of low barometric pressure:

THE OBSERVER BEING—	THE PREVAILING WINDS WILL BE—	
	Low pressure.	High Pressure.
On the N. side.....	N. and E.....	S. and W.
On the N. W. side.....	N. W. and N. E.....	S. E. and S. W.
On the W. side.....	W. and N.....	E. and S.
On the S. W. side.....	S. W. and N. W.....	N. E. and S. E.
On the S. side.....	S. and W.....	N. and E.
On the S. E. side.....	S. E. and S. W.....	N. W. and N. E.
On the E. side.....	E. and S.....	W. and N.
On the N. E. side.....	N. E. and S. E.....	S. W. and N. W.

This same regular distribution of the winds is shown by the arrows in the accompanying diagrams:



AREAS OF HIGH PRESSURE.



AREAS OF LOW PRESSURE.

The deflection from the radial line (*i. e.*, to the right) is not always nor usually 90 deg. as represented in the diagrams, but the angle is generally between 30 and 60 deg., amounting to 60 deg. or 80 deg. only in case of severe storms, cyclones,

etc. In using the above table or diagrams, if for illustration it be assumed that the observer is placed within an area of unusually low pressure, then on the northwest side of its centre he should find the wind blowing from some point of the horizon between northwest and northeast. If he is on the northwest side of the centre of a high-pressure area, he should find the wind blowing from some point in the quadrant between southeast and southwest. The system of winds above given is not only that which observation and the most recent examination show actually to exist, but is also that which follows from the mathematical theory of the motions of fluids on the earth's surface, which, as was before stated, demonstrates that all bodies, whatever be their direction of motion on the earth's surface, in the northern hemisphere tend toward the right hand as they go forward. This deflection increases as the diameter of the storm increases.

This principle (Ferrel's law), it is thought by some meteorists, decides also the deflection northward of the afternoon sea breezes, and southward of the evening land breezes, along our Atlantic coast from North Carolina to Florida.

In addition to this law, that enunciated by Prof. Buys-Ballot, the celebrated Director of the Meteorological Observatory at Utrecht, is of great value in storms and weather forecasting.

BUYS-BALLOT'S LAW OF THE WINDS

may be expressed thus:

"If any morning there be a difference between the barometrical readings at any two stations, a wind will blow on that day in the neighborhood of the line joining those stations, which will be inclined to that line at an angle of 90 deg. or thereabouts, and will have the station where the reading is lowest on its left-hand side."

This rule is a generalization first specially announced for Holland and the neighboring country, and has been found applicable to the weather in Great Britain in cases where strong winds occur.

The law was first published by Buys-Ballot in 1860.

This rule will evidently hold good in general—best when the two stations considered are in a line with the centre of the neighboring area of high or low pressure. It is, if possible, always best to seek the boundaries of these areas by means of the isobaric lines, and having located these, to make use of the laws of mechanics that are applicable to the whole earth's surface.

In investigations upon the applicability of this rule to the British weather reports, an allowance of about one hundred miles was made for the movement of the centre of disturbance, and thus it was deduced that "94 per cent. of the

gradients recorded were succeeded by winds in the direction indicated by the law," and in 62 per cent. both the force and direction were correctly indicated.

Of course it will be remembered that in the application of these laws constant regard must be had to the friction encountered by any winds whose force is under calculation. The wind which on the sea would blow with a velocity of twenty miles would not attain more than half that velocity on any part of our continent unless on the great Western Plains. Gay-Lussac, Glaisher, and other aeronauts found occasional velocities in the upper atmosphere of one hundred miles per hour, a rate exceeding that of the rotation in the severest gales and hurricanes.

The frictional resistance of coast lines will also be found to give rise to ascending and turned-back currents of air, as noticed in the islands of the Pacific, and strikingly illustrated by the westerly winds on our Pacific coast and the easterly winds of our Atlantic coast.

Heavy gales attend areas where the isobars run very near each other, and die away as these lines are seen to separate.

HEAT.

Situated in one of those desert regions of the sidereal stratum known as the galaxy, and remote from the world-islands of that fathomless sea of stars, the sun, nevertheless, exercises imperial sway over our planet. Save only the tides of the deep ocean, which ever roll their intumescent waters into our bays, rivers, and inlets, every moving body on the globe probably owes its motion to the sun. Upon his apparent daily and annual motions are mainly dependent the thermometric conditions of every part of the earth's surface, and likewise all those atmospheric motions and commotions which arise from the unequal distribution of heat.

As fluids and gases are both bad conductors of heat, the distribution of solar heat, and hence of the mechanical power which drives alike the air current and the tempest, is effected most largely by the winds or by convection, just as in the ocean it is effected by means of the great aqueous currents, as the Kuro Siwo of the Pacific and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Although the average temperature, therefore, is higher at southern stations, the meteorist continually notices on his weather map innumerable departures from this law.

Aqueous vapor, visibly suspended in the air as haze or cloud, serves as an effectual and double shield against the radiation of heat from the earth, and also against the sun's rays themselves. Even the invisible vesicles of vapor floating in the atmosphere, however rare and widely separated, present an obstruction to the free passage of heat of low intensity, just as haze and smoke obstruct the beam of light, or as stones in the bed of a watercourse retard the flow of the fluid. On situations the most alpine, where on account of their loftiness much less aqueous vapor is interposed between their summits and the cold stellar regions, solar radiation is least disputed; and consequently, when exposed to the direct rays of a serene midday sun, the heat is intolerable, while at night the unimpeded radiation of the earth is followed by a corresponding intensity of cold. On such dreary elevations does man most keenly

— feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice.

During cloudy or murky weather, and in regions where the sky is ever highly charged with moisture, radiation is almost wholly cut off, as if a warm and well-woven mantle had been thrown over the face of the entire country. The most casual observation of a weather map instantly shows that the ther-

metrometric readings vary much less over cloudy than over clear districts, over moist and well-watered tracts than over dry and parched ones; and that it is generally warmer in front of an advancing storm centre and colder in its rear.

It is for this reason that the storm-warner must closely watch the indications of his thermometer, often an uncertain guide, but oftener the sure monitor of danger when the barometer is not understood. Had the captain of the ill-fated steamer *Royal Charter*, stranded and lost with hundreds of lives a few years ago on the coast of Anglesea, only noticed his thermometer rising in midwinter to a tropical temperature, he might have been saved by the warning it conveyed.

The meteorologist, in search of the confines of the storm area and the path of its advance, will carefully compare the reported temperatures of contiguous stations (lying in this path) both with each other and with the isothermal lines for the season.

By careful attention to the position of the areas of rising and falling temperature, he receives an early intimation of approaching storms.

The relation of the temperature (even for vast regions of country) to the barometric pressure at distant points is full of importance and instruction. For instance, severe frosts and cold have frequently been experienced in Great Britain and Western Europe, traceable directly to an abnormally high pressure of the atmosphere over Iceland, precipitating a powerful polar current of air toward the southeast continuously for periods of two or three weeks.

It is probable that at some future time weather telegrams from the West Indian and Sandwich Islands, the North Pacific Ocean, and Alaska, by furnishing barometric readings, may give indications of the weather in the United States.

AQUEOUS VAPOR.

In all localities on the globe, and at all times, moisture in greater or smaller quantities tempers the atmosphere, which is consequently never absolutely dry, unless in the parched and blighted Sahara. Little intervals or interstices occur between the particles of dry air, which are partially filled with this ever-present aqueous vapor. The more numerous and the larger such intervals are, the greater is the *capacity* of the air for moisture; and when such intervals are so replete with vaporous matter that the air is incapable of containing or holding any more, it is then said to be *saturated*.

There is great variety and inequality in the moisture of places. Thus the air in England is often saturated with moisture, while the driest air observed on the coast of the Red Sea during a simoom has been found to contain only one-fifteenth of the saturating quantity.

An increase of heat increases the capacity of the air for moisture; while, on the contrary, a fall of temperature is the occasion of a corresponding diminution of the capacity for vaporous matter.

The important element of moisture is given in the Signal Service bulletins, not in the absolute quantity in which it is found at any given place, but as a percentage of full saturation, or what in the language of meteorologists is expressed by the term *relative humidity*. This must not be confounded with absolute humidity, which is a very different thing. For, supposing the temperature of the air at a given place to be 40 deg. and fully saturated with aqueous vapor, and then to be suddenly raised to 50 deg. without any addition being made to its store of vapor, its absolute humidity would in each case be exactly the same; but in the former case the weather would, in popular language, be very damp, and in the latter case very dry. In the former case the *relative*

humidity (or *humidity*, as it is often simply called) would be very high; in the latter, very low.

Watery vapor dissolves in air very much as salt dissolves in water; and as the salt is deposited in crystals whenever the water becomes fully saturated, so whenever the air becomes fully saturated with vapor the latter is deposited on the earth in the form of mist, dew, and rain if the temperature be high, or as frost, hail, or snow crystals if the temperature be low.

One cubic foot of air, having a temperature of 50 deg., and under a uniform barometric pressure of 30.00 inches, and *fully saturated*, will hold 4.28 grains of water, according to Glaisher's tables. If, under these conditions, the temperature or the pressure of the air is lowered, there will result a deposition of a portion of the water, and that either in the form of fog, dew, rain, frost, or snow and hail. On the other hand, if there is an increase in the temperature or the pressure, the air becomes capable of holding a larger quantity of vapor, and ceases to be fully saturated. Relative humidity expresses the proportion of vapor actually contained in the air compared with what the air could contain.

By denoting full saturation by 100 per cent. and absolute dryness by zero, the relative moisture of the air at the different stations can be indicated on the map by the proper percentage.

The weather chart will show a great increase of moisture near bodies of warm water, fields of snow, extensive forests, etc., as compared with the Plains and Rocky Mountains. *The humidity will always be found large in advance of a storm or cyclone centre, and small in its rear.*

THE SUN'S ANNUAL MARCHES AND COUNTERMARCHES.

The meteorist, however, has many things to bear in mind. There is just here to be noticed a most essential fact. We have seen that the sun is the great source of motion, because it is the source of heat. There is no reason to suppose that the supply of heat from its radiating surface materially varies at any time. But, apparently and astronomically, we must regard the sun as a vibrating body. It is vertical only two days in the whole year over the same parallel of latitude. The solar forces, marshalled around the equator at the time of the equinox, may be viewed as the extended lines of some immense army in position, and girdling the entire globe on this great circle. They must be daily conceived of as in motion—now, with slow but steady and unflinching tread, marching upon meridian lines to the northern tropic, and now, having faced about at our summer solstice, with unchanging step countermarching toward the southern tropic. The day's march of this imaginary but real host, if measured in a line running due north and south, is the invariable distance of about fifteen geographical miles. Before its forward and gleaming movement, either north or south of the equator, and in front of its serried yet ever outstretched lines, all opposing climatic forces waver, and finally give way. The tropical belts of calms, the zones of the perennial trade winds, the bands of the fierce anti-trades, the monsoon influences, barometric areas, the cyclone-breeding districts, ocean currents, gulf streams, nay, the very ice barriers that have intrenched themselves in strong cordon within the mysterious periphery of the polar circles, swaying back and forth, up and down on the earth's surface, in ceaseless vibration, ever and everywhere follow the lordly sun in his declination, and strictly adjust their movements to his. It follows from this vibration of climatic zones that any map containing the isothermal, isobarometric, and other meteoric lines would hold good only for a few days in the year. The science of meteors would be splendidly equipped if we possessed a complete atlas of charts, each containing the isometeoric (to coin a word)

lines for all the really influential coefficients of the weather. As yet but little has been done toward constructing such charts for the globe, or even for our own country.

AN ISOMETEORIC ATLAS.

If we could have such a work, embodying the results of all accurate observations now in possession of the science, even though the charts should be limited to the area of the United States, we should be able to give the richest and ripest information touching all points of agricultural and medical meteorology of interest in the country. We should be in a position to deduce from such graphically portrayed data the origin, contour, march, expansion or contraction, and force of every disturbance of the atmosphere, with far greater facility and certainty than is now possible. The work of foreseeing and fore-announcing the more dreadful and desolating storms and cyclones would then be a task within the power of a well-instructed school-boy; and the issue of storm-warnings, instead of being necessarily intrusted only to some profound and brilliant Fitzroy, would become, in an exigency, the easy duty of any trained observer. The charts of such an isometeoric atlas might easily employ varied and distinctive colors to depict in vivid and bold outline the bands and belts and areas of all meteorologic phenomena, which could not easily be confounded by the eye.

By making the chart at first to represent the monthly means or averages, as deduced from the Signal Service bulletins and reports, and then, as time and pecuniary means justified, to give the weekly averages, the execution of the plan here suggested would be both inexpensive and highly practicable.

If such a chart could be made for every country now earnestly prosecuting the storm and weather-signal system, we should have one of the most magnificent contributions ever made to physical science. If we may be allowed to press this home on the minds of intelligent and enterprising America, no scientific undertaking can promise richer rewards. To accomplish it no expense would be too great. Mr. Alexander Buchan, the honored and eminent Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, and who stands in the front rank of physicists, emphatically suggests in reference to another interest of his science—uniformity in methods of observation—that “A SECOND BRUSSELS CONFERENCE [capitals Mr. Buchan’s] is perhaps the only means by which the advantages of uniformity of observation and of publication of results may be secured.”

NATURAL STORM SIGNALS.

Besides the numerous storm and weather indications afforded by the instruments of meteorology, there is one source of intelligence open to all. The Creator, as if to warn man of danger, has hung aloft in the heavens natural and infallible storm signals. These are more vivid and conspicuous than the red symbol of danger that is seen on the cautionary flag, or the red light that gleams from the nightly lantern. The clouds, when attentively considered, are most valuable premonitors of coming changes and disturbances. When entered on the weather map, they reveal at once the relative temperature, moisture, and pressure existing at high elevations. They also tell the current which is prevailing and driving them, whether from the polar regions or from the tropics. They afford the sagacious meteorist a timely notice of the probable interference and lateral conflict of two air currents of great force and velocity, which often generate, even in high latitudes, such fearful storms as that to which I have alluded as “the Royal Charter storm,” the most famous and instructive of recent gales in the English seas. The cirro-stratus is a common precursor of extensive cyclonical disturbances. The stratus usually marks

threatening weather. The ascent of expanding warm air gives rise to the cumulus clouds, whose flat bases are all on a pretty uniform level. These subside and dissolve when they cease to be fed by rising currents of air. The cirrus clouds are probably formed independently by the radiation of heat outward into the highest regions of the atmosphere, in which case they are composed of snow-flakes, or of spiculæ of ice; and they are also formed of the remnants of the storm clouds, in which case they are generally composed of warmer vapor. The strong winds that attend areas of low barometer give rise, through the influence of friction, etc., as before stated, to ascending strata of moist air, in which, by expansion or cooling, as the case may be, are produced the scud and rain cloud of which we have a fine example in the easterly rains of the Atlantic coast. This scud cloud, which is at first like a cumulus of irregular shape, subsequently spreads into broad sheets of stratus and nimbus.

Two or more layers of cloud almost always show themselves wherever extended rain storms are prevailing.

By the sides of mountains and in balloon ascents, clouds more than two thousand feet deep have been measured vertically.

Sometimes there is entire absence of cloud and extreme clearness of atmosphere, as (to refer again to the marked Royal Charter storm) was instanced in the north of Ireland many days previous to the terrific gale of October, 1859. Near the tropics scud clouds moving quickly to the westward are a common indication of the hurricane, as was most forcibly illustrated in the Bahamas hurricane of 1866.

The cumulo-stratus premonishes the lurid terrors of the thunder storm.

THE GREAT AIR CURRENTS.

These are few and easily remembered. The "gentle" trade winds, which sweep the whole torrid zone, blow from the northeast at the northern tropic, and from the southeast at the southern tropic, toward the equator. On that line or near it they meet, and coming in collision they both lose their momentum and give rise to the equatorial calm-belt, which in the Indian Ocean is broken by the famous monsoons of southern Asia. After reaching the equatorial regions as surface winds the air ascends to great elevations, and thence moves toward the middle latitudes in lofty upper currents, which must gradually descend toward the earth, as is actually proved by observations taken high up on the peak of Teneriffe, and on the summit of Mauna Loa, where fierce and unimpeded southwesterly winds blow at the same moment when at the base of the mountains the northeasterly "trades" prevail. In the middle latitudes (of the temperate zone), according to mechanical law, southwesterly winds, known to commerce as "the passage winds," and to meteorists as "the anti-trades," prevail for more than nine months in the year.

In the temperate zone of the northern hemisphere the most frequent winds for eight or nine months are from west or southwest, and, allowing for the strength of the respective winds, the atmosphere is during the whole year carried to the eastward. The great currents that circulate around continental areas of high or low barometer interfere with and even reverse this eastward motion in the temperate and westward motion in the tropical zone; but in the United States, north of the Gulf, any westward motion of the lower winds (and especially in the autumn, winter, and spring months) is to be considered as the result of a local disturbance, which may originate on the immediate surface of the ground, but frequently originates in the lower stratum of clouds. It is this disturbance that induces the surface winds from the northeast and southeast, which blow nearly toward the storm centre, while west winds prevail far above, and also on the western side. On the east side of a winter storm, and

not far from its centre, these easterly surface winds may extend for two miles upward above the earth, but at a considerable distance in advance of the central region they become weaker and more and more superficial.

In the trade-wind zone the easterly surface winds may ever be counted on as the normal movement of the atmosphere, and equally so the southwest winds, which are more violent (because unretarded by friction), in the upper vault of the air. The line that divides the north tropical from the north temperate climate (the meteorological Tropic of Cancer) moves northward during the summer months, so that, for instance, the ocean in the latitude of New Orleans, during the summer, is generally covered by easterly winds, while high above the southwest wind prevails.

THE ORIGIN OF CYCLONES

is one of the dark and but slightly developed subjects of meteorology. Many theories have been devised to account for the generation of the terrible meteor. A year ago the writer advanced the hypothesis that cyclones were generated by the lateral interference or conflict caused by the southeast trade winds overleaping the equator, and intruding into the territory of the northeast trades.* This is not the place to discuss this subject, which is reserved for a future time, but it may not be improper to say that the writer has recently seen in the pages of that prince of English scientific weekly journals, "Nature," the views he advanced powerfully corroborated by a paper of an eminent English physicist, and by the still more conclusive researches of Mr. Charles Meldrum, the great cyclonist of the Indian Ocean.

By their superior weight and velocity the southeast trades, when the sun is on "the line" at the equinox, invade our hemisphere to the parallel of 10 deg. north, or even 12 deg. north. At the equinoctial season, then, the point of departure for the tropical cyclone would be just where the conflict of the trades occurs. Ocean meteorology very nearly approximates this point. If we should draw a line on the equatorial side of this area of trade-wind interference, and move it up and down on the surface of the sea with the sun in his declination, we might easily detect and map down the restricted region whence begin to move on our seaboard and Gulf coast the terrific hurricanes of the West Indies. In early summer this region is a little north of the Bahamas, and hence the meteor, which describes a parabolic curve scarcely, invades our South Atlantic seaboard. In August and September this region is further south, and the sweep of the cyclone brings it upon the coasts of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas. In October the district of generation is nearer the equator, and the meteor, moving westwardly over the tepid and smoky waters of the great equatorial currents, enters the Gulf of Mexico, and invades the Mississippi valley, which is a natural highway for storms.

This beautiful subject the writer expects to resume at an early day, and adduce the proofs of the theory from more extended observations. The hypothesis here presented is not only, it seems to him, substantiated, but, if he may invent a word, it is completely *circumstantiated*.

"FIXED" AREAS OF HIGH AND LOW BAROMETER.

Captain Tynbee, a distinguished English seaman and cyclonist, and Mr. Robert H. Scott, the able meteorist who worthily succeeded Admiral Fitzroy in the management of the British Meteorological Office, have shown how certain areas of high and low pressure draw around them, in respectively cyclonic and anti-cyclonic directions, great currents of air and also great storms. For scientific convenience I have given these areas the name of "FIXED," although

* See "Scribner's Monthly" for March, 1871.

the designation is only approximately accurate. One of these "fixed" areas of low barometer is found in the vicinity of Iceland, and especially in winter. A "fixed" area of high barometer is found in the Atlantic Ocean between the parallels of 25 deg. and 40 deg. north latitude, and meridians of 15 deg. and 55 deg. east longitude. Another appears in the middle latitudes of the South Atlantic; and a fixed area of extraordinarily low barometer prevails off Cape Horn, and westward for two hundred degrees of longitude between the 50th and 60th parallels. Just as we have seen by "Buys-Ballot's law" that the wind draws around a moving area of low barometer in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock for a brief period, and *vice versa* for one of high barometer, so around these "fixed" areas the great atmospheric currents draw steadily for months and whole seasons, and in some instances for the entire year, with but few exceptions.

As storms and cyclones are imbedded in the great atmospheric currents, they too are carried around the "fixed" areas.

THE METEOR IN MOTION.

Let us now briefly trace the revolving meteor in its progress and direction. In comparing the indications of a series of weather maps, constructed as are those at the Signal Office, one is forcibly struck with the regularity with which the areas of stormy and of clear weather move over the surface. The lines of high and low pressure, the areas of high and low temperature, etc., are in continual motion, generally to the eastward, except for the regions south of 30 deg. of latitude, where the movement is westward in summer; they may change in their details, but their features are always identifiable in each successive chart until they have passed the limits of the map and other phenomena have succeeded. The rapidity of the easterly movement may occasionally amount to fifty miles per hour, but probably averages less than thirty miles.

In this connection it may be well to notice an important generalization recently published by the London Meteorological Office, as deduced from the logs and special observations of the Cunard steamships plying between New York and Liverpool, viz.: that a vessel bound to the westward meets advancing areas of low pressure, and the observer finds that his barometer falls and rises again more rapidly than it would were he on shore, while an observer on board of a ship bound to the eastward has just the reverse experience. Instances occur in which steamers bound from New York to Liverpool overtake severe cyclones and sometimes outstrip the eastward-moving area of low pressure—a fact which, taken with what has been now advanced, clearly indicates that a number of successive barometrical depressions, each with its own cyclonic wind system, are moving across the Atlantic, somewhat after the manner in which eddies pursue each other down the current of a river. The movement of these areas of low pressure, for both hemispheres, has been observed on the ocean to be eastward between the latitudes of 35 deg. and 50 deg.

The researches of the Signal Office have brought to light some of the controlling influences which determine the course that a given storm centre, or in fact any area, whether of clear, or warm, or stormy weather, will be likely to pursue. They may be regarded as follows:

There is a decided tendency of areas of low pressure to move northward more rapidly than southward, and the reverse for areas of high barometer. These tendencies are respectively strongest in the latitude of 45 deg. This principle, which is a deduction from the mathematical theory of the atmospheric currents, is confirmed by observation.

Storms of considerable extent disturb the atmosphere to a sufficient height

to have their course determined by that of the upper currents of air—i. e., the southwest current in the north temperate zone.

Storms of less extent, for instance the level summer thunder storms, are carried along by the general winds of the lower strata of air; these, however, are determined by the existence of the continental and oceanic areas of high and low pressure, whose changes from month to month may be seen in the charts of monthly isobarometric lines. Thus it is that with but very few exceptions the storms that have been traced to any distance, from April to October, are found to move about fixed tropical areas of high barometer in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the direction corresponding to the movement of the hands of a watch, and in the contrary direction about a fixed area of low barometer in the interior of North America; those traced during the winter months move about the area of high barometer, in the interior of the continent, in the direction of the movement of the watch hands.

These great areas of high pressure are, however, ever varying in outline and position, thus giving rise to changes in the storm paths.

The central low pressure produces a fall in the barometer in all directions about it; wherever that fall is accompanied with a deposition of vapor, a further fall will be thereby induced, consequently the storm centre will be drawn in that direction.

On becoming familiar with the extent of the changes that may be produced by the heat of day and the cold of night, it is learned that from September to May such daily changes rarely or never interrupt the progress of storms when they have once set in; they exert but a subordinate influence compared to that exerted over the atmosphere by the central area of low pressure, which appears to maintain the storm so long as it is supplied with moist air.

AGENCY OF OCEAN AND RIVER CURRENTS AND LAKES; ALSO OF DRY PLAINS
AND DESERTS.

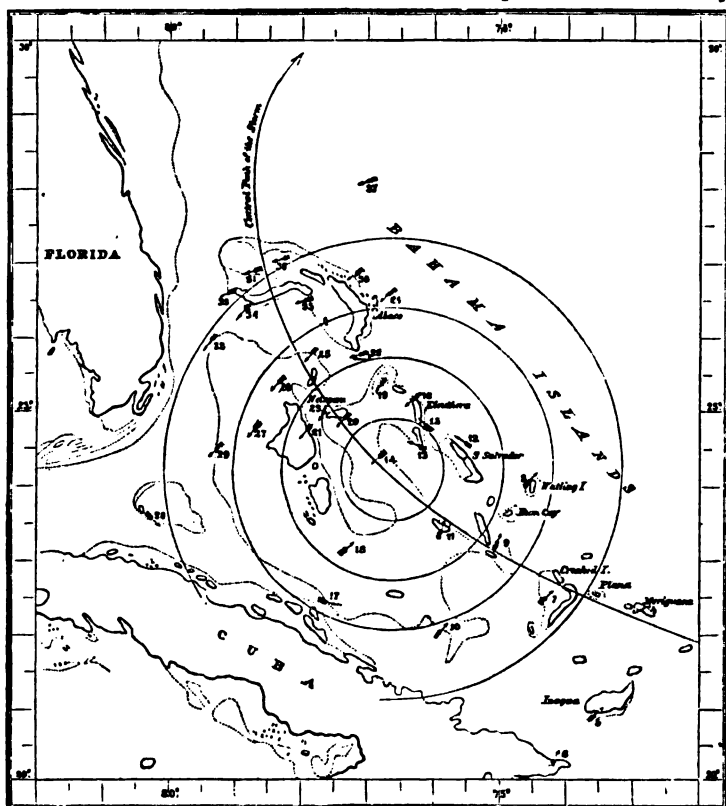
It was advanced as an hypothesis by the writer a year ago, and demonstrated upon meteoric grounds, that the storm and cyclone naturally, if not necessarily, run upon the line of ocean currents and in the valleys of our bold rivers. Sailors have long since given the name "weather-breeder" to the Gulf Stream, and although eminent physical geographers have disputed the correctness of this homely name, it must be accepted as a true though rough characteristic of the fire-sprinkled path of this great oceanic current. The observations of the Signal Service, as given daily in the press reports, conclusively establish the truth of such an hypothesis. The regions of most abundant moisture and lowest barometer are the regions which most attract the cyclone. Aqueous vapor is the food or fuel of the cyclone, and it will, unless drawn off or forced off, move in a straight line leading to a moist and saturated area, whether in the ocean or in mediterranean lakes, forest-covered districts, or snow and ice-clad regions. Where evaporation is going on, the meteor will eventually find the moisture to supply its centre and replenish the mighty and monstrous engine which keeps its wheels in motion, over a track of hundreds and thousands of miles. In the United States Japan expedition, Captain Silas Bent (its hydrographer and an accomplished cyclonist), and Mr. Redfield also, traced several of the terrific storms and typhoons of the China seas and the West Pacific along the dark, hot waters of the Kuro Siwo, or Japanese gulf stream; and Mr. Charles Meldrum, of Mauritius, has clearly observed the same phenomena frequently in the Mozambique current, which is the torrential gulf stream of the Indian Ocean. In general, when a storm is moving in the interior of the country, it will work in the groove of some river valley, or toward the lakes, or over those bands of territory bounded by the highest isohygrometric lines

It will be found to move northward, therefore, on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies rather than on the western slope. Between two equally attractive areas of moisture, if there is no other force to influence, its march will be slow, halting, and deliberate. In forecasting the probable track of a storm these facts must ever be borne in mind.

When a storm or cyclone runs into an arid or sun-scorched region, it is soon dissipated. It is probably this fact that explains the narrow scope of storms in the desert parts of the earth, and especially in the Arabian and Lybian deserts, and the Great Sahara, where the most extensive cyclones coming from the sea contract in diameter to the dimensions of the simoom or dust whirlwind. The simoom is noted for its fury, but it is short-lived, and as it passes over the burning sand is rapidly weakened, and lasts generally from eight to ten hours—never more than a day. Our great Western Plains and the Llano Estacado of Texas doubtless do more to break the force of the cyclonic storms that pass over them than the majestic barriers interposed by the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains.

AMERICAN CYCLONES.

By the name of cyclone (rotatory storm) may be described all storms whatsoever which at the first stage of their existence were cyclonic, whatever may be their observed force or direction, and in whatsoever part of the earth they be-



BAHAMAS HURRICANE.

gan, whether in the tropics or in the middle high latitudes. Our American storms arise generally in the West Indies, and, as far as observation or theory indicates, on a line which marks the conflict of the trade winds of the two hemi-

spheres. This line, as we have seen, varies and vibrates with the sun in declination, and moves annually over a district which seems to be bounded on the south by the equator and north by the 20th parallel of north latitude.

A low pressure and large humidity and high thermometer in the centre, with winds veering in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock, or, as sailors call them, "backing winds," mark these cyclonic meteors. This cyclonic rotation is explained by Ferrel's law, and is ever present as the most prominent distinction of the storm, as Mr. William C. Redfield first discovered—a discovery ever since known as the "law of storms." The winds blow from all points around the sunken centre, inward and then upward, forming the cirrus cloud, which is the famous storm-warner of the practical seaman.

The diagram shows a celebrated Bahamas hurricane. It is kindly furnished me by the courtesy of Mr. John H. Redfield of Philadelphia, who emulates his father's zeal in storm studies, and who constructed this chart from observations collected by Governor Rawson, W. Rawson, C. B., and Captain W. H. Stuart of the Bahamas, and originally appeared in Governor Rawson's able report of this hurricane, published at Nassau, N. P.

The extent or diameter of these cyclones is very great. Thus, in 1839, while one of them was ravaging the city of New York, and its fearful northeast winds were unroofing houses in the metropolis, some noble vessels were foundering in the Gulf Stream off the coast of the Carolinas from its more terrific and clearing southwest winds. It may be proper here to note that the most violent winds usually follow in the rear of the cyclone, and on the south or equatorial side of the area of low pressure.

The storms of winter and autumn, in a word, of all seasons of the year, when the sun is below the equator, doubtless reach us from the equatorial Atlantic, off the coast of South America. Formed there by the interfering trade winds, they pass south of the Antilles over the milk-warm equatorial current, which enters the Gulf of Mexico by the Yucatan channel to feed the never-failing fountains of the Gulf Stream. Borne in a westerly direction by the normal trade winds, the storm finally emerges from the Gulf into the *tierra caliente* of Mexico, south of the Rio Grande, and thence finds its way northward into the southwest and western plains of this country. It sometimes happens that from the area of high pressure on the Pacific coast of central and northern America, a volume of moist air is forced up over the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains; its moisture is deposited, and a wave of rarefied but probably dry air is started on its northeast or eastern course. No sooner does this arrive as a wave of low barometer over the comparatively moist air of the Mississippi Valley than, by relieving the surface stratum of its pressure, there at once begins the condensation of its moisture, which process, if the air is not too dry, goes on rapidly increasing.

A third class of American storms undoubtedly reach the Pacific coast from the great ocean itself, and with proper conditions they may be propagated from ocean to ocean. Although often these storms pass over without rain, until they near the lake district or Eastern States, yet their first cause may be traced back to the changes going on in the southern and western limits of the United States. At least two such have been actually followed during the four or six days occupied in passing from the California coast to Nova Scotia, and many instances are recorded of those that have passed from Texas over Lakes Superior and Huron.

Occasionally a storm, as a great exception to rule, has moved from north to south.

Northers, tornadoes, and thunder storms originate in the lower cloud stratum in local but intense differences of temperature, moisture, and pressure, and are believed to prevail only on the west side of areas of high pressure.

The cyclone once formed, by whatever cause, is not stationary. Imbedded in great atmospheric currents, which are influenced by the earth's diurnal rotation and by the drawing of "fixed" areas of high or low temperature, as the case may be, and attracted somewhat by warm ocean currents, rivers, lakes, etc., the cyclone varies its path by the resultant of these compound forces. Its violence is strictly determined by the steepness of its barometric gradient, which is maintained or augmented by the vapor found to feed the central depression, and slightly by the frictional resistance of the earth's crust. The vapor which reaches the storm centre, in radial or sinuous lines, ascends, grows cooler, is condensed into rain, and thus evolves immense quantities of latent heat, which expels the atmosphere in the centre and causes an increased depression proportioned to its quantity. The hygrometer will thus reveal the fall of the barometer that may be expected.

STORM-FORETELLING.

From all that has now been shown, the reader will see that the great question or problem of determining and predicting an extended storm or cyclone is narrowed down to that of determining *the path which the central area of low pressure will pursue and the velocity which the meteor will acquire.*

The rapidity of its motion may not be stated in exact and numerical terms, but usually and practically, we know, the greater the moisture or relative humidity of the air in the path of the cyclone centre, the greater will be its central depression and the greater will be the fall of the quicksilver in the barometric tube.

The barometric and thermometric changes that are reported from Mount Washington, for instance, sometimes afford sure premonitions of a change in general character of the weather, and with great frequency foreshadow the storms that pass directly over New England.

It is by increasing the mountain stations, and by adding such balloon observations as can be made, and, specially by the study of the forms, changes, motions, height, and velocity of the clouds and of the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, that meteorologists hope eventually to arrive at a full knowledge of the regions of the air where the severe storms are propagated.

The intelligent reader is now in a position to avail himself of the daily press reports of the Signal Service in forming his own prognostics of the weather. By entering daily on the weather-map* the isobaric and other isometeoric lines, after a few weeks of experience, any shipper, merchant, seaman, or private citizen may hope to obtain daily an accurate idea of all that is going on around him in the meteoric ocean. The signals now displayed at seaports by the Chief Signal Officer—the *cautionary* red flag, with black square in centre, and by night the red lantern—are designed merely to *suggest danger*. When such signal appears, the shrewd and careful seaman, especially if about to leave port, will feel bound to study it in close comparison with what has been here advanced. The day has actually arrived when any man of ordinary education can easily make himself his own safe "clerk of the weather."

* Blank weather maps can be had at the Signal Office, mailed free of cost, for \$2 75 per hundred, or actual cost.

THOMPSON B. MAURY.

CAPTAIN HORSFALL'S ROMANCE.

I SHALL call him Captain Horsfall; but he called himself something else. To tell his romance at all is bold enough; but to give his real name requires more venturesomeness than I possess; for the man lives in a fighting part of the country, and I may some time want to go there.

I had seen Egypt; yes, I had marvelled at the pyramids, Luxor, and Karnac; my next great spectacle was Captain Horsfall. At the moment when he was revealed to me I stood upon the quarter-deck of a little Turkish steamer which used to make a poor living for somebody, at the risk of a certain number of lives, by wriggling every fortnight from Alexandria along the coast of Syria as far as the island of Cyprus, and back again.

It was seven in the morning; the low yellow shore of ancient Mizraim was visible to starboard; east, north, and west stretched the Mediterranean, its wavelets glinting as they had glinted under the eyes of Tyrians and Sidonians; the hot, dazzling, regal, godlike sun of the Orient, coming over the lands where had once been Baal, and Moloch, and Chemosh, saluted our prow. Every outline and sparkle of the great scene was a history as well as a beauty.

Amid this splendid present, whose magic recreated the past, I became aware of an odor which was neither embalming spice nor attar of roses, but something purely modern and Christian, and to my American olfactories far more familiar. On classic waters and under the sun of Melkart, the breath of an ante-breakfast cocktail came over my shoulder. It is astonishing what an effect the thing had on my senses and imagination. I had been so long unused to the smell of ardent spirits, at least at that hour of the day, that my first feeling was disgust. Next, by the subtle power of association which exists in odors, I was transported from the old continent to the new. If I was in the South at all, it was South Carolina; or if I was in the East at all, it was East Tennessee. Sure that the individual who thus changed my atmosphere was of some English-speaking people, and probably a fellow-countryman, I turned with the words, "Fine morning, sir."

"Delightful, sir," replied a tall man, stepping up to me with a broad smile of pure joy. "Are you an American, sir?"

"I am."

"From—from the South, sir?"

"From the North."

"Never mind, sir," he said cordially, and, as it were, forgivingly. "We are all countrymen abroad. Will you take a drink, sir?"

Willing to evade such an unaccustomed and therefore upsetting luxury as brandy before breakfast, and yet hampered by that desire not to offend a Southerner which is or was so common with a Northerner, I told him that I had long been out of the habit of cocktails.

"All the more reason," he responded, with a cheerful eagerness which was unintentionally domineering, at the same time drawing a pocket-flask on me. "Here, sir, is what will remind you of home and friends. Let me urge it upon you. I have plenty—a demijohn of it below—never move without it. Not whiskey, I am sorry to say—not our own innocent and wholesome Bourbon or Monongahela, the true drink of a gentleman who values his health

and peace of mind. But as brandy, it will pass. You will find it, sir, better than the water of these nasty countries, and far better than their wishy-washy humtug of a claret. Pray, sir, do me the compliment to taste of my imperfect offering."

Thus urged, I weakly lifted the flask to my lips and made the motion of a swallow.

"You are moderate in your potations, sir," he said, bowing courteously as I returned him his refreshment. "You are right, sir. I am moderate myself. If there is any habit which I scorn and reprobate more than another, it is the wretched, ruinous, despicable, and vulgar habit of inebriety. Whiskey, sir, is only for the wise, the temperate, and one might almost say the religious. In the hands of a man of ungovernable appetite, small intelligence, feeble will, and defective moral principle, it is a curse. As the Good Book declares, it is raging; it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. To such, I say with the preacher, Beware!"

Thus speaking, he lifted his flask, turned back his head, and took in a gill or so. Next, after delicately wiping the mouth of the utensil on his coat-sleeve, he offered me another drink, elevated his eyebrows with regret over my refusal, and repocketed his "groceries."

"But I am truly delighted to meet you," he resumed. "There are men of my section who have a violent, and I may say an unhuman prejudice against men of your section. But for me, I would rather take one decent Yankee by the hand than look upon all the lousy, dirty, heathen Ayrabs in Egypt. I mean strictly a decent Yankee; not those nomadic swindlers who come among us to peddle their horn flints and wooden nutmegs; but gentlemen like yourself, sir, who stay where they belong and mind their own respectable business. Yes, sir, after travelling and scratching among these Ayrabs, infested with fleas by the million, and other unmentionable vermin [he had just mentioned them], one learns to set a value upon one's countrymen, even though from a different section."

He was not complimentary, and yet he clearly meant no offence. It must be understood that this was before the war, when the Southerner still honestly and fervently believed himself to be braver, mightier, richer, and grander than the Northerner, and so always treated the latter either with hostile contempt or friendly condescension. Moreover, my new acquaintance was a little in liquor, and that doubtless added somewhat to his native conceit, besides diminishing his delicacy in the choice of ideas and language. Friendly? Of course he was. He was, as he truly said, delighted to meet me. The blandness with which he regarded me, and the mellow, courteous cordiality with which he addressed me, were both beyond the power of the ordinary human face and voice, at least in Yankee climates. A thoroughly good-hearted creature I judged him, and in intent at least as polite as a Chesterfield.

In appearance he was a personable and grandish sort of man, notwithstanding a certain negligence and even shabbiness of costume. He was over six feet high, built on a large scale, though not exactly portly, and with a self-respectful carriage, perhaps a little too lounging. His age was about forty, and he seemed to be in the flower of health, barring certain pimples and richly-colored maculations, no doubt the result of too regular habits in the matter of cocktailing. His linen was almost unpleasantly careless; his frayed dress suit of black had an air of having been put on in the dark, being buttoned more or less askew; his beard was of at least three days' growth, and his hair sadly needed brushing. I guessed him to be a Southern country lawyer or "merchant," who had made a fortune, or more probably inherited one, perhaps on

the side of his wife. He had not at all the air of a well-descended planter, or other gentleman of the truly high-toned species. But a gentleman he evidently considered himself, as does every Southerner who is not a ragamuffin. As I have already intimated, he was richly fragrant and softly mellow with drink; and I may as well add here that I never afterward saw him when he was not in the same cheerful predicament.

"You are going—?" he presently said, with a bow. "May I presume to intrude upon you with a query—where?"

I told him that I was on my way to Beirut, there to meet a party of friends from Constantinople, who would go on with me to Jerusalem.

"A delightful prospect!" he declared with an enthusiasm which approached unctious. "I also hope to see that land—the Holy Land!" he emphasized in a truly clerical tone. "It is for that that I left my native shores, and the graves of my, I trust, sainted forefathers. Sir, I was favored—unworthily—I had done nothing to deserve it—favored with pious parents. The lessons, and poetry, and history of the Scriptures were instilled into my youthful ears. You cannot imagine—no unassisted and merely human intellect can imagine—how fervently I have looked forward, not only in the romantic hours of infancy, but at various subsequent periods of my life, to this pilgrimage. Often, as I have sat by my excellent mother's knee—now no more—conning the inspired words and weeping over the affecting narratives of Holy Writ—full often, as I have listened to the eloquent declamation and swelling music of the sanctuary, I have said to myself, John Horsfall, if ever Providence prospers you in worldly pelf, you shall see the very scenes of those mighty events. And here I am, off the coast of Egypt, and bound for the happy land of Canaan. To think of it! Sir, I cannot think of it, much less speak of it. I am dumb with wonder and joy. I can only repeat the words of Watts—I believe it is Watts—

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.

The rest of the verse, if I remember correctly, is not applicable."

He smote one hand upon the brandy flask in his left-hand breast pocket, and then waved it around as if blessing the four quarters of the globe.

"But there is Mrs. Horsfall," he added. "Let us go to her. I shall be most happy, Mr.—Mr.—. I really beg your pardon. Did you tell me your name? If so, I have had the misfortune to quite forget it."

Without informing him that I had not yet mentioned my cognomen to him, I did now proclaim it.

"Ah—Forrest—Forrest," he repeated, only imperfectly catching it. "It gives me great pleasure, Mr. Forrest, to make your acquaintance. It is an acquaintance which I shall remember, and no doubt value so long as I can call to mind these sublime scenes and the historic associations with which they are connected. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Horsfall."

So I advanced to Mrs. Horsfall, a tall brunette of thirty-five or more, who would have been quite handsome but for a certain moping twist about the corners of the mouth, and a rather vicious sparkle in her black eyes.

"Mr. Forrest, my dear," said Horsfall, leading me forward in a lordly manner. "A fellow-countryman, my dear. A Yankee. But not the kind of person that we are accustomed to see from his section of the country. A gentleman."

Mrs. Horsfall shook hands cordially, and I think was really pleased to see me, mainly perhaps because I could speak English.

"Did you come aboard last night?" she asked. "We didn't see you. I sat up ever so late, hoping somebody would come aboard that we could talk

to. I've got dreadfully tired of always looking at these Turks and Ayrabs and Egyptians, and never being able to speak to anybody. And they are such a mulatto-like set, too. They seem to me about the same as so many niggers."

"Sons of Ham," put in her husband. "Cursed be Canaan. His children shall be—I really do not remember the passage exactly, but the idea is that they shall be slaves—doomed to everlasting slavery."

"The Captain is very strong on the Bible," smiled Mrs. Horsfall. "I tell him sometimes he talks just like a minister."

"The latest investigations," I ventured to observe, "go to show that the Hamitic peoples have no connection with the negroes. The Hamitic peoples, that is to say, the Egyptians, Canaanites, Tyrians, Carthaginians, etc., were dark, but not black, and had long, straight hair, or only slightly curling. They were related by language and undoubtedly by race to the Jews and Arabs. They were no more negroes than Moses or Mohammed."

"You amaze me," exclaimed the Captain. "You delight me equally. Then, sir, if negroes are not the descendants of Ham, they are not accounted for in the history of the human race, and are not men at all. They are of the beasts that perish. I am delighted to hear it. I always suspected it."

Under a weak fear of being set down for an abolitionist, and so rousing the naive horror of my unscholarly and prejudiced friends, I offered no argument against this inference.

"Then, sir," continued the Captain, "I am not altogether wrong—I am not acting against the dictates of civilized and Christianized humanity—in feeling a pitying sympathy for individuals of these cast-down races."

Mrs. Horsfall gave her husband a look which I did not fully comprehend, but which was evidently not altogether amiable. Then turning to me with a scornful, moody smile, she said, "I know that the Captain means well enough. He has taken a mighty fancy to that Turkish Pasha's wife that's aboard."

"No, my dearest," protested Horsfall. "Not a fancy—that is, not in any light-minded sense. Compassion! That is the word. I pity the poor, beautiful young thing. I entertain toward her sentiments of profound compassion, and toward her brute of a husband an aversion of unfathomable disgust."

"A beautiful wife of a Turkish Pasha?" I asked with the enthusiasm of a youngster. "Have you seen her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Horsfall. "She dropped her veil and let us have a look. I suppose she thinks she's killing. A poor waxy sort of face, just the color of a turnip. Pretty eyes."

"The pallor of grief," put in Horsfall. "The pallor of unmitigable grief. And no wonder, with that brute."

"I think her husband does scold her," continued the lady. "They have the stateroom next ours, and we can hear him blowing her up. But that's the way with husbands generally," she added, looking spitefully at her own. "I don't see that she's to be pitied more than other married women."

Now, as to the comparative blowing-up faculty of the two Horsfalls, I would have bet four to one on the female. There was a pertinacity of moodiness in the pout of her mouth and a promise of tantrums in the sidelong glare of her eye, which formed a complete contrast to the boozy good-nature of her husband's countenance. Indeed, I may as well publish the fact at once, that she was not in any respect a specimen of the finer type of Southern women. She was ignorant, commonplace in ideas and sentiment, stuffed inconveniently with prejudices, and a good deal of a gossip. Her voice was persistently high and shrill, and made me think of the word yawping. Yet, withal, she was handsome—more's the pity.

Such were my impressions then and afterward of Mrs. Horsfall. It must be observed, however, that no young man likes a woman who speaks disrespectfully of his sex at large. This woman had hinted that all husbands were domestic tyrants and scolds. It was sufficient to make me feel like saying, You're another.

"I wish I could get a sight of this oppressed beauty," I said, as much to vex Mrs. Horsfall as anything.

"There she is," was her answer, not unamiable in tone, for I was not her husband.

I turned with the eagerness of youth searching the world for romance. Two smallish figures, cumbrously and ungracefully shrouded in white, after the manner of Moslem women of the better classes, were tottering from the companion-stair toward the stern of the quarter-deck, apparently aiming to reach a group of servant-like people who were bivouacked there on quilts and amid a truck of baggage. They were so swathed as to exhibit only the eyebrows, the eyes, and the bridge of the nose. One of them, a negress, and undoubtedly a slave, was doing her best to support the other. This last was white; that is, she was as light-complexioned as the ordinary New Orleans girl; and instead of being waxy, as Mrs. Horsfall had asserted, she showed a fine rich color. Perhaps, when heretofore inspected by my countrywoman, she had been suffering from the rolling of the vessel. I at once judged her beautiful; but all I could really see was that her nose was straight and her eyes black and brilliant; the rest of the portrait was finished by my imagination. As the two neared us the yellow morocco booties came to a staggering halt, and it seemed for a moment as if the pair of bundles would go over.

"Bless me, madam!" broke out Horsfall.

He made a plunge toward them, and actually extended his arm. I wonder whether a Mussulman lady ever before had an elbow offered her by a South Carolinian or any other Christian? Of course his assistance was not accepted; there was a stare of wonder, and the booties moved on; perhaps, too, there was the faintest possible shriek of alarm.

"Captain, do let those creatures alone!" called Mrs. Horsfall snappishly. "You don't know 'em, and you've no call to bother with 'em."

"Certainly," answered the Captain, somewhat abashed. Then turning to me he continued in a confidential undertone, "Bless my body, Mr. Forrest, I really thought the lady was going to fall. Habit, sir—the chivalrous habit of my native State—the habit in which I thank God I was educated—of placing myself promptly at the service of a lady in distress. It was too much for me. I forgot the customs which I suppose are prevalent in these blasted countries. Sir, I despise and abhor those customs. I say again I thank God that I was born in a land where a lady is valued, and where every gentleman who encounters her is her humble servant. Polygamy brutalizes society. I see the proof of it every day that I pass in these downtrodden and degraded regions. Look at those women," he said, pointing to the group of domestics who were at that moment saluining their mistress and arranging cushions for her. "They are, I take it—those poor females lying there, exposed to the winds and the weather—they are, if I am not happily mistaken, the concu——"

He was by this time speaking pretty nearly at the top of his voice; but of a sudden he glanced at his wife and closed his oration with a decorous groan.

"Let us say no more," he murmured with solemnity. "The subject is too painful."

The Syrian lady had by this time settled among her retainers, and the whole group was chattering gayly.

"Insensible to their degradation!" sighed Horsfall. "Alas! insensible to their degradation. That is what culminates the horror of the thing. Sir, as a gentleman, as a South Carolinian, and as a Christian, I should like to take that beast of a Pasha by the nape of the neck and drop him over the stern into the mouth of Jonah's whale. If you could hear him blowing at that lovely little creature! I lay awake in the silent watches of the night and actually perspired with wrath. I could hear every one of his brutal snarlings. I did not, it is true, and I thank Heaven that I could not, understand a word of his wretched lingo. But the meaning of it was too plain. He was venting upon her the scum and froth of his cowardly character."

It was obvious by this time that Mrs. Horsfall's temper was souring. The corners of her mouth sulked complainingly, and her black eyes sparkled angrily.

"Do, Horsfall, stop going on in that ridiculous way!" she said. "This gentleman will think you are cracked."

"Well, let us drop a veil over it," assented the husband. "My dear, we will see you again at breakfast."

Leading me forward by the arm, as if he had me in arrest, he continued in his grandiose, beery way, "Woman, Mr. Forrest, is the weaker vessel. But we must bear with her. It is the duty and the honor and the privilege of the strong to be magnanimous. I despise and detest a man who is capable of jawing back at a woman. It is only great souls who are henpecked. They know the weakness of the sex as a companion, and its value as a nurse.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when we are down on a bed of sickness
A guardian angel thou,

or something to that effect, says the poet. I adore the sex, sir. I endeavor to respect it. It is my joy to protect it, to bear with its little angelic poutings—its April tears amid summer smiles. It is like infancy; it has the unreason and the purity. God bless it, sir! I mean the fair sex—yes, and infancy too."

His eyes reddened, and one alcoholic tear rolled deviously down his picturesque cheek, stealing with difficulty through his thorny beard, and losing itself at the corner of his mouth in a stain of tobacco juice.

"But let us draw a veil over it," he said, recovering his self-control. "Mr. Forrest, as the Bishop of South Carolina observed to the Bishop of North Carolina, it is a long time between drinks. Will you try a cocktail?"

"Thank you," I replied. "One answers my purpose."

"Right, sir," he nodded approvingly. "Right as a rule. But I sometimes use two."

So he took his third.

"I drink from the bottle by preference," he explained, referring to his simple style of imbibing. "It is democratic, natural, pastoral, and I may say patriarchal. But there! look!" he added, jerking me around by the elbow. "There is that lovely and woebegone countenance once more. It is the third time she has exposed it to me. It must be an appeal for protection, or at least for sympathy."

The Syrian lady had so far removed her veil as to expose her entire profile. It was just the countenance that I had pictured to myself. It was regular, delicate, handsome; the outline was something between the Greek and the Jewish; the mouth was pulpy and particularly tempting. It was the face of a young woman who could not have been more than twenty, and might not have been more than seventeen. She was a little thing, with the lively, girlish air

common to small females; and I judged, by the sly, roguish sparkle in her black eyes, that she was a bit of a witch. At the same time, when not speaking, she had that air of languid, dignified repose which one so often sees in Oriental visages, and which so puts one in mind of a work of art. We studied her for a full minute; then she gave us a glance which was at once timorous and coquettish; then up went the veil of envious cotton.

It was high time that she reassumed her domino. A moment later Horsfall spun me around once more, and said in a sort of roar of a whisper, "There is the Pasha."

I looked; but I did not see a pasha—not even a commonplace Turk. Instead of the massive, stern features and thick complexion of the Ottoman race, there were the fine aquiline profile and clear olive tint of the Syrian, such as one sees to best advantage in the old Aramæan stock of Damascus. The man was about forty years old, in the finest flower of virile health, and physically a noble creature. His large eyes were like black diamonds; his moustache and long beard were glossy ebony. There was, however, something unpleasant about him; he looked at once perfidious and merciless; he made me think of Hazeel. I could easily believe him a tyrannical husband, and I believed it the more because his wife had shown her face to us, an exposure which must have been in her eyes a piece of extreme naughtiness. Doubtless she had said to herself while dropping her veil, "I will get even with him."

"That is not a Turk," I remarked. "He is a Syrian gentleman and a Mussulman. I dare say he has been to Mecca."

"Superstitious beast!" grunted Horsfall. "I should like to hold him under water till he turned Christian. If there is any trait of character that I hate more than another, it is bigotry."

At this moment the signal was given for breakfast. The Captain conducted me back to Mrs. Horsfall, and together we escorted her down to table.

"We shall see whether that turbanned scoundrel waits on his wife decently," observed the Captain, as he helped his better half to fried chicken.

"They are Moslems," I explained. "They will undoubtedly eat on deck, from food prepared by their own cook. They won't sit down with Christians."

"And so that poor creature won't get a square meal all the time she is on board!" groaned Horsfall.

"Do quit!" whispered his wife. "What business is it of yours?"

"Let us draw a veil over it, my dear," murmured the good-natured Captain.

All that day I was with the Horsfalls, meaning more particularly the husband. I could not get away from him, and indeed I seldom wanted to, for he amused me. Such a fresh and picturesque type of Western life seemed all the more curious in this antipodal world of the Orient. His mere power of "destroying licker" without getting very noticeably drunk was something worthy of study. All day he was turning cocktails and "straights" out of his demijohn into himself; yet he never staggered, never hiccupped, never talked thickly, never got wild or incoherent. His drink revealed itself mainly in his breath, which might be almost said to perfume the little steamer, in an exaggerated courtesy of deportment and phraseology, and in a partial but uninterrupted muddling of his wits. I am bound to state, by the way, that his hospitality was equal to his power of suction, and that he never treated himself without first shoving his flask toward me.

He was a great talker, holding forth like a street preacher, and treating every subject with equal confidence. Yet he was amusingly ignorant, and I doubted whether he had read any book through but the Bible, unless it was "Horry's Life of Marion." What he knew had evidently been gleaned from

country newspapers, from the stump speeches of popular orators, and from the converse of neighbors. But this lack of information did not impede him from taking strong hold of every topic that came up, judging, denouncing, enlarging, and sentimentalizing with marvellous freedom and energy. His talk flowed like a river, only with more eddies than current.

He was so exasperatingly fluent upon the Philistines that I took the liberty to set him down with a little modern ethnology.

"The Philistine shore!" he was saying, pointing toward it. "This then is the classic land of Goliath, that son of Anak——"

"Not necessarily a son of Anak," I put in. "The Bible simply speaks of him as a son of Riphah, or son of the giant."

"But the Anakim were giants and Philistines," insisted the Captain.

"No, the Anakim were not Philistines. They were a people who originally lived about Hebron, and who, flying from the Israelites, took refuge in Philistia."

"Then who the devil were the Philistines?" demanded Horsfall, looking at me with some little sternness, as if he were facing down an infidel.

"European scholars have discovered that they were Pelasgians who colonized this country from Crete, about forty years after the time of Joshua. They were of the great and wide-spread Pelasgic race, which mainly abode in Italy, Greece, and the Levantine Archipelago. They were of the same stock with the Greeks and Romans."

"White men!" exclaimed the Captain. "By George! sir, I knew it. That accounts for their martial prowess. That's the reason they conquered those contemptible Jews and hunted out that rascally Saul. By George! Mr. Forrest, I thank you for this piece of erudition. I shall read my Bible hereafter with greater interest. There are some full-blooded white men in it."

But I must not enlarge upon Horsfall's peculiarities; I must hurry on to reach his romance. Our infirm dwarf of a steamer snuffled and groaned and wobbled, and, so to speak, limped along the coast of Syria, putting in at Jaffa and Sidon, and then crawling on toward Beirut. By the time that we had left Sidon well astern it was nearly midnight, and I decided to go to my stifling kennel of a stateroom, having had Horsfall enough for one day.

"Farewell," he said, rising and shaking hands with a beery unction which was little less than sentimental. "I shall remain; I cannot sleep. These scenes, these inspired and inspiring localities are too great, too sublime, too breathless in their interest for me to give way to slumber. On the very spot perhaps where the whale swallowed Jonah, John Horsfall cannot close his eyes. He remembers too well the touching narrative instilled into his childhood. Let us take a drink."

At this moment there was an awful crash in the profound darkness forward, and still holding hands we went slam on our faces.

"By George! we have run into Jonah's whale," muttered Horsfall. "Lie low, and look out for that rotten old boiler. Bet you it bursts."

And burst it did; it seemed to have been loaded and primed for it; it went off like a gun when the trigger is pulled. Of course our lives were saved, or Horsfall would not have been able to finish his romance, nor I my account of it. Our recumbent position sheltered us from the flying fragments, and a smart starboard breeze relieved us of the scalding steam. In a minute or less—it might have been a quarter of an hour, one could not measure the time exactly—the immediate peril was over.

We rose and peered anxiously forward, seeking to measure the disaster. The quarter-deck where we stood was unharmed; but what had become of the rest

of the vessel? A few dying coals or brands showed like red points in the darkness, and cast dull lurid gleams on a miscellaneous destruction; one faintly lighting up a broken beam, and another a fragment of machinery. I judged, rather than perceived, that the whole midship of the boat was blown out, leaving the iron hull there a mere shell or crater. We could not see whether any one was hurt, but we heard cries of either anguish or terror from the wreck, and faint calls for help from the water alongside or astern. These last, as I supposed, came from the crew of the fishing vessel or other coaster which had "collided" with us and been the cause of our explosion.

"Going to the bottom, by jingo!" exclaimed Horsfall, as we heard men behind us working at the fall-tackle of the small boats. "We have been cut open as sure as you're born. I must get after the old lady."

We groped our way to the companion-door and got into the cabin, pushing or rather falling through a lot of people who were tumbling up, questioning or shrieking in three or four different languages. In a few moments my friend came out of a stateroom and hurried on deck with a long bundle in white, which I could only indistinctly see by the light of the pendulum lamp, but which I of course knew to be Mrs. Horsfall. Not to be behind him in gallantry, I rummaged about until I found some kind of small living creature, either a child or an undersized woman, and staggered away with it. When I at last got out of the cabin, I discovered that it was high time. The wooden *débris* amidships had caught fire from the scattered coals of the furnace, and were beginning to blaze in a fierce aggressive way which threatened prompt roasting to laggards. Moreover, the two small boats were already in the water, and filling up with the people who were swarming out of the wreck. The embarkation went on like lightning; in a very few minutes some thirty of us were in the little pinnaces; in a few more we had pulled away from the fated steamer.

I have described the scene hurriedly and confusedly, but it passed thus. At first everybody was rushing, pushing, and clambering; then we were crowded together, falling across each other and clutching miscellaneous; and meanwhile there was ordering, calling, and shrieking in half a dozen unknown tongues. Nothing was very clear to me, except that I was barely saving myself, and that a score and a half of other persons were barely saving themselves, all in a maniacal scramble and tumble and uproar.

We were not now in obscurity. A lurid glow, the conflagration of the steamer, rose wavering and flickering through the darkness, growing higher, greater, and brighter every second, lighting up the hollow hull like an inferno, throwing far gleams over the wavelets of the Mediterranean, and showing us as red demons to each other. Opposite me, in the same boat, was Horsfall holding in his arms the woman whom he had rescued, and trying to extricate her face from a swathing of sheets and blankets. The other people with us were the Maltese pilot of the vessel, two or three Turkish sailors, a Greek waiter, the bundle which I had brought out of the cabin, and half a dozen individuals not worth specifying. In our consort there seemed to be about the same number, and of the same heterogeneous description.

Twenty miles from land, in open boats, ill provided in every way, and with undisciplined landlubberly Turks to care for us, our situation was surely an ugly one. But even in this gloomy condition of affairs my friend Horsfall was diverting. I do not know whether I considered him from a comic point of view at the time; probably not. But since then I have often thought of his behavior and his babble with laughter. Our catastrophe had not changed him a particle; he was just as boozy, blundering, and talkative as usual; he was himself all over, if being half fuddled may be called being one's self.

"My dearest Miranda, look up," he was saying. "Where the Old Nick is your face? What do you hold that sheet over your head for? My dear diddle darling, don't go on being frightened. The danger is over."

Of a sudden he gave a start and shouted, "Hullo! I say, stop there. Hold your horses! This ain't my wife! I've saved somebody else."

"What's that?" I asked. "Haven't you got Mrs. Horsfall?"

"Not a bit of it!" he yelled. "It's the Pasha's wife. I took the wrong stateroom. There, stop this boat. I must go back to the ship."

In his excitement he tore off the covering from the head of his burden, and exposed the delicate features and lustrous dark eyes of the young Syrian lady. She uttered a cry which was perhaps the name of her husband, pulled back her veil with an instinctive start of offended modesty, and slipped down into the bottom of the boat as if in despair.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the sentimental Horsfall. "I've hurt and scared the poor thing. Here, you poor, dear creature, sit up and make yourself easy."

He picked her up as if she were a child, and replaced her on the seat by his side. Next he sprang at the Maltese pilot, who was steering for us, and shouted in English, "Go back to the steamer."

I translated his order into Italian, and explained the reason of it.

"We cannot do it," replied the Maltese. "We might be sucked down by the sinking of the vessel."

"Then go as near as you dare," I begged.

After much entreaty, and not a little quarrelling with the Turkish sailors, he put back a few rods, and we lay on our oars within a stone's throw of the burning vessel. Horsfall let himself down into the water, struck out with a fine strong action, and was soon seen climbing the bulwarks. We waited for him ten minutes; then he came sculling coolly back to us on a large fragment of one of the paddle-boxes, having, as I discovered afterward, thrown off his wet duds in the cabin and put on his best suit. But he was alone; no Mrs. Horsfall.

"Couldn't you find her?" I called, forgetting his grief in my anxiety.

As he neared us he made some sobbing reply, of which I could only distinguish the words, "Sainted Miranda!"

I said no more; it did not seem to be a time for words; I simply helped him aboard in silence. When he resumed his place beside the Syrian lady, I observed that he had something slung to his shoulder which he must have brought from the wreck. Can the reader imagine what this precious and selected object might be? It was his demijohn. I was not so indignant at him as one might expect; I simply thought, If there is any comfort in it, he needs it.

Meantime the two boats had approached each other, and there had been a talking to and fro in various languages, undoubtedly a querying of friends for each other. The young Syrian peered and called in vain; her husband's voice did not respond to her; he was probably drowned. Whether her bereavement touched her or not, I could neither see nor guess, although I was profoundly interested. She simply covered her head close, and fell motionless and silent.

Horsfall too was speechless for a time, and, as I believed, crushed by his calamity. When at last I heard him speak, it was only to repeat, "Sainted Miranda!"

"You could not find her?" I ventured to ask.

"No. Looked the whole cabin over. Gone!"

After another silence he added, "In the words of the preacher, such is life. It is like the pea under the thimble. Now you see it, and now you don't."

A few minutes later he looked up and said, quite in his usual tone, "Mr. Forrest, if ever circumstances justified the taking of a drink, and if a man was ever excusable for desiring to take that drink, these are the circumstances, and I am the man. Will you join me?"

Partly to encourage him, and partly, I must admit, to encourage myself, I did go shares in what he called a double-ender. After that, however, remembering that his need was greater than mine, I resolutely declined his frequent invitations and begged him to proceed without me. The result was that he went for the bottom of his demijohn and saw it alone.

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates," he remarked as he took his third pull at the brandy.

"And yet, sir, nothing of this sort," he added, after a solemn pause—"no, sir, not all the old white whiskey of Pickens District, could make me forget my bereavement. I remember it in spite of the bowl: I cannot, cannot but remember it. But, Heaven helping, I will not murmur. I trust that from the bottom of my heart I can join in that line of Watts—if it is Watts—

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.

And that other hymn, which is not, I believe, by Watts, commencing,

Fare thee well, and if forever, still forever fare thee well.

Yes, sainted Miranda, fare thee well! Sir, John Horsfall bows to the will of Providence. He remembers that passage of Holy Writ, 'A man was made to mourn'; and knowing that he was so made, he murmurs not."

There was no saying anything suitable to such affliction; or, if there was, I could not think of it.

"Where is that blasted steamer?" he presently asked.

"It went to the bottom some time ago," I told him.

"Followed *her* trail," he sighed. "Followed Miranda! Both gone to Jonah's locker; I should say Davy Jones's locker; perhaps the same person."

Meantime we were rowing for the Syrian coast by mere guess-work, for after the sinking of the wreck darkness brooded upon the face of the waters. Damp, hungry, sleepy, tired, and cheerless, we spoke rarely in our various tongues, listened to the slatting of the wavelets under our bow, and longed for the morning. Thus half an hour passed; then suddenly the thick gloom evaporated; a rift had opened in the vast canopy of clouds; the full high moon shone down splendidly,

"What is that?" asked Horsfall, lifting his sleepy eyes.

"The moon, of course," I answered.

"By George! so it is. I thought it was the steamer."

After a long stare at the luminary he added: "Mr. Forrest, such is my confusion of soul in consequence of my bereavement, that I actually thought that was the steamer. I expected for a moment to see the sainted Miranda in it. Elijah, if I remember right, went to heaven in a chariot of fire. Why not Mrs. Horsfall? My mind is in a dazed state. Every locality seems to be full of the dear departed. In the remarkable words of Watts I can say,

Bright shines the moon, but brighter thou."

Not long afterward I perceived that the Syrian lady had fallen asleep, and that her fresh young face, now partially uncovered, rested on Horsfall's shoulder, while his right arm encircled her waist.

"She slumbers," he said, in response to my smile. "At last she can seek Nature's sweet restorer in what I may venture to call comparative peace. Her

sorrows have ended as mine have begun. She has been delivered from the tyranny of a confounded scoundrel by the same stroke which has divided me from the now sainted Miranda. Mr. Forrest, it seems to me that I can discern in this affair what our good minister would call one of the leadings of Providence. Strive as I will to think only of the dear departed, I cannot get it out of my head that it is my destiny and duty to save and console this poor, unhappy, benighted creature, to shed a little sunshine of sympathizing humanity upon her hitherto darkened life, and perhaps to be the humble means of conveying her to a land of Christianity. Not that I am worthy of it. Oh, no! But the ways of Providence are mysterious. Who knows? By the way, Mr. Forrest, will you take a drink to clear your voice, and then ask that idiot of a Turk at the helm what he knows about this lady?"

"Who is she?" I inquired of the Maltese pilot, pointing to the sleeping Syrian.

"She is from Damascus," he replied. "Her husband has disappeared, probably fallen overboard. They were returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. They are rich people."

"What is her name?" I asked.

He turned to the bundle which I had aided in embarking, and shoved it rather roughly, saying something in Arabic. The package stirred, pushed aside the sheet which swathed its upper extremity, and disclosed the face of the little negress. What I had saved was nothing but "God's image in ebony." There was a short conversation in Arabic; then the Maltese addressed me in Italian.

"This Moor says that her mistress is the Sitt (lady) Alila of the house of Abdelmelek of Damascus. Her husband was a merchant and had much money."

My South Carolinian, reverent from childhood of aristocracy, was simply and frankly delighted with this information, especially when I explained to him that in these Eastern lands trading is a patrician mode of existence, the word for merchant (*howaja*) signifying also gentleman.

"By George! I knew it," he exclaimed. "I knew she was of a high-toned breed. There is about her an elegance, an aristocratic finish—in short, a full-blooded something, which reminds me of the loftily born females of my own native State. Tell that Turk, if you please, Mr. Forrest, that I am a gentleman, and that I will be responsible for the lady Alila."

In the excess of his zeal he not only gave the girl's waist a squeeze, but plunged into the mystery of her wrappings and possessed himself of her hand. She awoke, stared at him, uttered a little shriek, hastily released her fingers, and folded herself once more in her drapery.

"Suffering with cold, poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathizing Horsfall. "Mr. Forrest, do you think there would be anything improper in giving her a good warming dose of brandy?"

"I suspect that her religion would forbid her taking anything of the kind," I replied.

"Her religion!" grunted the disgusted Horsfall. "What an infernal religion!"

By this time the lady Alila had recovered her self-possession; she peeped slyly out of her coverings and eyed us curiously; meeting my glance, she smiled. It was a grave smile, like that of a puzzled and troubled child, full of wonder and of inquiry, asking what manner of men we were and whether we indeed neant well by her. It made her face far more interesting than I had yet seen it, and raised it from mere prettiness, or perhaps beauty, to absolute loveliness.

"Did you see that?" cried Horsfall, who took all the smile to himself. "She is an angel, if ever there was one in these blasted countries, which, by the way, were once the favorite resort of angels. Sir, I shall stand by this sweet child of misfortune. Our calamities have bound us together for life; and when the time comes I shall exist for her altogether. Not now," he exclaimed with a decorous sigh, no doubt remembering the lost Miranda. "Not now. At a proper time."

In a few minutes the lady Alila was once more asleep on the shoulder of her singular protector. It was in vain to wonder what she thought, what she felt, how she looked upon us, whether she realized her misfortunes, what her purposes were, and what would be the end of her. She was as silent concerning it all, and almost necessarily as silent, as destiny itself. I need hardly confess, by the way, that I envied Horsfall his lovely and romantic burden.

But I must hurry through this voyage. After rowing all night, we found ourselves in the morning off the sand-hills of the headland of Beirut, looking at the sun as it soared above the long gray upper ranges of Lebanon and illuminated its violet slopes and valleys. There we were picked up by the Austrian steamer from Smyrna, and carried into the harbor of the old seaport of northern Phœnicia. All this time Horsfall stuck by his lady Alila; and I cannot say that she seemed at all unwilling. She got into a most irreligious and Christianlike way of dropping her veil and letting us stare as much as we pleased at her damask cheeks and lustrous eyes. She smiled on us more and more, perhaps out of mere gratitude for her deliverance, but also, I thought, out of womanly liking, if not downright coquetry. Sometimes she talked a little to us in Arabic, eking out her misunderstood meanings with gestures. Occasionally she laughed heartily, being especially amused by my friend's repetition of his one Semitic word, "Tyeb" (good), and echoing it with childlike glee, "Tyeb, tyeb, tyeb." I could not discover in her any grief over the absence and probable death of her husband. It was very wrong in her, of course; but I could not be angry at her about it. Indeed, I was wickedly glad that the man was gone; I had plans of my own about the lady Alila.

Horsfall grew more and more infatuated with his *protégée*, shamefully forgetting the very lately sainted Miranda. He paid for Alila's breakfast, got grapes and coffee for her from the steward, lifted her into the boat when we went ashore, sat beside her with an arm around her waist. It must be understood that the girl was fully dressed, having apparently gone to sleep in her ordinary day clothing, after the not entirely pleasant custom of the Orientals.

At the landing-place we fell into a horde of Arab porters, guides, and laborers, demanding employment at the top of their shrieking voices, and pushing and quarrelling for possession of us. I anticipated that Alila would claim the protection of some Moslem, and take French leave of us. But she seemed to be bewildered by the situation, and shrank behind us for refuge from the din. Horsfall presently stumbled upon an English-speaking Beirutee, a pupil of one of the schools of the American mission, and, shaking him cordially by the hand, presented him to the lady Alila.

"Sir," said he, holding him fast by the arm—"Sir, this is a lady in distress. She has had the misfortune to lose her husband, who, by the way, was a contemptible scoundrel. We are involved in one common bereavement, for the same stroke robbed me of my wife—my only one," he added, probably suspecting that his listener might be a polygamist. "I repeat, sir, that she is a lady and in distress. You, sir, who speak English, must have human emotions in your breast, and must understand my sympathy for one who suffers with me. I ask you, sir, to aid me in my endeavors to be of service to her; and if

money is any particular object to you, you shall not suffer for your philanthropy; for, thank Heaven, here is my letter of credit, not to mention some of your miserable, scaly Turkish gold in my pockets. She is a lady and in distress. We are involved in one common misfortune. I propose to stand by her and be her friend for life. I want you to say so to her and everybody. Tell every scoundrel who proposes to interfere that I, John Horsfall of South Carolina, will be in his hair. Look here, sir," producing a revolver. "It is wet now, but it is sure when dry, and I shall dry it at the first opportunity. You understand me, sir? I am glad you do. And now have the kindness to say to the lady Alila that my purse is at her service, and that I will stand watch and ward over her until she is restored to her paternal home; after which I hope for the great pleasure and honor of her continued acquaintance, not to mention plans of mine which refer to her future happiness."

The Beirutee, who had probably perceived at a glance that the lady Alila was of the faith of Islam, looked the picture of astonishment and perplexity.

"But she not let you do all dat," he finally replied, glancing with respect and something like alarm at the veiled figure beside him.

"You tell her and see," insisted Horsfall firmly, not to say viciously.

"But it is haraam—forbidden."

"Who the devil forbids it?" demanded my boozy and pugnacious friend. "I'd like to look at the cuss. You tell her what I said immediately—that is, my dear sir, have the great goodness to tell her. Excuse my heat, sir. I am a Southerner and emotional."

A short conversation in Arabic ensued between our interpreter and the lady Alila. "What does she say to it?" asked Horsfall.

"She no say anyting about dat. She want to go into the city."

"Of course she wants to go into the city," replied Horsfall. "If you know a good hotel and have the time to oblige us, will you do us the favor to guide us to it?"

"Dat my business," said the Beirutee, his face lighting up at the prospect of a job.

"And—if I may take the liberty—will you accept of this small compensation?" added the liberal Captain, slipping a forty-piastre piece into the other's swarthy hand. "Only let the hotel be the very best. The lady Alila must be well accommodated."

With a cheerful face and a swift, springy step, the Beirutee led the way into the compact, crowded, devious, shadowy, and sloppy city. We followed; first Alila and her negro girl, both closely wrapped in their sheets; then Horsfall and myself. Fearing lest the citizens should discover that we were escorting a Moslem woman, and remembering stories of travellers who had been insulted, stoned, and nearly killed by the bigoted mobs of Islam, I had a foreboding of trouble. But I was ashamed to leave my boozy countryman to his blundering chances, and resisted a low-lived human temptation to slip up some side alley. On we went in silence; not a word from our sheeted odalisque; the gallant Captain sidled up to her in vain; she recoiled from him and clutched the dress of her slave; it seemed to me also that she trembled under her wrappings. My opinion is that she divined our danger and was in great terror. Probably, also, her restoration to a land of true believers had brought back upon her all her Moslem feelings, and caused her to look upon us once more as detestable giansours, whose society was contamination, disgrace, and peril.

My fears as to a public excitement were soon realized. Dark-eyed, white-turbaned men stared at us in amazement, pointed after us as we passed, and broke into earnest conversation. Presently they followed us; a crowd began

to gather in our rear; a boy or two threw stones. Before we had got a quarter of a mile into the noisy, populous labyrinth of the city, there was a buzz of exclamations and a hurrying of feet behind us which threatened something harder than sugar-plums. Our Beirutee had turned as white as a dirty sheet, and his eyes rolled this way and that as if to dodge a death-stroke. Suddenly Horsfall came to a full stop, with the menacing words, "I say!"

A stone—a mere pebble, by the way—had hit him on the leg. Swaying to and fro with the rhythm of many cocktails, he stared wrathfully at the swarthy, gayly-colored crowd which hooted after us, and then drew his revolver as calmly as if he had been in Pickens District. I do not know what might have happened next; I think it more than likely that we should have been stoned within an inch of our lives; but all of a sudden the lady Alila, the cause of all this excitement, was gone.

Yes, gone! Where I cannot say. Our backs were toward her for a moment, and in that moment she vanished. The high, wide door of a large public bath was close by, and a lot of white-sheeted women were filing into it, their yellow morocco boots pattering along the sloppy and irregular pavement. It is almost certain that Alila and her negress joined this ghostly procession and took refuge in the tomb-like quiet and mystery of the bath. Once among those other shrouded spectres, neither we nor the angry mob could possibly have distinguished them; for one Syrian woman in her street dress looks exactly like another Syrian woman, and in that costume a man would not know his wife from his grandmother.

At all events, she was gone. So was the Beirutee; we saw him fluttering up a side street overhung by high, sombre stone houses; we saw him whisk whitely around a corner, and we saw him no more. But with the departure of our Arab companions our danger ended. The bigots behind us, believing no doubt that they had been mistaken in suspecting us of unseemly intimacy with Moslem females, dropped away about their lazy business and left us alone. In a most unexpected manner we had got clear of being stoned like the prophets. But Horsfall, the boozy, chimerical ignoramus, was simply furious at the loss of his lady Alila. "Where is she?" he demanded, glaring in all directions.

"Well, she has run away," said I. "Probably she has taken refuge in that bath."

He made a plunge toward the door of the edifice, and but for me might have broken in upon the bathing ladies of Beirut, with such a result of screamings, skedaddlings, and brickbattings as the reader can imagine. It was with great difficulty that I dragged him away and persuaded him to muddle onward to a hotel.

"My dream is over," he said at last, with what he no doubt felt to be pathetic resignation, waving repeated adieus toward the sheeted women who were staring at us from the door of the bath-house. "Farewell, Lady Alila, a long farewell. But no! I shall find her. I shall yet find her. Something tells me that I shall. I shall find her and rescue her. John Horsfall will find her. And, having found her, he will rescue her. There is balm for her sorrows in this heart."

He was—it grieves me to express it brutally, but in plain language he was pretty drunk. In twenty minutes after I had got him a room he was snoring like a porpoise.

That day I saw no more of him. I had slumbering of my own to do, and by accident we did not meet at meals. The next morning I turned out early, went to my banker's, drew some needed funds, and did some equally necessary refit-

ting. Returning to the hotel about noon, I met Horsfall at the door in a wofully dilapidated plight, his clothes torn and dirty, and his face considerably bunged.

"Mr. Forrest," he said abruptly and sternly, "she is in that dungeon. The lady Alila is confined there by those Turkish miscreants. I am as sure of it as I am that heaven is above me."

"What under the sun has happened to you?" I asked, staring at his bloody nose and torn raiment.

"I have been mobbed," he answered. "Mobbed for trying to rescue a lady in distress. Stoned, sir. Knocked down. Rolled in gutters. Kicked about as if I were a nigger taking the wall side of white men. I undertook, you must understand, to peep into that infernal dungeon, hoping to discover the lady Alila. And the reward of my labor of love and mercy is what you see before you in my tattered garments and insulted physiognomy. Sir, if there is justice in this benighted and blasted country, those miscreants shall suffer for it."

"You didn't really try to look into the bath-house?"

"Sir, it is a prison, a dungeon of torture. Inspired by my humanity and my regard for that unfortunate lady in distress, I tried to investigate its horrible mysteries."

"Then all I can say is that you were lucky to escape with your life."

Tired of his intemperate follies, I was about to turn my back on him, with the intention of cutting his acquaintance for the future, when a new incident of a very astonishing nature detained me.

"The sainted Miranda!" I heard him exclaim in a tone of calm wonder.

"Do these eyes behold a ghost? Or is the man with the poker after me?"

There, sure enough, was Mrs. Horsfall ascending the steps of the hotel, undoubtedly in flesh and blood, her face showing more cheerfulness and affection than I had ever before seen upon it.

"John!" she called, rushing forward with arms extended.

"Miranda!" he answered, and they were in each other's embrace, honestly joying and loving for the moment.

But I cannot linger over this part of the romance. It must be succinctly stated that Mrs. Horsfall, at the first shock of our steamer's catastrophe, had clapped on a life-preserver and squeezed through one of the stern windows of the cabin, falling of course into the water and floating rapidly beyond hearing. Picked up in the morning by an Arab fishing-smack, she had been carried into Sidon, and thence, by the offices of the American missionaries, forwarded to Beirut.

"Sir," said Horsfall to me, after he had shown his wife to a room, "the favors of fortune having restored Mrs. Horsfall to me, I am obliged as a gentleman—as a gentleman, sir, and a Christian—to think no more of the lady Alila. To you, therefore, sir, who, as I understand, are not married, I transfer whatever obligations she may have toward me, and whatever responsibilities may rest upon me toward her. If you should ever meet her, have the kindness to say that I wished her well—yes, sir, from the bottom of a glowing and sympathetic heart, wished her well."

Within a day or two the Horsfalls started for Jerusalem; and somewhat later, my friends arriving, I followed. But I never saw them again, nor did I ever see the lady Alila. It pleases me to think that perhaps her husband was restored to her as the sainted Miranda was restored to Captain Horsfall. After all, I had no sound reason for believing that the Damascus howaja was a brutal husband and passed more than a proper amount of his time in scolding his pretty wife.

J. W. DE FOREST.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

CERTAINLY AN HEIRLOOM.

THE burden of his position was so heavy on Lord Fawn's mind that, on the Monday morning after leaving Fawn Court, he was hardly as true to the affairs of India as he himself would have wished. He was resolved to do what was right—if only he could find out what would be the right thing in his present difficulty. Not to break his word, not to be unjust, not to deviate by a hair's breadth from that line of conduct which would be described as "honorable" in the circle to which he belonged; not to give his political enemies an opportunity for calumny—this was all in all to him. The young widow was very lovely and very rich, and it would have suited him well to marry her. It would still suit him well to do so, if she would make herself amenable to reason and the laws. He had assured himself that he was very much in love with her, and had already, in his imagination, received the distinguished heads of his party at Portray Castle. But he would give all this up—love, income, beauty, and castle—without a doubt, rather than find himself in the mess of having married a wife who had stolen a necklace, and who would not make restitution. He might marry her, and insist on giving it up afterward; but he foresaw terrible difficulties in the way of such an arrangement. Lady Eustace was self-willed, and had already told him that she did not intend to keep the jewels in his house—but in her own! What should he do, so that no human being—not the most bigoted Tory that ever expressed scorn for a Whig lord—should be able to say that he had done wrong? He was engaged to the lady, and could not simply change his mind and give no reason. He believed in Mr. Camperdown; but he could hardly plead that belief, should he hereafter be accused of heartless misconduct. For aught he knew Lady Eustace might bring an action against him for breach of promise, and obtain a verdict and damages, and annihilate him as

an Under-Secretary. How should he keep his hands quite clean?

Frank Greystock was, as far as he knew, Lizzie's nearest relative in London. The dean was her uncle, but then the dean was down at Bobsborough. It might be necessary for him to go down to Bobsborough; but in the mean time he would see Frank Greystock. Greystock was as bitter a Tory as any in England. Greystock was the very man who had attacked him, Lord Fawn, in the House of Commons respecting the Sawab—making the attack quite personal—and that without a shadow of a cause! Within the short straight grooves of Lord Fawn's intellect the remembrance of this supposed wrong was always running up and down, renewing its own soreness. He regarded Greystock as an enemy who would lose no opportunity of injuring him. In his weakness and littleness he was quite unable to judge of other men by himself. He would not go a hair's breadth astray, if he knew it; but because Greystock had, in debate, called him timid and tyrannical, he believed that Greystock would stop short of nothing that might injure him. And yet he must appeal to Greystock? He did appeal, and in answer to his appeal Frank came to him at the India House. But Frank, before he saw Lord Fawn, had, as was fitting, been with his cousin.

Nothing was decided at this interview. Lord Fawn became more than ever convinced that the member for Bobsborough was his determined enemy, and Frank was more convinced than ever that Lord Fawn was an empty, stiff-necked, self-sufficient prig.

Greystock, of course, took his cousin's part. He was there to do so; and he himself did not really know whether Lizzie was or was not entitled to the diamonds. The lie which she had first fabricated for the benefit of Mr. Benjamin when she had the jewels valued, and which she had since told with different degrees of precision to various people—to Lady Linlithgow, to Mr. Camperdown, to Lucy, and

to Lord Fawn—she now repeated with increased precision to her cousin. Sir Florian, in putting the trinket into her hands, had explained to her that it was very valuable, and that she was to regard it as her own peculiar property. "If it was an heirloom he couldn't do it," Frank had said, with all the confidence of a practising barrister.

"He made it over as an heirloom to me," said Lizzie, with plaintive tenderness.

"That's nonsense, dear Lizzie." Then she smiled sweetly on him, and patted the back of his hand with hers. She was very gentle with him, and bore his assumed superiority with pretty meekness. "He could not make it over as an heirloom to you. If it was his to give, he could give it to you."

"It was his—certainly."

"That is just what I cannot tell as yet, and what must be found out. If the diamonds formed part of an heirloom—and there is evidence that it is so—you must give them up. Sir Florian could only give away what was his own to give."

"But Lord Fawn had no right to dictate."

"Certainly not," said Frank; and then he made a promise, which he knew to be rash, that he would stand by his pretty cousin in this affair. "I don't see why you should assume that Lady Eustace is keeping property that doesn't belong to her," he said to Lord Fawn.

"I go by what Camperdown tells me," said Lord Fawn.

"Mr. Camperdown is a very excellent attorney, and a most respectable man," said Greystock. "I have nothing on earth to say against Mr. Camperdown. But Mr. Camperdown isn't the law and the prophets, nor yet can we allow him to be judge and jury in such a case as this."

"Surely, Mr. Greystock, you wouldn't wish it to go before a jury."

"You don't understand me, Lord Fawn. If any claim be really made for these jewels by Mr. John Eustace on the part of the heir, or on behalf of the estate, a statement had better be submitted to counsel. The family deeds must be inspected, and no doubt counsel would agree in telling my cousin, Lady Eustace, what she should or what she should not do. In the mean time, I understand that you are engaged to marry her."

"I was engaged to her certainly," said Lord Fawn.

"You can hardly mean to assert, my lord, that you intend to be untrue to your promise, and to throw over your own engagement because my cousin has expressed her wish to retain property which she believes to be her own!" This was said in a tone which made Lord Fawn surer than ever that Greystock was his enemy to the knife. Personally, he was not a coward; and he knew enough of the world to be quite sure that Greystock would not attempt any personal encounter. But morally, Lord Fawn was a coward, and he did fear that the man before him would work him some bitter injury. "You cannot mean that," continued Frank, "and you will probably allow me to assure my cousin that she misunderstood you in the matter."

"I'd sooner see Mr. Camperdown again before I say anything."

"I cannot understand, Lord Fawn, that a gentleman should require an attorney to tell him what to do in such a case as this." They were standing now, and Lord Fawn's countenance was heavy, troubled, and full of doubt. He said nothing, and was probably altogether unaware how eloquent was his face. "My cousin, Lady Eustace," continued Frank, "must not be kept in this suspense. I agree on her behalf that her title to these trinkets must be made the subject of inquiry by persons adequate to form a judgment. Of course, I, as her relative, shall take no part in that inquiry. But as her relative, I must demand from you an admission that your engagement with her cannot in any way be allowed to depend on the fate of those jewels. She has chosen to accept you as her future husband, and I am bound to see that she is treated with good faith, honor, and fair observance."

Frank made his demand very well, while Lord Fawn was looking like a whipped dog. "Of course," said his lordship, "all I want is, that the right thing should be done."

"The right thing will be done. My cousin wishes to keep nothing that is not her own. I may tell her, then, that she will receive from you an assurance that you have had no intention of departing from your word." After this, Lord Fawn made some attempt at a stipulation that this assurance to Lizzie was to be founded

on the counter-assurance given to him that the matter of the diamonds should be decided by proper legal authority; but Frank would not submit to this, and at last the Under-Secretary yielded. The engagement was to remain in force. Counsel were to be employed. The two lovers were not to see each other just at present. And when the matter had been decided by the lawyers, Lord Fawn was to express his regret for having suspected his lady-love! That was the verbal agreement, according to Frank Greystock's view of it. Lord Fawn, no doubt, would have declared that he had never consented to the latter stipulation.

About a week after this there was a meeting at Mr. Camperdown's chambers. Greystock, as his cousin's friend, attended to hear what Mr. Camperdown had to say in the presence of Lord Fawn and John Eustace. He, Frank, had in the mean time been down to Richmond, had taken Lucy to his arms as his future bride, and had been closeted with Lady Fawn. As a man who was doing his duty by Lucy Morris, he was welcomed and made much of by her ladyship; but it had been impossible to leave Lizzie's name altogether unmentioned, and Frank had spoken as the champion of his cousin. Of course there had arisen something of ill-feeling between the two. Lady Fawn had taught herself to hate Lizzie, and was desirous that the match should be over, diamonds or no diamonds. She could not quite say this to her visitor, but she showed her feeling very plainly. Frank was courteous, cold, and resolute in presuming, or pretending to presume, that as a matter of course the marriage would take place. Lady Fawn intended to be civil, but she could not restrain her feeling; and though she did not dare to say that her son would have nothing more to do with Lizzie Eustace, she showed very plainly that she intended to work with that object. Of course the two did not part as cordial friends, and of course poor Lucy perceived that it was so.

Before the meeting took place, Mr. Camperdown had been at work looking over old deeds. It is undoubtedly the case that things often become complicated which, from the greatness of their importance, should have been kept clear as running water. The diamonds in question had been bought with other jewels, by

Sir Florian's grandfather, on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of a certain duke, on which occasion old family jewels, which were said to have been heirlooms, were sold or given in exchange as part value for those then purchased. This grandfather, who had also been Sir Florian in his time, had expressly stated in his will that these jewels were to be regarded as an heirloom in the family, and had as such left them to his eldest son, and to that son's eldest son, should such a child be born. His eldest son had possessed them, but not that son's son. There was such a Eustace born, but he had died before his father. The younger son of that old Sir Florian had then succeeded as Sir Thomas, and he was the father of that Florian who had married Lizzie Eustace. That last Sir Florian had therefore been the fourth in succession from the old Sir Florian by whom the will had been made, and who had directed that these jewels should be regarded as heirlooms in the family. The two intermediate baronets had made no allusion to the diamonds in any deeds executed by them. Indeed, Sir Florian's father had died without a will. There were other jewels, larger but much less valuable than the diamonds, still in the hands of the Messrs. Garnett, as to which no question was raised. The late Sir Florian had, by his will, left all the property in his house at Portray to his widow, but all property elsewhere to his heir. This was what Mr. Camperdown had at last learned, but he had been forced to admit to himself, while learning this, that there was confusion.

He was confident enough, however, that there was no difficulty in the matter. The Messrs. Garnett were able to say that the necklace had been in their keeping, with various other jewels still in their possession, from the time of the death of the late Lady Eustace, up to the marriage of the late Sir Florian, her son. They stated the date on which the jewels were given up to be the 24th of September, which was the day after Sir Florian's return from Scotland with his bride. Lizzie's first statement had coincided with this entry in the Messrs. Garnett's books; but latterly she had asserted that the necklace had been given to her in Scotland. When Mr. Camperdown examined the entry himself in the jeweller's book, he found the

figures to be so blotted that they might represent either the 4th or 24th September. Now, the 4th September had been the day preceding Sir Florian's marriage. John Eustace only knew that he had seen the necklace worn in Scotland by his mother. The bishop only knew that he had often seen them on the neck of his sister-in-law when, as was very often the case, she appeared in full-blown society. Mr. Camperdown believed that he had traced two stories to Lizzie—one, repeated more than once, that the diamonds had been given to her in London, and a second, made to himself, that they had been given to her at Portray. He himself believed that they had never been in Scotland since the death of the former Lady Eustace; but he was quite confident that he could trust altogether to the disposition made of them by the old Sir Florian. There could be no doubt as to these being the diamonds there described, although the setting had been altered. Old Mr. Garnett stated that he would swear to them if he saw the necklace.

"You cannot suppose that Lady Eustace wishes to keep anything that is not her own," said Frank Greystock.

"Of course not," said John Eustace.

"Nobody imagines it," said Mr. Camperdown. Lord Fawn, who felt that he ought not to be there, and who did not know whether he might with a better grace take Lizzie's part or a part against her, said nothing. "But," continued Mr. Camperdown, "there is luckily no doubt as to the facts. The diamonds in question formed a part of a set of most valuable ornaments settled in the family by Sir Florian Eustace in 1799. The deed was drawn up by my grandfather, and is now here. I do not know how we are to have further proof. Will you look at the deed, Mr. Greystock, and at the will?" Frank suggested that as it might probably be expedient to take advice on the subject professionally, he had rather not look at the deed. Anything which he might say, on looking at the document now, could have no weight. "But why should any advice be necessary," said Mr. Camperdown, "when the matter is so clear?"

"My dear sir," said Frank, "my cousin, Lady Eustace, is strong in her confidence that her late husband intended to give them to her as her own, and that he would not have done this without the

power of doing so." Now Mr. Camperdown was quite sure that Lizzie was lying in this, and could therefore make no adequate answer. "Your experience must probably have told you," continued Frank, "that there is considerable difficulty in dealing with the matter of heirlooms."

"I never heard of any such difficulty," said Mr. Camperdown.

"People generally understand it all so clearly," said Lord Fawn.

"The late Sir Florian does not appear to have understood it very clearly," said Frank.

"Let her put them into the hands of any indifferent person or firm till the matter is decided," said Mr. Camperdown. "They will be much safer so than in her keeping."

"I think they are quite safe," said Frank.

And this was all that took place at that meeting. As Mr. Camperdown said to John Eustace, it was manifest enough that she meant "to hang on to them." "I only hope Lord Fawn will not be fool enough to marry her," said Mr. Camperdown. Lord Fawn himself was of the same way of thinking; but then how was he to clear his character of the charge which would be brought against him; and how was he to stand his ground before Frank Greystock?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DIAMONDS ARE SEEN IN PUBLIC.

LET it not be supposed that Lady Eustace during these summer weeks was living the life of a recluse. The London season was in its full splendor, and she was by no means a recluse. During the first year of her widowhood she had been every inch a widow, as far as crape would go, and a quiet life either at Bobsborough or Portray Castle. During this year her child was born, and she was in every way thrown upon her good behavior, living with bishops' wives and deans' daughters. Two years of retreat from the world is generally thought to be the proper thing for a widow. Lizzie had not quite accomplished her two years before she reopened the campaign in Mount street with very small remnants of weeds, and with her crape brought down to a minimum; but

she was young and rich, and the world is aware that a woman of twenty-two can hardly afford to sacrifice two whole years. In the matter of her widowhood Lizzie did not encounter very much reproach. She was not shunned, or so ill spoken of as to have a widely-spread bad name among the streets and squares in which her carriage-wheels rolled. People called her a flirt, held up their hands in surprise at Sir Florian's foolish generosity—for the accounts of Lizzie's wealth were greatly exaggerated—and said that of course she would marry again.

The general belief which often seizes upon the world in regard to some special falsehood is very surprising. Everybody on a sudden adopts an idea that some particular man is over head and ears in debt, so that he can hardly leave his house for fear of the bailiffs; or that some ill-fated woman is cruelly ill-used by her husband; or that some eldest son has ruined his father; whereas the man doesn't owe a shilling, the woman never hears a harsh word from her lord, and the eldest son in question has never succeeded in obtaining a shilling beyond his allowance. One of the lies about London this season was founded on the extent of Lady Eustace's jointure. Indeed the lie went to state that the jointure was more than a jointure. It was believed that the property in Ayrshire was her own, to do what she pleased with it. That the property in Ayrshire was taken at double its value was a matter of course. It had been declared, at the time of his marriage, that Sir Florian had been especially generous to his penniless wife, and the generosity was magnified in the ordinary way. No doubt Lizzie's own diligence had done much to propagate the story as to her positive ownership of Portray. Mr. Campdown had been very busy denying this. John Eustace had denied it whenever occasion offered. The bishop in his quiet way had denied it. Lady Linlithgow had denied it. But the lie had been set on foot and had thriven, and there was hardly a man about town who didn't know that Lady Eustace had eight or nine thousand a year, altogether at her own disposal, down in Scotland. Of course a woman so endowed, so rich, so beautiful, so clever, so young, would marry again, and would marry well. No doubt, added to this there was a feeling that "Lizzie,"

as she was not uncommonly called by people who had hardly ever seen her, had something amiss with it all. "I don't know where it is she's lame," said that very clever man Captain Boodle, who had lately reappeared among his military friends at his club, "but she don't go flat all round."

"She has the devil of a temper, no doubt," said Lieutenant Griggs.

"No mouth, I should say," said Boodle. It was thus that Lizzie was talked about at the clubs; but she was asked to dinners and balls, and gave little dinners herself, and to a certain extent was the fashion. Everybody had declared that of course she would marry again, and now it was known everywhere that she was engaged to Lord Fawn.

"Poor dear Lord Fawn!" said Lady Glencora Palliser to her dear friend Madame Max Goesler; "do you remember how violently he was in love with Violet Effingham two years ago?"

"Two years is a long time, Lady Glencora; and Violet Effingham has chosen another husband."

"But isn't this a fall for him? Violet was the sweetest girl out, and at one time I really thought she meant to take him."

"I thought she meant to take another man whom she did not take," said Mme. Goesler, who had her own recollections, who was a widow herself, and who, at the period to which Lady Glencora was referring, had thought that perhaps she might cease to be a widow. Not that she had ever suggested to herself that Lord Fawn might be her second husband.

"Poor Lord Fawn!" continued Lady Glencora. "I suppose he is terribly in want of money."

"But surely Lady Eustace is very pretty."

"Yes; she is very pretty; nay more, she is quite lovely to look at. And she is clever, very. And she is rich, very. But——"

"Well, Lady Glencora. What does your 'but' mean?"

"Who ever explains a 'but'? You're a great deal too clever, Mme. Goesler, to want any explanation. And I couldn't explain it. I can only say I'm sorry for poor Lord Fawn, who is a gentleman, but will never set the Thames on fire."

"No, indeed. All the same, I like Lord Fawn extremely," said Mme. Goes-

ler, "and I think he's just the man to marry Lady Eustace. He's always at his office or at the House."

"A man may be a great deal at his office, and a great deal more at the House than Lord Fawn," said Lady Glencora laughing, "and yet think about his wife, my dear." For of all men known, no man spent more hours at the House or in his office than 'did Lady Glencora's husband, Mr. Palliser, who at this time, and had now for more than two years, filled the high place of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This conversation took place in Mme. Goesler's little drawing-room in Park Lane; but, three days after this, the same two ladies met again at the house then occupied by Lady Chiltern in Portman Square—Lady Chiltern, with whom, as Violet Effingham, poor Lord Fawn had been much in love. "I think it the nicest match in the world for him," Lady Chiltern had said to Mme. Goesler.

"But have you heard of the diamonds?" asked Lady Glencora.

"What diamonds?" "Whose diamonds?" Neither of the others had heard of the diamonds, and Lady Glencora was able to tell her story. Lady Eustace had found all the family jewels belonging to the Eustace family in the strong plate room at Portray Castle, and had taken possession of them as property found in her own house. John Eustace and the bishop had combined in demanding them on behalf of the heir, and a lawsuit had been commenced! The diamonds were the most costly belonging to any Commoner in England, and had been valued at twenty-four thousand pounds! Lord Fawn had retreated from his engagement the moment he heard that any doubt was thrown on Lady Eustace's right to their possession! Lady Eustace had declared her intention of bringing an action against Lord Fawn, and had also secreted the diamonds! The reader will be aware that this statement was by no means an accurate history of the difficulty as far as it had as yet progressed. It was, indeed, absolutely false in every detail; but it sufficed to show that the matter was becoming public. "You don't mean to say that Lord Fawn is off?" asked Mme. Goesler.

"I do," said Lady Glencora.

"Poor Lord Fawn!" exclaimed Lady

Chiltern. "It really seems as though he never would be settled."

"I don't think he has courage enough for such conduct as that," said Mme. Goesler.

"And besides, Lady Eustace's income is quite certain," said Lady Chiltern, "and poor dear Lord Fawn does want money so badly."

"But it is very disagreeable," said Lady Glencora, "to believe that your wife has got the finest diamonds in England, and then to find that she has only—stolen them. I think Lord Fawn is right. If a man does marry for money, he should have the money. I wonder she ever took him. There is no doubt about her beauty, and she might have done better."

"I won't hear Lord Fawn belittled," said Lady Chiltern.

"Done better!" said Mme. Goesler. "How could she have done better? He is a peer, and her son would be a peer. I don't think she could have done better." Lady Glencora in her time had wished to marry a man who had sought her for her money. Lady Chiltern in her time had refused to be Lady Fawn. Mme. Goesler in her time had declined to marry an English peer. There was, therefore, something more of interest in the conversation to each of them than was quite expressed in the words spoken. "Is she to be at your party on Friday, Lady Glencora?" asked Mme. Goesler.

"She has said she would come, and so has Lord Fawn; for that matter, Lord Fawn dines with us. She'll find that out, and then she'll stay away."

"Not she," said Lady Chiltern. "She'll come for the sake of the bravado. She's not the woman to show the white feather."

"If he's ill-using her she's quite right," said Mme. Goesler.

"And wear the very diamonds in dispute," said Lady Chiltern. It was thus that the matter was discussed among ladies in the town.

"Is Fawn's marriage going on?" This question was asked of Mr. Legge Wilson by Barrington Erle. Mr. Legge Wilson was the Secretary of State for India, and Barrington Erle was in the Government.

"Upon my word I don't know," said Mr. Wilson. "The work goes on at the office; that's all I know about Fawn. He hasn't told me of his marriage, and

therefore I haven't spoken to him about it."

"He hasn't made it official?"

"The papers haven't come before me yet," said Mr. Wilson.

"When they do they'll be very awkward papers, as far as I hear," said Barrington Erle. "There is no doubt they were engaged, and I believe there is no doubt that he has declared off, and refused to give any reason."

"I suppose the money is not all there," suggested Mr. Wilson.

"There's a queer story going about as to some diamonds. No one knows whom they belong to, and they say that Fawn has accused her of stealing them. He wants to get hold of them, and she won't give them up. I believe the lawyers are to have a shy at it. I'm sorry for Fawn. It'll do him a deal of mischief."

"You'll find he won't come out much amiss," said Mr. Legge Wilson. "He's as cautious a man as there is in London. If there is anything wrong——"

"There's is a great deal wrong," said Barrington Erle.

"You'll find it will be on her side."

"And you'll find also that she'll contrive that all the blame shall lie upon him. She's clever enough for anything! Who's to be the new bishop?"

"I have not heard Gresham say as yet; Jones, I should think," said Mr. Wilson.

"And who is Jones?"

"A clergyman, I suppose, of the safe sort. I don't know that anything else is necessary." From which it will be seen that Mr. Wilson had his own opinion about church matters, and also that people very high up in the world were concerning themselves about poor Lizzie's affairs.

Lady Eustace did go to Lady Glencora's evening party, in spite of Mr. Camperdown and all her difficulties. Lady Chiltern had been quite right in saying that Lizzie was not the woman to show the white feather. She went, knowing that she would meet Lord Fawn, and she did wear the diamonds. It was the first time that they had been round her neck since the occasion in respect to which Sir Florian had placed them in her hands, and it had not been without much screwing up of her courage that she had resolved to appear on this occasion with the much talked-of ornament upon her person. It

was now something over a fortnight since she had parted with Lord Fawn at Fawn Court; and, although they were still presumed to be engaged to marry each other, and were both living in London, she had not seen him since. A sort of message had reached her, through Frank Greystock, to the effect that Lord Fawn thought it as well that they should not meet till the matter was settled. Stipulations had been made by Frank on her behalf, and this had been inserted among them. She had received the message with scorn—with a mixture of scorn and gratitude—of scorn in regard to the man who had promised to marry her, and of affectionate gratitude to the cousin who had made the arrangement. "Of course I shall not wish to see him while he chooses to entertain such an idea," she had said, "but I shall not keep out of his way. You would not wish me to keep out of his way, Frank?" When she received a card for Lady Glencora's party, very soon after this, she was careful to answer it in such a manner as to impress Lady Glencora with a remembrance of her assent. Lord Fawn would probably be there, unless he remained away in order to avoid her. Then she had ten days in which to make up her mind as to wearing the diamonds. Her courage was good; but then her ignorance was so great! She did not know whether Mr. Camperdown might not contrive to have them taken by violence from her neck, even on Lady Glencora's stairs. Her best security, so she thought, would be in the fact that Mr. Camperdown would not know of her purpose. She told no one, not even Miss Macnulty, but she appeared before that lady, arrayed in all her beauty, just as she was about to descend to her carriage. "You've got the necklace on!" said Miss Macnulty. "Why should I not wear my own necklace?" she asked, with assumed anger.

Lady Glencora's rooms were already very full when Lizzie entered them, but she was without a gentleman, and room was made for her to pass quickly up the stairs. The diamonds had been recognized by many before she had reached the drawing-room; not that these very diamonds were known, or that there was a special memory for that necklace; but the subject had been so generally discussed, that the blaze of the stones immediately brought it to the minds of men and wo-

men. "There she is, with poor Eustace's twenty thousand pounds round her neck," said Laurence Fitzgibbon to his friend Barrington Erle. "And there is Lord Fawn going to look after them," replied the other.

Lord Fawn thought it right, at any rate, to look after his bride. Lady Glencora had whispered into his ear before they went down to dinner that Lady Eustace would be there in the evening, so that he might have the option of escaping or remaining. Could he have escaped without any one knowing that he had escaped, he would not have gone up stairs after dinner; but he knew that he was observed; he knew that people were talking about him; and he did not like it to be said that he had run away. He went up, thinking much of it all, and as soon as he saw Lady Eustace he made his way to her and accosted her. Many eyes were upon them, but no ear probably heard how infinitely unimportant were the words which they spoke to each other. Her manner was excellent. She smiled and gave him her hand—just her hand without the slightest pressure—and spoke a half-whispered word, looking into his face, but betraying nothing by her look. Then he asked her whether she would dance. Yes; she would stand up for a quadrille; and they did stand up for a quadrille. As she danced with no one else, it was clear that she treated Lord Fawn as her lover. As soon as the dance was done she took his arm and moved for a few minutes about the room with him. She was very conscious of the diamonds, but she did not show the feeling in her face. He also was conscious of them, and he did show it. He did not recognize the necklace, but he knew well that this was the very bone of contention. They were very beautiful, and seemed to him to outshine all other jewelry in the room. And Lady Eustace was a woman of whom it might almost be said that she ought to wear diamonds. She was made to sparkle, to be bright with outside garniture—to shine and glitter, and be rich in apparel. The only doubt might be whether paste diamonds might not better suit her character. But these were not paste, and she did shine and glitter and was very rich. It must not be brought as an accusation against Lady Glencora's guests that they pressed round to look at the necklace.

Lady Glencora's guests knew better than to do that. But there was some slight ferment—slight, but still felt both by Lord Fawn and by Lady Eustace. Eyes were turned upon the diamonds, and there were whispers here and there. Lizzie bore it very well; but Lord Fawn was uncomfortable.

"I like her for wearing them," said Lady Glencora to Lady Chiltern.

"Yes—if she means to keep them. I don't pretend, however, to know anything about it. You see the match isn't off."

"I suppose not. What do you think I did? He dined here, you know, and, before going down stairs, I told him that she was coming. I thought it only fair."

"And what did he say?"

"I took care that he shouldn't have to say anything; but, to tell the truth, I didn't expect him to come up."

"There can't be any quarrel at all," said Lady Chiltern.

"I'm not sure of that," said Lady Glencora. "They are not so very loving."

Lady Eustace made the most of her opportunity. Soon after the quadrille was over she asked Lord Fawn to get her carriage for her. Of course he got it, and of course he put her into it, passing up and down stairs twice in his efforts on her behalf. And of course all the world saw what he was doing. Up to the last moment not a word had been spoken between them that might not have passed between the most ordinary acquaintance; but, as she took her seat, she put her face forward and did say a word. "You had better come to me soon," she said.

"I will," said Lord Fawn.

"Yes; you had better come soon. All this is wearing me—perhaps more than you think."

"I will come soon," said Lord Fawn, and then he returned among Lady Glencora's guests, very uncomfortable. Lizzie got home in safety and locked up her diamonds in the iron box.

CHAPTER XVIII

AND I HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE.

It was now the end of June, and Frank Greystock had been as yet but once at

Fawn Court since he had written to Lucy Morris asking her to be his wife. That was three weeks since, and as the barrier against him at Fawn Court had been removed by Lady Fawn herself, the Fawn girls thought that as a lover he was very slack; but Lucy was not in the least annoyed. Lucy knew that it was all right; for Frank, as he took his last walk round the shrubbery with her during that visit, had given her to understand that there was a little difference between him and Lady Fawn in regard to Lizzie Eustace. "I am her only relative in London," Frank had said.

"Lady Linlithgow," suggested Lucy.

"They have quarrelled, and the old woman is as bitter as gall. There is no one else to stand up for her, and I must see that she isn't ill-used. Women do hate each other so virulently, and Lady Fawn hates her future daughter-in-law." Lucy did not in the least grudge her lover's assistance to his cousin. There was nothing of jealousy in her feeling. She thought that Lizzie was unworthy of Frank's goodness, but on such an occasion as this she would not say so. She told him nothing of the bribe that had been offered her, nor on that subject had she said a word to any of the Fawns. She understood, too, that as Frank had declared his purpose of supporting Lizzie, it might be as well that he should see just at present as little of Lady Fawn as possible. Not a word, however, had Lady Fawn said to Lucy disparaging her lover for his conduct. It was quite understood now at Fawn Court, by all the girls, and no doubt by the whole establishment, that Lizzie Eustace was to be regarded as an enemy. It was believed by them all that Lord Fawn had broken off the match—or, at least, that he was resolved to break it; but various stratagems were to be used, and terrible engines of war were to be brought up if necessary, to prevent an alliance which was now thought to be disreputable. Mrs. Hittaway had been hard at work, and had found out something very like truth in regard to the whole transaction with Mr. Benjamin. Perhaps Mrs. Hittaway had found out more than was quite true as to poor Lizzie's former sins; but what she did find out she used with all her skill, communicating her facts to her mother, to Mr. Camperdown, and to her brother. Her brother had almost

quarrelled with her, but still she continued to communicate her facts.

At this period Frank Greystock was certainly somewhat unreasonable in reference to his cousin. At one time, as the reader will remember, he had thought of asking her to be his wife—because she was rich; but even then he had not thought well of her, had hardly believed her to be honest, and had rejoiced when he found that circumstances rather than his own judgment had rescued him from that evil. He had professed to be delighted when Lord Fawn was accepted—as being happy to think that his somewhat dangerous cousin was provided with so safe a husband; and, when he had first heard of the necklace, he had expressed an opinion that of course it would be given up. In all this then he had shown no strong loyalty to his cousin, no very dear friendship, nothing to make those who knew him feel that he would buckle on armor in her cause. But of late—and that, too, since his engagement with Lucy—he had stood up very stoutly as her friend, and the armor was being buckled on. He had not scrupled to say that he meant to see her through this business with Lord Fawn, and had somewhat astonished Mr. Camperdown by raising a doubt on the question of the necklace.

"He can't but know that she has no more right to it than I have," Mr. Camperdown had said to his son with indignation. Mr. Camperdown was becoming unhappy about the necklace, not quite knowing how to proceed in the matter.

In the mean time Frank had obeyed his better instincts, and had asked Lucy Morris to be his wife. He had gone to Fawn Court in compliance with a promise to Lizzie Eustace that he would call upon her there. He had walked with Lucy because he was at Fawn Court. And he had written to Lucy because of the words he had spoken during the walk. In all this the matter had arranged itself as such matters do, and there was nothing, in truth, to be regretted. He really did love the girl with all his heart. It may, perhaps, be said that he had never in truth loved any other woman. In the best humors of his mind he would tell himself—had from old times told himself often—that unless he married Lucy Morris he could never marry at all. When his mother, knowing that poor Lucy was pen-

niless, had, as mothers will do, begged him to beware, he had spoken up for his love honestly, declaring to her that in his eyes there was no woman living equal to Lucy Morris. The reader has seen him with the words almost on his tongue with which to offer his hand to his cousin, Lizzie Eustace, knowing as he did so that his heart had been given to Lucy—knowing also that Lucy's heart had been given to him! But he had not done it, and the better humor had prevailed.

Within the figure and frame and clothes and cuticle, within the bones and flesh of many of us, there is but one person, a man or woman, with a preponderance either of good or evil, whose conduct in any emergency may be predicted with some assurance of accuracy by any one knowing the man or woman. Such persons are simple, single, and perhaps generally safe. They walk along lines in accordance with certain fixed instincts or principles, and are to-day as they were yesterday, and will be to-morrow as they are to-day. Lady Eustace was such a person, and so was Lucy Morris. Opposite in their characters as the two poles, they were each of them a simple entity; and any doubt or error in judging of the future conduct of either of them would come from insufficient knowledge of the woman. But there are human beings who, though of necessity single in body, are dual in character; in whose breasts not only is evil always fighting against good, but to whom evil is sometimes horribly, hideously evil, but is sometimes also not hideous at all. Of such men it may be said that Satan obtains an intermittent grasp, from which, when it is released, the rebound carries them high amid virtuous resolutions and a thorough love of things good and noble. Such men or women may hardly perhaps debase themselves with the more vulgar vices. They will not be rogues, or thieves, or drunkards, or perhaps liars; but ambition, luxury, self-indulgence, pride, and covetousness will get a hold of them, and in various moods will be to them virtues in lieu of vices. Such a man was Frank Greystock, who could walk along the banks of the quiet, trout-giving Bob, at Bobsborough, whipping the river with his rod, telling himself that the world lost for love would be a bad thing well lost for a fine purpose; and who could also stand, with

his hands in his trousers pockets, looking down upon the pavement, in the purlieus of the courts at Westminster, and swear to himself that he would win the game, let the cost to his heart be what it might. What must a man be who would allow some undefined feeling, some inward ache which he calls a passion and cannot analyze, some desire which has come of instinct and not of judgment, to interfere with all the projects of his intellect, with all the work which he has laid out for his accomplishment? Circumstances had thrown him into a path of life for which, indeed, his means were insufficient, but which he regarded as of all paths the noblest and the manliest. If he could be true to himself—with such truth as at these moments would seem to him to be the truest truth—there was nothing in rank, nothing in ambition, which might not be within his reach. He might live with the highest, the best-educated, and the most beautiful; he might assist in directing national councils by his intelligence; and might make a name for himself which should be remembered in his country, and of which men would read the records in the histories written in after ages. But to do this he must walk warily. He, an embarrassed man, a man already in debt, a man with no realized property coming to him in reversion, was called upon to live, and to live as though at his ease, among those who had been born to wealth. And, indeed, he had so cleverly learned the ways of the wealthy that he hardly knew any longer how to live at his ease among the poor.

But had he walked warily when he went down to Richmond, and afterward, sitting alone in the obscurity of his chamber, wrote the letter which had made Lucy Morris so happy? It must be acknowledged that he did in truth love the girl—that he was capable of a strong feeling. She was not beautiful, hardly even pretty, small, in appearance almost insignificant, quite penniless, a governess! He had often asked himself what it was that had so vanquished him. She always wore a pale gray frock, with perhaps a gray ribbon, never running into any bright form of clothing. She was educated, very well educated; but she owned no great accomplishment. She had not sung his heart away or ravished him with the harp. Even of her words she was sparing, seem-

ing to care more to listen than to speak ; a humble little thing to look at—one of whom you might say that she regarded herself as well-placed if left in the back-ground. Yet he had found her out and knew her. He had recognized the treasure, and had greatly desired to possess it. He had confessed to himself that, could splendor and ambition be laid aside, that little thing would be all the world to him. As he sat in court or in the House, patient from practice as he half-listened to the ponderous speeches of advocates or politicians, he would think of the sparkle in her eye, of the dimple in her chin, of the lines of the mouth which could plead so eloquently, though with few words. To sit on some high seat among his countrymen and also to marry Lucy Morris, that would be a high ambition. He had chosen his way now, and she was engaged to be his wife.

As he thought of it after he had done it, it was not all happiness, all contentment with him. He did feel that he had crippled himself—impeded himself in running the race, as it were with a log round his leg. He had offered to marry her, and he must do so at once, or almost at once, because she could now find no other home but his. He knew, as well as did Lady Fawn, that she could not go into another family as governess ; and he knew also that she ought not to remain in Lady Fawn's house an hour longer than she should be wanted there. He must alter his plan of living at once, give up the luxury of his rooms at the Grosvenor, take a small house somewhere, probably near the Swiss Cottage, come up and down to his chambers by the underground railway, and in all probability abandon Parliament altogether. He was not sure whether in good faith he should not at once give notice of his intended acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds to the electors of Bobborough. Thus meditating, under the influence of that intermittent evil grasp, almost angry with himself for the open truth which he had spoken, or rather written, and perhaps thinking more of Lizzie and her beauty than he should have done, in the course of three weeks he had paid but one visit to Fawn Court. Then, of a sudden, finding himself one afternoon relieved from work, he resolved to go there. The days were still almost at their longest, and he did not scruple to present

himself before Lady Fawn between eight and nine in the evening. They were all at tea, and he was welcomed kindly. Lucy, when he was announced, at once got up and met him almost at the doorway, sparkling with just a tear of joy in her eye, with a look in her face and a loving manner, which for the moment made him sure that the little house near the Swiss Cottage would, after all, be the only Elysium upon earth. If she spoke a word he hardly heard it, but her hand was in his, so cool and soft, almost trembling in its grasp, with no attempt to withdraw itself, frank, loving, and honest. There was a perfect satisfaction in her greeting which at once told him that she had no discontented thoughts—had had no such thoughts—because he had been so long without coming. To see him was a great joy. But every hour of her life was a joy to her, knowing, as she did know, that he loved her.

Lady Fawn was gracious, the girls were hospitable, and he found himself made very welcome amidst all the women at the tea-table. Not a word was said about Lizzie Eustace. Lady Fawn talked about Parliament, and professed to pity a poor lover who was so bound to his country that he could not see his mistress above once a fortnight. "But there'll be a good time coming next month," she said ; for it was now July. "Though the girls can't make their claims felt, the grouse can."

"It isn't the House altogether that rules me with a rod of iron, Lady Fawn," said Frank, "but the necessity of earning daily bread by the sweat of my brow. A man who has to sit in court all day must take the night—or, indeed, any time that he can get—to read up his cases."

"But the grouse put a stop to all work," said Lady Fawn. "My gardener told me just now that he wanted a day or two in August. I don't doubt but that he is going to the moors. Are you going to the moors, Mr. Greystock?"

As it happened, Frank Greystock did not quite know whether he was going to the moors or not. The Ayrshire grouse-shooting is not the best in Scotland ; but there is grouse-shooting in Ayrshire ; and the shooting on the Portray mountains is not the worst shooting in the county. The castle at Portray overhangs the sea, but there is a wild district attached to it

stretching far back inland, in regard to which Lizzie Eustace was very proud of talking of "her shooting." Early in the spring of the present year she had asked her cousin Frank to accept the shooting for the coming season, and he had accepted it. "I shall probably be abroad," she said, "but there is the old castle." She had offered it as though he had been her brother, and he had said that he would go down for a couple of weeks—not to the castle, but to a little lodge some miles up from the sea, of which she told him when he declined the castle. When this invitation was given there was no engagement between her and Lord Fawn. Since that date, within the last day or two, she had reminded him of it. "Won't his lordship be there?" he had said laughingly. "Certainly not," she had answered with serious earnestness. Then she had explained that her plan of going abroad had been set aside by circumstances. She did mean to go down to Portray. "I couldn't have you at the castle," she said smiling; "but even an Othello couldn't object to a first cousin at a little cottage ever so many miles off." It wasn't for him to suggest what objections might rise to the brain of a modern Othello; but after some hesitation he said that he would be there. He had promised the trip to a friend, and would like to keep his promise. But, nevertheless, he almost thought that he ought to avoid Portray. He intended to support his cousin as far as he might do so honestly; but he was not quite minded to stand by her through good report and evil report. He did not desire to be specially known as her champion, and yet he felt that that position would be almost forced upon him. He foresaw danger, and consequently he was doubting about his journey to Scotland.

"I hardly know whether I am or not," said Frank, and he almost felt that he was blushing.

"I hope you are," said Lucy. "When a man has to work all day and nearly all night, he should go where he may get fresh air."

"There's very good air without going to Scotland for it," said Lady Fawn, who kept up an excellent house at Richmond, but who, with all her daughters, could not afford autumn trips. The Fawns lived at Fawn Court all the year round, and consequently Lady Fawn thought

that air was to be found in England sufficiently good for all purposes of vitality and recreation.

"It's not quite the same thing," said Lucy; "at least, not for a man."

After that she was allowed to escape into the grounds with her lover, and was made happy with half an hour of unalloyed bliss. To be alone with the girl to whom he is not engaged is a man's delight; to be alone with the man to whom she is engaged is the woman's. When the thing is settled there is always present to the man something of a feeling of clipped wings; whereas the woman is conscious of a new power of expanding her pinions. The certainty of the thing is to him repressive. He has done his work, and gained his victory, and by conquering has become a slave. To her the certainty of the thing is the removal of a restraint which has hitherto always been on her. She can tell him everything, and be told everything, whereas her previous confidences, made with those of her own sex, have been tame, and by comparison valueless. He has no new confidence to make, unless when he comes to tell her he likes his meat well done, and wants his breakfast to be punctual. Lucy now not only promised herself, but did actually realize a great joy. He seemed to be to her all that her heart desired. He was a man whose manner was naturally caressing and demonstrative, and she was to him, of all women, the sweetest, the dearest, the most perfect, and all his own. "But, Frank"—she had already been taught to call him Frank when they were alone together—"what will come of all this about Lizzie Eustace?"

"They will be married, of course."

"Do you think so? I am sure Lady Fawn doesn't think so."

"What Lady Fawn thinks on such a matter cannot be helped. When a man asks a woman to marry him, and she accepts, the natural consequence is that they will be married. Don't you think so?"

"I hope so, sometimes," said Lucy, with her two hands joined upon his arm, and hanging to it with all her little weight.

"You really do hope it?" he said.

"Oh, I do; you know I do. Hope it! I should die if I didn't hope it."

"Then why shouldn't she?" He asked

his question with a quick, sharp voice, and then turned upon her for an answer.

"I don't know," she said, very softly, and still clinging to him. "I sometimes think there is a difference in people."

"There is a difference; but, still, we hardly judge of people sufficiently by our own feelings. As she accepted him, you may be sure that she wishes to marry him. She has more to give than he has."

"And I have nothing to give," she said.

"If I thought so, I'd go back even now," he answered. "It is because you have so much to give—so much more than most others—that I have thought of you, dreamed of you as my wife, almost ever since I first knew you."

"I have nothing left to give," she said. "What I ever had is all given. People call it the heart. I think it is heart, and brain, and mind, and body, and almost soul. But, Frank, though Lizzie Eustace is your cousin, I don't want to be likened to her. She is very clever, and beautiful, and has a way with her that I know is charming. But—"

"But what, Lucy?"

"I don't think she cares so much as some people. I dare say she likes Lord Fawn very well, but I do not believe she loves him as I love you."

"They're engaged," said Frank, "and the best thing they can do is to marry each other. I can tell you this at any rate"—and his manner again became serious—"if Lord Fawn behaves ill to her, I, as her cousin, shall take her part."

"You don't mean that you'll—fight him!"

"No, my darling. Men don't fight each other now-a-days—not often, at least—and Fawn and I are not of the fighting sort. I can make him understand what I mean and what others will mean without fighting him. He is making a paltry excuse."

"But why should he want to excuse himself—without reason?"

"Because he is afraid. People have got hold of him and told him lies, and he thinks there will be a scrape about this necklace, and he hates a scrape. He'll marry her at last, without a doubt, and Lady Fawn is only making trouble for her-

self by trying to prevent it. You can't do anything."

"Oh no—I can't do anything. When she was here it became at last quite disagreeable. She hardly spoke to them, and I'm sure that even the servants understood that there was a quarrel." She did not say a word of Lizzie's offer of the brooch to herself, nor of the stories which by degrees were reaching her ears as to the old debts, and the diamonds, and the young bride's conduct to Lady Linlithgow as soon as she married her grand husband, Sir Florian. She did think badly of Lizzie, and could not but regret that her own noble, generous Frank should have to expend his time and labor on a friend unworthy of his friendship; but there was no shade of jealousy in her feeling, and she uttered no word against Lizzie more bitter than that in which she declared that there was a difference between people.

And then there was something said as to their own prospects in life. Lucy at once and with vehemence declared that she did not look for or expect an immediate marriage. She did not scruple to tell him that she knew well how difficult was the task before him, and that it might be essential for his interest that he should remain as he was for a year or two. He was astonished to find how completely she understood his position, and how thoroughly she sympathized with his interests. "There is only one thing I couldn't do for you," she said.

"And what is the one thing?"

"I couldn't give you up. I almost thought that I ought to refuse you because I can do nothing—nothing to help you. But there will always come a limit to self-denial, I couldn't do that! Could I?"

The reader will know how this question was answered, and will not want to be told of the long, close, clinging, praiseworthy kiss with which the young barrister assured her that would have been on her part an act of self-denial which would to him have been absolutely ruinous. It was agreed, however, between them, that Lady Fawn should be told that they did not propose to marry till some time in the following year, and that she should be formally asked to allow Lucy to have a home at Fawn Court in the interval.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AND NEW ORLEANS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND COMMAND OF THE FIRST THREE
NAVAL EXPEDITIONS OF THE WAR.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE have been particularity of dates and detail, and quotations from official documents, in relation to the preliminary arrangements for the New Orleans expedition, in order to correct some of the many strange statements and misrepresentations of its inception which appear in most if not all the histories that have been written of the war. Partiality and prejudice almost universally influence those who undertake to write contemporaneous history. Partisanship entered largely into the feelings of most of the writers of the time, and a desire to throw prominently forward party favorites, rather, it is to be hoped, than a wish to do injustice to others or to pervert history, warped their judgment and led them to ignore facts, to misstate the originators of the enterprise, and also the real commander, to draw false inferences, and to award undue credit to favored party leaders. Farragut, the great chief, the actual leader in the fight, the real hero who commanded the expedition and captured New Orleans, is represented as an assistant or subordinate to the General who accompanied him, but who was not under fire, and to whom, when the fighting was over, he, in pursuance of his orders from the Navy Department, turned over the forts and the city that he had captured. But Farragut was not a political partisan, nor the special favorite of a faction—was identified with no party, and would permit himself to be used by none.

In the second volume of Greeley's "American Conflict," purporting to give a history of the war, the fifth chapter is devoted to "Butler's Expedition to the Gulf—Capture of New Orleans." It is not said or intimated that it was Farragut's expedition, though Farragut commanded it, was engaged in preparation for it, and had his orders to command it long before Butler was informed of it, and actually did the fighting, passed the forts, and captured New Orleans, and several days after its capture gave it into the possession of General Butler. The principal features and groundwork of that chapter of the "American Conflict,"

which have misled others, are, in many respects, and especially as to the origin of the expedition and the principal commander, mere partisan conjecture—false inference—a perversion of history, not a record of facts. It is said, among other things, that "the substitution of Mr. Edwin M. Stanton for General Simon Cameron as head of the War Department caused some further delay." This substitution had no influence whatever on the movement, for the expedition and its object had not been communicated to the War Department when the change of Secretaries was made. Mr. Cameron's going out or Mr. Stanton's going into the Cabinet had nothing to do with it. It was not an enterprise of the War Department. The first knew nothing of the expedition while Secretary of War; the last was not advised of it until it was on the point of consummation. If the author of the "American Conflict" had anything beyond mere guesswork for his history, he was egregiously deceived. Among other things he says:

"Mobile had been generally guessed the object of General Butler's mysterious expedition, whose destination was not absolutely fixed even in the councils of its authors. An effort to re-annex Texas had been considered, if not actually contemplated. It was finally decided, in a conference between Secretary Stanton and General Butler, that a resolute attempt should be made on New Orleans; and though General McClellan, when requested to give his opinion of the feasibility of the enterprise, reported that it could not be prudently undertaken with a less force than 50,000 men, while all that could be spared to General Butler was 15,000, President Lincoln after hearing all sides gave judgment for the prosecution."

Truth and error are here blended in a way to sacrifice the former. Had the author made inquiry, or investigated the case, he would have learned that Mr. Stanton was not appointed Secretary of War until the 13th of January, 1862—two months after the conference, of which he appears to have been ignorant, between

the President, Secretary of the Navy, and others at General McClellan's house. At that time it was finally decided that the plan, which had its first conception in the Navy Department as early as September, and had been quietly considered and canvassed until the capture of Port Royal on the 7th of November, should be carried out. The navy had taken Ship Island, which may be considered perhaps the first step in this movement, and held it until troops were sent to occupy it. The naval vessels were in preparation, the bomb-vessels had been purchased and were undergoing the necessary alterations for the mortar beds, and orders for the mortars had been issued in November, 1861. Captain Farragut had been seen, summoned to Washington, consulted and directed to hold himself in readiness to command the expedition weeks before Mr. Stanton was appointed Secretary of War—consequently, before either he or General Butler was aware, or could have been consulted, or had thought of such an attempt, or knew it was to be made.

Mr. Parton, in his book, "General Butler in New Orleans," relates that "One day (about January 10), toward the close of a long conference between the General and the Secretary, Mr. Stanton suddenly asked: 'Why can't New Orleans be taken?' The question thrilled General Butler to the marrow. '*It can*,' he replied. This was the first time New Orleans had been mentioned in General Butler's hearing, but by no means the first time he had thought of it. The Secretary told him to prepare a programme, and for the third time the General dashed at the charts and books. General McClellan, too, was requested to present an opinion on the feasibility of the enterprise. He reported that the capture of New Orleans would require an army of 50,000 men, and no such number could be spared. Even Texas, he thought, should be given up for the present. But now General Butler, fired with the splendor and daring of the new project, exerted all the forces of his nature to win for it the success of the Government. He talked New Orleans to every member of the Cabinet. In a protracted interview with the President he argued, he urged, he entreated, he convinced. Nobly was he seconded by Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a native of Lowell, a schoolmate of

General Butler's. His whole heart was in the scheme. The President spoke at length the decisive word, and the General almost reeled from the White House in the intoxication of his relief and joy."

The truth is, the President, instead of being urged, entreated, and at length convinced, in January, as stated, had "spoke the decisive word" as early as the middle of November, had many interviews with the Secretary of the Navy in regard to it, had examined charts and been made acquainted with the opinions of the Army Engineer, General Barnard, and advised that the auxiliary bomb flotilla proposed by Commander Porter should be adopted, before Mr. Stanton was a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Mr. Fox, who is represented as *seconding* General Butler, had been engaged for many weeks in earnest, incessant labors and preparatory arrangements before General Butler was let into the secret. If General Butler "talked with every member of the Cabinet" on this subject, it was contrary to the express understanding which was faithfully observed by all others. General McClellan, who, it is represented, was requested by Secretary Stanton on the 28th of January to give "an opinion upon the feasibility of the enterprise," had made his views known in November. These views he appears to have repeated in January to the Secretary of War.

In the biography or autobiography of Admiral D. D. Porter, published by Headley, a statement is made of the origin of the expedition widely different from that of Parton, yet about as erroneous. Headley says:

"The Powhatan, having steamed over ten thousand miles with her condemned machinery, was now obliged to return to the United States, where she was laid up at about the time of the Du Pont expedition to Port Royal, and Lieutenant Porter was detached. He immediately sought other active service, and the capture of New Orleans being proposed by him, he was put in communication with General McClellan, and General Barnard of the Engineers, to talk the matter over. They were unanimous in their opinion that the city could be taken, and preparations were accordingly made to attempt the capture of the forts at or near the mouth of the Mississippi river. Admiral Farragut was ordered to command the naval forces, and

Lieutenant Porter, having recommended a large force of mortar vessels, was directed to equip them without delay."

Commander Porter was informed that the Navy Department intended to send an expedition to capture New Orleans two months earlier than General Butler, but he no more proposed it than that gentleman. He did, when let into the confidence of the Department, and made aware of its programme, "recommend a large force of mortar vessels," and he is entitled to the credit of having proposed that appendage to the squadron. It was not a part of the original programme of the Navy Department. This statement of Headley is in direct conflict with Greeley and Parton as regards those who proposed the expedition and the time of its inception. Headley claims that Porter proposed it in November; Greeley and Parton that Stanton and Butler, in consultation, suggested it in January, and that the President then decided it. Neither statement is true. For reasons stated, Porter was made acquainted with the purpose and the programme of the Navy Department in November, but he no more originated it than Stanton or Butler in January. He and General Barnard should have the credit of appending the mortar flotilla to the original programme of the Navy Department. The historians must have little practical knowledge, and must have made only superficial investigation, who could come to the conclusion that such an expedition could have been instituted and completed within the time specified by themselves. The history of the world may be searched in vain for such an achievement. The navy programme for the expedition moved on favorably, though delayed beyond expectation, chiefly by the preparation of the bomb fleet of mortar vessels for Commander Porter, who was never wanting in energy, and who, as well as others, was actively employed after the 18th of November in preparations for the enterprise.

I have no disposition to detract from the credit or real merits of General Butler. He was preferred to an educated and trained military officer for the reason that the army plan differed from the naval programme. The course which he pursued, and his brief administration of affairs at Baltimore, were such as to make him acceptable to Farragut in an expedi-

tion where the military General was to receive from the naval officer, who was the actual commander of the expedition, the captured city, and govern it, as he had governed turbulent and insurrectionary Baltimore. It was as acceptable to me as to the military officers that he should command the military forces which were to coöperate with Farragut, though perhaps for different reasons. That expedition was, in its inception and execution, not a military but a naval affair, in which the army was directed to assist the navy, and in due time to garrison the forts and occupy and govern the city. Whatever may have been General Butler's views as to the practicability of taking either forts or city, or whatever may have been his plan, if he had any distinctive plan, few of the educated and trained military officers believed that the forts could be passed and the city captured by a naval force; and many, perhaps most, of the naval officers were also incredulous in that respect. Nor could it have been accomplished under the old order of things with sailing vessels under canvas against the opposing current of the Mississippi. But steam had wrought a revolution in naval tactics and naval warfare, and in encountering and passing batteries, which army officers were slow to realize. The passage of the forts had, however, been demonstrated to be a possibility, to those who were not irrevocably wedded to old ideas and usages, at Hatteras and Port Royal. Farragut realized, appreciated, and adapted his tactics to the change. General Butler had confidence in the navy and the enterprise greater than that of educated and more experienced military commanders. I never understood that he had any programme or plan, or that he claims to have had any. Nor do his instructions indicate that there was any military plan at headquarters other than that of seconding the navy. On the 21st of March, Flag Officer Farragut, in a private note written on his flagship the *Colorado*, in the Gulf, says: "General Butler arrived yesterday. I called on him. He appears to have no definite plans, but will hold what we take." This is in conformity with the naval programme and our original understanding. General McClellan had said, at the conference which took place at his house in November, that to take the forts and capture New Orleans would require an army of

50,000 men. But when he said this he supposed it was to be a military movement. When informed it was to be a naval expedition, and that a coöperative force of only 10,000 men from the army was asked, to hold what the navy might take, he readily assented to the plan and promised us the required military assistance. The subject, however, did not burden his mind, at that time engaged in vast army movements; for being a naval expedition, it imposed on him neither labor nor responsibility beyond that of furnishing, when the Navy Department was prepared, the promised aid of 10,000 men. He evidently was less sanguine than others of us that the expedition would be a success, but he knew that the movement would give the rebels employment at a distant point, keep them out of Virginia, where they were concentrating their strength, and he was not unwilling to be relieved of the Lowell politician, who had attained high military rank, was restless, and not disposed to be idle or set aside.

The embarrassment which was experienced in consequence of the delay in fitting the vessels, creating the mortar fleet, procuring the mortars, shells, iron carriages, etc., rendered it advisable to retard the sailing of the troops. In the mean time, however, the promised detachment of 2,500 men went forward on the 27th of November, pursuant to previous agreement, in the transport *Constitution*, under the command of Brigadier-General Phelps, to take possession of Ship Island, which had been held since the 17th of September by the navy. General Butler, whom the War Department proposed to send out with the first detachment, and who as yet knew nothing of their ultimate destination, but supposed they were to move in due time on Mobile or Texas, was impatient for active service, and to keep him employed, as well as to divert the attention of himself and others from the object in view, he was directed to prepare a paper upon Texas. Information was soon after received of the hostile attitude of Great Britain, in consequence of the capture of Slidell and Mason on the *Trent*, which furnished reason sufficient to satisfy their commander for detaining the New England volunteers. Until the naval vessels and the mortar flotilla were ready, these undisciplined volunteers under an untrained commander were better in camp at the

North, and could be better and more easily and more economically supplied than at Ship Island.

In January, 1862, a change took place in the administration of the War Department. Mr. Cameron, the retiring Secretary, had never been apprised of the naval programme and purpose to capture New Orleans; and his successor, who entered upon his duties on the 14th of January, was not immediately informed of it. The little which had been done and promised by the military branch of the Government up to this date had been by General McClellan, under the orders of the President. Everything had moved forward propitiously, but about the period of the change of Secretary of War an earnest application was made for men in the sounds of North Carolina and for more troops to carry on operations in South Carolina and Georgia. The Secretary of War recognized the application as both necessary and expedient, and being as yet unaware of the intention to capture New Orleans, but supposing the expedition to the Gulf was, as had been given out, to operate against Mobile or Texas, he yielded to the appeal of General Sherman and others, and orders were issued that the New England volunteers should go to Port Royal or North Carolina instead of Ship Island. Information of this fact first reached the Navy Department through General Butler, who was greatly disappointed that his coast operations in the extreme-Southwest were to be interfered with. He and his chief of staff, General Shepley, called on his old neighbor and schoolmate, Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and made known his disappointment. He said the troops which had been sent to Ship Island by express request of the Secretary of the Navy were to be withdrawn, and the second instalment, then on board the steamer *Constitution* at Hampton Roads, instead of going to the Gulf, were ordered to be disembarked or to remain on the Atlantic coast. Comprehending the difficulties that must follow from these untimely and conflicting orders, Mr. Fox hastened at once to the War Department with a view of getting the orders intercepted and countermanded. He found Mr. Stanton alone, and astonished that gentleman by stating to him the preparations that for more than two months had been on foot for the expedition, its object,

and that the troops already at Ship Island, as well as those embarked on the Constitution, were a part of the enterprise, and essential to its success. They were regiments belonging to a military force of 10,000 men which General McClellan, with the knowledge and approval of the President, had promised the Secretary of the Navy as a cooperating military force in the proposed naval attack upon the Mississippi forts and New Orleans. Secretary Stanton took him by the hand in amazement. "An attack upon New Orleans by the navy?" said he. "I never have heard of it. It is the best news you could give me." An orderly was sent immediately for General McClellan, who on his arrival confirmed the statement, said there was an understanding by which the army, when the Navy Department had its arrangements completed, was to furnish the force named, and if the naval preparations were sufficiently advanced the troops must be forthcoming. So quietly had the preparations progressed, and so little had he been consulted in this naval expedition, that General McClellan was surprised when informed of the facts, the progress that had been made, and that Flag Officer Farragut had been selected and received his orders. This was the first knowledge Mr. Stanton had of the expedition. It was on the 28th of January, a fortnight after he entered upon his duties in the War Department, and more than two months after the expedition had been determined upon in the conference which took place at the house of General McClellan. The whole intervening time had been actively and unremittingly employed in making the necessary naval preparations.

So large a squadron as that which composed the expedition could not be prepared and fitted without time. Most of the immense mortars and shells were to be cast; some of the naval vessels were on the stocks when the enterprise was first ordered, and even the Hartford, which became the flagship of Admiral Farragut, had not been refitted after her return from the East Indies when Commander Porter was sent off to prepare the mortar fleet. The whole energy and power of the Navy Department had been thrown into the work, and it is questionable if so large a force under similar circumstances was ever so speedily called out, prepared, and organized by any government.

Although Mr. Stanton first learned of the expedition indirectly as stated, he entered into it warmly and gave us a larger cooperating military force than had been promised by General McClellan. In an interview between him and myself immediately after his conversation with Mr. Fox and General McClellan, I explained, as did the President also, why the latter had been early consulted, and was our military confidant, and also the necessity for continued secrecy. The importance of secrecy he appreciated, but was not entirely satisfied that General McClellan should have been exclusively the confidant of the Government in a military movement. It is known that for some unexplained reason he and General McClellan became estranged, and this may have been the beginning of that estrangement which resulted soon after in positive alienation.

If, as stated by Mr. Parton, General Butler "talked New Orleans to every member of the Cabinet," it was not with the approval of the head of the army, nor in unison with the views and convictions of Mr. Stanton or the President, and was in direct opposition to the injunctions of the Navy Department. There was reticence on the part of all others. In the orders of the Commander-in-Chief to General Butler, three weeks later, secrecy was still strictly enjoined, as will be seen by the first paragraph of General McClellan's orders:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Feb. 23, 1862.
Major-General BUTLER, United States Army.

GENERAL: You are assigned to the command of the land forces destined to cooperate with the navy in the attack on New Orleans. You will use every means to keep the destination a profound secret, even from your staff officers, with the exception of your chief of staff and Lieutenant Weitzel of the Engineers. . . .

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General commanding, etc.

These rigid orders of the General-in-Chief to keep secret the destination of the expedition even from his staff officers would scarcely have been enjoined so late as February, if General Butler had, as stated, been rushing around Washington in January "talking New Orleans." It is doubtless one of the many mistakes of a partial biographer, who, in his efforts to give his subject undue and excessive praise, does him a positive injury. General Butler needs no false credit or manu-

factured notoriety in regard to the part taken by him in the New Orleans expedition and the measures attending and following it. He did not originate the expedition, nor urge or convince the President or any one having authority, as his biographer represents, for the project had been adopted and was in progress long before he ever interchanged a word with the President or Secretary of War or any one else on the subject. The same may be said in regard to Mr. Stanton, whom most of the historians of the civil war mention as having proposed, or been the chief mover and actor in the expedition, whereas he was not made Secretary of War, nor did he know anything of it, until it was near its consummation. Then, having just entered the War Department, he generously seconded the work, and ordered an increase of the military force from 10,000 men promised by General McClellan to 18,000, with an assurance we should have more, if more were necessary. But he never considered himself or the War Department responsible for the expedition, nor did he have other care or issue orders except to second and sustain the Navy Department in that enterprise. The fact that Admiral Farragut left for the Gulf about the time Mr. Stanton was made Secretary of War, and that the second instalment of troops for Ship Island sailed soon after, led the inconsiderate admirers of the Secretary of War and General Butler to infer, without knowledge or investigation, that these gentlemen were the originators of an expedition which required months of preparation, and which was on its way before these gentlemen were aware of its destination. Each entered earnestly into the plan when informed of it, each in his way performed well his part in forwarding the troops that were to coöperate with the navy; but the expedition in its inception and preparation was not in any particular a project of the army or of the War Department. As soon as advised of the expedition, the naval programme, and the preparations which had been made, Mr. Stanton countermanded and corrected all military orders which interfered with it, and General Shepley, Butler's chief of staff, left Washington on the following day, the 29th of January, to join his command, and embarked on the army transport steamer *Constitution* on her second trip, which

sailed immediately for Ship Island with the second instalment of troops. General Butler sailed from Hampton Roads on the 25th of February, nearly a month later, more than three months after the expedition had been ordered, and about four weeks after he was informed of the destination of himself and the force which he had raised in New England, to which the Secretary of War subsequently added other Western regiments, amounting to about 15,000 men, not 18,000 as had been promised. But disaster attended his voyage, and it was not until the 25th of March, just one month after leaving Hampton Roads, that he arrived at Ship Island.

Captain Farragut received his preparatory orders on the 23d of December, his full orders from the Navy Department as Flag Officer on the 20th of January, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 3d of February, and arrived at Ship Island on the 20th. The following are his orders, given into his hands before leaving Washington, and before either the Secretary of War or General Butler had been advised of the ultimate object of the expedition:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, January 20, 1862.

Flag Officer D. G. FARRAGUT, appointed to command Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

SIR: When the *Hartford* is in all respects ready for sea, you will proceed to the Gulf of Mexico with all possible despatch, and communicate with Flag Officer W. W. McKean, who is directed by the enclosed despatch to transfer to you the command of the Western Gulf blockading squadron. . . . There will be attached to your squadron a fleet of bomb vessels and armed steamers enough to manage them, all under command of Commander D. D. Porter, who will be directed to report to you. As fast as these vessels are got ready they will be sent to Key West to await the arrival of all and the commanding officers, who will be permitted to organize and practise with them at that port.

When these formidable mortars arrive and you are completely ready, you will collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi river and reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong force up the river to take all their defences in the rear. As you have expressed yourself perfectly satisfied with the force given to you, and as many more powerful vessels will be added before you can commence operations, the Department and

the country require of you success. . . . There are other operations of minor importance which will commend themselves to your judgment and skill, but which must not be allowed to interfere with the great object in view—the certain capture of the city of New Orleans.

Destroy the armed barriers which these deluded people have raised up against the power of the United States Government, and shoot down those who war against the Union; but cultivate with cordiality the first returning reason which is sure to follow your success.

Respectfully, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES.

These orders, it will be observed, are framed to meet the case and its requirements. They state briefly, but with some particularity, the great object in view and the manner in which it was to be accomplished, but yet give the Flag Officer latitude and discretion in the employment of the means placed under his command.

There were, as has been mentioned, differences of opinion as to the best method of reaching New Orleans. Army officers believed the city could not be captured by a naval force ascending from the Gulf without first reducing Forts Jackson and St. Philip. This was also the opinion of Commander Porter, who, nevertheless, was confident that with such a mortar flotilla as was furnished him he could so reduce or impair the works as to render the passage of the steamers practicable. The original navy programme contemplated neither the reduction of the forts in advance nor a mortar flotilla, but the passage of the naval vessels and the capture of the city, when the forts would be compelled to surrender. Flag Officer Farragut took the bold and first decided views of the Department. It was his firm conviction that the naval steamers could run the forts without either reducing or bombarding them, and it was his belief that the passage could be effected, and probably would be, under the fire of their guns, independent of the bomb flotilla. Some vessels would doubtless be crippled, not improbably some would be destroyed; but most, perhaps all, could get above the forts, and when the fleet was between the forts and the city their fall was inevitable.

On the 10th of February the following communication was addressed to Flag Officer Farragut in furtherance of the great object intrusted to him, General Barnard having prepared a memorandum and given us sketches relative to the works

on the Mississippi, procured from the Bureau of United States Engineers:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, February 10, 1862.

Flag Officer D. G. FARRAGUT, U. S. N., commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, Ship Island.

SIR: I enclose to you herewith sketches from the United States Engineer Bureau relative to the works on the Mississippi river; also a memorandum prepared by General Barnard, United States Army, who constructed Fort St. Philip. The most important operation of the war is confided to yourself and your brave associates, and every light possible to obtain should be carefully considered before putting into operation the plan which your judgment dictates.

It is reported that nineteen feet of water can be carried over the bar. If this be true, the frigate Mississippi can be got over without much difficulty. The Colorado draws about twenty-two feet; she lightens one inch to twenty-four tons; her keel is about two feet deep. The frigate Wabash when in New York in 1858 drew, without her spar-deck guns, stores, water casks, tanks, and coal (excepting thirty tons), aft twenty feet four inches, forward sixteen feet, or on an even keel eighteen feet four inches. This would indicate a very easy passage for this noble vessel, and if it be possible to get these two steamers over, and perhaps a sailing vessel also, you will take care to use every exertion to do so. The powerful tugs in the bomb flotilla will afford the necessary pulling power. The tops of these large steamers are from thirty to fifty feet above the fort, and command the parapets and interior completely with howitzers and musketry. The Wachusett at Boston; the Oneida, Richmond, Varuna, and Dakota at New York; and the Iroquois from the West Indies, are ordered to report to you with all practicable despatch, and every gunboat which can be got ready in time will have the same orders. All of the bomb vessels have sailed, and the steamers to accompany them are being prepared with great despatch. It is believed the last will be off by the 16th instant.

Eighteen thousand men are being sent to the Gulf to coöperate in the movements which will give to the arms of the United States full possession of the ports within the limits of your command. You will, however, carry out your instructions with regard to the Mississippi and Mobile without any delay beyond that imposed upon you by your own careful preparation. A division from Ship Island will probably be ready to occupy the forts that will fall into your hands. The Department relies upon your skill to give direction to the powerful force placed at your disposal, and upon your personal character to infuse a hearty coöperation among your officers, free from unworthy jealousies. If successful, you open the way to the sea for the great West, never again to be closed. The Rebellion will be riven in the centre, and the flag to which you have been so faithful will recover its supremacy in every State.

Very respectfully, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES.

When Farragut was first consulted in December, and when he received his or-

ders, the understanding was, as has been stated, that he should be aided by a military force of 10,000 men promised by General McClellan; but Secretary Stanton directed that the military force should be increased to 18,000 men. Of this additional assistance Flag Officer Farragut was first advised in the above communication of February 10, he having received his first orders before the Secretary of War was informed of the expedition, and left Washington and Hampton Roads with the understanding that the military aid would consist of but 10,000 troops.

In both these orders and in all and every communication and consultation which took place, the expedition was considered and treated as a naval expedition, originating in the Navy Department, and commanded by a navy officer, neither the War Department nor the General-in-Chief doing more than furnish the troops to hold what the navy might take. The programme and preliminary arrangements were made by the Navy Department, and the details were carried out by the navy, although the historians represent it as "Butler's expedition to the Gulf," first suggested by the Secretary of War, who on the 28th of January—or 10th, according to Parton, four days before Stanton was Secretary—"suddenly asked" General Butler, "Why can't New Orleans be taken?" When that question is represented to have been put, thousands of men had been for months employed and millions had been expended in preparations to solve that problem.

On the 20th of January, before either Secretary Stanton or General Butler had an intimation on the subject, Flag Officer Farragut received orders from the Secretary of the Navy to "reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you." These orders were literally obeyed three months later, when Flag Officer Farragut on the 25th of April appeared off New Orleans with no military force whatever to aid him, and took possession of the place under the guns of his squadron on the 26th; hoisted the American flag and kept possession until he sent to General Butler to come up with his troops and occupy and govern

the city, which he did several days after, on the 1st of May.

General McClellan, the General in Chief, in his orders to General Butler on the 23d of February, more than a month subsequent to the orders of the Secretary of the Navy to Flag Officer Farragut, says. "It is expected that the navy can reduce the works (St. Philip and Jackson). In that case you will *after their capture* leave a sufficient garrison in them to render them perfectly secure." The works were not reduced, but they fell of necessity after the fleet got above them and the city was captured. This was the first naval programme, modified on the suggestion of Commander Porter and the advice of Generals McClellan and Barnard, who considered a reduction of the forts indispensable. There was no conflict of orders, understanding, or details, between the naval and military branch of the Government or the commanding officers or the forces of either; but not one of the several histories of the war gives a true statement of the case or awards to the navy or the Navy Department the credit which belongs to either.

Farragut, the real commander, chief, and fighting man of the expedition, who passed the forts and captured the city, is, in these histories, made subordinate and second to the General who had been detailed to assist him, who had no plan or programme of his own, who was in no battle, whom the Flag Officer invited up from below and to whom he gave possession of the place; while the Navy Department, which originated, planned, shaped, and directed the whole, and would have been held responsible for it had it proved a failure, is almost wholly ignored, and the credit is given to persons who did not devise it, and were entirely ignorant of it until it was near its consummation. It is but justice to General Butler to say that he has in his place on the floor of Congress declared that the capture of New Orleans was by Farragut and the navy, and not by him and the army. Admiral Farragut, whose high qualities and great and meritorious services all now admire, and which can never be over-estimated, in his letter of December 31, 1864, addressed to a committee of New York merchants who as a testimonial of their esteem and gratitude made him a pecuniary present with

which he purchased a dwelling, says with equal truth and modesty in accepting it: "As to the duties which you speak of that were performed by myself in command of the fleet in the South and Southwest, I have only to say, as I have repeatedly said before, that they were done in obedience to orders from the Department at Washington. I have carried out the views of the Department in accomplishing what I promised to endeavor to do."

The Confederate authorities at Richmond, who believed the lower defences of the river impregnable, were astonished with the intelligence that the forts had been passed and New Orleans had fallen. They had not anticipated a naval attack, nor believed in the possibility of naval success if an attack were made. The preparations for the expedition, which commenced in November, had been carried forward for four months without creating alarm or exciting in that quarter suspicion. Not until the latter part of March did the rebel General Lovell, in command of the city, entertain apprehensions of the impending blow. Even then the Confederate Government at Richmond, as well as Beauregard at Corinth, were wholly incredulous and deaf to his appeals. Their attention and efforts were in the opposite direction, where General Halleck and others were organized for a descent from the north. A few brief extracts from the official report of General Lovell, written on the 22d of May, a month after the passing of the forts, opens to us the true condition of affairs as they existed prior to and at the time of the capture of the city. He says: "I applied to Richmond, Pensacola, and other points for some 10-inch columbiads and sea-coast mortars, which I considered necessary to the defence of the lower river, but none could be spared; the general impression being that New Orleans would not be attacked by the river. . . . The forts had seventy-five or eighty guns that could be brought successively to bear on the river, were manned by garrisons of well-trained artillerists, affording a double relief to each gun, and commanded by officers who had no superiors in any service. . . . The general impression of all those to whom I applied was, that the largest guns should be placed above New Orleans, not below, although I had notified the Department on the 22d of March that in my

judgment the fleet only awaited the arrival of the mortar vessels to attempt to pass up the river from below. . . . Every Confederate soldier in New Orleans, with the exception of one company, had been ordered to Corinth, to join General Beauregard in March. . . . The fourteen vessels of Montgomery river defence expedition had been ordered by the Department, when completed, to be sent up to Memphis and Fort Pillow; but believing the danger of attack from below, I detained six of them at New Orleans, of which change the Department was fully advised. . . . When the Secretary of the Navy ordered the steamer Louisiana to be sent also up the river, I protested, through the War Department, being satisfied that we required more heavy guns below. . . . A few moments after the attack commenced, and the enemy succeeded in passing with fourteen ships, as described in General Duncan's report, and the battle of New Orleans as against ships of war was over. . . . The battle for the defence of New Orleans was fought and lost at Forts Jackson and St. Philip." The apprehensions of General Lovell were first excited, as Farragut apprehended they would be, by the mortar flotilla. He at once commenced preparations for defence from a naval attack, and made appeals to his superiors for assistance to avert the threatened danger so soon as he learned that the mortar fleet had reached Key West. This was what Farragut would have avoided by dispensing with the mortar fleet. The bombardment would, in his opinion, inflict less injury than we supposed, while such a fleet would impede his movements, excite suspicion, arouse vigilance, and lead to preparations for a more formidable defence.

But, finding the matter had been decided upon before he was selected or consulted, he acquiesced in that part of the programme, gave the mortar fleet place and opportunity, and generously awarded the flotilla credit for its power, and the energy and skill with which the mortars were served. Their fire through six days was tremendous, but did less injury to the forts and inflicted less loss of life than seemed possible after such a fire as they endured. Fort St. Philip was scarcely damaged, and Fort Jackson, which sustained the principal assault, was, notwithstanding the barracks were burned, about as formidable at

the close as at the commencement. General Duncan, who was in command of the defences, admits his men were demoralised after Farragut and the naval vessels had passed the forts, but wrote on the 27th of April, before the forts were surrendered: 'We are just as capable of repelling the enemy to-day as we were before the bombardment.'

There can be no doubt that the tactics of Farragut were correct; that the mortar fleet was, as he apprehended, a warning to the enemy, and that it to some extent embarrassed his operations. That division of his force, however, if it did not accomplish all that was promised and expected, was well commanded, and the mortars were well served. Probably no equal number of mortars ever expended a greater amount of ammunition and shells in the same space of time, or fired more accurately, but as regards the fire of the enemy and their power of resistance the bombardment was ineffectual. But Farragut was resolved that this part of the programme, which was not of his advisement, should have full scope and full opportunity to display its power, and, if possible, destroy or impair the works. He therefore suspended his movements for six days; gave Commander Porter, with the mortars, not only the forty-eight hours which were represented to be sufficient to demolish or render untenable the forts, but twice and thrice that number of hours to do the work. At length, after a tremendous bombardment of six days, when the men were overcome with fatigue, and the ammunition and shells of the mortar flotilla were nearly expended without seriously diminishing the enemy's fire, Flag Officer Farragut put in execution his own bold plan, which was also the original programme of the Navy Department, and passed the forts "under a most terrific fire," says Commander Porter, who witnessed it from below. "Such a fire I imagine the world has rarely seen," said Farragut. Had the works been seriously damaged, this could hardly have been the case. Captain Bailey, second in command, states that "the mortar fleet had been playing upon the forts for six days and nights without perceptibly diminishing their fire"; in fact, the enemy was "daily adding to his defences" during the entire bombardment. That Commander Porter did not succeed, as he promised and expected, in reducing

the forts in forty-eight hours, was not owing to any want of energy, courage, or perseverance on his part and that of his gallant associates, but to an error of judgment and misconception of the effects of shells falling upon a casemate fort.

In the end such a fort must undoubtedly yield to a continued bombardment, but not in forty-eight hours, nor in one hundred and forty-four hours, as was demonstrated to the satisfaction of every officer in the squadron. During those six days, the rebel naval defences, the ironclads, the fire rafts, the rams and obstructions which really constituted the peril to Farragut's fleet, were increased by every hour's delay. The enemy improved the time from the arrival of the first mortar boat at Key West in augmenting his defences. That arrival indicated the plan of attack; he took alarm, commenced preparations, and then and through the six days of bombardment he was stimulated to his utmost energies to resist the advance of the squadron. Commander Porter says in his official report, after one hundred and forty-four hours of incessant fire from the mortars, the enemy was "daily adding to his defence and strengthening his naval forces with iron-clad batteries." This was what Flag Officer Farragut, with keen professional sagacity, had predicted; but the veteran hero, in deference to others, to the policy adopted, and to the extraordinary efforts of the Department, which had got up the mortar flotilla on the recommendation of Commander Porter and the army officers, submitted to the delay, although it added to the difficulties he was to encounter. With a generosity characteristic of the man, he, after the assault was over, abstained from any censure or reflection on those who differed with him and had caused a deviation from the original naval programme, which he pronounced, and which the result proved, was correct. If he could not commend the mortar scheme for such a work as was given him, he forbore from any public condemnation of it in his official reports. He spoke of the "tremendous fire" on the forts "from the mortars," remarked that "Commander Porter most gallantly bombarded them"; but while the mortars failed to seriously impair the defences, Flag Officer Farragut is studiously careful not to say, as did the second officer in command, it was "with-

out perceptibly diminishing their fire." He knew the fact, but from delicacy would not proclaim it. The result was sufficient; the problem of running the forts and the effect of bombarding them was solved. The lesson in the Mississippi and at Port Royal and Hatteras teaches that as against naval steamers forts are useless, unless connected with some system of obstruction, and that their passage will never be attended with much risk or danger.

The official report of Commander Porter, made to the Secretary of the Navy direct, instead of the Flag Officer, represented the injuries by the bombardment as much more effective than is admitted by Generals Lovell and Duncun, and as was testified by the terrific fire of the forts when the fleet passed up. The reports of the Confederate generals, which correct some apparent discrepancies that could not at the time be reconciled, did not come into my hands until after the close of the rebellion. There was an alleged inconsistency in the representation that the defences were seriously impaired with the fact that there was a "terrific fire," tremendous and unabated, when the passage was finally made. While Flag Officer Farragut was conscious that his tactics and professional talents and sagacity were fully vindicated by what had been done, and what had failed to be done, he was not stinted in his award of credit to the brave men who had been employed in the mortar service, but gave to every man the honor he earned.

In his official report of April 30th, Commander Porter says: "On the 23d I urged Flag Officer Farragut to commence the attack with the ships, as I feared the mortars would not hold out, the men were almost overcome with fatigue, and our supply ships lay a good way off." Had this report been made, as is usual and as regulations require, to the Flag Officer instead of the Department, this statement would never have appeared. Those of us who knew the facts, the feelings and views of Farragut, his dauntless courage and iron will when once engaged, his desire to dispense with the mortar flotilla which embarrassed his movements and restrained his prompt, impulsive action, any statement that he delayed, or which conveys the impression that he hesitated at the critical moment to execute his own plan, had little effect. He needed no

urging from any one to move—certainly not from one who from the first had advised that the forts should be reduced before the passage of the fleet was attempted. It would be reversing the position, plan, and tactics of the Flag Officer and the commander of the mortar fleet.

In justice to Farragut and to truth, I think it proper here to present the advice and proposition which Commander Porter submitted preceding the attack and the passage of the forts: "In my opinion there are two methods of attack: one is for the vessels to run the gauntlet of the batteries by night, or in a fog; the other, to attack the forts by laying the big ships close alongside of them, avoiding the casemates, firing shells, grape, and canister into the barbette, clearing the ramparts with boat guns from the tops, while the smaller and more agile vessels throw in shrapnel at shrapnel distance, clearing the parapets and dismounting the guns in barbette. The large ships should anchor with forty-five fathoms of chain with slip-ropes; the smaller vessels to keep under way, and be constantly moving about, some to get above, and open a cross fire; the mortars to keep up a rapid and continuous fire, and to move up to a shorter range. The objections to running by the forts are these: It is not likely that any intelligent enemy would fail to place chain across above the forts, and raise such batteries as would protect them against our ships. Did we run the forts we should leave an enemy in our rear, and the mortar vessels would have to be left behind. We could not return to bring them up without going through a heavy and destructive fire. If the forts are run, part of the mortars should be towed along, which would render the progress of the vessels slow, against the strong current at that point. If the forts are first captured, the moral effect would be to close the batteries on the river and open the way to New Orleans; whereas if we don't succeed in taking them, we will have to fight our way up the river. Once having possession of the forts, New Orleans would be hermetically sealed, and we could repair damages and go up on our own terms and in our own time."

Flag Officer Farragut's order of battle, which is among the published documents relating to the passage of the forts and the battle itself, shows that he adopted

none of these suggestions. He did not yield to the advice that "the large ships should anchor with forty-five fathoms of chain," "the smaller vessels to be continually moving about," nor did he deem it expedient that "part of the mortar vessels should be towed along" when he passed the forts, nor did he "return to bring them up." His tactics, or mode, as he expresses it, were of a bolder, more audacious, and wholly different character. He left the mortar vessels behind him as an incumbrance, anchored no vessels, but dashed on amid flame and smoke, danger and death, under a terrific fire such as the world has seldom witnessed, and performed one of the most wonderful and daring achievements recorded in history.

Commander Porter beheld from below this terrible but successful performance of his chief, who cast aside all the schemes and advice which had been tendered him for reducing the forts and opening the way for his ships without encountering what appeared to less resolute minds destruction and death. After witnessing the great success, which was in total disregard of his propositions, and after hearing that New Orleans was captured by his triumphant chief, Commander Porter wrote the Navy Department that he urged the Flag Officer to make the attack on the 23d. Ten days later he wrote an unofficial letter to the Assistant Secretary, reiterating the statement that he had urged the Flag Officer to make the attack, but requested that the statement might be suppressed in the published documents. The Department declined to mutilate and change the record, and omit a statement the truth of which was deliberately and secretly reaffirmed by the author.

Farragut, who was as generous and forgiving as he was brave and resolute, saw with less surprise than regret the extraordinary statement of Commander Porter. He had no apprehensions, however, that the truth would not ultimately appear. The Department and all familiar with the expedition, he said, were aware of his views and tactics from the beginning; that he had never believed in reducing the forts before passing them, or anchoring his vessels in the attack, and was entirely opposed to the mortar flotilla which Commander Porter and the army officers had so much at heart, and which the Department on their recommendation had adopted as indispensable.

In a letter to me on this and other subjects at a later period he said: "I was ordered to Washington, when the Department informed me I should have all the vessels I desired and many more, including a number of mortar boats. To this I replied I did not want the *latter*, as they would be more in my way than otherwise, as I felt satisfied they would be an impediment in my mode of attack. I presume this was the origin of my supposed opposition to the mortar boats. But as the Department seemed to think they were indispensable and had provided gunboats to tow and protect them in every emergency, I made no further objection."

It is not part of my present purpose to enter upon or narrate the battles and incidents of the expedition. These have been elsewhere related in the official reports of the officers themselves. But the capture of the city was not the conclusion of the expedition nor the completion of Flag Officer Farragut's instructions.

It will be recollected that the orders of the Secretary of the Navy of the 20th of January directed him after the capture of New Orleans: "If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong force up the river to take all their defences in the rear." This was an important part of the programme and of his original orders. In pursuance of them, Flag Officer Farragut, immediately after taking the city, sent forward a detachment of seven vessels up the river under Captain Craven, to obtain possession of the intermediate places between him and the flotilla from Cairo, which, with the army, was by arrangement to descend the Mississippi, and meet and form a junction with the naval force from the Gulf. On the 7th of May, Commander James S. Palmer, in the steamer Iroquois, appeared off Baton Rouge, and was followed by Flag Officer Farragut himself and a military force on the 10th. The place surrendered, as did Natchez, Port Hudson, and Grand Gulf, soon after, and indeed every intermediate place on the river except Vicksburg, to which Commander S. P. Lee had been sent in advance in the Oneida. This place, in consequence of its elevated site, made a large coöperating military force necessary to take possession of and occupy the works.

To give the details of the harassing river conflicts and the many perplexities

and disappointments which, in consequence of inadequate military support, attended the naval operations in the Mississippi, is not here essential. The expected army aid from the north totally failed to meet the ascending squadron, although the steamers from Cairo under Flag Officer Davis, the successor of the heroic Foote, met and formed a junction with the vessels from the Gulf squadron. In all respects and in every particular, both the Gulf squadron and the Mississippi flotilla performed their parts and did all that the Navy Department had promised, or the Government required or expected, to carry out the original programme. For two months after the capture of New Orleans, Flag Officer Farragut remained on protracted and unpleasant duty on the river at or near Vicksburg, waiting the promised approach of an army from the north. But he waited in vain. One or two brief extracts from his patient, uncomplaining letters indicate the character of the man and the actual condition of affairs :

FLAGSHIP HARTFORD, ABOVE VICKSBURG, }
June 28, 1862.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

SIR : I passed up the river this morning, but to no purpose ; the enemy leave their guns for the moment, but return to them as soon as we have passed and rake us. . . .

I am satisfied it is not possible for us to take Vicksburg without an army force of 12,000 or 15,000 men. General Van Dorn's division is here, and lies safely behind the hills. The water is too low for me to go over twelve or fifteen miles above Vicksburg.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. FARRAGUT.

On the 6th of July he wrote me from "above Vicksburg" : "I have to inform you that we are still at this place, bombarding it by the mortars from both sides of the peninsula. . . . I received a telegram yesterday from General Halleck (a copy of it is herewith enclosed), by which it appears that he will not be able to coöperate with us for some weeks yet."

The following is the telegram from General Halleck referred to in the above extract :

UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH, }
MEMPHIS, July 3, 1862. }

[By Telegraph from Corinth.]

Flag Officer FARRAGUT, commanding United States flotilla in the Mississippi.

The scattered and weakened condition of my forces renders it impossible for me at the present

to detach any troops to coöperate with you on Vicksburg. Probably I shall be able to do so as soon as I can get my troops more concentrated ; this may delay the clearing of the river, but its accomplishment will be certain in a few weeks.

Allow me to congratulate you on your great success.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

The troops were never so concentrated under General Halleck as to coöperate with the navy at Vicksburg. From causes which it is unnecessary here to relate, there was a total failure on the part of the army to carry out and complete their part of the original programme of the New Orleans and Mississippi expedition. A year's delay, with much national depression and great loss to the country, was the consequence.

When finally informed of the inability of the army to carry out their part of the campaign, I, in view of the subsiding of the waters in the Mississippi, which endangered the safety of the vessels, the sickly climate, and the necessity of operations elsewhere, wrote Flag Officer Farragut a communication from which I make the following extracts :

NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 14, 1862.

Flag Officer D. G. FARRAGUT, commanding, etc., near Vicksburg, Miss.

SIR : The evacuation of Corinth has much lessened the importance of your continuing your operations on the Mississippi. The army has failed to furnish the necessary troops for the capture of Vicksburg, and has not at present, it is represented, an available force to send there to coöperate with you in its capture. . . .

All proper measures should be adopted to get the part of your fleet now above Vicksburg below that place, with as little injury and loss of life as possible.

Nothing is to be gained by a contest with the batteries of the enemy. . . .

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELLES.

On the 29th of July Flag Officer Farragut wrote me from New Orleans :

FLAGSHIP HARTFORD, NEW ORLEANS, }
July 29, 1862. }

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

SIR : I am happy to inform the Department that I arrived here yesterday about noon with the ships Brooklyn, Richmond, and Hartford, and gunboats Pinola and Kennebec, the other gunboats, excepting the Katahdin and Kineo, left at Baton Rouge for the protection of the troops, having preceded me.

On the 20th instant I received the order of the Department to drop the ships down the river, and not to risk them before the batteries more than possible. The river had fallen very much,

and my anxiety was great that I should not be able to get the large ships down. . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag Officer commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Further military operations in the direction of Vicksburg were for the season suspended, not, however, through any defect in the original programme, or any mismanagement or failure on the part of the navy or the Navy Department. Flag Officer Farragut did all that was required of him, all that he promised to do, and more than was believed by many possible for him to accomplish. If the country did not gain possession of Vicksburg or capture Mobile in 1862, it was through no fault or failure of the Navy Department or of the naval commander, who was ready at all times to meet and coöperate with the army for that purpose.

The War Department, after the reverses before Richmond in the summer of 1862, became paralyzed and appeared for a time to lose interest in the Mississippi movement. Its attention was more earnestly engaged elsewhere. But the Navy Department was unwilling to relinquish the advantages it had gained, even after General Halleck's despatch from Corinth, followed by its own orders for the vessels to drop below Vicksburg. In these views of the Department Flag Officer Farragut participated, and after descending the river he lingered for some days in the lower Mississippi.

Before leaving Vicksburg for New Orleans, he made arrangements for Commodore William D. Porter to remain with the iron-clad steamers *Essex* and *Sumter*, of the Mississippi flotilla, below Vicksburg, to keep open the navigation of the river and coöperate with any military force, should any be sent. Commodore William D. Porter was a brother of Commander David D. Porter, with whom he is often confounded, and brother-in-law of Admiral Farragut, they having married sisters. He was a man of undaunted courage, and had distinguished himself under Flag Officer Foote on the Western waters, particularly at Forts Henry, Columbus, and other places, at the former of which he sustained severe injuries. On the 16th of July the rebel iron-clad ram *Arkansas*, a formidable vessel, came out of the Yazoo, and, dashing through the fleet which lay at anchor with low fires,

wholly unprepared, she inflicted some damage on the vessels, and hastened to take refuge under the guns of Vicksburg. A gallant attempt was made on the 22d of July by Commodore W. D. Porter to destroy her under the fire of the rebel batteries, but not succeeding, he then ran down with his vessels to Flag Officer Farragut's command. A rebel force, under General Breckinridge, made an assault on Baton Rouge a few days after, and the *Arkansas* left Vicksburg to assist in the attack, but was met by Commodore W. D. Porter in the *Essex*, run ashore, and destroyed. The destruction of this formidable monster gave great satisfaction to the service and the country. Flag Officer Farragut wrote the Department:

FLAGSHIP HARTFORD, BATON ROUGE, }
August 7, 1862. }

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: It is one of the happiest moments of my life that I am enabled to inform the Department of the destruction of the ram *Arkansas*; not because I held the ironclad in such terror, but because the community did. . . . I arrived here to-day at 12 M., in company with the *Brooklyn*, *Westfield*, *Clifton*, *Jackson*, and *Scioto*. I had sent up the *Clifton* before. . . . I will leave a sufficient force of gunboats here to support the army, and will return to-morrow to New Orleans and depart immediately for Ship Island with a light heart that I have left no bugbear to torment the communities of the Mississippi in my absence.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. FARRAGUT, Flag Officer.

Foreseeing the disastrous consequences which must result from an abandonment of the advantages which the navy had obtained on the Mississippi, and that the rebels would hasten to fortify and strengthen themselves at Vicksburg and other places where they were then weak, thereby interrupting the navigation of the river, and keeping open their communication with Texas, from whence they derived immense supplies, I urged decisive measures, and finally on the 29th of July addressed the Secretary of War a letter on the subject, from which I make the following extracts:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 29, 1862
Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SIR: . . . The long detention of so large a naval force before Vicksburg, in consequence of the absence of a sufficient land force to coöperate with the navy in taking and holding the place, is, I am aware, a source of regret to you as well as to myself.

It is a pressing necessity that so important a

place should not be held by the rebels. While it is in their possession it not only interrupts navigation and keeps our squadron unemployed, but impairs its efficiency in cutting off communication and transportation of stores and troops to sustain the enemy. . . . We cannot have a rigid river police and effective interdiction between the opposite shores while Vicksburg remains an obstacle to prevent or at least retard operations. I would invite especial attention to the remarks in relation to General Williams and his force, and the opinion expressed that he can go anywhere thirty miles into the interior below Vicksburg, and, supported by the gunboats, destroy the enemy's stores, capture the cattle they have grazing, and be instrumental in keeping open the river.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELLES.

Frequent personal interviews took place and were wasted in vain efforts to procure military coöperation to carry out to full consummation the programme of the campaign in conformity with the original understanding. These interviews need not be more particularly specified, but the documents on file in the departments, from which brief extracts are given, verify the statements which are made.

Unquestionably, the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, with the capture of New Orleans, was not only the most important of the three naval expeditions commenced the first year of the rebellion, but was the memorable event of the war. It was a blow at the heart of the Confederacy when in its full vigor and strength, before the rebels had become enfeebled and exhausted—a blow from which they never recovered. In that great achievement Farragut stands out the grand, imposing figure, and his high, heroic daring, and the tact and ability he displayed as a commander, will make him, when the true history of the war is written, conspicuous beyond others through all time. Attempts have been made to award honors that are justly his to others, and by some to appropriate to themselves credit which belongs to him.

I have here related the essential facts of the origin and command of the three important expeditions instituted by the Navy Department in the first year of the war, and especially of that memorable one where the great naval chief earned the honors which placed him at the head of the Navy. Of subsequent daring and scarcely less important services at Grand Gulf and Port Hudson in 1863, and Mobile in 1864—at which last place he was

neither aided nor incumbered by mortar flotillas, but where on each occasion he exhibited those remarkable qualities which distinguish and exemplify the great commander—I have not made mention. They must be reserved for another occasion.

It is to be regretted that the last days of this brave, truthful, amiable, and exemplary man, for whom his countrymen had, and always will retain, a deep and abiding affection and regard, should have been subjected to petty annoyances from a few who were envious of his fame, or incapable of doing him justice. Although honored and loved by his countrymen and at the head of the navy, he does not appear to have had the confidence of those who administered its affairs for the last eighteen months of his life, or to have been consulted in matters which personally and officially interested and legitimately belonged to him as naval chief. Great changes were made in the service without his knowledge and against his judgment. He was compelled to receive orders which notoriously emanated from one of inferior rank. The office of Admiral, which Congress had created for him in acknowledgment of his distinguished and unequalled services, was, he saw, destined by favoritism to pass to another. In various ways ignoble and ungenerous minds hastened to mortify the great and unassuming naval chief. In derogation of his real rank and position as chief and head of the navy, he was made Port Admiral or usher, to wait upon and receive naval officers at New York, an employment which self-respect and regard for the navy compelled him to decline. Among other indignities was that of ordering the uniform and the flag of Admiral which he had adopted when the Government created and conferred on him the office to be changed, and substituting therefor a different uniform and another flag, wholly unlike the coat he wore, and unlike the symbol of rank which was identified with him, and from the time the office was created had floated above him. Farragut would neither change his coat nor permit the tawdry substitute for the Admiral flag to wave over him. On his special, personal application, which he felt humiliated to make, the Secretary of the Navy permitted him to be spared these indignities during his life, but it was with the knowledge that the flag which he had earned—the

emblem he had chosen and prescribed as the symbol of highest naval rank—was to be buried with him. It would be painful to dwell on the many annoyances to which this brave and noble officer was subjected during the last few months of his existence.

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave."

The people throughout the Union mourned the death of the good Admiral. Thousands from the surrounding country crowded around his bier at Portsmouth, but high official dignitaries were not there. Neglect of the remains of the great naval chief and of his family marked the close. The expenses of his funeral, which was necessarily public at Portsmouth, where he died, were borne by his widow, who has never been remunerated or noticed by the Government. She, who fled with him from her home and native State, became with him an exile and shared his fortune and privations in a simple hired cottage on the Hudson, now lives in a house purchased with the funds contributed by a few private citizens of New York in grateful acknowledgment for his heroic and patriotic services. Those services were unsurpassed, and the personal perils he encountered were unequalled by those of any military or naval commander. He was exposed to greater dangers in many battles than any general officer in the field, but when he died his pay died with him. His widow has received no recognition or pension. Most naval officers studiously prepared and presented their prize claims, and some have been enriched with large amounts of prize money. Farragut, in his unselfish patriotism, which called out all his energies and all his time, was neglectful of self and fortune. He never received a dollar of prize money for the conquest of New Orleans, where more extensive captures were made than in any battle of the war. In the day and period when these events took place, Congress and his grateful countrymen cheerfully awarded him their highest honors, but official slight and neglect attended his last days. Notwith-

standing official neglect, the American people revere the memory of one of the most truthful, heroic, exemplary, unselfish and devoted patriots the country ever had in its service, and gratefully remember his many signal achievements.

The people of New York adopted Farragut, who came among them to abide the fortunes of the republic. They respected and honored him as first among our heroes while living, and forgetting all differences united in a public demonstration of mournful regard on the reception of his remains, which were brought from Portsmouth for interment. The municipal government of the metropolis gave the great naval chief what the national Government did not, a public funeral. Many of the high dignitaries whose previous neglect had called out expressions of popular disapproval followed in the train on this occasion, and did homage to the man and hero.

It is but a simple duty to Farragut, Du Pont, and Stringham, that their position and their acts in these memorable expeditions, which they respectively commanded, should be rightly recorded; and, in the same connection, the truth in regard to the origin of each of those enterprises should appear. Had either of them failed, the Navy Department, which projected them, but has received little or no credit for either, would have been held responsible and blamed. But slight of the navy and abuse of the Navy Department were not unusual with partisan writers of the period. Many of the events of that day are misstated and the actors in them wronged and misrepresented. They will, perhaps, never be correctly understood; for besides the Rebellion, which broke up old associations, and aside from interested personal motives which influenced many, there were party and personal animosities and friendships to warp the minds and bias the judgments of most of the writers, who hastened to publish their own partialities and prejudices, which they denominate histories of those occurrences and those times.

GIDEON WELLES.

*all honor to Gideon Welles!
as the Naval Secretary and
for his noble tribute
in the movie Journal!!*

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER ?

By MRS. EDWARDS, Author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALL THE FAULT OF THE CHAMPAGNE.

YES, Jane has taken champagne enough to be—I had almost written to feel—in spirits; three or four glasses perhaps, not as much as Mrs. Coventry Brown would take at a ball or dinner party, but sufficient in the open air, and in Jane's highstrung mood of mind and body, to affect her potently.

But her pain, though deadened, is with her throughout the day. She attends, or has the air of attending, with interest to the races; under good advice "hedged" so that if scarlet and blue is second for the cup she gets a dozen pairs of gloves from Dolly Standish, and if scarlet and blue wins three dozen pairs from the Duke of Malta, while if scarlet and blue is nowhere she wins gloves, more than she can count, from everybody. Her smiles are given to all the different competitors who surround her as lavishly as her bets are made. Never in her life has Jane Theobald looked fairer; never has her beauty received more open homage from men; never have outside feminine victims been more justified probably in pronouncing her vain, fast, unvisitable.

And still through it all, through the flattery and excitement, through the noise and glare and intoxication of it all, her pain is with her still. She knows by keenest instinct, although her eyes cannot follow his movements, that Theobald remains constantly by Lady Rose, and her heart grows deader and deader. Almost, I think, might the Chalkshire world hold her sins expiated could they but fathom what this vain, fast, unvisitable woman suffers.

Theobald remains constantly by Lady Rose, not so much from any irresistible predilection for Lady Rose's society as from the fact that it is less disagreeable to him to sit still in a luxurious carriage than to walk about under the broiling sun, and in the dirt, heat, and discomfort of the race course. Horse-racing, or at all events Chalkshire horse-racing, is a form

of gambling Francis Theobald little affects; and—could Jane but know and understand—he really finds it a sufficiently difficult matter to get through all this glare and din and dust with even a decent outward show of interest. Lady Rose, who, more years ago than she cares to remember, learned every turn of his face, every tone of his voice by heart, knows that he is bored, better perhaps than he knows it himself; and a good hour and a half before the race programme is over declares herself worn out by the heat and fatigue of the day, and ready to go.

"Our train starts at five-thirty, does it not?" she remarks carelessly, and addressing Colonel Desmond, who is standing on the other side of the carriage looking over a Lilliputian betting-book with Miss Childers. "You know you have promised to be Bradshaw for the occasion. Five-thirty. Well, if we start for The Folly now we shall not have too much time for getting clean and having tea before we begin our journey. What do you say?" and she turns to Jane's husband. "Have you had dust and shouting and heat enough for one day, Mr. Theobald?"

About a fortnight ago, it may be remembered, on a starlight night when a certain diamond ring sparkled on The Folly terrace, Lady Rose won a half-jesting promise from Theobald that he would join the yachting party of Lord Barty Beaudesert at Cowes. Without any formal renewal of the subject since, it has grown to be a tacitly understood thing between them that the jest has become earnest. But the details of the plan have remained, have been purposely allowed by Lady Rose to remain in obscurity.

"Mr. Theobald doesn't understand what you are talking about, Rose," remarks Loo Childers, who, among other duties of friendship, perfectly understands that of supplying the cue or "leading up" to a desired subject upon occasion. "It was only this morning, you know, that you and the Duke settled it all."

"Of course—after getting Barty's telegram. What a vile memory mine is,"

cries Lady Rose. "One of the many symptoms, I'm afraid, of approaching age. Yes, you are going to be carried forcibly away to the Isle of Wight to-night," and she looks again at Theobald. "A case of 'novel and determined abduction' for the newspapers."

And then Lady Rose enters into explanations. After Mr. Theobald had left The Folly this morning a telegram arrived from Barty to say that some great amateur boat-race was to take place to-morrow off Cowes—any number of thousand pounds a side, all London coming down, great excitement of the season—and an immediate adjournment from Chalkshire to the Isle of Wight had been voted by everybody.

"You, as one of the household, included, Mr. Theobald," cries Loo Childers. "I made myself your proxy, and gave a plumper for you on the spot. Now it's no use for you to struggle," adds Loo, looking at him bewitchingly, and Loo can look very bewitchingly at any man when she likes. "We are all going off together this evening. Colonel Desmond, the Duke, Rose, and I, and you. And don't we mean to enjoy ourselves!"

Theobald answers with promptness and decision that it is impossible. He would be delighted, as far as inclination goes, but it is impossible. He is going with his wife to the Liddington race ball to-night.

"Why, I thought your taste for balls met with a sudden death seven years ago?" remarks Lady Rose. "I thought you avoided all those sorts of festivities on principle."

"Jenny does not avoid them," is Mr. Theobald's quiet answer, given in the tone of a man whose mind is not to be shaken.

"Ah, then I am dumb." A just perceptible change of color comes over Lady Rose's face. "The duties of a chaperon before everything. I must confess, for my own part, the prospect of not going to the Liddington ball is about the pleasantest part of our pleasant little programme. I shall think of you just about midnight, Mr. Theobald. Whatever else we are doing, we are pretty sure to be cool and out-of-doors. And I shall think of you *enjoying* yourself among all the crowded fashion and beauty of the Liddington town hall."

But she urges the point no more. Lady

Rose understands the principles of social strategy too well to urge anything upon an indolent man like Francis Theobald. Why, sooner than be put to the trouble of resisting, he would likelier than not take flight at once, and find shelter at his wife's side during the remainder of the day.

Lady Rose urges nothing, only when the horses are in her carriage proposes that Mr. Theobald shall drive with herself and Miss Childers as far as Beaudesert. Colonel Desmond, who has bets on the next race, has arranged to return somewhat later on the dog-cart with the Duke. Will Mr. Theobald take pity on her and Loo in their forsaken condition, and be their escort home?

"You are half my guest still," she pleads—one of Lady Rose's greatest gifts is her pleading power—"so I think I have the least little right to throw myself on your compassion."

Well, Francis Theobald, though rigid, as I have shown, when principle is at stake, is not absolutely unassailable on all points. And in judging of his weakness at this particular moment—a critical moment, did he but know it, in his history—we should bear in mind that he is really bored, to extinction in his mild way, by the Chalkshire races; tempted to say "Yes" to any proposal that shall involve instant quiet, cleanliness, and cooler air.

"The dog-cart can take you back to Theobalds as soon as Arthur and Colonel Desmond return," says Lady Rose, watching his face. "But of course you must first go and see if Mrs. Theobald can spare you. Loo and I will wait in anxious expectation till your return."

And accordingly, some two hours having elapsed since he left it, Theobald again makes his way to the hack sociable, and after a little patient waiting, *quæse* fashion, among the crowd of young men who surround Jane and her sister, secures his place once more by his wife's side.

"Well, Jenny, my dear, how are you getting on? Won plenty of gloves, Min, I hope?" This in friendly greeting to his sister-in-law. "I just came round to see when you will be thinking of going, Jane."

"Whenever you like to have the horses put in we shall be ready," Jane answers with cold politeness.

"Oh, don't think of me. As long as you and Min are amused, stay. I—the

fact is," Mr. Theobald lowers his voice so that only his wife can hear it, "the fact is, I forgot to bring my portmanteau away this morning, Jane, and as Lady Rose has offered to drive me back to The Folly now, I think I may as well be off. I shall come over on the dog-cart to Theobalds afterwards; but if you don't like me to leave you——"

"Like!" interrupts Jane—very low, very well-contained is her voice, but a look of hatred, yes, of hatred, flashes upon him from her blue eyes. "And how do you suppose it can possibly matter to me whether you leave us here or not? Do you think we could not find plenty of people to take care of us and see us home too, if we wanted them?"

"I am quite sure you could," says Theobald, and he gives a glance at Min, who is at this moment holding a lively discussion with Dolly Standish and other youngsters of the regiment on some point presumably connected with horse-racing; a discussion in which everybody seems to speak at once, and of which the predominant tone can only be accurately described by the word "loud."

Dolly Standish and his friends have evidently taken as much champagne as their modest allowance of brains can stand; poor Min is decidedly more rosy in the face, more noisy in her accents, than is compatible with the strictest refinement.

"I am quite sure you and your sister could, under any circumstances, find plenty of people to take care of you," repeats Mr. Theobald.

The tone of his voice rather than the words themselves, the tone and a certain expression in the glance he gives Miss Arundel, cause all Jane's hardly pent-up passion to overflow.

"Lucky for us that we can," she retorts bitterly. "I don't know how it may be for ladies, of course. Outsiders like Min and me do well to accept whatever attention comes to us."

A hot flush mounts over Francis Theobald's face. Since the renewal of his acquaintance with Lady Rose Golightly the remembrance of Jane's lowly antecedents and connections has galled him more times than one. And the sight of her at this moment at poor, happy, unconscious Min's side, the audacity with which she utters that unpleasant word "outsiders," ably

second the work that the influence of old "refined" associations has begun.

"You are a fool, Jane, and by God you'll live to repent your folly! If you have no self-respect, have the goodness to remember, please, that you owe something to me."

This is in a whisper. From the proximity of the two heads the world might really be justified in thinking that Theobald was committing that worst solecism in manners—a flirtation with his own wife.

"What I owe to you? Oh, I like that." Jane laughs, not a pleasant laugh to hear. "Surely you don't want a scene of powerful domestic interest before such an audience as this, do you?"

"I wish, once and for all, that you would drop your theatrical expressions," is Mr. Theobald's answer. "Do remember, if you can, Jane, that you have done with the sawdust and the footlights now."

"And suppose I have not done with them? But why waste time with any more of this senseless talk? If you are not interested in the races, I am. Captain Brabazon," turning pointedly away from her husband, "will you lend me your card? Some one has stolen mine, and I can't remember whether I have taken odds or evens with Rawdon Crosbie for the Garrison cup. Can you help me?"

Captain Brabazon leans across with his card and explains: two of the "odds" having been stretched and another gone lame, Mrs. Theobald, by every canon of fair and equitable betting, must have taken "evens." Rawdon Crosbie's good sense will show him this without any reference to cards or betting-books.

"Oh! And this is called honor!" cries Jane. "I learn some new meaning of words every day now."

After this whatever Mr. Theobald has to say must be said, whether he likes it or not, before an audience. "Well then, Jane," he remarks after a minute, "if you really think you can return without me, I may as well start. I see Lady Rose's horses won't stand."

"Poor dear things!" says Jane mockingly. "Don't keep them a minute longer than you can help."

"I shall be back in good time to dress. By-the-by, what o'clock do we start for the ball?"

"I've ordered the usual shandrydan at

half-past nine," is Jane's answer. "But why come back at all? Why not go direct from The Folly? It will take you out of your way sadly to come all the way round by Theobalds."

"I had not thought of that. You are sure you would as soon go alone?"

"Oh, quite sure. Do whatever suits yourself best. I shan't expect you till I see you."

A suppressed smile passes over the faces of more than one of the listeners to the connubial colloquy.

"You are a very fashionable couple, upon my word," cries Minnie Arundel. "When I get a husband I know I shall take care how I allow him so much liberty."

And Theobald returns to Lady Rose. Never did her languid, high-bred smile, her thousand refinements of voice and manner strike him with so marked a contrast as at this moment.

"You have got your leave then?" she asks in a whisper when Mr. Theobald has again taken his place in her carriage.

"Yes, I have got my leave," he answers; "leave of a very elastic nature if I like to avail myself of it."

In doubling, to get clear of the crowd, Lady Rose's coachman brings his horses close alongside of the Theobalds' sociable. Just then an old apple-woman gets in the way and is all but run over by the high-stepping grays; a crowd gathers round, with the ever-ready indignation of a British crowd against the bloated aristocracy they worship; the barouche must come to a stand-still. For the space of one minute Lady Rose Golightly and Jane Theobald are separated by at most half a dozen feet.

"Who in the world are those flash-looking people Theobald has picked up?" asks Min of the Duke of Malta.

"Those flash-looking people are my only sister and her most particular friend," answers his Grace with a grin, thinking what a good story he will make afterwards of the actress's mistake.

Jane bursts out laughing. "You have put your foot into it nicely now, Min," she cries; then turns and looks with cool, deliberate steadiness into Lady Rose Golightly's face.

Lady Rose's patrician head bows graciously. (Forgiving creature that she is! Think of bowing at all after that atrocious

note of Mrs. Theobald's.) Jane's slight figure remains upright as a dart. Never was the cut direct given with more uncompromising point and directness. Mr. Theobald, who happens to have his eye-glass in use at the moment, evidently discerns what is going on, for he bends forward and says a word or two, very low in tone, very tender of manner, to his "hostess." Then the crowd separates—for a second the eyes of the two women meet, a look of intolerable triumph is in Lady Rose's—and the barouche sweeps on.

Not again in this world shall the two unequally matched rivals cross each other's path.

More dust and heat and yelling of the crowd, more bets, more flirtation, more champagne. Oh, throbbing, feverish torture of it all, will it never end? It ends at last. Miss Minnie Arundel, with whom, whatever pleasure she may be tasting, business is still paramount, looks suddenly at her watch, and finds to her dismay that she must start at once if she means to catch her train for London and be in time for the first piece to-night.

"Oh, bother the first piece," says the Duke of Malta gracefully. By the time the day has advanced thus far the Duke of Malta never for a moment leaves Jane's carriage. "Nobody ever thinks of being in time for first pieces. Stay over the race ball of course—Mrs. Theobald will bring you—and I'll give you lots of dances." So, whatever the rest of the Beaudesert party may intend, his Grace, it seems, has not formed any definite resolution about going to Cowes to-night. "Manager make a row? Oh, bother the manager!" This is the style of his Grace's vinous talk. "I'll square it all off with him."

"Will you, indeed?" says Min, with a saucy glance at the Duke of Malta's red, half-tipsy face. "I don't think, as matters stand just at present, I should advise you to try the experiment! Rawdon, my dear boy," to Rawdon Crosbie, who is keeping jealous guard over the side of the carriage furthest from the Duke, "if you can find our coachman, and if by any accident our coachman can stand, have the horses put to, and see us through the crowd—there's a good child. I haven't a minute to lose."

Rawdon Crosbie finds out the coachman,

fortunately still able to stand, in a neighboring booth, then mounts the box and escorts the sisters until they are clear of the race course. He would escort them to the railway station and take Mrs. Theobald home, if he were allowed to do so. But Jane says no, and says it peremptorily.

"I have had ferocious looks enough from papa as it is," she tells him, in her usual gay, half-bantering tone, "and shall probably get plenty more from the rest of the family before the day is out. I don't want to add to my crimes by being seen 'philandering' with you all over the country."

"Have you the slightest intention of giving me one dance to-night, Mrs. Theobald? I hardly like to ask after the number I heard you promise to the Duke of Malta."

"Don't you, really? It seems you have grown very modest all at once. Yes, I can promise you just one solitary waltz, Mr. Crosbie—number five if you like. Always supposing," adds Jane cheerfully, "that I am admitted to the ball-room at all! I have got my ticket certainly—as Colonel Mauleverer is a steward, there was no difficulty about that—but how can I tell a regiment of old ladies, with Mesdames Coventry Brown and Pippin for generals, will not be ready to bar my entrance?"

But the moment the carriage drives on, the moment she is alone with her sister, all Jane's forced spirits fall to the ground. She sinks back in the carriage; lets the muscles of her face do what they will with themselves; she looks thirty years old. Despite the too visible wear and tear of the hardest profession in the world, you would think, seeing the sisters for the first time together at this moment, that Miss Minnie Arundel was the younger and happier of the two.

The train is already in sight when they reach the station, the platform is crowded. Only one more minute's hurried talk can they have together before Miss Arundel's departure.

"Min," cries Jane, with a sort of burst, and putting her feverish hand within her sister's arm, "you have seen a little at last of my life—my 'lady's life' we used to talk so grand about. Jolly one, isn't it?"

"It would be a jolly one to me, I know,"

answers Min promptly. "I should say you've just got every single thing a woman could wish for."

"My heart's breaking, Min. On God's earth there doesn't walk a more miserable woman than me."

Something in the tone of her voice makes Min look seriously into Jane's flushed, jaded face. "It's all the fault of the champagne, Jenny. I've felt the same sort of thing scores of times. Champagne *doesn't* do by daylight. Take a soda as soon as you get home, with the tiniest little drop of brandy in it, and then lie down. You'll be right enough long before it's time to dress."

"Sometimes I think I'll cut it, Min—cut my lady's life and get my bread by the work I was brought up to do. Am I too old to go back to the stage, do you think? Looks are the thing, you know, for the ballet-going public, not art. And I haven't lost *them*. With a blond wig and plenty of paint, I might look tolerable in a breakdown still?"

"You'd take the shine out of most of us if you went back to the stage to-morrow, Jenny," cries warm-hearted little Min; "but you would be a fool ever to think of such a thing. With a husband to keep you, and means to bring up the child independent, how can you even talk of toiling and slaving at the old life again for bread?"

"Bread is not everything," says Jane.

"Perhaps not," is Min's answer. "But bread and meat, and a good glass of wine afterwards, and a house to live in, and a child, and a husband, and as many silk dresses as one chooses to buy, are pretty nearly everything, I should say!"

"As many silk dresses as one chooses to buy." Are the women better or worse off, in the main, who can think with poor ignorant Minnie Arundel that this is the very crown and climax of all human prosperity?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOCIETY IN FULL DRESS.

No army of old ladies receives Jane when, four or five hours later, she drives up to the brilliantly-lighted portico of the Liddington assembly rooms: only the pompous head waiter of the town, in his way as "exclusive" a personage as Mrs.

Coventry Brown is in hers, and almost as learned as that great oracle herself, in the awful mysteries of social status and precedents.

"Carriages ordered at two," enunciates the Liddington Jeames, in a voice suited to hired coachmen, to the driver of Jane's shandrydan. "Ladies' cloak-room to the left, madame, two steps down." This, in a tone finely discriminative of the precise amount of condescension required by the occasion, to Jane. In another minute "Mrs. Francis Theobald's" name is shouted forth by waiter number two at the door of the ball-room, and Jane finds herself in the august presence of Chalkshire society in full dress; society, bare-shouldered, short-sleeved, plumed, the feminine predominating over the masculine element in the proportion of about three to one.

It is late. (Till the very last moment Jane waited in her ball-dress and flowers at the hall-door of Theobalds, hoping against hope that Theobald at the eleventh hour would relent and call for her.) The second dance has been danced. Every available cavalier is walking about the ball-room, his partner on his arm. A few old gentlemen stand around the doorway patiently gazing at nothing over each other's bald heads. Knots of ladies, old, young, and middle-aged, white, black, and colored, are everywhere. Jane is alone.

She can never outwardly be awkward; thanks, partly to the liberal gifts of nature, partly to her early professional training in that hardest of all arts to be learnt, the art of standing gracefully at ease. As self-possessed as though she were simply inspecting the house in some interval of the ballet, Jane stands, her fair arms folded in the airiest of attitudes, a composed smile on her lips, and looks about her—her heart beating, till it seems to her all her tulle and laces scarce conceal its beats—upon Chalkshire society taking its pleasure.

Theobald is not here yet, nor any of the party from Beaudesert; neither is Rawdon Crosbie; so much she sees at a glance. But Mrs. Crosbie and Emma, Adonis Hervey, the Pippins, Mrs. Coventry Brown—all the enemy in force are present, and she must stand alone, the cruel cordon of moral quarantine stretched around her, and face them!

Right fearlessly does she do it. Colonel

Mauleverer, with Lady Laurie, the wife of the member, upon his arm, passes her close; and Jane looks exactly one inch above his head. She will recognize no man to-night—promptly she decides on this—she will recognize no man so long as he has a lady on his arm! Captain Brabazon goes by with a Miss Coventry Brown; she sees him not. Presently approach Mrs. Crosbie and Adonis. Mrs. Crosbie's eyes, a little too consciously, seek the further pole; Adonis, from under his heavy lids, gives Jane one of his usual satyr-like glances of admiration. She is calmly, superbly unaware of their existence! Alone, unsupported, not a muscle of her face betraying that she feels her isolation, she stands thus for three or four minutes—stands till the premonitory notes of the next dance set young men at liberty to follow their own inclinations, and place young ladies once more under the sheltering wing of chaperons.

Men are braver—oh, constitutionally braver far than women. But then theirs is courage oftenest of a grand and thrilling and heroic pattern—courage that the world hears of. Under the small lessons read to them by their sisters, I think women are called upon to show endurance, dumbly, that men know nothing of. What man, undeserving of obloquy, ever went through a five minutes', or a five seconds', ordeal like unto this?

Aspirant partners throng round Jane eagerly. If a common, ball-room triumph were all the success she coveted, she might have it, cheaply enough. But Jane—the worse for her—dreams of another sort of victory. Once again—must I write it?—for the *last* time as she drove hither through the silent lonely lanes, Jane's better angel pleaded to her on Francis Theobald's behalf. "Are husbands of the same flesh and blood as wives?" said the friendly monitor. "If a man err, is it not his masculine, god-like right that he should be sued to rather than forgiven? Can any wrong-doing and infidelity of his place him, as it would you, beyond the reach of pardon? By your own obstinacy, your own jealous madness, are you not giving over the game into Lady Rose's hands? Think twice of it, Jane. Think twice before you throw up the sponge to fate. To-night will be the turning point. To-night you win or lose all." (Oh, too prophetic

monitor.) "Right is on your side; aye, and might too, the might of youth and beauty and great love. Other champion than yourself have you none. Put away jealousy, pride—*resolve* to win your husband back, resolve to hold him when you have won him, and you must succeed."

Aspirant partners, I say, throng round her eagerly. She might fill her card half a dozen times over if she chose. But Jane does not choose. To-night she thinks is one of many possibilities. She will leave as many blanks as she writes down engagements in her programme.

"And only one square dance for me!" says Dolly Standish, looking as if he could cry. The magic of Jane's blue eyes has robbed the little ensign of whatever wits he may before have possessed. "Only these miserable lancers for me?"

"If you behave very well, I may give you a waltz by and by," says Jane. "As to these miserable lancers, if you prefer looking on, instead of dancing them, I shall be contented."

But Dolly Standish will not relinquish his chance of dancing, though it be only a square dance with the prettiest woman in the room, and at once offers Mrs. Theobald his arm.

Few of the sets are as yet made up; and before Jane and her partner have walked a dozen steps they are beset by Dolly's brother officers with inquiries as to *vis-à-vis* and side couples. "That's all right," says Dolly when the required number is filled in. "All nice people, I think, Mrs. Theobald. Bore, having any but nice people in one's set, isn't it?"

And away he walks in the ignorance and happiness of his heart to the upper end of the room; there to wait, at Mrs. Theobald's side, for the nice people who are to be their fellow dancers.

But in social arrangements, such as the disposition of lancers, man, as Dolly Standish has yet to learn, holds but a subordinate and insignificant part in the order of creation. Their *vis-à-vis*, Colonel Mauleverer, keeps his engagement faithfully; Captain Brabazon and some other officers of the regiment keep theirs. But the set does not "form." One of the ladies on seeing Jane remembers that she had already promised to be *vis-à-vis* to her cousin. A second would prefer, as the night is warm, getting nearer the door. Bit by bit, the set collapses, melts away

into thin air; and Jane and Dolly Standish are left alone.

They try another, of which Emma and Adonis Hervey form part, and where a couple is palpably wanted; and with the same result.

Dolly Standish's mouth, always a little open, opens wider and wider. "I never saw such a—extraordinary thing in my life," says he, driven by the sincerity of his feelings into strong language.

"Never mind. You shall have a whole waltz to make up for it," says Jane lightly. "Fortunately, one doesn't want a *vis-à-vis* for round dances, or you and I wouldn't have much chance, should we, Dolly?"

"I never saw such a—extraordinary thing in my life," is all Dolly Standish can utter.

They sit out the lancers perforce. Jane dances the next dance, a galop, with the Colonel, and just as it is finished Rawdon Crosbie makes his appearance.

He walks bravely up, before his mother, Emma, the assembled world of Chalkshire, to Jane.

"Number five is mine, Mrs. Theobald. I have come exactly in time for it, I think."

—Well, reader, Jane's pride is smarting sore; how could it be otherwise after the misadventure of the lancers? Here, in this Liddington ball-room, she is in the thick of her foes, in the heat of the battle. Mrs. Crosbie, Emma, Major Hervey, confront her, at this very moment, face to face. And yet—yet she can show generosity—shall we put it otherwise?—descend off moral stilts, as she would say herself. At every instant she looks for Theobald's coming; with hope that is fast becoming passionate, looks forward to the victory she means to win to-night over Lady Rose; and uneasy conscience, inherent selfish instinct of "doing as we would be done by"—call it by a grand name or a paltry one—bids her act with magnanimity even to Emma Marsland.

"Number five is yours, or any other number you like. See," showing him her card, "I have left plenty of blanks in my programme. But, Rawdon, my dear boy"—this in a whisper—"I don't think you have any business to dance with me yet. I've been thinking over a good many things since I saw you this afternoon, and I am not going to call myself your friend

and help you to make a fool of yourself any longer. You must go and ask Miss Marsland for number five."

And she is obdurate; accepts Captain Brabazon, who comes up just at this moment to engage her for the waltz. Rawdon Crosbie has no choice but to obey.

Emma, with a rather empty card, is sitting beside Mrs. Crosbie, the venerable Adonis fluttering in attendance, at the further end of the ball-room. The poor little girl's heart begins to thump violently as she sees her lover—can any quarrel, any estrangement, prevent Emma from regarding Rawdon as her lover?—approach.

"Oh, mamma, here is Rawdon, after all. How nice he looks! I never think any one looks like Rawdon in a ball-room. Oh, I wonder if he will ask me! Mamma, I *must* dance with him if he does."

"Certainly, my dear Emma," answers Mrs. Crosbie in her most composed tone. "If your card is not full, give Rawdon a dance, certainly. Why not?"

Mrs. Crosbie is one of those delightfully narrow-minded women—the clog-wheels, the grand conservative force of the world—who never swerve aside from a principle or a theory once laid down. Shifty broad-minded people, to whom the whole motley scene of our existence is one ever-changing, ever-perplexing problem, may now and then enlarge their definitions as occasion demands. If Mrs. Crosbie finds that her theories do not at any time cover the facts of life, she adopts the simpler plan of discarding such facts as do not fit in with Mrs. Crosbie's theories!

"Young women whose sisters are small actresses, and whose uncles play trombones in orchestras, are persons whom society does not visit."

Mrs. Crosbie enunciated this doctrine from the first, has acted up to it since, and—with the slightest disposition to waver, perhaps, when one was uncertain as to Lady Rose's line of conduct—holds to it now. She is by no means a woman devoid of maternal affection. To see Rawdon well married is the dearest wish of Mrs. Crosbie's heart, and many a tear, that not even Mr. Crosbie knows of, has she shed over the rupture of Rawdon's engagement. But not one sting of self-reproach has heightened her pain. A woman of colder feeling, it may be, but of larger comprehension, must inevitably have speculated sometimes as to whether

she herself were not to blame. If after the Czartoriska adventure in Spa she had behaved toward the victim of the error with simplest charity, simplest decent justice, would Rawdon's sympathy ever have been enlisted upon the side of evil? Nay, would evil have existed at all had her own pious imagination not sedulously coined it? But questions of this kind are to Mrs. Crosbie unknown. Had Lady Rose Golightly really and seriously taken up Mrs. Theobald's acquaintance, a reconstruction of one's moral code might have been forced upon one. But that is past. And every one in the neighborhood says that Mrs. Crosbie's conduct has been beautiful; "taking poor Emma's part so entirely although we know to what a *mother's heart* must prompt!" And if Rawdon is to lose the one great matrimonial chance of his life, is it not better our dear Alfred should profit by the misfortune than another? And whatever chastening Providence may see fit to assign us, if we know that we have met it in a right spirit, know that we have acted as is usual for persons in a refined class of life to act, can we not at least bear our sufferings with conscience undisturbed?

"Certainly, give Rawdon a chance, my dear Emmy. A family dissension should never be allowed to show itself before the world. You agree with me, Alfred!"—touching Major Hervey's arm with her fan. "It is wiser and better on every account that Emma should be seen to dance with Rawdon as usual?"

Adonis, raising his eyelids by about a hair's-breadth, gives an "um" and an "aw," and a glance of tender reproach, that he feels must be irresistible, at the heiress. But Emma's heart is in her mouth! She hears, sees Rawdon only; and the glance is lost upon her.

"You are late, Rawdon. We half thought you might have returned to town. Your father told us he did not observe you when he left the course."

Mrs. Crosbie's tone is in nowise different to what it would be if they had all parted amicably at luncheon; she extends her hand courteously to her son. Poor Mrs. Crosbie! She loves the lad, I repeat, with such faculty of loving as Heaven has bestowed upon her, and the moment, doubt it not, is bitter to her. But nature has compensations for us all. Is not Chalkshire society looking on? Must

not Chalkshire society be saying how admirably collected, how Christian, how well-bred is Mrs. Crosbie's demeanor? Considerations like these lend a sweetness and a dignity to every hard but well-performed duty of human life.

"Well, yes, I am rather late," says Rawdon, whose face is burning under his sense of guilt or of shyness, or both. "The flyman's fault—had to take the Pippins first—obliged to drive slow because Mrs. Pippin was afraid of the corners. I—I hope, Emmy," standing upright as a ramrod while he prefers the request, "that you have a dance you can spare me!"

Hardly knowing what she does, and without answering a word, Emma jumps up. Another minute and Rawdon's arm is around her waist and they are whirling away amidst the crowd of waltzers, while Major Hervey is left to pull down his whiskers, elevate his eyebrows, and otherwise maintain his small dignity as best he can, at Mrs. Crosbie's side.

Rawdon waltzes on and on as though he never would leave off. He knows that leaving off means conversation, and in their present agitating position conversation with Emma Marsland is not a thing to be encountered lightly. Emma, however, at the best of times not a Taglioni, is ere long physically unable to endure this strain upon her powers. "I can't go a step further, Rawdon! I'm as giddy—oh, do stop."

And when they stop she is forced, if she would keep herself from falling, to cling to his arm with a vigor that puts sentimental embarrassment out of the question. Oh, in spite of giddiness, how blissful this waltz with Rawdon is! What a different feeling one has, somehow, toward a lover of two-and-twenty and a lover of fifty-three! Oh, if Mrs. Theobald would but die, or leave the county, or anything, how nice it would be to forgive Rawdon and wear one's wedding dress for the right bridegroom after all!

"There are a good many people here to-night," says Rawdon, looking straight before him, not into his partner's face, as he makes this brilliant remark.

"Yes, a good many. Seventeen more than last year, Mrs. Pippin says."

"I half-thought I might have seen you at the races to-day, Emma."

"I should like to have gone. Mrs. Coventry Brown offered to take me, but mamma and Major Hervey said I should find the sun too hot, and I didn't want to get my face blistered for this evening."

"It's—it's very pleasant for you and me to be dancing together again, Emmy."

No answer.

"Emmy, forgive me for what I am going to say. I have no right to interfere, but I can't help it. Don't make another mistake, my dear. I am sufficiently your brother, am I not, to entitle me to say that? Don't make another mistake!"

"Mistake!" falters Emma, her fingers closing tighter on Rawdon's arm. "Do you mean—?"

"I mean," answers Rawdon—he whispers, but every word falls clear and distinct on Emma's heart—"I mean, after very rightly discarding a young fool who wasn't worthy of you, Emma, don't take an old one, who may be less worthy still. That is all. Now let us have another turn. You are not angry with me for what I have said?"

Angry! All her heart longs for is that he would say more, that he would take back his forfeited right to guide, control every action of her life! Emma has, however, been too thoroughly trained in all little conventional feminine falsities to give outward sign of relenting. Rawdon has sinned. It is Rawdon's place, Rawdon's duty to plead for pardon. But, oh, how freely the pardon would be granted should he plead for it!

And the waltz goes on, and he pleads for nothing, not even for another dance. The waltz ends, and they walk about the room together, chatting and laughing almost as in old days. (So much so, indeed, that the world infers Rawdon Crosbie is coming to his senses; was it likely Mrs. Crosbie's son would throw away thirty thousand pounds in earnest?) Then Rawdon takes Emma back to her place and to Major Hervey; stands, dutifully attentive to his mother, for about the space of two minutes; finally, bows himself away with as good a grace as he can command, and goes at once in search of Mrs. Theobald.

He finds her in the refreshment room with Captain Brabazon; a little circle of attendant red-coats fluttering around.

"I have kept the next dance for you, Mr.

Crosbie," cries Jane when Rawdon draws near. "Don't break my heart by telling me you are engaged for it."

"I am engaged for nothing," says Rawdon, displaying his empty card. "Number five was promised me by some one and I was thrown over. It's my fate to be thrown over, Mrs. Theobald."

"Poor, interesting, blighted being! Well, you shan't be thrown over any more, at least not for number six. And it's a quadrille, too, a dance involving vis-à-vis. That makes it all the more flattering that I remembered to keep it for you."

But Jane has not the slightest intention, really, of dancing number six with anybody. When Captain Brabazon has gone away, to dance his duty dance of the evening with Lady Laurie, she tells Rawdon the story of the lancers—quietly, but with a certain tremble about the lips that he has learnt to interpret—and adds that she has no wish just now to brave any more square dances. Under different circumstances, toward the end of the evening perhaps, with some very distinguished and imposing partner, she may be tempted to try her fate again. At present she prefers returning to the ball-room, if Rawdon will be so good as to take her there, and looking on. This is the first time, he must recollect, that she has ever been in a full-dressed assemblage of English ladies and gentlemen. Uneducated savage that she is, has she not got everything to see and learn?

—Well, they return to the ball-room, and Jane's "looking on" speedily resolves itself into eager watchfulness of the doorway. Every time there is the stir of a new arrival her telltale face shows its impatience. She answers yes and no, haphazard, to half young Rawdon says. "If I could muster sufficient courage to be impertinent, I should ask who it is?" he remarks at last. "He who runs may read that Mrs. Theobald is expecting some one."

"I should think Mrs. Theobald was expecting some one," answers Jane readily. "You don't suppose I would come to a provincial ball to dance with commoners all night! I am expecting his Grace the Duke of Malta every minute."

"The Duke of Malta!" cries Rawdon, not without a spice of malice. "Why, they all left for the Isle of Wight ages ago.

You may look incredulous, Mrs. Theobald, but it's a fact. The last important and authentic Chalkshire news. Some one told me of it just as I was coming away from the hotel. Lady Rose and her whole party left Beaudesert for the Isle of Wight this evening."

The color dies on Jane's cheek. "I don't understand you—I don't understand what you mean by 'her whole party,'" she is beginning. But even while the words are on her lips a reassuring sight cuts her short—the sight of the Duke of Malta's rosy face, rendered doubly rosy by his white tie and waistcoat (and the fact of having dined), just within the doorway.

"So much for the last important and authentic Chalkshire news, Mr. Crosbie! Lady Rose and her party are not in the Isle of Wight, you see, after all!"

"The Duke of Malta is not," says Rawdon a little coolly. "I am not so sure about the rest."

"The rest are not far behind, depend upon it!" And in her jealous imagination Jane already pictures the entrance of Lady Rose, smiling, odiously triumphant, on Mr. Theobald's arm. But no Lady Rose, no Mr. Theobald appears. His Grace, seeing Mrs. Theobald, advances at once, regardless of assiduous waiters, of bowing stewards, to meet her; and before he utters a word Jane's heart knows the truth.

The Duke of Malta is alone.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"YOUR SWEET LITTLE YES."

It is a rare occurrence for any of the Beaudesert family to patronize the race-ball, and a thrill of pleasure runs through every feminine breast, old and young, at his Grace's unexpected appearance. Mamma glances at their daughters: daughters glance at the state of their gloves and flounces; while each rapidly sums up her own personal chance of securing the Duke for a partner. The Duke takes not the slightest notice of any human creature in the rooms, save and except her for whose sake he came here—Jane.

"You have left plenty of blanks for me on your card, I hope, Mrs. Theobald?" The Duke of Malta's utterance is—well, is not clearer than when we saw him last.

Has he not dined meanwhile? "Never forgive you if you haven't kept me lots of dances. Got all sorts of penitential messages for you—a note somewhere—oh, no, I bade them send the note round to Theobalds. He's off, you know."

"Off!" repeats Jane. "What are you talking about? Who's off?"

"Why, Theobald, of course. Don't faint; Rose carried him away whether he liked it or not. Plucky little woman, my sister Rose, when she sets her mind on a thing. And there was Loo and Desmond; they wanted me to go, too, or they were civil enough to say so, but I wouldn't have spoilt the pleasant little party for the world. Besides," adds the Duke with as much tender expression as his very husky voice can compass, "I prefer being here, Mrs. Theobald."

"You show your taste," says Jane in a curious cool sort of manner, with curiously untrembling lips.

"They have gone down to Barty, my brother Barty, you know. I suppose Mr. Theobald told you?"

"Mr. Theobald told me nothing."

"Barty is at Cowes with his yacht, and they have gone to join him there, *for the present*," adds his Grace in a tone of after-dinner playfulness. "I expect to hear they are all off to the Mediterranean, or Norway, or somewhere, in a day or two. Fine thing for the Chalkshire papers, won't it be? Grand Sensational Elopement in High Life. More than one respectable family plunged into grief! Depend upon it, we shall see the whole story in the Liddington Looker-on to-morrow morning. Capital joke, eh?"

"A most capital joke," says Jane.

Rawdon Crosbie has retired into the background, and she stands with the Duke of Malta alone; stands, it is not too much to say, the observed of every pair of eyes in the Liddington ball-room. His Grace, after a minute, takes her programme in his hand and begins scrawling his noble name down for the following waltz, and for every other vacant dance he can find, and Jane, smiling, looks over it with him and remarks "he can have as many as he likes, and welcome."

Jane smiling! Yes, like one stricken in hot blood, who as yet shows not his hurt, the poor girl stands with these hundred or so of people watching her face, and gives no sign outwardly of her death

wound. No sign outwardly; but in less time than it has taken me to write, direct resolve, crude and wavering in her heart till now, has come to maturity.

What is a man's first, natural, "human" feeling when news equivalent to this news which Jane has got (or believes herself to have got) abruptly reaches him? The burning desire—so I am told—of vengeance. Well, women, though their passions be but as water unto wine compared with those of men, *have* passions, and I suspect, in any great crisis, are apt to feel every whit as "humanly." Only a woman's weapons are different. No pistol, no horsewhip, for her. No banishment of the offender from hearth and home. But she can take, fair and young as this woman is, she can take deadlier vengeance still. And Jane has it in her to take it. Make no mistake about her character because hitherto you have seen her light and frolicsome, and playing at life! Jane has it in her to take the black, suicidal vengeance of reprisals. Theobald has deliberately left her for Lady Rose Golightly; such details as the Duke goes on whispering, half true, half purposely false, respecting the "Grand Sensational Elopement," leave no doubt upon her mind that the betrayal was premeditated. And Theobald's world—the world, oh, monstrous injustice! that bows and cringes before Lady Rose Golightly—holds itself outraged by *her* appearance among its quadrilles and lancers to-night! How if she should justify that opinion from a height, guilty though it be, that they shall envy still? How if she should pay back Theobald that which she owes him—aye, to the very image and superscription of the payment money?

"Ridiculous sight, a poor devil in a jealous fit," remarks his Grace presently, in one of his plethoric whispers. "Just as I was finishing dressing, they told me 'a young gentleman' wanted to see me. Reverend Samuel Smylie. I didn't want to be bothered with any young gentlemen, or Reverend Samuel Smylies either; however, he wouldn't go away, and so, after a time, I went down to the drawing-room and spoke to him. The curate was sitting by Loo's work-table, crying—honor, Mrs. Theobald, I am sure you won't believe me, but 'tis true—crying till the tears ran down his nose, and with an open letter in his hand. Loo,

it seems, had written—very pretty of her, I think—to say ‘ta, ta, for ever,’ and Smylie had rushed over, like a madman, just in time to find himself too late. I made matters as pleasant as I could for him by saying there were extenuating circumstances; Desmond and she had been friends for years; she had jilted fifty other fellows for Desmond just the same way; things of this kind always happen for the best, if you only knew it, *et cetera*.

“‘I would have given my life for her, your Grace!’ cried the poor fool. ‘I loved that girl—my God! and believed in her—and trusted her!’

“His face was the color of a lemon. His hand twitched so that he could scarce hold the letter as he stood, blubbing by the table where Loo and he used to carry on their spooning. Never saw such a ridiculous sight in my life.”

“I should think not!” says Jane, laughing aloud. “And are not likely to see such a sight again. People like the Reverend Samuel Smylie should be put under a glass case. They are too good for every-day use.”

And then their waltz begins. The Duke of Malta, despite his weight and stature, waltzes to perfection; waltzes with a *verve*—I can find no adequate Saxon word—that he can scarcely have acquired, indeed, in Belgravian drawing-rooms. The town band, inspired by the knowledge that a duke’s noble legs are moving in harmony to their strains, discourse to the utmost of their ability! And all Chalkshire is looking on! And Jane’s cheeks—yes, though her heart is broken, though she is going to perdition fast as human creature can go—Jane’s cheeks show a livelier scarlet, her young limbs move with feverish quickened grace. Portly Chalkshire Lucretias, Lucretias safely anchored, half a century ago, in life’s dullest matrimonial moorings, raise fans to their elderly faces rather than witness so demoralizing a sight!

They dance this waltz; they sit out the next dance, a galop. Then succeed lancers.

“You never commit any of these square abominations, I should hope?” remarks his Grace. He has found an arm-chair for Jane in one of the most conspicuous parts of the ball-room; he leans over her, holding her bouquet, and looking as devotedly gallant as a very hot and rather inebriated little man of twelve stone six

can look. “You never commit the atrocity of a square dance?”

“As a rule, never,” answers Jane. “But I don’t mind dancing this set of lancers with you. You meant to ask me for it, by the by, didn’t you?”

“I meant, and I mean to ask you for every dance to-night,” is the Duke’s answer. “At all events, I don’t mean to ask any one in the room *but* you.”

“I should hope not, indeed,” says Jane with a little toss of her head. “I never think of accepting divided attentions!”

“And we are to dance the lancers, you say?”

“Yes, we are to dance the lancers. But mind you get the best people in our set! All the very heaviest Chalkshire swells.”

And five minutes later, behold Jane in the top set of the room, the three other ladies consisting of an archdeacon’s daughter, Lady Laurie, and Mrs. Crosbie!

At all the public county balls it is Mrs. Crosbie’s wont to walk through one square dance, if Sir John Laurie, the member, be present to ask her. Sir John Laurie is present, and has asked her to-night, and their engagement is for this particular set of lancers. And so, irony of fate, Jane’s hand and Mrs. Crosbie’s meet, they bow, they curtsy, they “visit” each other at last, under the Duke of Malta’s auspices!

Mrs. Crosbie puts a smiling face upon the matter. “A public ball must always be a public ball, Sir John,” she remarks when, the lancers over, she makes the circuit of the room, all dignity, amber satin, and black lace, upon the member’s arm. “The position was embarrassing, certainly, but in these cases,” says Mrs. Crosbie with delightful humility, “I never take upon myself to assume the initiative. Had dear Lady Laurie thought it advisable to withdraw from the set, I should, of course, have followed her example without hesitation, and have left the Duke and Mrs. Francis Theobald alone.”

“Mrs. Francis Theobald is an uncommonly pretty woman,” remarks old Sir John.

Quadrille and waltz, lancers, galop, and quadrilles: much ear-rending music; much blood-poisoning carbonic acid; much reducing of tulle and tarlatan to rags; some few light hearts, it may be, among the crowd; some tragically heavy ones—

thus the Lidlington race-ball, Jane's last successful appearance before the Chalkshire public, runs its appointed course.

Under no circumstances of life could Emma Marsland feel actually tragic, just as she could never in her lightest moment rise to actual farce. But about as intensely, blankly miserable as the drawing-room comedy of her existence will admit of, she does feel to-night. She gets a fair number of duty partners—poor Emmy—and Adonis is her devoted slave! Never for a moment, during the intervals of dancing, are Major Hervey's soft flatteries and wiry whiskers away from the heiress's ear. And still Emma is miserable. She has been trying, sedulously, during the past wretched fortnight to like Adonis and leave off liking Rawdon. Rawdon, so her best friends say, has behaved with an absence of right principle that makes her escape *a mercy*. Rawdon never proposed for herself, but for her money. He has paraded his shameless admiration for Mrs. Theobald, and her own humiliation, before the eyes of the whole county. And Emma in return loves him a little better than ever! And all that her heart trembles, yearns for, is reconciliation. And Rawdon will not come near her. Rawdon, lugubrious of face and mien, passes his evening in dancing with partners like the Browns and Pippins, or in moodily hanging about such doorways as command a view of the adjoining sitting-out room. (A room in which, as the night progresses, Mrs. Theobald and the Duke of Malta chiefly remain. His Grace talking low and earnestly, getting soberer, evidently, as he talks. Jane listening in silence—not shrinking from the whispers of her companion as though she loathed them, or from the glances of any who pass as though they stabbed her, but with the strangest look all the time upon her flushed face—a kind of wild, *hunted* look, the like of which I hope you, reader, may never be called upon to see on any human face—knowing yourself to be one of the hunters!)

"Our young Rawdon does not seem in very high feather to-night, Emmy." It has got to be a matter of course, during the past week, that Major Hervey shall call the heiress "Emmy." "Not in such high spirits as when we came upon him and his friends that night at Wilcocks's. You remember?"

"Is it likely I should forget, Major Hervey?" cries Emma, who is at last beginning to have doubts concerning the perfect delicacy and disinterestedness of Major Hervey's conduct.

"But women, like moths, you know, Emmy, 'women, like moths, ever caught by the glare.' Yes, begad, the same all of you—anything with a title! Moths—glare—um—er—aw." (I like now and then to transcribe Major Hervey faithfully.) "His Grace quite cut Rawdon out—best thing that could happen to him, poor fellow! No real harm in Rawdon—deficiency in brain perhaps—not an uncommon deficiency." In another minute and a half Major Hervey means to propose and be accepted. He can afford to be generously compassionate of tone toward Emma's discarded lover. "Warned him from the first—most dangerous of all associates—demi-monde and *not* demi-monde! Duke of Malta quite cut him out. Deuced good thing for everybody—except the Duke of Malta!"

Emma turns her head away impatiently. She has wavered perpetually during the past fortnight in her feelings toward her elderly adorer; one day faintly liking, the next faintly disliking him, the next perhaps neither liking nor disliking. As he maunders on now—suddenly the revelation comes upon Emma's heart—she knows that he is absolutely obnoxious to her. Marry this cynical, dried-up old mummy of a Bond street loungeur, live his life of eternal pleasureless pleasure, fasten oneself on with infinite, humiliating pains to the draggled skirts of aristocratic London society, and almost, perhaps, in time be counted some one! Far rather would Emma make her thirty thousand pounds a free gift to Major Hervey, marry Rawdon Crosbie on a couple of hundred a year and travel the world with him, scanty household gods, squalling babies, and all, on a baggage wagon.

So, you see, Emma's heart is in the right place still.

"*Except the Duke of Malta,*" repeats Adonis, who evidently thinks he has said a good thing. "For him—I present his Grace my felicitations. Emmy, my dear girl, we see this—er—too charming Mrs. Theobald, for whose sake Rawdon has been so ready to quarrel with us all, in her true colors to-night."

"They are very becoming colors then,"

says Emma a little sharply. "Until to-night I never really knew how handsome Mrs. Theobald was."

For, strange contradiction, Emma is disposed not only to leave off disliking Mrs. Theobald, but almost to become her champion now that Mrs. Theobald has left off smiling exclusively on Rawdon Crosbie.

"Well—yes," draws Adonis, raising his eyelids enough to glance across the room at Jane, who at this moment returns to the ball-room on the Duke of Malta's arm. "Fine-grown young woman enough for those who admire the style. Never disconnect her, myself, from a vision of pink paper hoops, sawdust ambulating circus, shilling admittance. Flaring advertisement of Miss Araminta Fitz Somebody for the 'astounding backward and forward trick act.' You agree with me, my dear Emmy?"

"I think Mrs. Theobald one of the nicest-looking women I ever saw in my life," says Miss Marsland.

"As you, Emmy, you are the sweetest, the most generous. My feelings—er" (Major Hervey's "ums" and "ers" almost impede his utterance at this tender and thrilling point)—"my feelings, my dear Emma—as good a social position as any man in London—and unembarrassed; my poor mother in the natural course of things can't last forever—known you, my dearest girl, from your infancy—to know is to love—can endure suspense no longer—await your sweet little 'yes' in breathless anxiety."

Major Hervey's cold old eyes have been fixed on the toes of his dapper little evening shoes during this impassioned declaration, so he continues in blissful ignorance of the expression of the heiress's face. Probably if he saw it he would continue in blissful ignorance of what that expression portended. That a Hervey, that he, the pink and flower of all the Herveys, could be rejected by a freckled young woman with only thirty thousand pounds for her portion, and whose family is not even alluded to in the pages of the "Land-ed Gentry." No, it must be plain language indeed that should bring fact so monstrous as this home to Alfred Hervey's belief.

"Your agitation is natural, charmingly natural," he whispers, turning to her with the most lover-like air of appropria-

tion. "I have been too sudden—aw—the warmth, the impetuosity of my feelings. Fault of my character—just what Lady Carolina said to me the other day. 'My dear Major Hervey'—Lady Carolina is one of my oldest, dearest friends—'you are too ardent, too impulsive.' But I am forgiven by my little Emmy? Let me have one word, one whispered word, to say that I am forgiven."

More unmistakably lover-like grows Major Hervey's manner. His whiskers tickle his little Emmy's ear, his withered old lips are within a couple of inches of her cheek. She looks up, she sees Rawdon's eyes from the other end of the room watching her earnestly. And all Emma's resolutions, if indeed they ever for a moment really wavered, become irrevocably fixed.

"I don't quite see what I can have to forgive, Major Hervey, but I forgive you all the same. I have had quarrelling enough of late to last me for the rest of my life."

"Quarrelling? Never, Emmy, between me and you."

"No. What could we have to quarrel about? I was thinking of Rawdon."

Major Hervey is silent. Has she understood him, or has she not? Adonis looks doubtfully out of the corners of his eyes at the thirty thousand pounds—I mean at poor Emmy. He raises his scented handkerchief with a graceful flourish to his long nose, "ums," "ahs," clears his throat; then, in the following fervent language, brings things to a point:

"We shall live in town, of course; miserable if I live anywhere but in town. Nice little house near the parks. All the best people in London charmed to visit my wife; any girl must command a position as *my* wife. Out of the season stay about at country houses—asked to all the best country houses in England. My Emma will be glad of the advantages of a town life when she is married?"

"I—I shan't care a bit where I live when I am married," cries Emma, flaming scarlet, "so long as I marry the right person; and unless I do that I'll never marry at all, for no one can say I was an old maid of necessity, at least no one who knew about us here in Chalkshire."

Is the freckled young woman an utter fool? thinks Major Hervey, his old eyes growing wickeder and wickeder. Must

one say grossly, "Will you marry me, or will you not?" before she can sufficiently arouse from her wretched provincial stupefaction to answer?

"And am I not the right person?" he asks; this time throwing a tenderness impossible even for provincial stupidity to misinterpret into his voice.

"No, indeed, you are not!" cries Emma promptly. "If you won't let it pass as a joke, Major Hervey, if you insist on making me say disagreeable things, indeed you are not!"

Adonis draws his small person together as if he had had a galvanic shock.

"Your manner during the last ten days has been signally at variance with such a declaration," he begins.

"I know it has," interrupts Emma, beginning to fan herself desperately, and getting hot and confused. "I was so angry and so miserable after my quarrel with Rawdon, and of course I looked up to you almost as I do to mamma, and you were always ready to say hard things about Rawdon—yes, you were, Major Hervey, and I was wicked enough to be pleased to hear them; and now, now I think you would have been much more our friend if you had tried to smooth things over. If we hadn't all been so hard upon him everything might have been set straight that morning he called in Bolton Row, and he has never been home for a fortnight. I'm sure papa looks at me sometimes as if he hated me, and I've been fond of him ever since I was a little girl," goes on poor Emmy, all without a vestige of punctuation; "and whatever Rawdon may feel, I know I can never care for any other man in the world as I do for him, and what's more, I mean never to marry any one else."

To this long outburst Adonis Hervey makes no immediate reply. Perhaps he has to command the impetuosity of his feelings as a rejected lover, certainly he has to get his breath after the stupendous, the inconceivable example of female obstinacy and ignorance which has been presented to him. When he does speak, it is in his coldest, acridest voice, with the coldest, acridest expression of which the Hervey physiognomy is capable.

"And this is really your determination, my dear Miss Marsland, to wear the willow till you die for the youth who loved, and who rode away?"

"I shall never care for any one but Rawdon Crosbie," says Emma. Her round brown eyes are not lovely eyes in themselves, but they fill with tears of tenderness and repentance now, and look lovely. "And I will never marry any one else. Of that I am determined."

Adonis rises to his feet, passes his fingers through his whiskers, and looks down with all the contempt his soul is capable of at the poor, infatuated, idiotic girl who has refused—great Heaven, and the earth goes on in its appointed course!—to become the wife of Alfred Hervey!

"Faithful unto death, eh? Well, I must confess fidelity is one of the virtues I do not appreciate. Valuable bourgeois virtue, no doubt, but—um—aw—NEVER any bourgeois virtues in the Hervey family!"

And thus saying leaves her.

He walks superciliously down the ball-room, his opera-hat under his arm, his whole spruce little person bristling with self-consciousness as usual. He goes forth into the night, gets hold of the first hack driver whom five shillings can bribe from his legitimate fare (even at this moment the Hervey instinct of money-saving is strong still; fain would Adonis have the job done for four and sixpence!), and drives back to The Hawthorns, resolved to depart from Chalkshire, and from all the infatuated idiots Chalkshire contains, by the earliest train to-morrow.

During his midnight drive, in this hour of stinging, unlooked-for disappointment, does it occur to Major Hervey that two kinds of prizes-matrimonial may be drawn by a man for the comfort and solace of his declining years? One of money (in the drawing of which he has failed), the other of a save-all, or domestic bond-slave, such as his cousin Maria. A creature who, without wages, would cook for you, nurse you, fight the laundress, and in every other way stand between you and the depredations of the lower orders, be content with bachelor lodgings, never expect to accompany you to dinner parties, and yet at all times be ready to coach you up in well-invented dinner stories relative to the greatness of your joint ancestors. I say, does the pale ghost of Maria's love, retributive, haunt Alfred Hervey in this his hour of humiliation and defeat?

Let us trust so, reader. Let us trust that the one hope in existence, even of a Maria Hervey, may be realized!

BASLE TO DOMO D'OSSOLA.

BASLE is a picturesque old town with its ten-storied houses—almost as quaint, some of them, as those of Nuremberg—crowding down to the rushing and overflowing Rhine river, which here is more tumultuous than anywhere else we have seen it. That troublesome water spirit, Undine! Uncle Kühleborn, who was so inconvenient alike to his friends and his foes, and who had to be built down by very heavy masonry, even in the courtyard of his niece, has taken up his abode in the Rhine, beneath the walls of Basle, and it is a great question to careful and anxious mothers why the Basle children are not all drowned. It is evident that if they once got within the grasp of the water spirit they would never escape; for he lashes the green glacier tide into a superb fury here, and the Rhine is nowhere more impressive than at Basle.

The "Münster" is a delightful nut for the antiquarian gourmand. It has two lofty towers, is gothic and quaint, and religious in its sombreness, with those emblematical bas-reliefs and statues and carvings, of which the old workers in stone were so fond. Here we have John the Baptist and saints, our Saviour and the angels at the dreadful day of judgment, and an allegorical relief of the "Works of Charity," very beautiful, with women's and children's faces. Then we have over the doorway the significant parable of the wise and foolish virgins, all the foolish virgins handsome, and all the wise ones plain. The west front illustrates the fourteenth century. There the Virgin and Child are represented, St. George and the Dragon, and the benefactors of the church, the Emperor Henry and his Empress.

This church was excommunicated by Pope Eugenius IV.; it was one of the first to bathe in the advancing wave of the Reformation, and is said to be the "finest Protestant church in existence." It dates back to 1010, which is a long time ago. Many vicissitudes have passed over it. It has been partly destroyed by fire, and rebuilt. It of course suffered in the iconoclasm of the sixteenth century, but it has

been so judiciously restored that not a particle of its charm is gone; the restorer has borrowed the tooth of time, and has used it with his other tools. How immensely old are those reliefs of the eleventh century, and the old episcopal chair! The pulpit and font are considered modern, as they only date to 1424. There are monuments to the wife and mother of Rudolph of Hapsburg, who seems himself in the twilight of history.

It has a charm for the student, for here is the tomb of Erasmus of Rotterdam, the gentler genius of the Reformation, and the learned, delightful scholar.

In its old dusky council hall are the famed frescoes of the "Dance of Death," erroneously attributed to Holbein. They are gloomy and fantastic, like the age they symbolize. The plague has left this dreadful evidence of itself all over this part of Europe. Everywhere you see a "Dance of Death."

The artist is after all the best historian of his time, and in whatever he is wrought upon to paint, be it "Holy Family," "The King Drinks," "Beatrice Cenci," "Galileo before the Council," or the grim and gloomy allegory of the "Dance of Death," he paints better than he knows, and gives us the age he lived in, its ruling influences, its agitations, and its crimes.

From Basle to Lucerne is a short railway journey, but rich in experiences, for you see first that long line of snow-clad Alps. It is an enormous lift to the vision, as you gaze on that rosy summit,

The last to parley with the setting sun.

We arrived at the Schweitzerhof, one of the best hotels of Europe, in time for a glorious sunset over the Lake of Lucerne. Its royal guards, Pilatus (named for the Governor of Judea, who is supposed to have wandered hither, pursued by a guilty conscience, and to have perished miserably on the cloudy heights) and Rhigi, were clad in purple for the occasion, and it was a kingly sight.

There arose beyond the lake those White Peaks, lovely nymphs who entice you onward to their frozen bowers.

Who can describe them, who can resist

their weird unusual charm? I do not wonder at the power of the Siren of the Alps, nor at the numbers of her victims.

Lucerne is the chief town of the canton, and situated as never town was, with the lake in front and the mountains on three sides. The "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," this lovely Lake of Lucerne, is probably the most beautiful in the world. It is of that peculiar and indescribable blue—

The light that never was on sea or land,
The imagination and the poet's dream.

And the whole scene brings back to you the apology of the Swiss print-seller, who explained the predominance of that color in his pictures by the American demand for it:

"Il faut toujours, monsieur, beaucoup de bleu pour les Américains."

He thought, good man, that as the Americans paid most money for everything, they should have their money's worth; and he did not know, perhaps, that they, of all travellers, are most struck by this peculiar blue, so different is it from the tints of our own lakes.

This lake touches the four historical cantons of Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. Here is the land of William Tell, and Schiller's poem is your best guide round the lake. If William Tell is a "myth," as the iconoclasts of history pretend, he is a myth who "preached the eternal creed of liberty," and I believe in him, and listen always with much emotion to the story of the apple. His statue at Altorf, the frescoes representing his celebrated feat with the bow, and all relating to him are genuine enough for me, and Schiller has made him true, if he were not. I grant that the three friends of Tell, "Stauffer, Melchthal, and Furst," as you see their three figures in fresco, and particularly as they are presented in the opera, are apt to be bores. Patriotism, like all other virtues, is interesting only so long as it is not run into the ground.

But how lovely is that virtue when you see it imaged by Thorwaldsen's lion, the noble old monarch, with his wounded paws stretched over the lilies of France.

When I looked at this sculpture there was a trick of sunlight for which I felt obliged. It was a gloomy day, and we could scarcely see the lion, overhung as it is by the rock, and the shadow of the trees is heavy about it always. But as we

were trying to spell out the inscription the clouds parted and one last tribute of the dying day rested on the dying lion. We saw him at his best.

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Here again the artist has proved himself the best historian, and no one has written the story of the Swiss Guard as has Thorwaldsen.

The ascent of the Rhigi and of Mt. Pilatus afford work for two days each, and draw to Lucerne the greatest number of tourists. Here conversation is wholly of the picturesque. Your next neighbor on the right has been in the clouds all day; your neighbor on the left has been up the lake, and can talk of nothing but the "Blumenalp and the Bürgenstock," or the vision he has had of the Bernese Alps; or your artist friend comes in with a sketch made just above Tell's chapel.

Here we met Mozier, the American sculptor, who passed his summers frequently at Lucerne. Nothing could exceed his enthusiasm for this delicious spot, and he bade it adieu with regret, having engaged to meet some friends at Lake Como. As we said farewell to this refined and delightful person, we little thought it was for the last time, but in less than a year we heard of his lamented death. Here we met our American artist Mignot. He was full of work, full of hope, and sketching the mountain effects with great enthusiasm. He has gone, in his early middle age, and works no more.

Here we saw the King and Queen of Belgium, wearing on their faces the imprint of their great sorrow, the loss of their only son.

Here we met, I should say, twenty-five hundred of our own countrymen, more or less, all spending money with great energy, and being reprehended for so doing by the travellers of all other nations, as price-raisers. If the Americans would look at their bills and condescend to be economical as the English are, it would be in quite as good taste; but the trouble with some travellers is that they have not had money a great while, and any new sensation is apt to be uncontrollable.

Lucerne is a pretty Swiss town, with eleven thousand souls, mostly Catholics. We saw a great demonstration, ten thousand strong, of the "men of Uri" and the other cantons, who went about singing their national songs. Had they retained their costumes, how interesting it

would have been! but they wore the disenchanting clothes of the nineteenth century, and were simply short and ugly men with spectacles. But Lucerne has an unrivalled organ. You are allowed to go and hear it at twilight, and as you gather, wanderers of all nations, in the dimly-lighted church, you are in the mood for music—

As o'er the keys the musing organist,

Beginning fitfully and far away,

First lets his fingers wander as they list,

To build a bridge from dreamland for his lay.

Then come wondrous chords, great harmonies, clashing weapons. Then you seem to hear monks chanting their evening hymn; then a single voice; almost a voice from heaven, so pure, so exalted, so sadly sweet. Then it becomes human, freighted with human sorrows, human tears. It soars upward in the "Ave Maria." Then rises a chorus of voices chanting the hymn of peace, or a requiem for the dead—now the shrill voices of the nuns, and above all floats the serene beauty of the boy choir, that faltering, vibrating soprano which is of all musical sounds the most touching, the most profoundly affecting to the human heart. As tears begin to trickle down cheeks all unused to such visitants, the melody changes and a woman's voice sings tranquilly some Italian air. Again your senses cheat you, and a pattering rain beats upon the roof, the thunder rattles, and you look anxiously at your thin coat. However, the innocuous storm bursts over your head and vanishes in the chords of the Russian National Hymn, the American anthem of "Yan-kee Doodle" (somewhat apotheosized), or "God Save the Queen," for the cunning organist knows to *whom* he is playing; and after a few more glorious notes the music dies away, and you fold your tents like the Arabs, and go back to your hotel.

I can believe anything of the tricks of sound since I heard that organ; and afterward we timed our daily journeys so that we might arrive in the towns famous for organs at the hour of twilight, when they played. But we never heard anything so fine again. Perhaps we were under the spell of that rosy first love of travel, whose fruits are so delicious; perhaps (and this is probable) the organist was a man of genius.

From Lucerne we drove to Interlachen over the Brunnig Pass. This road after leaving the Lake of Lucerne became very

disagreeable from the dust and very sad from the effects of the inundations; villages half gone, and that dreadful devastation of sand and gravel covering the once smiling fields which is so hopeless and disheartening.

Yet the latter part of this drive is very picturesque, and the twilight finds you wishing for "more light" that you may see Interlachen and its walnut avenues; but in our case the approach to that pretty and convenient town, with its kursaal, music-shops, Americans, English, and its innumerable excursions, was veiled by night.

It is delightfully comfortable, this town "between the lakes," Brienz and Thun. The hotels, particularly the Victoria and Hotel Jungfrau, are good even for Switzerland.

Here you have the excursions to the Wengern Alp, to Reichenbach, to Lauterbrunnen (what a word! "nothing but springs" is its beautiful meaning), and there you see the Staubbach. Go to Grindelwald, where you meet the Glacier, a most distinguished and uncommon acquaintance. And there—oh for the effectuality of language—there you see the glorious, the unrivalled Jungfrau! When I begin to talk of the Jungfrau, I am convinced that language was given to us to conceal our ideas. Other things are lofty, are grand, are lovely, and are beautiful, but the Jungfrau is unlike all other things, and yet she is all these. How can I begin to describe this lovely lady of the Alpine world? How if I begin can I stop? How can I tell of her majesty, her unsullied snows, her noble uplift above the sordid lower world? They say those dizzy heights have been scaled by human footsteps; they can never be reached by human epithets. She is serene and unassailable in beauty, the Jungfrau, without a rival. How respectfully the other mountains stand away, like courtiers round a queen; and how her green velvet hills crouch at either side like footstools for her royal feet. Perfect in outline, sublime in height, fortunate in position, dazzling in purity, the Jungfrau is one of the dearest delights of Switzerland.

You get so fond of her that you like to toy with your liking, and go away and turn your back upon her, that you may have the pleasure of seeing her again with surprised vision. You try to forget how beautiful she is, that you may enjoy the

charm over. You come again and again, like any fond foolish lover, and worship her anew.

Perhaps because the Jungfrau is surrounded (as you see her from Interlachen) by green mountains, her snows obtain that intensity of whiteness which makes her conspicuous even in the land of snow. One would think all snow must be equally white, but the Jungfrau makes all other snow look gray, and her peak, "the Silberhorn," is almost blinding in its dazzling brightness.

If one has time and strength, one should go over all the passes and make all the excursions. But, alas! who has time or strength in these degenerate days! They are both things of the past, and went out with our heroic ancestors. That blessed invention the *chaise à porteur*—blessed for the lame and the lazy—will take you sans fatigue, sans danger, sans everything, wherever a mule can go, and wherever you want to go. I saw an Englishman, who weighed, I fear, three hundred pounds, being comfortably transported over the high Alps in one of these chairs, and he was so generous with his *pour boire* that his bearers uttered blessings on him as they wiped their streaming foreheads, and wished inconsistently that there were more like him! A Swiss will carry you anywhere, or do anything for you, for five francs.

But the carriage routes and the piazzas of the hotels will give you views enough to last you a lifetime, if you have not time or strength for more. The most delicate invalid could make the tour of Switzerland.

At Grindelwald you see the Glacier, of all things most indescribable. The sea frozen in a storm is the image which most nearly describes it to me. Whether you look up its awful solitudes or down where it rests its icy tongue on the valley, with the pink crocus blossoming on the very edge—whether you examine its blue and broken ice, or draw away from its fearful crevasse, or think of its cold, defined, steady and silent course, with the immense boulders on its bosom—wherever and whenever you see it, it is the miracle of Nature, the wonder of the Alpine world.

At Lauterbrunnen you have the Staubach, so famous from Lord Byron's comparison to the tail of the white horse of the Apocalypse. It is not so grand as

that, but a graceful evanescent thing, a veil floating in the winds, a vapor, a vision, a "silver dust of water." You see a dozen such on your way to Reichenbach, which itself is a gloriously abundant, wild, American sort of fall.

But the prettiest of all the excursions from Interlachen is the Giesbach Fall. You go up the Lake of Brienz to Giesbach, and must then ascend a very precipitous hill; you find a hotel in a forest, but emblemized with flowers, and a lovely fall. So isolated is the whole thing that you and your fellow-travellers are like a family, and one which could easily draw round the fire and each tell his story.

At evening they illuminate the fall with colored lights. The guide-books denounce this as tricky and unnatural, and as a *coup de théâtre*, but I did not think so. It was playing with Nature, but she can afford it, in these her wild and sportive moods.

All about these charming spots you meet the Swiss beggar in his most Protean forms. They are very anxious you should buy a marmot; why, I could not discover, as he is simply an enlarged rat, and not at all rare.

The inexorable necessities of travel force you onward, and after a pleasant sail on the Lake of Thun, and a short railway journey, you are at Freyburg, in time to hear the organ.

Freyburg is a romantic town hung in mid-air. It is built on several precipices, and the business of life goes on by means of two suspension bridges, each longer than our famous one at Niagara. In your hotel you are hung up as if in a bird cage, and realize the life of a pet canary. What is the reason for Freyburg? Why was such an impossible town built? It has drives of unusual beauty, an old tower of extraordinary interest, any amount of antiquity, and great apparent comfort and prosperity. In fact, the world has not sufficiently emphasized Freyburg as one of its attractive spots.

Go hence to Lausanne, and stay as long as you can at the "Beau Rivage," a lovely place. Sail up to Chillon and examine that lonely, sad prison; look your fill at those blue mountains; recall your "Nouvelle Héloïse," for here was her home.

Stop if you can at the Hôtel Byron, and at Vevay; go down the lake to Geneva, and see Mont Blanc for the first time. Old

Voltaire had a poor opinion of Geneva. "When I shake my wig, I powder the whole republic," said that acidulated wit. They thought better of him. They said he "made his estate pay, his tenants prosperous, and his prospects smile." Few better things were ever said of any man. And yet how few people read him now, and how little the great genius who ruled his own age has affected or will affect any other!

His house at Ferney is interesting, and is kept scrupulously as a show place. The long "pleached alley" drive in which he used to walk is still shady and sweet, allowing you glimpses of the distant prospect, a "verdant cloister" through which can be seen the Alps and Mont Blanc; yet no one loves it better than Voltaire has walked there.

Far different feelings associate themselves with Campagne Diodati. Here Milton visited, and here Byron lived—the poet whose genius has added a charm to Nature's loveliest and most sublime scenes. You feel your indebtedness to Byron nowhere else as you do in Switzerland. To him alone has it been given to find a phraseology noble enough for the Alps.

The avalanche, the *thunderbolt of snow*, is one of these fine descriptive lines.

Lake Leman needs no other description after his. No artist could paint it in calm or in storm as he has done. With what undying charm has he invested Chillon. "Clarens, sweet Clarens," and the lofty Jura, who "answers from her misty shroud." How perfectly he describes the "glacier's cold and restless mass." And even the guide books can find no words so fitting as his, with which to describe the scenery, climate, or the most noble or most common phenomena of the Alpine world.

Every house in which Byron lived has become a "shrine to the pilgrim of genius," and it is with loving pity, and unbounded admiration for the splendid gifts of the unhappy poet, that you tread the classic paths about the "Campagne Diodati." Yet with all this newly awakened gratitude to the poet in our hearts, we had the exquisite pain of reading, at this very time, the terrible attack made upon him by a countrywoman of our own. The poet is silent; he cannot answer it, but the world has answered it

for him, and has met the attack with indignant disbelief. Byron was too fond of accusing himself to have been a very guilty man. Men who really commit crimes are not fond of telling of them. The morbid and the highly imaginative often think themselves worse than they are. Perhaps Heaven may forgive such false self-reckoning, and may think it a lesser crime than a comfortable self-righteousness.

I said the poet was silent. Does he not from that far-off sphere, where all that was noble of him exists, purified from the frailties and passions of earth, drop these words of answer and reproof upon the bosom of the lake he loved?

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwellt in is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing.
To waft me from distraction. Once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been
So moved.

So long as the lake mirrors the mountains, so long as the Alps rise one stone above another, so long as the human heart can detect what is true and what is false in the utterances of inspiration, so long shall these lines be read and quoted and admired, as Lord Byron's unanswerable defence.

"Mon lac est le premier," says Voltaire; and you almost forgive Voltaire for his disagreeable qualities when you remember how he liked this beautiful Lake of Geneva. It is hard to say it is the most beautiful when you remember Lucerne and the Italian lakes; but when you are looking at it you cannot say that anything is more beautiful. Its extraordinary blue, its clearness, its variety of scenery, vine-clad hills, rocky precipices, and, above all in every sense, Mont Blanc, make it a memorable spot.

Geneva is such a clean, healthful, agreeable city, with unrivalled sites for villas along the lake and in full view of Mont Blanc, that you are not astonished to find some of the English nobility, like Sir Robert Peel, or the Germans, like Baron Rothschild and others, the luxurious of all nations, living in its environs. The day we were permitted to see the splendid villa of Baron Rothschild was a day clothed in all the glories of midsummer,

and the tints of lake, intervalle, and mountain were in their perfection. Nothing can surpass the view from this princely residence; nothing can surpass the view of it, for it is one of those perfected combinations of architecture, landscape gardening, flowers, fountains, statues, vases, and vines, of which we have no examples in this country, few even in Europe. The villas at Newport more nearly approach it than any I have seen. And they cannot have the view. They cannot have Mont Blanc at sunset, with attendant Alps, with its crowning stone a burning brilliant ruby. Nor can they have the lake, like a huge sapphire, blue and beautiful, beneath it, though they do have an undeniable ocean.

There are so many birds, flowers, animals (for he has quite a little zoological garden) at the Baron's villa, so many trees, walks, solitudes, and arbors, that you would be tempted to call it a wilderness of delights did not any allusion to wilderness seem out of place. It is like the "wilderness" in Miss Ferrier's novel of "Marriage," where the heroine says she thinks she should like a wilderness if it were "full of roses and good society."

We started off for Chamouni in a heavy rain, but the weather-wise told us it was not impossible that we should find serene weather before we got there. Their words were words of wisdom, and we saw Mont Blanc peering into the valley just beyond Sallanches. He seems to be bending a crooked nose over the valley at this point, but at every turn he grows higher, whiter, more sublime, more magnificent.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity.

You cannot do without your Byron.

The road to Chamouni is perfectly good. You drive to the very foot of Mont Blanc with the greatest ease. The hotels at Chamouni are comfortable, and you want five days there of good weather to see all that you must see.

For there is the Mer de Glace, most mighty and most wonderful; you approach it by the Montanvert, up which you are carried by mule or *chaise à porteur*. You get views of the Arve below you and the Flégère and Breven opposite; as you ascend you see the Aiguille de Dru, a needle of granite, rise before you. You

can look up the Mer de Glace two leagues, and see beyond it the various "aiguilles," and a thousand nameless peaks, all distanced by the gigantic Aiguille Verte, which is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. No language can describe the silent majesty of this scene.

Not being able to ascend Mont Blanc (and, strange to say, you have a terrible desire to do so!), we did the next best thing; we went up the Breven, vis-à-vis to Mont Blanc.

We had a glorious day—not a cloud in the blue sky (it was, by the way, the 12th of September, often blessed by good weather, our guide told us)—and we wound up easily in two hours to Plauprat, by various conveyances, mules, chaises, and feet being put in requisition. We finally got 9,000 feet above our ordinary walk in life, and held Mont Blanc in the hollow of our hands.

Every peak and every glacier, all the "aiguilles," the pine forests below and the eternal snow above—all is visible from this splendid position; you are two-fifths of the height of Mont Blanc above the valley, and see what is justly called the "whole mass of Mont Blanc."

One little fleecy cloud rested two minutes on that rounded summit which they call "Napoleon's Hat"—and indeed it reminds one of a *chapeau-bras*—and then went floating up into the blue, retaining the shape perfectly, as if it were seeking some other monarch higher up to crown with its unsubstantial honors. It was a pretty phenomenon, and much noticed and talked of by our guides, one of whom had scaled that dizzy height sixteen times. He was "chief of the guides," and wore a medal. We could trace well the path over the awfully dangerous solitudes, used by those who are so foolishly venturesome as to ascend Mont Blanc; and our memory of it has lent a painful interest to the accidents which we have since read of, for we know into what fearful crevasses have fallen those doomed men who perished there.

The older guides shook their heads when they talked about it. "I do not like to look at *him*," said one old fellow, and yet he lives at the chalet at Plauprat, and is obliged to look at "him" always. But we were obliged to descend and to look at "him" no more. Majestic monarch of mountains, he gives you thoughts and memories which will follow you all the

days of your life; which will be blessed companions for a sleepless night, and which will not be unworthy as the solace of the bed of sickness and of death.

"Give me a great thought," said the dying Herder, "that I may solace myself."

We lost the Matterhorn. We presented ourselves at Visp, as according to programme it is proper to do; but it "snowed and it blowed," and the expedition was abandoned. Visp was dreadfully sad. The inundations of the spring of 1869 had been very severe, and that disastrous stream of sand and stone swept across the valley, ruining the village and adjacent meadows.

We were glad to leave it behind us and begin to ascend the Simplon. Here we leave on our left the town of Brieg, which seems to be all turrets, belonging to a family who have the appropriate name of Stockalper. Then we wind slowly and tediously upward. It takes four horses to drag us and our carriage. What a colossal undertaking, this road! We have a weary time of it up to the "second refuge." Here we get a level, and bend round the valley of the Gauthier; here we begin to traverse "galleries," to go through the solid rock, to span precipices; so on and upward to the summit, the region above vegetation, where we see the red moss, the only thing which grows above the snow.

Here is a hospice, and some of the real St. Bernard dogs have been brought here. These intelligent creatures flew round and round our carriage, and gave us an almost human greeting. We could imagine how glad we should be to see them if we were "the traveller lost in the snow" of the old picture-books. As it was, we were sorry when the crack of the postilion's whip dismissed them and we spun rapidly on round the curves of this wonderful road.

Our eyes were caught here by a glorious view. The Bernese Alps in all their majesty rose high in the heavens above and beyond all the other peaks, and the clouds seemed to part that we might catch a glimpse of this splendid chain. After this it was a succession of wonders. We drove behind and under miniature Niagaras, which were conducted over our heads. We drove through solid rocks, and began to feel that we were on Aladdin's enchanted carpet, and might easily float on the air. There is no describing this road.

It must be experienced to be believed. You surprise the secrets of the Alpine world, and descend with the gnomes and rise with the spirits. Glaciers, waterfalls, snow mountains, precipices become familiar objects.

I am ashamed to say we were very hungry when we reached Simplon, and that we enjoyed the roast partridges and good wine of the Fletschorn. Great emotions are appetizing, there is no doubt; so is the keen air of the Alps.

Here we begin (after dinner) perceptibly to descend. Here we put an iron drag on our wheels, which grinds horribly. Here we drive into the tremendous, savage, grand gorge of Gondo. Gustave Doré might well paint these slate rocks, innocent of vegetation, these mighty gaps, these terrible, gloomy precipices, this rushing water, for his entrance to the Inferno. Over your head leaps the tremendous torrent of the Frassinone. You are carried behind and under it; as you pause to look back, your senses fail to convince you that you have done so wonderful a thing.

On one of these galleries, cut in the solid rock, is the memorable inscription:

"Ere Italo, 1806. Napoleon, Imperator."

"Imperator," indeed!

So down and down to Isella and a cus-tom-house.

Then come the chestnut and the vine. The air is soft and delicate. Have the past few hours been real, or has a passionate dream crept over you? You cross the Doveria, gentle name for the same wild torrent which has torn so fiercely along your path. The maize fields, the vines springing from tree to tree, the all-per-vading chestnut, the white villages, the graceful campanile rising in the air, the bounteous landscape, all tell you that you have reached the land of your dreams. This is Italy.

We descended at Domo d'Ossola, a quaint, dirty, and picturesque characteristic Italian town. How strange this immediate difference of nationality! We are only ten hours from a chalet, a glacier, and a snow mountain, and here no one stone lies upon another as it does in Switzerland. We are eating figs; we are surrounded by large-eyed, swarthy Italians. A different race, a different clime, a different architecture, a different language; and different they will remain forever.

M. E. W. S.

DRIFT-WOOD.

CHICAGO.

If it be true, as the Roman adage says, that "twice he gives who quickly gives," what sum shall indicate the impetuous generosity of America to stricken Chicago? The marvel of that spectacle was less the grand volume of charity (though this was ten millions) than the promptness of it; for before mayors could pen their proclamations, or selectmen, common councils, boards of exchange, and chambers of commerce could assemble to vote aid, people were in the streets with subscription lists, with money drawn out of savings banks, with garments hastily made, and baskets hurriedly laden for Chicago. It is this spontaneity that makes us proud of our countrymen and countrywomen—proud of our America. Ere he had fully read the great news that memorable Monday morning, papa's hand went to his pocket and mamma's to her work-basket; the merchant took his check-book, and the mechanic was pledging a day's wages to Chicago. Before the flames were quenched, the telegraph was tapping to Mayor Mason, "Draw on New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, for twenty, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars." Within a few days Boston had given at the rate of nearly two dollars for each man, woman, and child in her population; money, food, and clothing were pouring westward from Bangor, eastward from San Francisco; there were relief parties in Chicago from all the neighboring cities; in every obscure hamlet, people unbidden met together to give; and when a "relief train" ran from New York night and day, more touching than the munificence of merchant princes was it to read such things as these:

SUSQUEHANNA, Oct. 11.—Intense sympathy is manifested all along the road, and numbers of people of all classes are assembled at the depots attempting to throw bundles on board as we whisk past. Goods are piled up at the principal stations awaiting the next train.

ELMIRA, Oct. 11.—Dense crowds were collected at Binghamton, Owego, and Waverley, notwithstanding the rain, and handkerchiefs were waving from every cottage and shanty. Contributions are waiting at every station.

To find another such upheaval of popu-

lar emotion we must go back to '61; but this of '71 was for mercy, not for vengeance.

It is less, I repeat, the vast sums given in this noble lavishness of all classes and conditions of men that we are proud to recall, than the instinct which instantly showed itself—the common desire—the generous thought flashing as swiftly between city and city, man and man, as the very electricity that told the news, and anon as swiftly flowering into generous deed. Ah, America, ours to glory in when we witness this universal impulse of sympathetic charity for those in stress! There are patriotic topics which we surrender to the Fourth of July orators—the height of the Alleghanies, the breadth of the continent, the length of the Mississippi, the area of the prairies, the bulk of falling water at Niagara. We may even trust these gentry to exploit our free government, free homesteads, free schools, free speech, free worship, free press, careers freed from caste, and country parted among a million land-owners. But we cannot think without pride of becoming one day a people instinctively lavish in mercy to the conquered and in charity to the suffering. There were thugs and fire-bugs even in Chicago; there will be some such everywhere and always. There were a few solemn personages who groaned, with upturned eyes, that Chicago was a Sodom and Peshtigo a Gomorrah; but they were sounder in deed than in doctrine, showing by their acts that if the fire was a "visitation of Providence," its lesson of wrath was eclipsed and forgotten in its grander lesson of brotherly kindness and Christian charity. The true crown of America is her magnanimity; her chief jewel is the generosity of her people. Other nations have fought as bravely, and more skilfully; but how many others have been magnanimous to the conquered? How many others would have been more careful, more humane, more dexterous to avoid increase of suffering, in raising four million slaves to self-depending freemen, incorporating them into the body politic? And in what nation does charity flow more spontaneously from all ranks of its

people when suffering humanity cries aloud from an Ireland, a Lancashire, a Paris, from a Savannah, New Orleans, or Chicago?

Lowell writes of America :

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind.

With so much elbow-room in the New World, there is no need of crowding, and rarely are we taught the cruel lesson that a neighbor's gain is our loss, his misfortune our opportunity. We learn, rather, that a neighbor's calamity is a calamity for all. It is easy for us to welcome here a thousand skilled workmen, where a hundred coming upon Manchester or Lyons would breed a riot. "Glad to see you, stranger," is an Americanism; and the further you go into the West, into Wisconsin, into the wilderness, the heartier is your welcome. It is amusing to note the instinctive jealousy, hostility, and apprehension of a stranger coming hither to live from London, Paris, Vienna, toward his fellow-craftsmen of any occupation. It is foreign-born laborers who instinctively fear the rivalry of the freedman. It is foreign-born laborers who instinctively fear the rivalry of the Chinese. Such impressions are perhaps as involuntary and unavoidable, for a time, as the race-marks in one's face; they tell of hereditary struggling in overcrowded careers. But after some years, the newcomer learns that there is room for him here, and room for one more. Then he drops by degrees the self-preserving instinct to kick down the ladder lest another ascend. Rising in life is so easy here,—indeed, so inevitable, with decent self-control—that one learns to lend the helping hand on all sides, without fear of being himself impeded. So, in fine, sympathy is rarely liable to be checked by selfish exultation. The loss of a city seems a "national calamity." Cincinnati and St. Louis hasten to the rescue of Chicago, though the burnt city was yesterday their commercial rival, and, thanks to their generous aid, will soon be so again.

Washington Irving, with much humor, perhaps with rather more humor than truth, described "the Almighty Dollar" as a "great object of universal devotion throughout our land." If it be an object of devotion, at least Chicago demonstrates

that we sometimes use the almighty dollar as the Almighty conceivably means that dollars shall be used.

PUBLIC READINGS.

If the army of public readers who have just taken the field again for the winter's campaign will accept a suggestion from one of their humble admirers, the hint shall be given in a single word—*read*. This is a great favor, I know, to ask, for good reading is rarely declaiming, and never is acting. Why should the reader gesticulate like a Communist, or aim to personify by his manners the characters supposed to be talking? Think of a refined woman, in ordinary evening dress, trying to swell her face and frame to resemble a Falstaff's, or rubbing her knees the better to personify a country squire. Such incongruous, half-way acting only robs the elocutionist of personal dignity, while it adds nothing to the intelligibility of the author. Surely the drunken scenes in the "Tempest" are lucid enough to spare an educated gentleman the necessity of reeling about the platform before an audience, or of hiccapping profusely into his book; and the same is true of all the gesturing and posturing, the staring and starting, the contortions and gesticulations of public readers. I say that these things cannot create an illusion, because there is no scenery, no furniture, no surroundings, no costumes, no body of fellow-actors to properly support and justify such dramatic trickery. The man who reads is clothed in a tight dress coat and white kid gloves; or the woman who reads rustles at each gesture a fashionable silk gown: can we lose the identity, and imagine the one a grave-digger and the other a clown? My good sir, when you glance down and up your enviable broadcloth, from shirt-front to shoes, as you exclaim "Look at these rags!" do you fancy this to be more effective than if your eyes had remained on your book? Respected madam, do you help matters by that barren grasp at your pretty chin, as you "swear by this beard"? Pshaw, the thing is an imposition. "Yonder blessed moon" is the side gas-light, and as your extra contortions do not have the painter's and costumer's art to justify them, they only tell against you.

Mrs. Pedigree, the public reader, is a cultivated, intelligent, and refined woman,

beautiful in face and of magnificent figure. When this famous elocutionist suddenly entered upon the stage of the hall where Portia and I sat among an eager audience, we could not refrain from joining in the general involuntary cry of admiration at her fine features and majestic presence. Pausing one instant, she tragically swept half-way across the platform, and, in a voice which thrilled and hushed the house, sepulchrally remarked, "Will anybody be good enough to bring me a glass of water?" In the midst of a dead silence water was found and brought, the audience having three minutes for inspecting the lady as she stood, serene and high, on a spot selected at the rehearsal, and in an attitude chosen with great taste from her *repertoire* for such occasions. Then the house breathlessly watched her as she took the glass—her stately bow, her leisurely draught of the water, inaudible and inimitable. "Will anybody be good enough to light this gas?" The same man Peter—her own man in fact—gravely performed this office, the rounded Pedigree arm and tapering Pedigree forefinger pointing out, till the very moment of lighting, the exact position of that one neglected gas-tube, to the faithful Peter, who, poor man, knew it perfectly well. It is done in every place; it is the Pedigree preliminary to her readings; and while Peter understands his business, the local janitor is made, by a small gratuity, to understand his, which is to neglect the water and one gas-jet, and to keep out of the way.

But now it was the programme that interested us. Alas, how quickly that idol fell! Instead of reading tranquilly, and expressing with ease the meaning of her authors, our noble Pedigree sought to half sink herself in the *rôles* she assumed. There was a country courtship scene, with our elegant friend, as I have said, rubbing her knees, crossing her arms, and throwing herself back to personify a self-satisfied squire. Then there was a war-ballad, with the good lady straddling like an officer, and yelling commands to a battalion which could have heard them a furlong off. She jerked out imaginary swords from imaginary sheaths, and pulled off imaginary caps from a very unimaginative chignon, and all in a way to electrify her audience. Everything was startling, even the pathetic pieces. And what was the

upshot of it all? That we carried away a memory of gruff voices, ungraceful and unfeminine attitudes, coarse looks and gestures, and a fruitless effort to create a stage illusion. The performance had only succeeded in spoiling the charm of a handsome, intellectual, and well-bred woman. She had lost no identity, but some dignity; she had forgotten that we go to the theatre to see acting, but to the lecture-room to hear reading.

The over-dramatic way of reading poetry takes away the attention from the beauty of the thought or the story, and fixes it on the performer, where it is but half satisfied, because it detects a certain incongruity between the gentleman out of stage costume, sitting at a desk, and yet conducting himself as if he were really twenty different personages at once. Surely we in the seats might be at least credited with enough imagination to fancy how an order would be given to soldiers without a young lady's yelling it in our ears. Most elocutionists, through fear of being too commonplace, are too dramatic; through fear of being too tame are too noisy. In order to display their vocal gymnastics and full range of gesture, they make the author suffer. Affecting pieces are rarely affecting when read by such performers, for athletic gesticulations are not required to touch the hearer, quiet reading making the language sufficiently pathetic. The Pedigree essays one death scene so tragical that the least bit of tranquil reading, of true tenderness would have melted the audience, but she chose to raise her voice perpetually in a stagey way, and to startle her hearers without deeply moving them. In emotional pieces the elocutionist often makes his audience shiver with a sudden *éclat de voix*, but it does not bring tears.

Amusing pieces are the ones in which most public readers are enjoyable. The rapid delivery which ruins pathetic pieces enhances the mirth of the comic ones. But in these a desire to personate all the characters in full stage fashion often leads to extravagance. Mrs. Pedigree makes Beatrice and Benedick retort upon each other, not with the elegant badinage of refined and witty people, but with the pertness of the soldier and the bar-maid, and instead of the tranquil manners of the court drawing-room, you have the coarse repartee of the inn.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE GREAT ALPINE TUNNEL.

THE completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel is one of the great triumphs of scientific engineering which is worthy to be ranked with the Atlantic Telegraph, the Pacific Railroad, and the Suez Canal: works of heroic construction, and will make the present age forever memorable in history. The following are the leading facts in regard to this grand achievement. All the world knows about the Alps, and the difficulties of climbing and crossing them. They constitute a perfectly continuous wall, rising from the surface of the earth to a mile or two above the clouds, which, stretching from the Gulf of Lyons to the Adriatic, completely hems in Italy and shuts it out from the rest of Europe. The project of driving a tunnel through these mountains and opening free railway communication was often suggested; but the world is indebted for the actual undertaking to the enlightened and energetic resolution of Count Cavour, Prime Minister of Victor Emanuel, the Italian King. Cavour's immediate purpose was to unite more closely the two divisions of the kingdom over which his sovereign then ruled, viz., Savoy and Piedmont; but its European importance was so confessed that France agreed to bear half the expense of construction. The tunnel is not carried under Mont Cenis, which is fifteen miles from it, but under Mont Fréjus; and its terminations are the village of Bardonnecchia on the Italian side, and the village of Fournaux on the French side. Its exact length is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles and 212 yards. It is a little more than twenty-five feet wide and about the same height, with a semicircular top, and through it passes a double track. It was expected that at least twenty-five years would be required for its completion; but, commenced in August, 1857, it was opened in September, 1871, the cost of construction having been some thirty million dollars. Of course the first great problem was to make the survey so as to fix the exact direction of the axial line, by working to which the excavating parties might meet in the heart of the mountain. This was a work of extreme delicacy, but it was executed

with great precision. The whole system consisted of twenty-eight triangles, and there were eighty-six measured angles. The various trigonometrical measurements were repeated ten, twenty, and some even sixty times; and so exact was the work that the measurements over the mountain, 13,000 yards, coincided at length to within an inch and a half.

The rock was bored for blasting by water-power furnished by the mountain streams, which impelled the drilling machines by compressed air. This was the ingenious novelty of the undertaking. The quantity of water used was 35.317 cubic feet per second, with a fall of 144 feet, by which air was compressed to six atmospheres by means of hydraulic pressure. This compressed air was conveyed through a cast-iron tube 39 inches thick, and with an internal bore of 7.84 inches in diameter. The drill was driven by a piston worked by the condensed air from a movable press, and the process was as follows: Seven drills pierced a series of holes in the rock. These holes were about a yard in depth, an inch to three inches in diameter; only the smaller ones were filled with powder, the larger being simply made in order to diminish the resistance of the stone. These seventy holes took from five to seven hours to perforate, according to the nature of the rock. When the holes had been made, they were dried thoroughly by means of blasts of compressed air and then charged. The mines were successively exploded, beginning with those in the centre of the vault. Then the fragments were cleared away in trucks. In the twenty-four hours the progress varied from two yards to two yards and a half.

The meeting of the workmen in the depths of the mountain last winter is thus described by an eye-witness: "On the 9th of November, 1870," says Mr. Genesi, "I was on my regular round of inspection as usual, when I fancied I heard through the rocks the noise of the explosion of the mines on the Bardonnecchia side.

"I sent a despatch to discover if the hours agreed. They did, and then there

could be no longer any doubt that we were nearing the goal. Each following day the explosions were to be heard more and more distinctly. At the beginning of December we heard quite clearly the blows of the perforators against the rocks. Then we vaguely heard the sound of voices. But were we going to meet at the same level and in the same axis? For three days and three nights engineers, foremen, and heads of gangs never left the tunnel. We could not eat or sleep; every one was in a state of fever. At length, on the morning of the 26th of December, the rock fell in near the roof. The breach was made, and we could see each other and shake hands. The same evening the hole was clear—the last obstacle—and the mountain was pierced, our work was done. What a rejoicing we had! In spite of the war, the cheers of all scientific Europe came to find us in the entrails of our mountain when the happy termination of our enterprise became known. The two axes met almost exactly; there was barely half a yard error. The level on our side was only 60 centimetres (less than three-quarters of a yard) too high. But after thirteen years of continual work, who could even hope for so perfect a result? We placed at the point of junction an inscription on a marble tablet, commemorative of the happy event."

Entering the tunnel from Savoy (the north or French side), it is found to rise with an average incline of 1 in 45, or 117 feet 4 inches per mile, to a point just midway, 429 feet above the height of the Savoy entrance. From this point descending to the Italian side the incline is very slight, about 1 in 2,000, serving only to let the moisture flow off, of which, however, there is very little in the tunnel. But one spring was found, which yielded only seven gallons per minute, and the water for drinking and other uses had to be brought from without. The greatest height of the mountain mass perpendicularly over the tunnel is 5,307 feet. There are no perpendicular shafts from the surface to the tunnel for air supply, and yet the atmosphere within it proves to be as pure as it is found in much shorter tunnels. The work has been executed by Piedmontese laborers under the direction of Signor Grattoni, who is the chief engineer.

The geological composition of the mass along the tunnel line, beginning at the north entrance, is: first a thickness of 2,350

yards of schist: then 306 yards of quartz; next 2,954 yards of compact limestone; and the remainder on the Italian side is all schist. In a geological point of view this excavation has much interest, as it is the most considerable earth penetration that has been hitherto accomplished. To utilize its lessons there are placed in the School of Mines in Paris 196 mineral specimens, each being supplied with a label showing the distance of the place where it was collected from the opening of the tunnel; and there is also a similar collection at Turin. It is curious that twenty-five years ago M. Sismonda prepared a map indicating the theoretical succession of the strata in the mountain which has now been perforated, and everything has been found in the place where it was supposed to be. Verification has been absolute on an immense scale, so that it is possible to say, "For the learned men the mountains are made of glass, as their eyes can see everything within their abysses."

MAGNETISM AND THE SUN.

WHAT the wonderful immaterial agency may be by which matter in its free, elemental, metallic state influences and attracts other metallic matter at a distance, or by which the earth acting upon a balanced steel needle causes it to point to the pole, we are far enough from knowing; but whatever it be, it belongs to the solar system and involves the sun in its effects. It has been known for some years that the magnetic needle is in sympathy with the sunspots; that is, they each have eleven-year periodicities which coincide with each other. Great perturbations of the solar surface—cyclones in the sun's atmosphere—it is also known, are attended with agitations of the needle over large areas of the earth, which take the name of magnetic storms. It is a very natural supposition, therefore, that so grand an obstruction to solar influences as a total eclipse of the sun would result in some form of magnetic derangement on the earth, and this is the case to so important an extent that magnetic observations are now extensively provided for. Mr. Diamilla Müller records in the "*Gazette Official del Regno d'Italia*," that on the 22d of December last the needle followed its usual course until the commencement of the eclipse; then it went backward until 1:58 P. M., when it attained its maximum

declination at the time the eclipse became total. Afterwards it resumed its movement westward until it exactly took up the position occupied before the commencement of the eclipse.

PREVENTION OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

THE frequent occurrence of these terrible casualties has created a widespread apprehension that, in spite of all our knowledge and the utmost care, boilers will continue to blow up, and that in going into their vicinity we are facing a risk which no human foresight has yet been able to provide against. That there is danger as boilers are at present managed it would be idle to deny; but that the danger is insurmountable, or in any degree chargeable to a lack of knowledge concerning the properties of iron and steam, are gross errors which need to be speedily removed. Not one in a thousand of these explosions is an accident, in the proper sense of the term; on the contrary, they flow as naturally from ascertained causes as the explosion of a fired powder-cracker, or the bursting of an ignited bomb-shell. In one case it is overpressure of steam, in another a defective boiler, in a third a lack of water, and in all a totally inexcusable ignorance or carelessness of the known laws which govern the action of steam. Given the causes, the question is, how may these be removed and safety secured? Science can manage both iron and steam, but it cannot yet control the motives and actions of men; and as men are the primary delinquents in this class of disasters, the problem is to devise some way by which they may be effectively reached. Moral considerations are of little avail, for, put against money, they almost invariably kick the beam. The only alternative is the law, and this, to be effective, must be supported by a united and vigorous public sentiment.

How the law may be best applied is yet an unsettled point. A late report on steam-boiler legislation in England, after laying down the proposition that boiler explosions are as a rule preventible, and recommending that every case of explosion shall be thoroughly inquired into by a competent scientific man, whose business it shall be to report all the facts to Parliament, discusses two methods by which it is proposed to reach those who permit their boilers to blow up. Both methods locate the responsibility with

the steam-user—the man or company in whose interest the machinery is run; but this is all they have in common. It is sought by one party, including the Parliamentary committee having charge of the subject, to establish a system of pains and penalties to be inflicted on the steam-user in the event of his allowing his boiler to explode. Others advocate an attempt at direct prevention by means of a national system of periodical inspection enforced by the government, but administered by the steam-users themselves, with the assistance of *ex-officio* representatives of the public. In favor of the former plan it is urged that a fixed minimum sum, to be exacted absolutely in case of an explosion, would force steam-users to adopt an efficient system of private inspection. If inadequate to cover the damage done to the persons and property of others, this fixed sum is not to limit the claim for compensation; if a surplus remains, it goes into a fund devoted to the assistance of those injured by explosions in cases where the proprietors are unable to compensate the victims. An absolute penalty of this nature would also, it is thought, save a vast amount of litigation, as boiler-owners would then see that it is as much for their interest to believe that explosions are preventible as that they are accidental; and such being the case, they would soon find out a way to prevent them. In behalf of the second plan it is claimed that under it steam-users might be organized into district associations, each of which should appoint a board of control empowered to carry out the inspections, and levy such rates upon the steam-users as might be necessary for the conduct of the service; the different boards being affiliated by means of an annual conference in order to promote the harmonious working of the whole system. In this way it is considered that a national system of inspection might be built up which, mildly but firmly administered, would not only prevent the majority of steam-boiler explosions, but “would be the means of disseminating much valuable information, would promote improvements, raise the standard of boiler engineering, and prove a national gain.”

It will be seen that although the public is allowed a voice, this scheme virtually leaves the whole business in the hands of the boiler-owners themselves, assuming

that the chance for improvement, etc., which the organization would give, constitutes a sufficient guarantee for the faithful performance of its duties. This by no means follows. Gain of money is too generally set before gain of knowledge to expect a class like this to lessen the one for the sake of advancing the other; and it is for this very reason that the first or Parliamentary plan is likely to be the most effective. This, however, is not the place to discuss the comparative merits of the two propositions. That is the business of the lawmakers. But it cannot be too frequently reiterated that it is neither science nor mechanics which is at fault, and the sooner the public understand this the sooner will it be able to place the responsibility where it properly belongs.

EXPLOSIONS OF GUN-COTTON.

THE gun-cotton works at Stowmarket, England, blew up a few months ago, producing terrible destruction, and killing or wounding more than half the people employed in them. The jury report that probably some person or persons unknown maliciously added sulphuric acid to a quantity of the cotton after it had passed the government tests. This conclusion, however, is rather an inference than a demonstrated fact, and it is probably a strained inference at that. The manufacture of gun-cotton is comparatively a new process; the forces involved are mysterious as they are terrific, and it can hardly be doubted that there is much yet to learn about the conditions of their action. The accident at any rate afforded painful proofs that ignorance was a cause of at least a part of the fatal results. The first explosion took place in a magazine of stored cotton. The flames spread to some sheds containing boxes of cartridges. The proprietors, Messrs. Prentice, inferring from former experiments that the cotton under these circumstances would only burn and not explode, occupied themselves in drawing these boxes from the fire. But they did explode, and the unfortunate gentlemen were literally blown to pieces. While the parties who ought best to have understood the danger were still in such fatal error, it is safe to conclude that the vital want of the case is more accurate knowledge. This is rendered more probable by the fact that gun-cotton differs from other explosives in being dangerous only when it is badly made.

Bad gunpowder will not ignite; bad gun cotton can hardly be kept from ignition, its safety entirely depending upon the perfection of its manufacture. The chances are many, therefore, that the cause of the explosion in this case was defective manufacture rather than wanton criminality.

TEMPERATURE AND VITALITY.

THE freezing and boiling points of water have long been assumed as the limits beyond which animal life could not exist, it being supposed that any animal would freeze to death if cooled to 32 deg. Fahr., or burn to death if heated to 212 deg. Fahr. This is true of the higher forms of animal life, which indeed are confined within a very much narrower range of temperature. But it turns out to be an error, as regards some of the lower forms, which in this as in several other respects contradict our notions of life in general.

Recent researches by Mr. F. Grace Calvert, instituted for the purpose of determining the degree of heat required to destroy the germ-life in solutions of organic matter, show that while much of this life disappears at 212 deg. Fahr. some of it will survive a heat of 300 deg. Fahr.; but at 400 deg. Fahr. all appeared to be destroyed. Mr. Calvert says: "My experiments were made with solution of sugar, hay infusion, solution of gelatine, and water that had been in contact with putrid meat. To carry out these experiments, I prepared a series of small tubes made of very thick, well-annealed glass, each tube about one and a half inch in length, and having a bore about two-tenths of an inch in diameter. The fluid to be operated upon was introduced into them and left exposed to the atmosphere for a sufficient length of time for germ-life to be largely developed. Each tube was then hermetically sealed and wrapped in wire gauze. They were then placed in an oil bath and gradually heated to the required temperature, at which they were maintained for half an hour. The sugar solution was prepared by dissolving one part of sugar in ten parts of common water, and then exposed to the atmosphere all night so that life might impregnate it; then placed in tubes and allowed to stand five days. Some of the tubes were kept without being heated, others heated to 200, 300, 400, and 500 deg. Fahr. respectively. After being kept twenty-four days the contents

of the tubes were microscopically examined. In the solution not heated much life was seen; at 212 deg. a great portion of the life had disappeared; at 300 deg. the sugar was slightly charred, but the life not entirely destroyed; while at 400 and 500 the sugar was almost entirely charred, and no trace of life observed. A small black *vibrio* observed resists the high temperature and all chemical solutions. The bay infusion was made by macerating hay in common water for one hour, filtering the liquor, and leaving it exposed to the air all night, when it was sealed in the small tubes. The results were examined twenty-four days after being heated. In this case as in the sugar solution life was observed in the solutions heated to 200 and 300 deg. Fahr., while in those heated to 400 and 500 deg. Fahr. life was destroyed. In the solution not heated fungous matter was observed, while none appeared in any of the heated solutions. A solution of gelatine of such strength that it remained liquid in cooling was exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-four hours, and introduced into the small tubes, which were sealed and heated. The fluids were examined twenty-four days after being heated. The animalcules in this case were principally of a different class to those observed in the two preceding cases, and this class were injured at 100 deg. Fahr. At 212 deg. a considerable diminution in the amount had taken place, while at 300 deg. all life was destroyed. Water was placed in an open vessel and a piece of meat suspended in it until it became putrid. This was placed in the usual tubes, heated, and the contents examined after twenty-four days. In this case life was still observed at 300 deg. Fahr., while at 400 deg. it had disappeared. As previous experimenters have not exposed their solutions to so high a temperature as 300 deg. Fahr., the life which they found was due to the development of germs remaining in the fluid."

Mr. Calvert also found that the animalcules in the putrid meat liquor were as hard to freeze as they were to burn. He exposed a portion of the liquor for twenty hours to a temperature ranging from the freezing point to 17 deg. below. Immediately after melting the ice the animalcules appeared languid and their power of locomotion was greatly decreased, but in two hours they appeared as energetic

as ever. This but confirms the observations of Ehrenberg, who found imbedded in the ice of the polar regions numerous species of his so-called *polygas-ria*, which when liberated from their frosty quarters gave unmistakable signs of vitality.

More recently it has been observed that animals of much higher organization live habitually in a freezing temperature without any apparent decline in their powers. This is the case with the ice flea, which, according to a late writer in "Nature," has its abode under the stones dotting the surface of the Morteratsch glacier. Here they live upon the ice, "in an atmosphere the temperature of which never rises above the freezing point;" and yet when disturbed display an activity which leaves no room for the notion that they have been in the least stiffened by the cold.

The experiments of Mr. Calvert have a significant bearing on the theory of spontaneous generation; for if this germinal matter retains its vitality through a heat of 300 deg. Fahr., and is afterward capable of passing into the living state, the advocates of the theory can by no means be certain that the germs in their solutions were all destroyed, since 280 deg. Fahr. is the highest heat that in their experiments has ever been employed. They have also an immediate practical value in reference to the question of disinfection by heat. If certain forms of germ life can withstand a temperature nearly equal to that at which the charring of organic matter commences, it is unsafe to assume that those germs believed to be concerned in the propagation of certain forms of disease will be destroyed below this temperature; and as no such degree of heat is attained or even attempted in the ovens designed for the purification of the bedding and clothing of the sick, it seems at best a very uncertain method of disinfection.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF FISHES.

VARIOUS animal substances in the early stages of decay have, in common with numerous other objects, both living and dead, the peculiar property of shining in the dark; and the circumstance that the light which they emit bears a strong resemblance to that given off by slowly-oxidizing phosphorus has led to the use of the term *phosphorescence* as a general designation of the phenomenon. The bodies of decaying fish frequently take on

this shining appearance; and M. Panceri, in a memoir lately presented to the Association of Naturalists and Physicians of Turin, claims to have shown that the phosphorescent substance, wherever in the fish's body it may be situated, is always fat, and that the light proceeds from the slow oxidation of this fat in contact with air. The skin of fishes being permeable to gases, the oxidation of subcutaneous fat can go on without difficulty. Phosphorescence shows itself as a rule some time after death, and continues until putrefaction commences. As soon as a true decomposition sets in, accompanied by the disengagement of ammonia, phosphorescence ceases. The phenomenon is prevented by the presence of fresh water, alcohol, or carbonic acid, and strengthened by the presence of oxygen.

SANITARY VALUE OF HARD WATER.

MANY writers on hygiene assert that soft water is superior to any other for both drinking and culinary purposes; the presence of earthy salts in any considerable quantity being regarded as prejudicial to health. Dr. Letheby, in a late paper on the "Water Supply of Towns," takes an opposite view, strongly advocating the use of hard water as being not only more agreeable to the palate, but best adapted to meet the physiological wants of the system. He maintains that the earthy matters in hard water are essential elements to be provided for the construction of the osseous tissues; that they supply much of the calcareous salts necessary for the nutrition of the frame; and that in repudiating their use we are throwing away one of the chief provisions of Nature for this purpose. No one could say that hard water was not far more agreeable to drink than soft water, while it certainly was cooler and a better quencher of thirst.

In support of his opinion, Dr. Letheby states that the finest specimens of the English race are to be found in regions where the waters are hard, from flowing out of or over calcareous strata. The same is the case with cattle and horses, as shown by those reared in such counties as Durham and Leicester, and the horses of Flanders, while the Shetlands only produce a race of ponies. But the strongest argument brought forward by Dr. Letheby is that furnished by a comparison of the death-rates of towns supplied with hard

and soft water respectively. By cataloguing the towns of Great Britain, according to the character of their water supply so far as known, he found that as a rule, where the water was hardest the death-rate was lowest, and that increase of softness was attended by an increase of the death-rate, which became highest where the softest water was used. A table giving the number of deaths per year per thousand of popula, and also the degrees of hardness of the water supply for each of sixty-five towns, is offered in confirmation of this. From this table it appears that in towns supplied with water of over ten degrees of hardness, the average death-rate per thousand is 21.9. In those towns where the water supply came within the range of from ten to six degrees of hardness, the death-rate rises to 24.9 per thousand, reaching an average of 26.3 per thousand in towns falling within the range of from six to two degrees of hardness, and attaining 28.5 per thousand in towns where the hardness of the water was two degrees or under.

In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, the inferences of Dr. Letheby were sharply criticised by several speakers. It was pointed out that some of the towns instanced as having a high death-rate with a soft water supply were notorious for their general unsanitary condition; that several of them were seaport towns; and that before any inference could be drawn from such a tabulation, the various causes of death in the several localities should be distinguished; and the ages of the populations, both living and at death, should also be taken into account. The preference of hard to soft water for drinking was held by one speaker to be a mere matter of habit; and by others it was shown that the problem was very complex, and not to be solved by calculating any single factor.

LIVING WITHOUT EATING.

EVERY now and then we hear of remarkable cases of women who take no sustenance for miraculously long periods of time—the last case being even the most remarkable of all. The English journals give an account of a strong, healthy woman, thirty-three years of age, who "became unwell rather suddenly," has been mostly confined to her bed for three

years, while for *sixteen months* she has existed without food, and has only taken a little water occasionally. It is however stated that she has a peculiar idiosyncrasy, objecting to a light in her room at night. The "Lancet" observes that as there is obviously a deficiency of physiological information which would help to a right judgment in such a case, a few facts bearing upon it may not be irrelevant. A healthy person, it says, expires 20,000 inches of carbonic acid each day, containing eight ounces of solid carbon, and this quantity must be supplied each day to maintain the bodily weight. If we assume that a debilitated woman lying in bed exhaled but four ounces of carbon daily, she would lose a pound in four days, or 125 pounds in sixteen months. But death ensues from starvation when the body has lost but 40 per cent. of its weight. "But no account has here been taken of the nitrogen, of the hydrogen, and of the salts leaving the body by the natural channels of the skin, kidneys, and bowels, and over the discharge of which the woman can exert no control, and which would altogether considerably exceed the carbon in weight."

The lovers of the marvellous will regret to learn that the claims put forth in behalf of this fasting sister have been abandoned.

GOVERNMENT AID TO SCIENCE.

WHEN we look over the long list of benefits which science has conferred on many departments of human industry, and remember that by just so much as these have been bettered has the condition of the people been improved, there no longer remains a question as to the duty of governments toward the cause of science and its promoters. If its paramount object be the welfare of the citizen, and the general diffusion of scientific knowledge, and a liberal encouragement of scientific research will largely add to this, it certainly comes within the province of the Government to see that these are secured. Scientific men as a rule are poor; the practical results of their work are oftentimes remote, and even if immediate are rarely secured by those most entitled to them. Thus it frequently happens that while ready and anxious to give their energies to the advancement of science, they are hindered in their work

by pecuniary embarrassment, and are not rarely forced to abandon a field which by their tastes and knowledge they are eminently fitted to cultivate. The services of these working men of science can ill be spared, for in the direction they would take us lies the modern road to national advancement. Germany long ago saw this, and set to work in the right direction. We are told by Sir William Thomson in his recent address before the British Association that in Prussia every university, every polytechnical academy, every industrial school, most of the grammar schools, in a word nearly all the schools superior in rank to the elementary schools of the common people, are supplied with chemical laboratories, and a collection of philosophical instruments and apparatus, access to which is most liberally granted by the directors of those schools or the teachers of the respective disciplines to any person qualified for scientific experiments. In consequence there will scarcely be found a town of five thousand inhabitants but offers the possibility of scientific explorations at no other cost than reimbursement of the expense for the materials wasted in the experiments. Professors, preceptors, and teachers of secondary schools are engaged on account of their skilfulness in teaching; but professors of universities are never engaged unless they have already proved by their own investigations that they are to be relied upon for the advancement of science. Therefore every shilling spent for instruction in universities is at the same time profitable to the advancement of science.

This is the relation which Germany takes to science and scientific men; and the position of that country to-day, not only as the greatest military power on earth, but what is a far higher title, "the foremost in science of all the nations," attests the wisdom of the measures which her rulers were the first to inaugurate. England is also rapidly waking up to the importance of the question, and, in spite of the bigoted opposition of the universities and the clergy, has already made great headway in the cause of scientific education; and now her scientific men are demanding of the Government such a liberal coöperation in their work as shall relieve it of the uncertainties of private enterprise, and give it an impulse in some degree commensurate with its importance.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"CASTILIAN Days." By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

One inhospitable Spanish saying Mr. Hay very properly omits from his amusing chapter on proverbial philosophy—the adage which declares the farewell day of a visit to be the most welcome one; for his book is that of a stranger too well pleased with the country not to have made himself agreeable in return. It may not have been easy to do so among a people who know nothing good out of Spain, and admit individually no merit in it to equal their own. Tact is needed to gain, as well as insight to improve, opportunities for the keen observation which has produced this picture, striking in its contrasts of light and shade, of Spanish life. It is the view of a life of transition and transformation among elements that come belated upon the world's stage of revolutionary action. It is the most isolated and original nation of Europe, yielding latest and most reluctantly to the democratic wave, studied from the point of view of an advanced and cosmopolitan republican. England has utilized Spain without caring to understand her; France has only encamped within her with the "Encyclopédie;" America, having no opposing interests, can sympathize with the struggle against excessive loyalty and religion, which she has long ago perhaps too thoroughly got rid of.

The "resurrection of nations" is an unmeaning phrase. The ballot-box is not going to bring Pericles back to the Acropolis. The spirit of modern life must be breathed into wholly new forms, and the difficulty of adapting such new forms to the national character of Spain is immense. Mr. Hay points this out very justly and clearly in his historical sketch of the overshadowing growth of royal and priestly power, though we think he errs in the broad statement that the public spirit of Spain paid little respect to law, as such, at the time of the closer fusion of the provinces under Ferdinand. The greatest obstacle to that consolidation was found in the independent attachment of the provinces to their several institutions. Their persistent unlikeness in customs and character is picturesquely

touched, and ingeniously used in proof of their fitness for local autonomy under some form of federation. The author supplies ample illustrations of the convincing reasons for his generous faith that such a republican government is coming, though afar, and that its lingering on the way is more the fault of the rulers than of the people.

The grand qualities and the strange defects of Spanish character are extremely well indicated in the chapters on the influence of tradition and the moral of Spanish politics. A certain tough, irascible, honest selfishness marked the Iberians, in common with all the primitive race squeezed by the Celts into the rocky corners of Europe that overhang the sea. Besides the Gothic sentiment of personal honor and the orderly and organizing Latin spirit infused by conquest into Spain as into the rest of Europe, she alone among the nations gained a poetic and chivalric grace from southern invasion—the rainbow amid storm of Saracenic civilization. Mr. Hay admirably traces the distorted growth of this composite character under civil and religious misrule, and fully justifies his hope for the regeneration of that loyal, devout, yet self-respecting people. It is not to be looked for from their nobles. In the history of her patrician order, as in all things else, Spain stands apart from Europe. It has neither been fought down as in France, nor legislated down as in England, toward the general level, but has slowly withered and intermarried down into a comic anachronism. The nobles have had neither their wars of the Roses nor their *Jacquerie*; their estates have never been confiscated, nor their ranks decimated. There are more Spanish dukes and marquises to-day than English peers of all orders, omitting too those titles inherited in the female line that make some of them quadruple or even four times quadruple dukes. But they give few true leaders to the State, and they have dwindled too long under the near shadow of torpid absolutism to have preserved the power of producing such leaders. The Church of course sends no standard-bearers forward. Her reverted look still dwells sorrowfully on the good old days of stake

and Index. The bishops resist reforms, accepting nothing modern but their position as grumbling creditors of the State, which assumed their support in 1868, and is always in arrear with their salaries. All the movement and play of life resulting from this state of things is presented incidentally, with points of epigram and bits of narrative, in the manner of a penetrating indifferent looker-on, but with great spirit and faithfulness.

Under a rule that is wholly military, sustained by an army that is actively political, nothing but the slow process of education can prepare the Spanish people for self-government. They are now cheated out of the liberal promises of their Constitution, governed by captains-general over the provinces who amuse themselves by turning out municipal councils, suppressing newspapers, and arresting whom they please on suspicion. Mr. Hay draws a sadly grotesque picture of the army, composed all of expectant officeholders, the heroes of twenty conspiracies, who keep up by revolutions the state of disquiet that makes Spain a paradise for soldiers of fortune. Indeed, his cool description of the capital, with its centralization, intrigue, and corruption, reminds us that Madrid and Washington are not far apart in latitude.

Spain has accepted modern theories of education, as she has so many other things, without being ready for their practice. Her system of graduated instruction in the several orders of schools is admirably prepared, only the pupils are rare and the salaries not forthcoming. There is a Castilian swell in her catalogue of ten universities, most of them very poor, and some of them near extinction. It is not easy to see how education of the official sort is to begin in a country whose best families send their sons abroad to get it, and whose mothers and daughters rather pique themselves on sweet, soft ignorance of all learning but the seductive science of the fan, and the invigorating lessons of poor French novels. But there is a school of political education always open. It is not the press, for though nine-tenths of the literary talent of Spain finds expression in journalism, her newspapers are more recklessly partisan and more vilely personal than those of any other European country. It is to be found in the debates of the Cortes, in the speeches and writings of the Republican party, and

in the dissemination of their convictions and arguments throughout the land. This may be beginning education at the wrong end, but it is better than not beginning it at all.

A great deal of information on these subjects and on other aspects of Spanish society, of the kind readers most wish to have, and travellers usually neglect to give, is scattered by the way over these lively pages. There is much besides of grave reflection in the careful outline of Spanish financial and commercial prospects that is worth consulting. But it would be doing injustice both to the author and our readers to detain them longer from his passages of sharp observation and clear description. In tracing the new life of Spain he has neither neglected her picturesque remains, nor wasted on them any of that false enthusiasm that makes most books of Spanish travel so insipid. "A Field Night in the Cortes" is not more fresh and sparkling with personal portraiture and the very light of to-day's life and action than "A Castle in the Air" and "The City of the Visigoths" are mellow and mournful with colors reflected from bygone days. His picture of the Escorial elaborates in thought the sombre grandeur of its mass and gloom suggested by the Rubens at Dresden. But among the thrice holy relics enshrined there, described with all the irreverent *verve* of Protestantism fresh from the prairies, what has become of the rose-colored, musk-scented archangel's feather, that used to be paraded for the devout on its satin cushion? "An Hour with the Painters," in its freedom from art jargon, and its careful real discrimination between the different Spanish schools represented in the wonderful Madrid gallery, shows a fineness of critical insight, and of expression as well, that will, we hope, be devoted again to similar subjects.

Throughout his sketches, in fact, the author works very sparingly with the abused art of word-painting, employing instead a precise and rather uncolored word-photography. Almost the only fault of style in which we regret to see him indulge is an excess of republican ardor that now and then explodes over the page. It would be more effective if more tempered. It is cruel to shake up the poor kings long ago judged and mouldering, only to belabor them with epithets; and one or two of the chapters might be in-

proved if their closing sentences were replaced by the beloved Columbian fowl as a tailpiece. These slight overcharged instances would not be worth noticing were it not that we regard Mr. Hay as the most promising of young American prose writers, and one who can only be helped, not harmed, by any suggestion of a higher finish in his work.

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 “MARY Queen of Scots and her Latest English Historian. A Narrative of the Principal Events of the Life of Mary Stuart, with some Remarks on Mr. Froude's ‘History of England.’” By James F. Meline. (Hurd & Houghton.)

Mr. Froude, in writing history, assumes to be governed by the moral order of things. The individual or party in any given epoch which happens to be on what he considers the right side is to be favorably considered under all circumstances, and their opponents the reverse. “Those who pursue high purposes,” he says, “through crooked ways, deserve better of mankind, on the whole, than those who pink their way in blameless inanity, and, if innocent of ill, are equally innocent of good.”

Many of Mr. Froude's historical judgments are traceable to this rule. It certainly seems to be the keynote of his appreciation of the character and career of Mary Queen of Scots. Mr. Meline thinks he is unfair to her, and labors to show that he is so. Analyzing the statements made by Mr. Froude, he lets the facts as he believes them to be speak for her. We will briefly state the case of each.

Mr. Froude is adverse to Mary Queen of Scots from the very beginning of her career. In early life, previous to her departure from France, she is described as fascinating and unprincipled; an apt scholar in the court of Catherine de Medicis; after this, a being of “craft and deceit,” the world's stage never having seen “a more admirable actress.” She is accordingly self-indulgent and qualified to take part in conspiracies. This she does more or less during her life. One of the greatest is the murder of Darnley, in which horrid affair Mary is a cunning accomplice. Her marriage with Bothwell is another. She is “profoundly attached” to this man, and is his willing and loving consort. The documents called the “casket letters” prove the Queen's guilt in

the Darnley murder, and her iniquity in other directions. There, too, are the warrant for her imprisonment, or, if not this, for her execution, which was a deliberate matter, the evidence justifying it being carefully considered at the time. Accepting Mr. Froude's statements and inferences as true, there can be no question that Mary Queen of Scots was a bad woman, and that she deserves from posterity only the sympathy awarded to criminals.

Mr. Meline takes the opposite view of things. In regard to Mary's character while living in France, he shows the beautiful Princess and bride of Francis II. to have been refined, cultivated, and free of all intercourse with the abhorred Catherine de Medicis, who had not then acquired political ascendancy. “Although Catherine was Queen consort (during Mary's education) and Queen mother (during the short reign of her husband), she was a mere cipher, an unknown quantity, until she governed in the name of Charles IX. . . . Even a moderate acquaintance with French historians might have taught Mr. Froude that for twenty-six long years Catherine de Medicis merely vegetated at the French Court without influence, and even totally ignored or looked upon with suspicion and contempt; and that she moreover quietly accepted and even cultivated the utter obscurity to which she was condemned.”

In relation to the murder of Darnley, Mr. Meline declares his adversary's statement to be a “fancy sketch.” Mr. Meline's examination of the various reports of this occurrence is searching and complete. The “facts” advanced by Mr. Froude are sifted with great acuteness, and likewise the character of the witnesses and authorities of the day, together with the best historians of the event. As this is the most serious charge made against the Queen of Scots, it is important for the reader to be satisfied who committed the murder, and what were the motives that led to it. Darnley was regarded as “a young fool and proud tyrant” by the principal lords around the Queen, and they, including Bothwell, conspired to kill him.

“In addition to the motives of revenge for Darnley's betrayal of his associates in the Riccio murder, . . . Murray, Maitland, and others had the more powerful incentive of removing him as the main ob-

stacle to the confirmation of the valuable grants of crown lands bestowed upon them (Murray most of all) by the Queen, which, by law, she might yet revoke before reaching the age of twenty-five, and which *had Darnley lived she certainly would have revoked.*" Subsequent events confirm this view of the matter, such as Parliamentary acts and the suppression of papers.

The marriage with Bothwell—another fatal circumstance against her, could Mr. Froude's account of it be verified—is shown to have been effected through force, and that here, as at other times, Mary was the victim of the combined action of her nobles. No disinterested person could fail to give her the benefit of all doubt in this heinous transaction. We have no space to give to its details, which are clearly set forth by Mr. Meline. The murder of Darnley and the marriage with Bothwell constitute the principal charges against Mary Queen of Scots; these proved, the rest would be of little consequence. With regard to the "casket letters," which were said to be written by Mary, and held to be self-convicting, and which were used to her ruin in England, they are regarded as forgeries by the best authorities, and only sanctioned by those who defend Mary's heartless, hypocritical, and persistent enemy, Elizabeth, and who evidently, according to Mr. Froude, took crooked ways to achieve her "high purposes."

Apart from facts pro and con, whether advanced by Mr. Froude or by Mr. Meline, there is abundant collateral evidence to be taken into account in a consideration of the case of Mary Queen of Scots. She lived among a barbarous people. The Scotch nobles who managed her government were brutes and villains of the deepest dye. No political ring of modern times could more energetically pursue its own interests, or more cunningly shape the law to serve its own purposes. The murder of David Riccio was their work. They, along with the jealous Darnley, a feeble tool in their hands, could not abide a devoted friend, even though old and ugly as he is said to have been, and one probably who was acute enough to penetrate their designs, and thus protect his fair patron. It is proved that they took bribes from Elizabeth of England, her great enemy, that they rebelled against her authority and sought to supplant her, and finally,

quarrelling among themselves, that they confessed their iniquity and Mary's innocence. The growth of Protestantism, moreover, had a great deal to do with the judgment of Mary Queen of Scots. She was a Catholic, and unflinching. She flinched in every other political matter, but remained true to her religion. She was beautiful and winning in every respect. Even Protestant lords remained true to her, quite as much perhaps through admiration of her character as through a sentiment of loyalty. There can be but little question that to get rid of her, first through imprisonment, and next by beheading her, was one of the crooked ways of the time, sanctioned by a "high purpose."

Mr. Meline has executed his task with great ability. Had he refrained from occasional expressions of a sarcastic and contemptuous order, the tone of his book would have been improved. The points of difference between him and Mr. Froude seem to be exhaustively considered. His citation of original documents, showing misrepresentations on Mr. Froude's part, and frequently positive misstatement, must affect Mr. Froude's position as an historian.

"Mr. Witness. A Book of Verse."
By William Winter. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Coleridge limits his definition to form, in describing prose as "words in their best places," and poetry as "the best words in their best places;" for, so far as substance and purpose are involved, words can be well placed and yet be prosy, and the best words best placed without shedding from their arrangement the charm of poetry. Verse-writing indeed has grown into an art as distinct from that of poetry as journalism is from literature. There are multitudes who can polish a stanza or turn a paragraph without aiming or hoping to be great, and whom it would be cruel to try by a standard to which they do not aspire.

In calling this a book of verse, then, Mr. Winter may be understood as modestly waiving any right to be classed among those who, without being inspired and predestined singers, have yet, by applying great natural faculties, trained in studies of their special art, to wide human experience, deserved the name of poets. Of these, in the nature of things, there must

always be few; and it would take too long to inquire why the verse-makers have become so many. It does not follow that some of them might not become poets, or that they are unworthy of praise in various degrees for the work they have chosen to do. These verses, for instance, are full of poetic sensibility, to which growing knowledge and close study might add a power that would give Mr. Winter a much higher place as a poet than he seems inclined to claim. And a great deal of that which he here offers to the public is far better than the average performance of the minor votaries of the muse.

For one reason, because it is simple in its subjects and unaffected in its tone; and for another, because it is pure without being feeble, and does not mistake brutality for manliness. If there is a wail or two of desperation from a ruined life, they are too melodiously turned to sound very desperate after all; and the feeling of the emptiness of human desires is too carefully and calmly stated to seem wrung out of any more bitter experience of disappointment than most men have suffered. Still, this is better than paroxysms of adjectives, and nearer the truth than imprecation foaming in iambs. Yet the recklessness has a milder flavor than that of ashes from genuine Sodom apples, and the sense of Nature's soothing influence over grief must still be immature when it dictates the lines:

Alas, to youthful hearts alone
That love her well,
Dear Nature makes her secrets known,
And yields her spell.

The most useless among verse-writers are the professed imitators, who practise their *tours de force* to be admired, or at best to amuse. But unconscious imitation proves at least a susceptibility to the power and comprehension of the spirit of some greater poet. Nor is it by any means certain that such dilutions and echoes may not be of service to a large class of casual readers, by training them to a taste for the best models. When so many people pick up their education of all kinds at random, it is better for them that the fragments of verse they snatch from magazines should bring something of the flavor of the great originals which they are too busy to read. So that Mr. Winter may have done more than he designed by showing in "The World's Martyr" faint but true reflections of Shelley, and very gracefully turning "Love's Question" and

"Love's Queen" after the manner of singers of Charles the First's time. Nor does such unconscious imitation detract at all from the real merits of his verse, which is almost always delicate in sense and smooth in form. There is occasionally the use of a Latin word in a sense hardly English, and a fancy strained rather too fine to be substantial; but no want of simplicity or of finish can be found in such really good verses as those of "My Palaces" and "Azrael."

—
"OVERLAND." By J. W. De Forest.
New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.

Poeta nascitur, says the old proverb. It is not every man who is a born storyteller, and it may be doubted how far education in this regard may be counted on to supply the shortcomings of nature. But Mr. De Forest leaves us in no doubt on the subject. He is a *conteur* ingrain. So far from trusting to natural light, however, for the matter or the manner of his narrative, he brings to the aid of inherent capacity a keen observation, wide reading, and genial sympathy with life and men, which combine to make his novels simply as pleasant reading as heart could desire. While the analytic and descriptive faculties are with most writers in something like inverse ratio, our author keeps them in fair equipoise. His characters not only do interesting things in an interesting way, but are interesting and attractive in themselves. Ever since the publication, a number of years ago, of his tale of "Seacliffe," we have been haunted with a notion that Mr. De Forest was to turn out the writer of American fiction properly so called; and without prejudice to that peculiar department of the imagination so exclusively occupied by Hawthorne, one or two of his latest novels—"Overland" in especial—go far to confirm our anticipation. If, in defining the term American life, we should by a sort of Joaquin Millerish limitation set aside the life of the Atlantic coast as largely European, and include in it only the life of the prairie and cañon, the ranch and the pueblo, the assertion would be tolerably safe that Mr. De Forest is the best of living delineators. Of the Indians whom Cooper painted we have now little or no living trace; and if there ever were such wonderful and ideal creatures, their virtues have not descended to their sons. Then, save the trapper and

the brave, Cooper painted merely lay figures, and a world of his lovers and heroic maidens, gloomy strangers, and chivalric squires, would be as improbable as unpleasant.

Mr. De Forest is wiser; he takes the Indian as the Western borderer finds him, a treacherous, bloodthirsty, crafty, and uncleanly savage, and resisting the temptation to make him talk florid and impossible English, brings him into his drama as a *persona muta*, and makes him act, not speak. But his civilized or semi-civilized characters are in the main excellent, and without ever having been in danger, personally, of having our "hair" lifted by Apache scalping-knives, we would venture to present the dialogue in "Overland" as an excellent specimen of what a lot of sensible, right-minded, and well-bred people would be apt to say under the circumstances. Most readers will be obliged to Mr. De Forest for abolishing the intense and dramatic heroine. It really is a pleasure, after the various insufferable young creatures, with some more endurable, whom we have had to weep with in times past, to meet one simple, hearty, natural young woman, who eats her breakfast, goes to bed, laughs, cries, loves, and hates—in short, goes through the emergencies, ordinary or extraordinary, of daily life, precisely as such a nice girl should, and not like Pamela, or Jane Eyre, or Consuelo, or any other ideal and imaginary heroine. As for Thurstone, he is an admirable picture of a frank, brave, simple, and uncommonly noble young fellow, just a trifle too good sometimes for these days of uncherubic sophistication, but on the whole amazingly true to nature, and an encouraging illustration of West Point possibilities. For a crisp and spirited bit of description and character analysis in one, we refer the reader to the passage where the young soldier, after being shot at by Texas Smith, walks him out on the bluff, and cows him into momentary remorse by dint of sheer manliness and pluck.

Glover is altogether delightful. The dwellers in cities, where the attrition of much contact with humanity rubs off the corners of individuality, will be inclined to doubt if anything so refreshing yet exists; but the doubters may safely be referred to the unperturbed Yankee as he still lingers among the granite cliffs of New Hampshire, or in the quaint and sleepy little

seaports of the New England coast. We shall go far before we find anything funnier than the pathetic drollery of his complaint when the Apache arrows, after perforating his proboscis, trim off a bit of his ear—"Reckon they'll just chip off all my feeters 'fore they git done with me. Git my fingerhead smooth all round."

Texas Smith, Sweeny, the irrepressible Irishman, and Meyer of the fluty tones, though less prominent figures, are sketched with equal care and truth. Aunt Maria is the only bit of downright caricature in the book. Recognizing as we do the many absurdities and quaint angularities of New England strong-minded women, we must protest against the large infusion of unmitigated silliness which the author puts into the character. But Coronado is decidedly the masterpiece of the book. It is a notable sign of literary skill on the writer's part, mingled with keen observation and just analysis of character, that he has succeeded in making of him a personage thoroughly dramatic, yet never melodramatic; villainous, terrible, or despicable, but always preserving some flavor of the gentleman, and the external characteristics at least of a civilized being of the nineteenth century. Most villains in novels, in spite of patent-leathers and white waistcoat, remind one of the baritone in the opera, but Coronado is precisely such a gentlemanly scamp as may be found blooming any day about the smoking-room of second-class New York hotels or the gambling-table of a San Francisco hell. Nor is it one of the least merits of the drawing that he is but half villain in his affection for Clara. Mixed motive and inconsistent tendency are the facts least often allowed for in second-rate writing; only an author of real force knows just how bad to make his scoundrels, and when to lighten the blackness with a gleam of healthier and purer nature.

If the younger and more impatient reader occasionally chafes under the wealth of description of Western scenery, the more deliberate critic will forgive the slight check thus occasioned in the action for the vivid beauty and essential accuracy of the delineation. The pictures of the Grand Cañon, of the Moqui pueblos, of the Painted Desert, and many more, are really valuable contributions to our geographical knowledge, and will cling in the memory when the momentary pleasure of the tale shall be forgotten. *Army officers*

and experienced travellers, we are told, are loud in praise of the wonderful correctness of these word-photographs, and it is difficult to accept what yet we are led on the best of authority to believe, that, like Schiller in his "Tell," and Jean Paul with his Borromean Isles, Mr. De Forest never saw with bodily eye the regions he describes.

Of one or two of the most noticeable faults in the tale we have yet to speak—the rather long-spun and loose character of the plot, with the improbable variety of adventures which he inflicts on his hero. If the average lover could be beset by Indians half a dozen times, shot at by his companions twice, carried down the Grand Cañon, lost in the desert, starved, and shipwrecked, all in the space of a month or two, and finally come out brisk and shining, to be married to the lady of his choice, and live in clover ever after, heroism would be cheap and the West no longer a desert. But it may be somewhat of an answer to this that the author was less concerned about logical unity than about writing a thrilling and absorbing serial, and has done it most successfully.

"THE Life and Times of Lord Brougham," written by himself. Vols. I., II. (To be completed in three volumes. Harper & Brothers.)

Lord Brougham, whose name appeared oftener in the newspapers of his day than that of any other Englishman except perhaps the Duke of Wellington, is a conspicuous example if not the model of a self-made man. Many will admire him for this reason alone. He has other claims, however, to consideration, and especially from the English, the machinery of whose government he helped to work with some advantage. He was on the popular side of most questions that stirred the public mind in England during his lifetime, and is therefore a local benefactor.

To the rest of the world, however, Lord Brougham is scarcely more than an orator, critic, and politician. Judging by his own account of his life, we should say that he was most proud of himself in the latter capacity. One must be an Englishman to enjoy the tedious details of his purely political correspondence.

Although a lawyer, Lord Brougham disliked his profession. If he became Lord Chancellor, it was not through his

legal acumen; whatever reputation he enjoyed professionally he acquired through oratorical power coupled with political sagacity. He is not considered as a remarkable legislator. How baneful his example proved to the young is illustrated by the melancholy experience of his contemporary John Austin, the great English expounder of the philosophy of law, who, obliged to lecture to empty benches, found that it was because the young men entering the profession were profoundly indifferent to any studies but those which might have enabled Lord Brougham to acquire wealth and honors. Practical, self-made men of this stamp, so often pointed out as exemplars worthy of imitation, really owe their position more to will, muscle, and tact than to self-sacrifice, culture, and genius.

The most interesting feature of Lord Brougham's life is the part he took in the establishment of the "Edinburgh Review." His services here should be remembered by those interested in the subject of national culture. Whatever taste Lord Brougham had, it was certainly for science, his mind turning naturally to this order of thoughts; on him, accordingly, devolved the duty of criticising and diffusing through the "Review" the latest scientific researches of his day. Eighty articles in five years, mostly on scientific matters, display his zeal and fertility. The time in which he lived favored him greatly. It must not be forgotten that the intellectual upheaval of Europe, caused by the French Revolution, together with an accumulation of scientific matter awaiting some capable popularizer, furnished him with both a splendid opportunity and the richest subjects. The success of the "Edinburgh Review," so astonishing to all parties concerned in it, is due in a great measure to this fortunate condition of things. It is a question whether Lords Brougham and Jeffrey, with Sydney Smith, who have each given their accounts of its establishment, are not a little too conceited. Talented as they were, they could have done nothing if circumstances had not favored them to an extraordinary degree.

Another interesting episode of Lord Brougham's life, in which he appears to good advantage, is the trial of Queen Caroline, for whom he acted as counsel. This social drama of high life, in which none of the characters however excite much sympathy, will repay perusal.

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

ONCE upon a time, says a wise Japanese fable, a frog who lived at Kiyôta had long been desirous of going to see Osaka. One spring, having made up his mind, he started off to see Osaka and all its famous places. By a series of hops on all-fours, he reached a temple opposite Nishi-no-oka, and thence by the western road he arrived at Tamazaki, and began to ascend the mountain called Tenzôan. Now it so happened that a frog from Osaka had determined to visit Kiyôta, and had also ascended Tenzôan; and on the summit the two frogs met, made acquaintance, and told one another their intentions. So they began to complain about all the trouble they had gone through, and had only arrived half way after all; if they went on to Osaka and Kiyôta, their legs and loins would certainly not hold out. Here was the famous mountain of Tenzôan, from the top of which the whole of Kiyôta and Osaka could be seen; if they stood on tiptoe and stretched their backs, and looked at the view, they would save themselves from stiff legs. Having come to this conclusion, they both stood up on tiptoe and looked about them; when the Kiyôta frog said:

"Really, looking at the famous places of Osaka, which I have heard so much about, they don't seem to me to differ a bit from Kiyôta. Instead of giving myself any further trouble to go on, I shall just return home."

The Osaka frog, blinking with his eyes, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Well, I have heard a great deal of talk about this Kiyôta being as beautiful as the flowers, but it is just Osaka over again. We had better go home."

And so the two frogs, politely turning tail to one another, hopped off home with an important swagger. Now, although this is a very funny little story, says a Japanese preacher, you will not understand the drift of it at once. The frogs thought that they were looking in front of them; but as, when they stood up, their eyes were in the back of their heads, each was looking at his native place, all the while that he believed himself to be looking at the

place he wished to go to. So it was they fell into error.

WHILE we speak of animals, here is a story about a magpie, who was almost as gifted as Mrs. Barrow's Pussie Poll in the November "Galaxy." The bird's mistress had missed certain pickled cockles, and had suspected her cook, which made trouble between the ladies. But the cook one day, while basting a joint, espied Master Mag picking out the cockles "to his own cheek." The exasperated cook instantly dashed the ladle-full of scalding grease which she held in her hand over the hapless pet, exclaiming:

"Oh, d— me, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have you?"

Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirits, and never spoke for a whole year.

At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head. The magpie, who happened to be in the room, was visibly excited by the circumstance. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of the astounded visitor:

"Oh, d— me, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have you?"

THE following, again, though not of an animal—it is of a justice of the peace—is about one.

The affixing of internal revenue stamps to legal documents is a vexatious matter to all parties interested, and leads to innumerable complications. The decisions relative thereto made by the Department are, if possible, even more confusing than the laws themselves. It has come to be recognized, however, that where a railroad, for instance, has given a mortgage on its property, and the mortgage has been properly stamped, bonds issued in

accordance therewith need *not* be stamped. Some time since a Virginia farmer, who was something of a sharper, was sued for the recovery of an amount due on a note which he had given for the purchase of a mule. He came into court, and contended that the note was not legal, inasmuch as there was no revenue stamp affixed to it. The justice solved the difficulty by sending for the mule. Upon examination it was found that he was branded "U. S." And the justice held that as the mule was properly stamped, the note given for his purchase need not be! And accordingly the Virginia repudiator was forced to redeem his obligation.

AND we may add this one more, which could not have been recorded here had it not been for the beast whose bounty permitted the ungracious snapper which ends the tale :

Dignum the singer was complaining one morning to old Knyvett, the King's composer, that his health was much impaired; and what was very extraordinary, that so strong a degree of sympathy existed between him and his brother that one was no sooner taken ill than the other felt symptoms of the same indisposition.

"We are both of us very unwell now," added Dignum; "and as our complaint is supposed to be an affection of the lungs, we are ordered to take asses' milk; but unfortunately we have not been able to get any, though we have tried all over London. Can you tell us what we had better do?"

"Do?" answered Knyvett. "Why the deuce don't you suck one another?"

SUCH answers are funny, but they are very ill-natured. Here is a similar one, made by one of the most famous of snarl-ers, John Wilson Croker :

Sir Edward Sugden, the famous English lawyer, was the son of a hair-dresser. Croker went to dine one day with Sir Edward by invitation, and the host meeting him in the hall, Croker stopped to look at a very handsome vase. Sir Edward observed that it was a facsimile of the Warwick vase. "Aye," returned Croker, "it is very handsome, but don't you think a copy of the Barberini would have been more appropriate?"

DR. THOMAS HUME, of London, a friend of the Rev. Mr. Barham, one day handed

to the advertising clerk of a newspaper office an obituary notice, along with five shillings, the usual price of insertion. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said gruffly, "Seven and six."

"I have frequently," said Hume, "had occasion to insert these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings."

"Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up; "he's universally beloved and deeply regretted. Seven and six!"

Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it by the side of the rest, observing as he did so, with the same solemnity of tone which he had used hitherto :

"Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense that your executors will never be put to."

That, now, though sharp, was deserved.

So was this, which we receive from an excellent authority of Vermont :

Most towns of any pretension possess one or more inhabitants especially odious to all the rest, by having, as the Irishman said of one of them, "very winning ways to make himself hated." This disagreeable preëminence was possessed to a high degree, in a certain town in Vermont, by a man named Bacon.

One winter day Mr. Bacon was boring a butcher of the village in his shop, when he strolled a well-known doctor of divinity to make a purchase. Mr. Bacon forthwith left the butcher and turned his banter upon the clergyman.

"Can you tell me, Dr. —," said he, placing his hand on a frozen porker which was stretched full length near by—"Can you tell me, sir, why the head of this hog is called a *minister's face*?"

"I will try, sir, if you will tell me why this (the other extremity) is called *bacon*," was the ready reply of the doctor, and exit Mr. Bacon in bad odor.

EQUALLY proper was the following neat application of the great Argument from Design :

Sydney Smith was once dining in company with a Frenchman, who had the bad taste to indulge, notwithstanding the presence of the clergyman, in a good deal of free-thinking talk, finally avowing himself a materialist.

"Very good *soufflé* this," said Smith.

"*Oui, monsieur ; c'est ravissant.*"

"By the way, may I ask, sir, if you happen to believe in a cook?"

—
HERE, again, is a case of delicate but very intelligible instruction in good manners:

An awful bore, a certain General Clerk, of the British service, a Scotchman, being once in company with Garrick, made a long harangue to show that the prevailing enthusiasm for Shakespeare was only a matter of fashion and religion. "Nobody," he said, "really understood or admired him." But Garrick, by his transcendent genius in acting, had rendered him the national idol. Garrick sat still until he could sit still no longer. He jumped up and caught the General eagerly by the hand, saying, "I promise you, General, upon my honor, that I will never in my life presume to talk about war."

—
As for young Sutton, his smartness, though undeniable, was in an inverse ratio to his courtesy.

Young Sutton was son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was too hot-tempered for a bishop's boy. One day he went into Saunders & Otley's shop, very angry at not having received some books he had ordered. He "blew," indeed, until one of the partners intimated to him that his language was past endurance.

"I don't know who you are," was the answer, "but I don't want to annoy you *personally*, as you may not be the one in fault; it's your confounded house that I blame. You may be Otley, or you may be Saunders. If you are Saunders, d—— Otley; if you are Otley, d—— Saunders! I mean nothing personal *to you*."

—
WE have invented, on purpose for the following reminiscence, the new descriptive term "Indianecdote":

There was a mixed company, on a certain occasion, on board a steamer which was passing the port of Monterey in California. One of the passengers exhibited his geography and history—or rather the place where they ought to have been—by observing:

"Thar's whar General Taylor gin the Mexicans fits."

Monterey suggested Buena Vista, on which another person incautiously said:

"Thar's whar the Indianians run away."

This was of course at once contradicted by an Indianian, who averred, "They only fell back to get better fighting ground." That in return was controverted. A hot discussion sprang up, which was growing personal, and likely to be a rehearsal of the great fight, when a friend interfered as pacificator, by saying he did not want to be held responsible for what he was about to say, and he thought it would settle the whole difficulty.

That looked encouraging; but when he commenced by saying that "he heard they were liars as well as cowards," it did not look that way; it looked very much like a Free State free fight.

"Now just hold on until I tell you what I heard," expostulated the rash friend. "When the Indianians were running away, or falling back, as may be, a fellow was making back tracks as fast as his horse could carry him. Another fellow lying on the ground, and making as much noise as his lungs would allow, called to the horseman, 'For God's sake, take me up and save me from massacre.'"

"Where are you hit?"

"Only in the leg."

"He was benevolently taken up behind the horseman, and on they went, until they reached a surgeon's quarters. Pulling up, the rider told that functionary:

"Here, doctor, here's a case for you."

"Scalpel looked up from his bloody work, but inquired with evident indignation:

"What did you bring him here for?"

"For you to attend to him, of course!"

"Go and get his head, then!"

"The rider turned, and saw a bleeding headless trunk. His astonishment was only equalled by his indignation.

"The lying son of a gun!" he bawled out; "he told me he was only hit in the leg!"

The friend's explanation proved satisfactory, as all hands laughed.

—
OLD Isaac Newton of blessed memory, says a Washington contributor (I mean his highness the former Commissioner of our Agricultural Department), was as warm-hearted, as honest, and as true-souled a man as would be found in a six months' journey in any direction.

It is, however, none the less an ac-

knowledge fact that his early and his later education had been most sadly and unfortunately neglected, or rather omitted entirely.

A man of very considerable natural shrewdness and observation, yet he was continually making blunders in his use of the most ordinary words, so much so as to be most amusing to very many people about the Capitol.

One day, when talking in his office with Senator Morrill, of Maine, he was asked: "Mr. Newton, how is this? Here you are again asking for so many more thousand dollars, when we have just allowed your Department eighty thousand. That doesn't seem right?"

"Well, the fact on't is, Senator, the expenses has exceeded my most sanguine expectations!"

AFTER many efforts to obtain a fine turkey-cock to be stuffed for their just-forming ornithological collection, one had at last been obtained from the market. The beautifully tinted and shaded feathers of the bird, as it lay in the window-seat with the sunlight glinting brightly over them, shone with that peculiarly handsome metallic lustre which is never successfully imitated.

"Sir Isaac" stood with arms akimbo, or "wing and wing," observing the play of the light upon it, when, some one coming near, he said:

"Thar! I call that 'ere one o' the han'somest bits o' *foliage* ye ever see on any bird!"

He had heard several times of the many virtues of certain hydraulic rams, and thereupon—in sober earnest—he proposed to some one to "import some of the valuable species for the benefit of our breed of sheep!"

SAITH a correspondent in the sunny South: The article in "The Galaxy" Club-Room for October, on the singularity of the abbreviations given by the waiters at some of the New York restaurants to the names of the dishes ordered by the guests, brings to my recollection the call of a new and verdant waiter for a dish ordered by me at a restaurant in Boston in 1865.

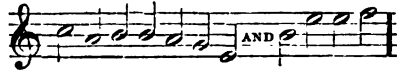
The article that I ordered was succotash, and it must have been something that the waiter had never heard of, for after asking me twice the name of the dish, "the

waiter roared it through the hall," "One plate of *chucked hash!*"

THE following not dissimilar misunderstanding occurred in the Treasury Department at Washington. The Secretary asked to see a copy of a letter which had been written the day previous on the subject of *salad oil*. The messenger brought back the answer that the records did not show that any letter had been written to, or in any way referring to, *Sally Doyle* on that day.

A KALAMAZOO epitaphist sends us the following appropriate inscription from the tombstone of a German musician—of Kalamazoo as we understand it:

Here lies the body of Hermann Schnotzpopler, who died of eating too much.



WE heard this one "An Ohio Epitaph" on a highly respectable authority:

Under this sod
And under these trees
Lieth the body
of Solomon Pease.
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And went up to his God.

WE subjoin two or three more epitaphs which are worthy of record, from a recent English collection:

Brighton churchyard—

In memory of Phoebe Hersel, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, when she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged 108 years.

Lidlington churchyard, Warwickshire—

In memory of William Treen, who died 3rd Feb'y, 1810, aged 77 years.

Poorly lived and poorly dyed,
Poorly buried and no one cried.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

St. Philip's churchyard, Birmingham—

In memory of Nannetta Stocker, who departed this life May 4th, 1819, aged 39 years. The smallest woman ever in this kingdom, possessed

with every accomplishment, only 33 inches high.
A native of Austria.

On James Barker, who died 1781—

O cruel death, how could you be so unkind,
To take him before and leave me behind.
You should have taken both of us if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the
survivor.

READERS of Dickens will remember that Mrs. Gamp, a discriminating authority in viands and potables, on one occasion expressed a preference for the "Brighton Tipper" ale, "if they draws it here." Now no doubt some others, like ourselves, have supposed that Mr. Dickens made the name as he went along. But the following epitaph in Newhaven churchyard, Sussex, with its annexed note, gives one more proof of the great novelist's confirmed habit of using realities for the purposes of fiction:

To the memory of Thomas Tipper, who departed this life May ye 4th, 1785, aged 54 years.
Reader, with kind regard this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt, and kind,
And dared do what few dare do—speak his mind.
Philosophy and history well he knew,
Was versed in physick and in surgery, too.
The best old stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.
He played through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.
Reader, in real truth such was the man;
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.

(Note by the English transcriber: "Brewer of Tipper Ale, much drank in Brighton thirty years ago.")

A TALE has of late been drifting about the United States of a kind-hearted follower of Mr. Henry Bergh (with a slight difference), who rescued a poor pigeon from a telegraph wire, where it had become entangled with a piece of kite-line, and carried it off tenderly home in his bosom; he observed next day that it made a much better pot-pie than he expected. Compare the following touching verses:

BENEVOLENCE.

BY REV. N. H. BARNHAM (TOM INGOLDSBY).

THE larks sing loud, 'tis early morn,
These woodland scenes among;
The deep-toned pack and echoing horn
Their jovial notes prolong.

And see, poor puss, with shortened breath,
Splashed sides, and weary feet.
In terror views approaching death,
And crouches at my feet.

Her strength is gone, her spirits fall,
Nor further can she fly;
The hounds snuff up the tainted gale,
And nearer sounds the cry.

Poor helpless wretch! methinks I view
Thee sink beneath their power;
Methinks I see the ruffian crew
Thy tender limbs devour!

Yet oh! in vain thy foes shall come,
So cheer thee, trembling elf.
Those guardian arms shall bear thee home;
I'll eat thee up myself!

SOME crusty old fellow said that album poetry was "epitaphs on live girls." It is therefore by a certain association of ideas that we pass from the poetry of the dead to that of the loveliest of the living. Sir David Brewster, the celebrated physi-cist, was a great favorite with the ladies. When he was nearly eighty a certain charming young lady, a Miss Phoebe L., begged him to write some verses in her album. She would take no excuse, and at length Sir David seized a pen and wrote:

Phoebe
Ye be
Mebe.
D. B.

On being requested to write "something" in an album, a contributor of ours responded thus, "and vowing he would ne'er consent, consented":

I murder Queen's English so quickly in song
That you'll sicken, I'm sure, at the sight.
—As I never did write that I didn't do wrong,
By not wronging I hope I'll do right.

A LEGAL friend sends us the following queer study of Pennsylvania lingo, law, and fact:

I was sitting in my office a month ago, having also just a month previously opened an office and hung out my "shingle," thinking over things and watching from my window the hurrying throng in the street. My door suddenly opened, and before me stood an old Pennsylvania farmer staring upon me. He looked, but said nothing. Having finished me, he turned and surveyed the office minutely, looking carefully first along one wall, then another, until he got all around, then commencing with the carpet and finishing with the ceiling and bookcase; after which he came forward and sat heavily down, with hat placed between his knees, and mouth hanging open. When I supposed he had about got his bearings, and was sufficiently familiar with the surroundings to be able to speak, I asked him what I could do for him.

"Bish du de leyer, eh?"

This agglomeration of sounds from no

one language, but from a dialect formed from several, I fortunately understood a little, and made him reply:

"Yes, I am a lawyer. What is your business with me?"

"Ich will etwas advice, harah!" said he.

I listened to his case, losing much of what he communicated, gaining a little insight here and there, but learning enough to advise him properly. When he had finished his long story I informed him what to do, and this being my first client it may be inferred that I advised with considerable earnestness and much particularity as to details, as will be readily apprehended by the brothers of the profession. I had no difficulty to make him understand this branch of my communication, for he seized upon my "points" with avidity, and was evidently a man of acute perceptions where his interests were concerned. He afterward became strangely obtuse. When I ended he pondered a moment, twirled his hat between his knees, looked at the door, then at me, and said:

"Well, die sharge ish vas?"

I smilingly assured him I would be very reasonable and only charge him five dollars.

"Vas!" said he with a jerk and a look of intense surprise mixed with some anger and fear. "Vas, finf tollor! You sharge finf tollor, eh?"

I was unprepared for this, having innocently supposed I was making my fee very reasonable considering the value of my advice to my irascible visitor; but it is the province of the lawyer to extricate men from difficulties, and I proceeded to extricate myself. I assured him that if he paid me my fee I would not charge him anything further should he desire me to do any additional service in the matter; that I would hold the fee not as a compensation for my present advice, but as a "retainer" in his case, which I would adjust satisfactorily without any further sum being required. But this explanation failed to satisfy him. The "Dutch" in that spare, gaunt form seemed aroused, and I was forced to hear him.

"Doo make him a retailer, eh? Well, I don't vant him a retailer! Ven I pays him I pe done mit him! Unt py donner-wetter, ven I vants more law I pays for him too. I saddle him ash I vent!"

"Very well," I replied, a little exaspe-

rated. "You can do as you please. My fee is five dollars all the same, and you can avail yourself of my services further or not, as it may suit your pleasure."

"Yah," continued he. "Yah, ich fix des deasser wake. I gife you ein tollor (one dollar). Yedst sin mare nix shulditsch mit eich!"

And he handed me a torn and worn one-dollar note, and rising put on his hat preparatory to going. What could I do? Kick him down stairs I couldn't, and abuse him I wouldn't, so I only looked at him pretty hard. As he walked out he said:

"Ven I vants more law I pays you for him too, but I nix pays him fore I gits him. Yah, I nix pays him fore I gits him. Good-py!"

He left, slamming the door. I heard him hobble down the stairs with a heavy tread, and looking out the window I saw him going down the street shaking his head disapprovingly.

THE late Judge Tappan of Ohio had an awful squint. In the primitive times of the Northwest he on ope occasion tried a notorious horse-thief in a town where a stable had been converted into a jail. In condemning him to an unusually severe punishment, he was startled by the emphatic approval of an eccentric countryman perched on an eminence in the rear of the court-room, "Sarved him right, old cockeye."

Judge—Who is that interrupting the court?

Rustic—This old hoss.

Judge—Take that old horse, sheriff, and lock him up in the stable.

LAWYERS AND DOCTORS.

OF lawyers and doctors take care

How you let them take care of yourself;

They've abundance of favors to spare

While you spare an abundance of pelf.

The lawyer will plead for your pleas,

Nor dock them a line on his docket;

The doctor can ease you with ease,

If he feels a full pulse—in your pocket!

The lawyers will court you in courts,

In case you're well cased with the dollars;

But they're short if you're troubled with "shorts,"

And their necks are as stiff as their collars.

The doctors procure you a cure,

If your "weasel's hide" hides a fat filling;

But ah, if you're poorly and poor.

They're all killingly given to killing.

The lawyers seem legally leagued
To dun for what doctors have done,
Till the patientest patient's fatigued,
And a dollarless dolor comes on.

One willingly draws up your will,
While the other leaves—wondrous relief!
He pilfers your life with a pill,
His friend makes it brief with a brief.

As to change, both are given to changes,
If change be not given in advance;
And the range of their honesty ranges
Exactly as ranges their chance.

So, friends, I remind you to mind
And not mind every quack that arrives;
And you'll find, to these maxims confined,
That you never will die in your lives.

To the information given just above respecting two of the learned professions, we add a little about the third, being a lesson in homiletics:

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher was laboring to explain to the Elmirese children what a sermon is, which he attempted as follows:

"We will say, children, that a sermon is divided into—first, the text; second, the introduction; third, the argument; fourth, the lesson. Now to illustrate. I will preach you a five-minute sermon, which will contain all these parts.

Text—It is good to go from Elmira to Owego by the cars.

Introduction—Elmira and Owego are both places on the New York and Erie Railway. The road runs between them.

Argument—It is good for three reasons: First, because we are pleased with the ride; second, because we have a good time with our friends in Owego; third, because we return home feeling much better for our journey, and ready to go to work again with new zeal.

Lesson—Children, as soon as you get fifty cents, take a journey to Owego on the cars."

MR. CHARLES DAWSON PETERS has recorded the following new anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. It has no great merit except that of illustrating once more his extreme and genuine kind-heartedness.

In 1860, father and mother went to the Chicago Convention from New York, taking me with them, a boy then but twelve years old and just home on a vacation from boarding-school. After the Convention had adjourned we went to Springfield, Illinois (as did many others), and

there in the Executive room of the State House, and also at his own home, we paid our respects to the nominated candidate, Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln immediately turned from the crowd of people in the chamber around him toward me, I being the only child in the room, and drawing me toward him (where I at last quietly stood between his long limbs), he joked with me and smoothed my hair with such a kind though brawny hand, and with such a good-humored expression of face, that I very quickly was at ease with him. We then called at his request on his wife at home, and were most kindly received.

After some weeks passed in travelling from point to point in the West, I was sent back to my school on the Hudson. Mr. Lincoln passed the village of Yonkers (where I was) in going toward New York city on the railroad, and was greeted with great excitement by all the villagers as he showed himself upon the platform of the gayly-decorated car.

Of course all we boys cheered and waved our handkerchiefs and flags most furiously. After the train had gone out of sight, the other fellows began quizzing me, because from the position I had found Mr. Lincoln could but just be seen, and they were boasting because they had enjoyed so much better a view of him.

I said, "I have shaken hands with him, anyhow!" Immediately the exclamations were, "What a fib! Oh, *what* a whopper!" and for a number of days I was as plagued and teased a young fellow as could well be; but I proposed at last (hoping to put a stop to it all) that if I could get anything from Mr. Lincoln personally, such as a card or a ribbon, would they be satisfied that I spoke the truth?

"Yes, certainly, but you can't do it!"

At this very time father and mother were stopping at Willard's Hotel in Washington, and in a few days Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln arrived there also.

I wrote a very imploring letter to mother, naming all the circumstances of the case and the state it had left me in—called and thought to be "a liar!" "story-teller!" etc.—and asking most urgently that she get from Mr. Lincoln something or other, so that I could show it and thereby prove that I told the truth.

Mother saw him every day, and chatted often with him.

One morning, when there was a good

chance, she said to him that she had something to call his attention to, and which was much more important than forming his Cabinet, and then told him all about my predicament. He laughed and said, "I'll attend to that in a few days when I get into the White House. I'll tell Lamon (the United States Marshal of the District), and he'll escort you up to the house."

Sure enough, in a few days the Marshal called and escorted mother up to the President's. She went into his room, where there had just been a Cabinet meeting, and several of the Cabinet officers were yet standing round talking informally to him; and he immediately left them, turned to mother, asked all about my case again, and then most kindly and pleasantly took his pen and sitting at his desk wrote this note, which you may copy if you wish.

Here it is :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 19, 1861.

Whom it may concern :

I did see and talk with Master Charles Dawson Peters last May, at Springfield, Illinois.

Respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

The envelope is directed "Master Charles Dawson Peters, New York."

Of course, when it reached me, it was then my turn to crow. My schoolmates had nothing to say thereafter. In 1864 I became a junior clerk in a bureau of the War Department, and used to walk at every lunch-time from the War Office through the Treasury to Fifteenth street and get my refreshment. Very often I met the President, and once he spoke to me. I always feared to interrupt or disturb him, as he seemed, and no doubt was, wholly preoccupied with the immense responsibilities resting upon him. On this day, however, I stopped and said, "Mr. Lincoln, I want to thank you for your kindness to me in writing that note!"

"What note do you mean?"

"Why, you know, sir, I was at school then, and the boys all thought I lied when saying that I *had* shaken hands with you!"

"Oh, yes! I remember! Well, did they believe you afterwards?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Ha! ha! They need never doubt again that I've shaken hands with any

one!" and he was gone after squeezing my hand most heartily.

SCENE in a far Western State. A village composed mostly of rude mining huts called "houses," "cottages," "taverns," etc., though really they were but "shanties." An old man sick on his bed. A friend, Governor J. W. Nye, seeing that his end was close at hand, showed him many kind attentions and endeavored to ease his sufferings in every possible way. One day, when it was quite evident that the poor patient could last only a few hours, the Governor said to him: "Davis, it is undoubtedly best that you should know the truth, you are a *very* sick man, and will in all probability live but a short time. Are your affairs in the condition that you would wish to have them? I should be glad to do anything for you, you know."

"Yes, they're all right."

"Well, would you like me to write to any of your folks East?"

"No, not now—after it is over."

"Would you like me to call in a minister?"

The sick man, by a great effort of will over a weak and shattered body, drew himself up in bed so as to be in a sitting posture, and sternly, most soberly, and earnestly said: "Why, Governor! What should I want a minister for? *I never voted the Democratic ticket in my life!*"

DARWINIAN advertisement: For sale, an excellent young horse; would suit any timid young lady or gentleman with a long silver tail.

A young lady writes to a friend: "Miss Smith is staying with us. We went out sailing yesterday. I didn't know there was so much in her."

THOMSON is a rather handsome young man, and has taken great pains of late with rather doubtful success, at growing and training a pair of side-whiskers, concerning which he is very sensitive. Bud Norton stopped him the other day as he was passing, with: "I say, Thomson, you ought to name your whiskers after the two base-ball clubs in town."

T. (embarrassed)—Why, Bud?

B.—Because there are just nine on a side."

The Editor renews his request for contributions to this Department, and asks that they be addressed to W. C. & F. P. Church, Box 3, 201, New York.

NEBULÆ.

— SINCE the opening of the Pacific Railway curious people are beginning to speculate whether we may not now find scrambling-ground for our own or other mountain-climbers without going over sea for it, and whether our Western Whympers and Tyndalls may not risk their necks with as much heroism and *éclat* on the precipices of the Sierras as ever did their prototypes on the Matterhorn or the Col du Géant. There is fascination in the idea, certainly, and the love of novelty, the zeal for scientific investigation, or mayhap some fancied greater convenience in the journey, will doubtless draw many tourists to the ravines of Mount Marcy or the Wind River Mountains who might otherwise be still struggling with the difficulties of Alpine ranges. But many considerations lead us to doubt whether, for many years to come, Denver or Georgetown will at all compete, either as a lounging-place for "Sunday pedestrians," as old Baedeker calls them, or a practice-ground for real climbers, with the well-worn charms and terrors of Zermate or Courmayeur. As far as the scrambling itself is concerned, probably the essentials are much the same though if we read aright that clever fellow and inexhaustible mountaineer, Clarence King, the Rocky Mountain ranges are more terrible in smooth, steep cliffs and impassable cañons, and less in avalanche and crevasse, glassy couloir and treacherous snow-slope, than their European sisters. But the surroundings and accessories of mountain travel are as different in the two regions as they well could be. Switzerland is a land of mountains, tempered by hotels. Travelling is there reduced to a science, and the tourist of every class, according to his taste or his purse, may find the most minute and artistic provision for his wants. Railway trains, diligence, and private post whirl him through the valleys and over the easier slopes, and horses, mules, and *chaises à porteur* bear him patiently and safely over the more difficult passes; while for expeditions of real danger, dozens of hardy and faithful guides stand ready with axe and alpenstock, rope and

ladder, to dare with him the utmost perils of the heights, and die for him if they may, with him if they must. For the unambitious many who linger below and look while others climb, life is fraught with luxury. The great hostelries of Berne, Geneva, Interlachen, or Lucerne are, in their combination of simplicity, elegance, and comfort at once, almost unparalleled; and even in the most ramshackle barrack of a mountain hospice, amid the fogs of Mürren or the Eggischhorn, the tired voyager still finds a good fire, clean sheets, a outlet, a glass of wine, and the Tauchnitz classics! When, in addition to this, we remember that every foot of road is mapped out, every method of transportation minutely placarded, every guide and porter and hotel charge tariffed and recorded, it is plain that the essential comforts of travel could hardly further go.

— ON the Western Plains, of course, all this is precisely reversed. With infrequent exceptions, the emigrant train, the mail wagon, or the mustang must take the place of the first-class *coupé* or comfortable "zwei-spänner," salt pork and corn bread too often stand for the six o'clock *table d'hôte*, and a bivouac in a grim cañon or a cottonwood clump after a day's scramble replace the luxuries of the Hôtel d'Angleterre or the Jungfrau-blick. The flavor of danger, too, which in Alpine climbing decreases as we come down, will often in our Western hills grow in precisely that same ratio; and the weary mountaineer may sometimes find it safer to risk his neck over night among the crags and glaciers than his scalp in the treacherous repose of the Plains. Then, spite of the terrors of seasickness, many doubtless will think the comparative freedom of the ocean passage preferable to the cramped unrest of long and steady railway travel, and prefer ten or twelve days of sea air to nearly a week of heat and cinders. And then it can never be forgotten that the high road to Switzerland leads through great cities and historic lands, and even in our short sum-

mer's trip we may get a glimpse of St. Paul's and the Tuileries, of the Turners, the Venus of Milo, and Strasbourg Cathedral, before we attack the Tschingelgletschen or the Weissthor. Everything considered, it may be doubted whether the scrambling fraternity, not to mention the loungers, will very soon turn their faces westward in any considerable numbers, when pleasure alone, with no promptings of business, strikes the balance. The most adventurous spirits, who love hardship and risk for their own sakes, and are never so comfortable in mind as when thoroughly uncomfortable in body, will find in the savage desolation of Sonora or Montana an untried charm; but the more conventional and easy-going tourists, those who like their work cut out for them, will still yearn for the familiar peaks and emerald lakes of the four Cantons, and Salt Lake charm less wisely than Lacarne or Chamouni.

— Most returning continental tourists, it has been noticed, either feel or profess a distaste for the American stage. Mischievous younger brothers and conservative papas delight to tease Augustus or Helen for their so-called affectations in this regard, and stoutly maintain that Wallack's and Niblo's supply as good acting as the best of continental theatres. But Augustus and Helen are right, after all. Undoubtedly there are plenty of bad theatres abroad—bad in construction and accessories, bad in the artistic and moral aspect of their pieces, and bad in the character of the acting. But one palpable fact can never be quite overlooked: Europeans in general if we except, perhaps the Germans, are by temperament demonstrative and dramatic; the Englishman or the American quite the reverse. The Frenchman or Italian, in particular, is apt to be a natural actor; the Anglo-Saxon rarely so; and in the poorest and most obscure little theatre in Naples or Florence, Lyons or Marseilles, the curious traveller will often discover gems of real dramatic ability which would make the fortune of an actor in Boston or New York. In the larger theatres of the great capitals, the company is made up of artists thoroughly educated and severely trained for their work, and selected in most instances from the best the land can show. The starring system is in opera-

tion usually during the vacation season only, when the artists regularly salaried and appointed by the State (at least in Germany) may for a season travel abroad and combine change of scene with profit. The result of this steady residence and work in one place, and with permanent surroundings and collaborators, is to produce evenness and symmetry in the ordinary representations which is almost unknown among us. The average German, Italian, or French theatre, though it may not boast any one especially shining light, shows no such frightful gaps between the main and the supporting characters as in America. Even where, as in Italy, the artists are not appointed and salaried by the State, the interest of the manager is to preserve the equality among the members of his troupe, and such companies as that of Bellotti-Ben, so well known in Milan and Florence, are really admirable for their excellent average of dramatic ability.

— It would not consist with the nebulous treatment of a subject to inquire too deeply why our own actors and actresses are so rarely people of cultivation and refinement, and why, in default of more solid instruction, they have so little skill in assuming the outward gloss and ease of men and women of the world. The fact, however, has long been as patent as discouraging to discriminating lovers of the drama. It is a pretty safe assumption that in all our large cities there is a class, relatively small, perhaps, but absolutely considerable, of cultivated and by no means puritanical people who really love the drama, yet rarely or never go to the theatre, scared off and disgusted by the deficiencies of the acting in general, and in especial by the glaring coarseness, ignorance, and ill-breeding of the actors who attempt to personate the kings and queens, or it may be merely the gentlemen and ladies of the scene. This is peculiarly the case in so-called high comedy. In Shakespearian or other deep tragedy there may be room for doubt and imagination. Strong as our conviction may be on the matter, we can't absolutely demonstrate that Hamlet or Lear, Coriolanus or Spartacus did not actually strut and mouth, rant and gesticulate like his modern delineator. But in matters more immediate we know where we are, and the discriminating

critic often sits through a five-act *comédie de salon* in a state of humorous bewilderment as to whether the actors really think they are moving and talking like ladies and gentlemen, whether the public think so, or whether they think the public think so.

— To many such unwilling protestants, it will be grateful news that we have some chance of seeing here some of the best acting the world affords, that of the Parisian *Comédie Française*. As it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the blast of war has recently scared across the channel the whole company of the Rue Richelieu, and the Londoners have been the gainers by their neighbors' loss. The actors have been not only well received before the footlights, but petted and fêted in private circles, and the recent breakfast at the Crystal Palace was one of the most brilliant social testimonials ever paid to dramatic art or artists. Their success before an Anglo-Saxon public has revived in their minds an old project of trying their luck with another, and Coquelin, their best eccentric comedian, has been in correspondence with friends in this city as to the probable success of a trip to New York. The unusual rush of musical and dramatic good things which threatens our time, our nerves, and our pockets this winter, makes it doubtful whether they ought to try the venture this year. But the plan is conceived, has taken form, and with another winter we can have them if we choose. Favart, the queen of domestic drama; Brohan, the most graceful and charming of coquettes, the *grande dame* in her perfection; Regnard, the *diplomate* and *père noble*; Delaunay, the most fascinating of *jeunes premiers*; Coquelin himself, the most genial and adroit of humorists, with a touch of pathos in such rôles as "Gringoire" which ranks him with more serious artists—all these and many more await only one word, so at least it is said, to pack up wardrobes, sign contracts, and throw themselves, metaphorically speaking, into our arms. Who that has

wept or smiled at the exquisite art of these unsurpassed performers in their own home of the Rue Richelieu but will tender them an enthusiastic welcome!

— WHY is it that, while throughout Europe photographs of the local scenery are to be had at all famous places visited by tourists, here in America we can rarely get anything more than views prepared for the stereoscope? Stereoscopic cards are good in their way, but cannot supply the place of photographs. One is not always in the mood of screwing up his eyes to squint through lenses, and fine pictures arranged in a portfolio can always be enjoyed without fatigue. The stereoscope is at best but an unsocial instrument. Each person must await his turn; the one is expectant while the other enjoys; one suspects that he hurries the other, who on his part fears to linger too long. Yet, at most of our fine country resorts, say at the White Mountains and Niagara, the views are only taken for the stereoscope. It is true that, in New York and other large cities, photographs may be found of a few familiar landscapes and a few famous buildings; but the tourist does not always care to travel a few hundred miles extra to reach a print shop; and besides, they have an extra charm, a certain aroma of association, when bought on the spot. And why, by the way, is not the photographic art carried to the same perfection in landscapes here as in other countries? Certainly the atmosphere in every part of the United States is as pure and clear as it is in the British Isles, and especially in Scotland, that land of mists; and yet compare our views of the Highlands with the Scotch photographs of the Trossachs, or a Lake George with a Loch Katrine. Or, if it be answered that skies a little overcast are preferable for this purpose, yet the Italian photographs are as distinct and perfect as those of Scotland. American mechanics, famous the world over, are, save with one or two exceptions, in this instance far behind their European brethren.

All communications intended for the Editorial management of THE GALAXY should be addressed to Messrs. W. C. and F. P. Church, P. O. Box 3,201, New York. Business communications should be addressed to the Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York.

THE GALAXY

Advertiser and Miscellany.

THIS story is told of Judge Vose, of New Hampshire, in his last days, when almost lifeless through paralysis: A neighbor came in who was understood to have seen better days, but had been reduced by improvidence or bad habits to a rather dilapidated condition. He, however, appeared this day quite unexpectedly in a pretty tidy suit of black. The son remarked the change, and inquired if he was mourning for any one. "No," was the reply; "only mourning for my sins." The Judge raised up for a moment, and but for a moment, and with his former droll look and his latter broken articulation asked, "Lost any of 'em?"

As our readers will notice, "The Galaxy" for this month appears in entirely new type. This fount of type was cast expressly for "The Galaxy" by the Boston Type Foundry of Bailey & Gilbert, and we think that it reflects great credit upon the manufacturers. The large editions of "The Galaxy" which we have had occasion to print, have thoroughly worn out the old type.

It is our purpose to make from time to time such improvements, not only in the manufacture of "The Galaxy" but in its literary character, as will enable it to retain its present position at the head of American literary magazines.

A CONSOLATION for the ladies. This world abounds in him-perfections.

FRUGAL landlady of boarding-house—"Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Heavy boarder—"Well, perhaps; if I don't feel hungry."

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, is said to boast of a man who is so tall that his likeness cannot be got into one picture. A local artist has painted his head and shoulders, and announces that he will be "continued next week."

A COUNTRY girl coming from the field was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. "No, indeed," was the simple reply, "that wasn't his name."

"SHAW'S Choice Specimens of American Literature," which has been so long promised, is now ready, and it is a most attractive book

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S serial story, "Lady Judith," which has for some time delighted the readers of "The Galaxy," will soon be published in book form by Sheldon & Co. This story has done very much to prove the versatility of Mr. McCarthy's talents. The American reading public had become satisfied that he was one of the most brilliant-essayists now living, but few expected from him a story with the dramatic plot and absorbing interest of "Lady Judith." We predict for the book a great success. It will be illustrated.

AN Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whit-taker is one of the richest men in these parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay when he overturned it upon a cow, and the poor thing was smothered to death before they

could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Whittaker the next day and demanded payment for the loss of his cow. "Certainly," said Whittaker, "what do you think she was worth?" "Well, about ten dollars," said Jones. "How much did you get for the hide and tallow?" "Ten dollars and a half, sir." "Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents." Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand; and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

A LAWYER'S FEE.—A story is told at the expense of a legal gentleman who was formerly well known in Norwich, Connecticut, who now lives in Oshkosh. One Smith had failed in business, and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to this lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about \$50. "I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take a great interest in you. I shan't charge you as much as I should if I didn't feel so much interest in you." Here he handed Smith \$15, and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy,

and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good morning. Come and see me again." Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter, "Thank God you didn't know my grandfather."

EVERY plain girl has one consolation—though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

WHEN may a gardener be called proud? When he studies *haughty-culture*.

AN Indian called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had to pay three coppers for it. "How is this, landlord?" says he; "last fall you asked me but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh," says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hog-head of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah," says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay; maybe he drink as much water."

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THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

It is the aim of the editor and publishers of "The Galaxy" to give their readers each month not only the usual amount of choice reading matter, but also the views of the leading men of our times on religion, politics, and all questions which agitate the public mind. We by no means endorse all the views thus expressed, but are willing to give both sides in a controversy a chance to be heard through our columns, provided only those who wish to speak occupy such position as entitles them to be classed as "representative men." In carrying out this design the editor of "The Galaxy" requested the late Mr. Vallandigham to prepare an article giving in full his reasons for and views of the "New Departure." The following is a letter from Mr. Vallandigham, and must have been among the last which he wrote, in which he expresses his willingness to comply with our suggestions. His sudden death has without doubt deprived the public of a most able exposition of his views and the reasons which led him to this remarkable step.

"DAYTON, O., June 10, 1871.

"*Editor 'Galaxy,' New York.*

"MY DEAR SIR:—I am in the midst of an extraordinary murder trial at Lebanon, in an adjoining county, and have now the first moment of leisure to answer yours of the 29th ult.

"Such an article alone as I would be willing to have published in your magazine I could not prepare in less than from two weeks to a month. I fully appreciate the interest and importance of such a publication at this time, and would much prefer to discuss so grave a subject through your magazine, rather than upon the hustings. But my professional engagements will take up all my time until the first of July. The interest in the question continues unabated so far, and should it not have passed away when a period of sufficient leisure to me shall have arrived, I will with pleasure comply with your suggestion.

"For some time past I have contemplated an article for 'The Galaxy,' upon the question left unanswered by Messrs. Wilson and Black, 'how' Stanton came to be appointed Secretary of War. With this singular and secret history I am familiar, and was an actor in it unwittingly. Very truly, etc.,

"C. L. VALLANDIGHAM."

PRESENTATION TO HON. G. HILTON SCRIBNER.—The principal officers of the Insurance Companies and many other corporate institutions of New York city met at the rooms of the Board of Underwriters on Tuesday afternoon last, for the purpose of formally presenting to Hon. G. Hilton Scribner, a member of the Legislature from Westchester County, and member of the Insurance Committee of the last session, with a dinner service of plate costing about \$3,000, and an engrossed copy of an address of thanks to him for his services at the last session of the Legislature. The presentation speech was made by Judge Savage, the President of the Board of Underwriters.

The compliment was well deserved. Mr. Scribner has done a good work, not only in the interest of all sound insurance companies, but also in the interest of the great insuring public, which is of far greater importance.

SHELDON & Co. have just published Shaw's Specimens of American Literature, selected from the chief American writers. This work completes Shaw's valuable series of books on English and American Literature, which is comprised in four volumes. No family or library ought to be without them. Nowhere in our language can so much valuable information be found in so small a compass.

A CHINAMAN died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: To Fum-Hum, the eldest, one-half thereof;

to Nu-Pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-Bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof. When the property was inventoried, it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants; and it puzzled these three heirs now to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up the seventeen elephants, and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Sum-Punk, for advice. Sum-Punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said: "Now we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fum-Hum, take your half and depart." So Fum-Hum took nine elephants and went his way. "Now, Nu-Pin," said the wise man, "take your third and git." So Nu-Pin took six elephants and travelled. "Now, Ding-Bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone." So Ding-Bat took two elephants and absquatulated. Then Sum-Punk took his own elephant and drove home again. Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

THE great West seems determined to outdo the East in everything which it takes hold of; even the "mother of Presidents" seems to have been removed from the Atlantic seaboard to the State of Illinois. We had heretofore supposed that the life insurance business, which has within the past few years assumed such immense proportions, was confined mainly to the East; or at least that the great companies were all located in the East,

although looking to the West for a large share of the business. Even this pleasant illusion seems destined to be dispelled. We have before us a report of "The Life Association of America," which has its headquarters at St. Louis, and was formed only three months since by some 3,000 of the most wealthy and enterprising men of the West. Although less than three years old, it did a business of over forty-five millions of dollars last year, and has just started a branch office in New York.

THE greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a keyhole.

A CLERK of an old Scotch merchant made a mistake in computing the profits of his house during the preceding year. The old Scotchman, not a little surprised at the amount, cast his eye over the figures and exclaimed, "Why, ye dom scoundrel, ye've added up the year of our Laird among the pounds!"

"MARRY me, my dear girl, and you will have seen the end of trouble." "Which end, sir?"

If a man is crazy on the subject of money, is it monomania or money-mania?

A SWEET and tender young woman is loved by both Christians and South Sea Islanders; by the former as something to marry, and by the latter as something to eat. And undoubtedly she is very nice, take her either way.

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"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to a drowsy audience, "while that poor idiot is awake and attentive." "I would have been asleep, too," said the fool, "if I had not been an idiot."

A Jew was observed looking very intently at a prodigious fine ham. "What are you saying to that ham, Mr. Jacobs?" "I was saying to it: Thou almost persuades me to be a Christian."

A JUDGE in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

AN Irishman speaking of a person's love of money, said: "I verily believe that if he were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and hatbands for the survivors."

WE think it an undeniable truth that the Africans, let them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality.

JONATHAN and Paddy were riding together one day when they came in sight of an old gallows. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he; "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

It is said that the reason why the Russian government is so slow in availing itself of the electric telegraph is that it is opposed to some of the necessary preliminary operations—such as *elevating the Poles*, for instance.

THE best wood for making cradles—rock maple.

A CITIZEN of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly-married man, congratulated him warmly, and said: "Ah, these Litchfield county girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em."

WHAT's the proper age for a parson? The parsonage, of course.

AN exchange, wanting to compliment a live stock journal, says it is edited by a man whose head is chuck full of live stock. Doubtful compliment.

SOMEBODY has written a book entitled "What Shall My Son Be?" Upon which some one frankly replies: "If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he will be hanged?"

A NEW YORK lady says the latest thing out is—her husband.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER asked a new boy "Who made the glorious universe?" but the boy could not tell. So the teacher got a rawhide and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip and snivelled out, "Please, sir, I did; but I won't do it again!"

A CLERGYMAN who owned a farm found his ploughman sitting on his plough resting his horses. Quoth the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub scythe here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fences while the horses are resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot."

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a minute all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

A CONNECTICUT man has found a sure cure for the devastations of the currant worm. He sprinkles his bushes with whiskey; the worm becomes drunk, gets to fooling around, and finally falls off and either breaks its neck outright, or cripples itself so that life becomes a burden.

HAVING heard that an infusion of tobacco is the best thing to extirpate the potato bug, Illinois farmers are entertaining their neighbors at chewing picnics in their fields.

WHEN Professor Felton, reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him!"

A PAPER having had an article headed with the conundrum, "Why do wives fade?" a contemporary "supposes it is because they won't wash."

A YANKEE in England being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of the English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that "they had a gal in Boston only eleven years old who could chew gum in seven different languages with her eyes shut."

A SCHOOL committee in a frontier district are reported to have summed up their opinion of an examination which they had attended by making to the pupils this address: "You're spelled well, and

you've ciphered good, but you hain't sot still."

THE man who shot and killed a boy in his melon patch, when called to account for the deed, said he did it in mercy to the boy, who otherwise might have died a painful death from cholera morbus.

AN elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called to the waiting boy: "Donald, bring me more bread; I eat a good deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and you eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

NEW YORK FINANCIAL ASSOCIATION.—This company is organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of making loans on life and endowment insurance policies; to purchase and sell stocks, bonds, and negotiate mortgage securities on commission. The capital stock is five hundred thousand dollars, in shares of ten dollars each. This stock is now being rapidly taken, and presents strong claims to investors as a first class dividend-paying security. The basis of profit will be easily seen, from the fact that the Association stands alone in its own field, and that the demand for loans on policies is large and constantly increasing. Over three hundred millions are at present invested in life insurance, and reports just published show that it is increasing at the rate of ninety millions annually. The Board of Directors is composed of leading business men, known in this metropolis and throughout the country for their executive and financial ability. The office of the Association is at 150 Broadway. We bespeak for it a successful and prosperous career.

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THREE of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in New York city entered one of its most magnificent drug stores, and marching up to the counter, one said :

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out, you ragamuffin! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy."

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister, do you sell three cents' worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got 'em;" and the procession moved out again.

Two little girls, an eight and a ten-year-old, were gravely discussing the question of wearing earrings. One thought it wicked. The other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied, "Well, I don't care; if it wasn't wicked God would have made holes in our ears."

A BASHFUL young man was escorting a bashful young lady when she said, entreatingly: "Jabez, don't tell anybody you beamed me home." "Don't be afraid," replied he; "I am as much ashamed of it as you are." That settled it.

AN exchange says that it knows of a boy who accidentally swallowed a silver half-dollar. They gave him warm water, and tartar-emetic, and antimonial wine, and poked their fingers down his throat, until the boy thought he would throw up his toe-nails. After a while a doctor came along who understood such cases. He administered a small dose of patent medicine, and in less than ten minutes the boy threw up the half-dollar in five-cent pieces. Science is a great thing.

A VISITOR from Hartford to Martha's Vineyard camp ground, who had been suffering from the exorbitant charges made for everything during "meeting week," such as four dollars a day for rooms, two dollars for breakfast, etc., was strolling

past the societies' tents (which encircle the tabernacle) where meetings were being held. Just as he was passing one, the voice of an exhorter was heard. "Salvation's free, salvation's free." He stopped and said, "I'll take some of that; it is the only thing I've heard of since I've been here that I haven't had to pay a big price for."

A PROFESSOR in a certain college had taken his class out on a pleasant afternoon to exercise them in practical surveying. The next morning they were to be examined on the same. The first man was called up. Said the professor:

"How would you go to work to survey a lot of land?" (Deep thinking, but no answer.)

"If a man should come to you to get you to survey a lot of land, what would you do?"

"I think," said the student thoughtfully, "I should tell him he had better get somebody else."

THE Ordnance Select Committee of England recently made an experiment in firing a mountain howitzer strapped on to the back of a mule. The mule, the loaded gun, the committee, and several "big wigs" attracted by the novelty of the experiment, went to the trial ground at Woolwich to witness the firing. The mule was backed up into position, so that the muzzle of the gun, pointing over his tail, was aimed at an earthen mound. The committee decided to fire it by means of a slow match, and it was prepared and lighted. Hitherto the mule had taken rather a sleepy interest in the proceedings; but somehow the fixing on his back caused him first to prick up his ears, then to lay them back, and finally to begin to turn round. The committee were thunderstruck, and skedaddled in all directions; the secretary threw himself flat on his face; there was a moment of agonizing suspense—then bang; the shot ricocheting away in one direction, while the

wretched mule turned a complete summersault in the other.

In some of the religious denominations they license young men to preach, and let them preach on trial some time before they ordain them. At a church meeting of this kind there arose quite a discussion as to ordaining a licentiate who had not succeeded very well so far; and an elder settled the matter by moving that he "be required to remain six months longer in his present licentious condition."

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the horse cars for the Worcester Depot in Boston, incumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell-rope with an effort when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull; the result was a sharp ring from both bells.

"What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and early inquiry of the conductor.

"Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply that left a convulsed car load and discomfited conductor.

A WESTERN preacher explained the passage through the Red Sea by saying that the Israelites crossed on the ice. An auditor interrupted, remarking that there is no ice under the equator.

"Sir," said the excited preacher, "this happened thousands of years before the age of geographers, and before there was any equator! I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the question completely."

A PIOUS negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows:

"Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion table."

"Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob His family."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said. "How is it about the goose?"

She looked a little surprised, as if she did not understand the question, but catching the meaning, exclaimed:

"Why, sah, do you tink I'ae a-goin to let an old goose stand atween me and my Maker?"

"'Lossing's Common School History' (Sheldon & Co., N. Y.) has been placed on the list of text-books adopted for Vermont, and has been in use in this city for some four years. It is abundantly illustrated, contains the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, also sketches of the Presidents and other distinguished men. The latest issues have one advantage over former editions, in the neatly colored maps which accompany them."—*Burlington Free Press and Times*.

Among the many reviews of "Shaw's Choice Specimens of American Literature" we select the following: "Shaw's 'Choice Specimens of American Literature' is just what it purports to be. Its selections are remarkably choice, varied, and rich. Though a small book, it represents more labor and culture in the editing than one might at first suppose."—*The Advance*.

"This book contains the choicest specimens of our standard works, and no American can read them without being convinced that the past few years have placed the literature of our country in the front rank of the literary world. This work will be a valuable aid to the student and a 'refresher' to the professor, and in fact should have a place on the shelves of every library in the country."—*Iowa School Journal*.

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THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

OUR readers are too familiar with Justin McCarthy's story, "Lady Judith," recently completed in "The Galaxy," to need any recommendation of it from us. It has just been published in book form by Sheldon & Co., and is one of the most attractive stories which has been published for many a day, with all the brilliancy of style for which Mr. McCarthy is noted, and at the same time a most dramatic and exciting plot. It will be read with interest by thousands.

Two card-playing friends were passing through a pine forest, when one asked the other this audacious conundrum: "Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber?" "Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal."

JOSE BILLINGS says, "I am violently opposed to ardent speeders as a beverage, but for manufacturin' purposes I think that a little of it tastes good."

"OVERLAND."—Mr. J. W. DeForrest's story has just been published in book form. It is a story of great interest and power, and at the same time gives a most vivid and wonderful description of an overland trip to California. In word-painting this story probably has never been surpassed.

WE make in this number a liberal offer to our readers. To any person who will remit us \$4 (which is the regular subscription price), we will send "The Galaxy" from September, 1871, to January, 1873. Anthony Trollope's great story, "The Eustace Diamonds," commenced in the September number. Now is the time to subscribe, and it is best to do it early. "The Galaxy," made a gain of about ten thousand in circulation last fall, and we expect it to do far better this year. It is now well known, and it is ad-

mitted by all good judges to be the best literary magazine in the country. It endeavors to meet the wants of every member of the family. It contains thoughtful articles by our ablest writers; sketches of life and adventure; serial stories by our best novelists; short stories; humorous articles. In each number is a complete review of the world of literature. The new department of "Scientific Miscellany" is a great success. We believe that we give more good and attractive reading matter for the money than any other periodical or book published in the country.

A YANKEE having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "it's not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him, yourself?" asked the Yankee suddenly. "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

A YOUNG hopeful's mother reached for him with her slipper the other evening for hooking the jelly; and, after the dusting, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you; it was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

A YOUNG minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very good, once ventured at an association dinner to differ with an old doctor of divinity as to the efficacy of the use of the rod.

"Why," said he, "the only time my

father ever whipped me it was for telling the truth."

"Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it."

PROFESSOR LOOMIS has recently published his new Physiology, or rather a revised and enlarged edition of his former work on this subject, which has been a popular text-book for twenty years. Professor Tustin of Lewisburg University speaks as follows of it:

UNIVERSITY AT LEWISBURG, PA., }
September 25, 1871. }

Messrs. Sheldon & Company.

GENTLEMEN: Loomis's Physiology has been used as a text-book in this University for a number of years with much satisfaction.

I have with pleasure examined the revised edition, and believe that the changes which have been made greatly enhance the value of the work.

Every way admirable as a text-book, both in the selection and arrangement of the matter, I heartily welcome this edition, and look forward with anticipation to taking my classes through it.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS W. TUSTIN,
Professor of Natural Sciences.

AN auctioneer thus exalted the merits of a carpet: "Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels; but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself!"

THE following letter from Dr. Robinson of Rochester Theological Seminary speaks

in deserved terms of praise of Dr. Pharoel-lus Church's new book, "Seed Truths."

"I have read 'Seed Truths,' and find that its pages, as its title indicates, stimulate to reflection. They are also quickening to the religious life. On some points I might not entirely agree with you, but on all that is essential we should doubtless be at one.

"Your unvarying aim to carry the mind of the reader beyond the letter to the spirit of Scripture—to show that what you call the 'exterior views of Scripture' is faulty without the 'interior'—that Christianity as an objective creed is powerless without the subjective principle of life—is excellent. Orthodoxy of life is quite as essential as orthodoxy of creed. May your book have many readers."

ROMANTIC Amelia (to her betrothed young doctor)—"Look, dear, such a beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson." Unromantic Doctor—"Ya-as—appears to have had a mustard plaster on."—*Punch*.

A WITTY lawyer, who, from a very humble station, had risen to become a peer of the realm, being asked why his arms were not emblazoned on the panels of his carriages, replied, "because my carriages are older than my nobility."

A WAG had kept up a continual fire of witticisms at a social party, when a puritanical gentleman sharply observed, "If you keep on you will make every decent person leave the house." "That would be a sorry joke," was the dry reply; "you would certainly be very lonesome when left alone."

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WE offer the following liberal clubbing terms to any of our readers who desire to take in connection with "The Galaxy" some other periodicals.

We will send "The Galaxy" for the year 1872 with any one of the following periodicals you wish to select, at the price named: With "Harper's Weekly," or "Harper's Bazar," or "Appletons' Journal," \$7.00; the regular price is \$8.00. "With "Every Saturday," \$8.00; regular price, \$9.00. With "Our Young Folks," \$5.50; regular price, \$6.00. With "Littell's Living Age," \$10.75; regular price, \$12.00. Address, Sheldon & Co., New York.

AN Irishman, writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded his letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philamedelphy."

A YOUNGSTER on being taken to the window of a toy shop where he saw a papier maché mouse, which, on being wound up, ran hither and thither, and whisked about like a live mouse, turned away with ineffable contempt, saying: "Oh no, mamma, I don't want that! we've got a lot of 'em at home, and I don't have to wind 'em up, neither."

A VISITOR of large experience in Sabbath-schools, asked the children at a crowded examination, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eatin' camels, ma'am," said one of the smartest, who had carried off many a prize. On further questioning, the child was justified, by referring to the passage where the Pharisees were said to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

"WHAT do you ask for that article?" inquired an old gentleman of a pretty shop-girl "Two dollars." "Ain't you

a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so!"

"How hollow it sounds!" said a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously pounding his chest. "Oh, that's nothing!" said the doctor, "wait till we get to the head."

THE holiday season, which is fast approaching, always brings from the press a large supply of the most charming books for children. Each year these books are made more and more attractive. Black and gold bindings are now the rage, and in these attractive styles and with the most beautiful illustrations some of them seem too elegant to be used. In our advertising pages will be found lists of some of the most attractive books.

ONE dollar reward is offered for the head of every woodchuck in the town of Groton. We should think that the Groton boys woodchuckle over this.

THE last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman; "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president. "But where was the wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The president reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

A MOTHER admonishing her son, a lad about seven years of age, told him he should never put off till to-morrow any-

thing that he could do to-day. The little urchin replied: "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

HARMONY, ME., October 6, 1871.

Meers. Sheldon & Co.

GENTLEMEN: I find on examination that Loomis's Physiology presents many characteristics of an excellent text-book for learners in our schools.

The arrangement and presentation of the text, the clearness of statement, and the plainness of the print are features to commend this work to the favor of the public. Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN, M.D.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA., }
October 23, 1871. }

DEAR SIR: With many thanks, I would acknowledge the receipt of Olney's Trigonometry and General Geometry and Calculus. I have put the former, which I can hereby recommend, into immediate use in one of my classes in the Engineering Department. Yours truly,

SELDEN J. COFFIN,
Professor of Mathematics.

A CORONER'S inquest was held upon the body of a man who died from taking vegetable pills. On opening the body the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead to its core, from confinement and want of water beverage, which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "Quits." "Quits, gentlemen," exclaimed the dismayed coroner—"never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that if the

cabbage killed the man, the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits blow me."

SHELDON & COMPANY will publish very soon a new novel by Miss Amanda M. Douglass, called "Lucia: Her Problem." It is one of the most charming stories which has appeared from the American press in a long time, and in point of delicate analysis of character has been seldom surpassed. Miss Douglass is well and favorably known by her previous successful stories, "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," and "With Fate Against Him."

"OUR POETICAL FAVORITES," a selection of the best minor poems in the English language, by Professor A. C. Kendrick of Rochester University, was published late last fall. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, it proved itself at once a great success. Encouraged by the cordial reception which his book received, Dr. Kendrick has devoted his leisure time for some months past in enlarging and greatly improving it. Over one hundred new pages have been added to it. The new edition will be published by Sheldon & Company about November 20th. It will be issued in attractive style, on rose-tinted paper.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

A FARMER saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer: "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

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